This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

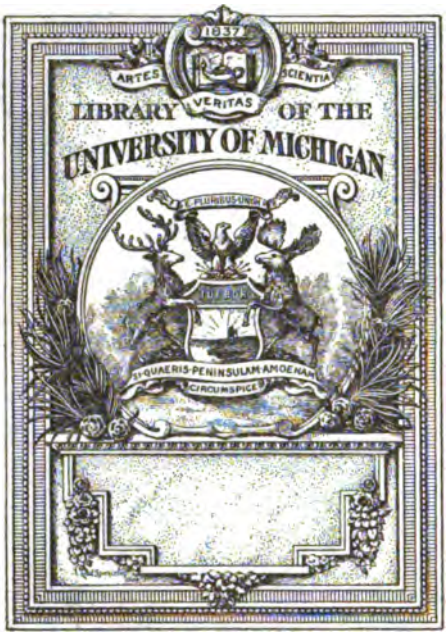
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 1,469,350

The ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

I.L.N.
LONDON
198, STRAND
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OFFICE


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

AP
4
.E55

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

T0474

VOLUME XVI

OCTOBER 1896 TO MARCH 1897

London
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, LIMITED
198, STRAND, W.C.
1897

INGRAM BROTHERS,
198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XVI.

PAGE

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA. By W. A. Horn . . . 597
With Illustrations from Photographs.

APOLOGY, AN. By Ronald Macfie 738

ARTIST'S MODEL, AN 46
Illustration from Photograph.

ASTROLOGER (THE) AT LARGE: AN INTERVIEW WITH OLD MOORE. By L. F. Austin 396
With Illustrations.

AUTUMN. Illustration by Constance Foxley . . . 40

BEAU OF MODERN BABYLON, THE. By X. . . 200

BENEATH THE LATTICED WINDOW-PANE. By M. C. Connell. (*Coloured Picture*) . *Facing page* 368

BRAND OF DISCORD, A. By the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker 247
Illustrations by W. Cubitt Cooke.

BUCK-HUNTING IN WARWICKSHIRE 185
Illustrations by A. J. Wall.

BYRON LAND, A PILGRIMAGE TO. By Metcalfe Wood 554
With Illustrations from Photographs.

CHAMBERLAIN'S (MR.) GARDEN. By F. H. Low 735
With Illustrations from Photographs.

CHILD-ACROBATS, THE TRAINING OF. By S. L. Bensusan 41
Illustrations by Cecil Aldin.

CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN. By W. Mulready, R.A. 494

CHURCH WITH THE CROOKED STEEPLE, THE. By John Pendleton 83
With Illustrations from Photographs.

CLURK, THE. By B. A. Clarke 479
Illustrations by W. D. Almond.

COAST AND A CAPTURE, A. By Virginia N. Leeds 27
Illustrations by St. Clair Simmons.

COLONIAL INCIDENT, A. By Lady Poore . . . 705
Illustrations by Lewis Baumer.

COME, YOU PRETTY FALSE-EYED WANTON . 466
Illustration by Robert Sauber.

CONCILIATOR OF CHRISTENDOM, THE. By I. Zangwill 385
Illustrations by M. Zangwill.

CONSTANTINOPLE, IMPRESSIONS OF. By Melton Prior. 240
Illustration by Melton Prior.

COSTAKI PASHA, AN INTERVIEW WITH. By J. F. F. 131
With Illustrations from Photographs.

DEAD (THE) ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE CRIMEA. By William Simpson 97
Illustrations by William Simpson.

DELHI ZENANA, A. By William Simpson. . . . 473
Illustrations by William Simpson.

DEVIL'S CRADLE, IN THE. By Max Pemberton. 495
Illustrations by A. Birkenruth.

DITTISHAM, ON THE DART 606

DOMENICO TIBURZI: LAST OF THE ITALIAN BRIGANDS. By Adolfo Rossi 635
With Illustrations from Photographs.

DREAM-GOWN OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR, THE. By Brander Matthews . . . 145
Illustrations by W. D. Almond.

ELECTION DAY IN POORER NEW YORK. By E. L. Banks 426
With Illustrations from Photographs.

ENGINE-DRIVER (THE) TALKS. By Harold Macfarlane 200
Illustration by Gunning King.

ENTIRELY ACCIDENTAL. By Grant Allen . . 47
Illustrations by A. Birkenruth.

EXTRAVAGANCES OF A MILLIONAIRE. By X. 533

FAIRY SONG, A. By Wilfrid W. Gibson 400
Illustrations by A. L. Bowley.

PAGE

FATE OF MRS. CLINTON, THE. By Louis Becke 505
Illustrations by R. Caton Woodville.

FIRES, SOME FAMOUS. By J. Stephen. 155
With Illustrations.

FISHING, A DAY'S. By A Non-Fisherman . . . 570
Illustrations by Ernest G. Beach.

FISHING FOR JACK. By Delapore Downing. (*Tinted Picture*) . . . . . *Facing page* 225

FLEECHY. By Lewis Torre 225
Illustrations by G. Montbard.

FOSTER'S LETTER OF MARQUE. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. 369
Illustrations by R. Caton Woodville.

FUNGUS (A REMARKABLE): THE VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR. By James Buckland. . . . 501
Illustrations by Cecil Aldin.

GIANTS, SOME FAMOUS. By W. Gordon Smythies 715
With Illustrations.

GOLD-MINE OF KERTCH BAR, THE. By Morley Roberts 278
Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.

GUNPOWDER TREASON. By Oswald Abbott . . 138
With Illustrations.

HAIL, MERRIE, MERRIE CHRISTMASTIDE! . . 328
Illustration by A. Bauerle.

HER COMING. By M. Hedderwick Browne . . . 493

HER NAME. By Katherine Mann. 191

HIS PASSPORT INTO HELL. By I. J. Armstrong 175
Illustrations by A. Forestier.

HISTORY OF CLARE TOLLISON. By Barry Pain 233
Illustrations by Dudley Hardy.

HUSBAND AND WIFE. By Mabel Hart 523
Illustrations by Dudley Hardy.

IN THE BONNIE NORTH COUNTREE. By Mary Lovett Cameron 362
Illustrations by Bertha Newcombe.

IN THE DEEP OF TIME. By G. Parsons Lathrop 679
Illustrations by Dudley Hardy.

IN THE NAME OF THE MOST HIGH. By Robert W. Chambers 305
Illustrations by C. Shepperson.

INDIANA CAMPAIGN, AN. By Stephen Crane . 320
Illustrations by Arthur Jule Goodman.

ITALIAN BRIGANDS, THE LAST OF THE. By Adolfo Rossi 635
With Illustrations from Photographs.

JONGLEURS AT THE CASTLE 256
Illustration by Nelly Erichsen.

KAILYARD, A CORNER OF THE. By R. S. Loveday 285
With Illustrations from Photographs.

KEENE, OR FUNERAL DIRGE, OF BRIAN BORUMA THE KING. By W. Alexander Craig 95

LADY, WHEN I BEHOLD THE ROSES SPROUTING 20
Illustration by Robert Sauber.

LANDSEER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, THE. By W. A. Baillie-Grohman 33, 617
With Illustrations.

LIEUTENANT CHANNING'S EAST INDIAN COUSIN. By Louis Becke 561
Illustrations by R. Caton Woodville.

LIGHT ON THE TOWER, THE. By George Gissing 432
Illustrations by Gunning King.

LITTLE LOVERS, THE. By Sheila E. Braine . . 582
Illustrations by A. L. Bowley.

LIZARD (A REMARKABLE), THE TUATARA. By James Buckland 381
Illustrations by Cecil Aldin.

LLANFIHANGEL SKERRIES. By Grant Allen . 658
Illustrations by C. Shepperson.

LOVE STORY, A 739
Illustrations from Photographs by S. H. Wrightson.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XVI.

PAGE

LOVER'S RAISON D'ETRE, A. By F. 39

LURE, THE. By Louise Chandler Moulton . . . 174

MAID OF ORLEANS, THE. By Andrew Lang . . 315
With Illustrations.

MAJESTY OF THE LAW, THE. By Blanche Willis Howard 537
Illustrations by Ralph Peacock.

MAN OF FEELING (A): AN EPISODE OF THE GUILLOTINE. By Harold Spender 67
Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.

MARCH 704
Illustration by A. L. Bowley.

MARGUERITE'S CARNIVAL. By Louis Zangwill . 592
Illustrations by Windsor Fry.

"MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE, THE. By Lida Rose McCabe 695
With Illustrations.

MATTERHORN, A WOMAN'S ASCENT OF THE. By Annie S. Peck 53
With Illustrations.

MEDITATION. By V. Corcos (*Tinted Picture*) *Facing page* 288

MERRY BROWNE BOWLE, THE 500
Illustration by H. Reynolds and N. Vanderlyn.

MISS PEEKSKILL'S SPIROMETER. By Julian Hawthorne 344
Illustrations by A. Birkenruth.

MISSING LINK AT LAST, THE. By W. K. Marschal 653
With Illustrations.

MODERN MARTYR, A. By Winifred Graham . . 467
Illustrations by Lewis Baumer.

MONSIEUR PAUL. By Frances Forbes Robertson 289
Illustrations by Florence Reason.

MORE WARM THAN PLEASANT. By Owen Hall 449
Illustrations by P. Chase.

MORNING CALLS—

Harmsworth (Mr. A. C.) at Elmwood 203
With Illustrations from Photographs.

Man on the Monument, The. By G. E. Mitton . . 15
Illustrations by James Greig.

MY LOVE BOUND ME WITH A KISS 192
Illustration by R. Sauber.

MY MOUNTAIN LAKE. By Alfred Perceval Graves 94

MY UNWILLING NEIGHBOUR. By Frank R. Stockton 402
Illustrations by A. E. Sterner.

MYSTERY OF THE BALKANS, A. By Percy Andreæ 350
Illustrations by W. Cubitt Cooke.

NANSEN (DR.) AT HOME. By Herbert Ward . 123
Illustrations by A. Forestier and from Photographs.

NELSON: PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF. By Clark Russell.
Illustrations by W. H. Overend.

Early Boyhood 115
"I Will be a Hero" 257
St. Vincent. 516
"Sweethearts and Wives" 515
Teneriffe 665

NEWGATE EPISODES. By J. Stephen 584
With Illustrations.

OF LOVE'S BRIEFNESS. By L. G. Ackroyd . . 634

OLD MOORE, AN INTERVIEW WITH. By L. F. Austin 396
With Illustrations.

ONCE MORE. By Louise Chandler Moulton. . . 75

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE SIGHTS IN NATURE: THE SOUTHERN GODWIT. By James Buckland 71
Illustrations by Cecil Aldin.

OUR NOVEL. By A. E. W. Mason. 531
Illustration by W. Cubitt Cooke.

PARDON OF GUSTAVE MAJANO, THE. By Max Pemberton 270
Illustrations by R. Sauber.

PASSENGER TO CUDGELLICO, THE. By Morley Roberts 575
Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.

PAGE

PINCH AND THE POOR-HOUSE. By Katharine Tynan 265
Illustrations by J. Williamson.

POOR JACK. By Clark Russell. 3
Illustrations by W. H. Overend.

PRICE OF A NECKLACE, THE. By E. Gerard . 723
Illustrations by T. Walter Wilson.

REIGN (THE LONGEST) IN ENGLISH HISTORY. By John Ashton 103
With Illustrations.

REYNARD'S BIDS FOR SANCTUARY. By Young Stewart 673
Illustrations by A. J. Wall.

ROSEBUD, A. By M. Hedderwick Browne . . . 734

SEE-SAW. By John Foster Fraser 193
Illustrations by C. A. Shepperson.

SOFTY. By Major Arthur Griffiths 643
Illustrations by J. Williamson.

SONG, A. By Ronald Campbell Macfie 209

SONG OF THE LEAVES. By Beatrice J. Prall . 62

SORROWS OF WERTHER. By W. M. Thackeray 304
Illustration by Gilbert James.

SOUDAN, CAMPAIGNING IN THE. By H. C. Seppings Wright 413
Illustration by H. C. Seppings Wright.

SQUALL, THE. By Louise Imogen Guiney. . . . 154

STORIES OF BRITISH BATTLES. By J. D. Symon.
Illustrations by R. Caton Woodville.

Andrew's Annette: A Tale of Malplaquet . . 742
Cardinal's Ward (The): A Tale of Poitiers . . 213
Clothyard Shaft (The): A Tale of Crecy . . . 77
Never-a-Penny Parminter: A Tale of Blenheim. 335
Out of the Past: A Tale of Ramillies 419
Question of Stripes: A Tale of Oudenarde . . 625

SUFFERING SAINT, A. By H. P. Spofford . . . 167
Illustrations by W. D. Almond.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT 642
Illustration by M. C. Connell.

TALE OF A GALLANT KNIGHT 210
Illustrations by Rene Bull.

TENTING: A WEEK WITH A TRAVELLING CIRCUS. By Young Stewart 63
Illustrations by A. J. Wall.

THE THIRD. By Katharine S. Macquoid 607
Illustrations by W. D. Almond.

THINK NOT BY DISDAIN. By Sir C. Sedley . . 458
Illustration by Gilbert James.

TO PRISCILLA. By L. G. Ackroyd 514

TRAINING YOUNG FOXHOUNDS. By Young Stewart 329
Illustrations by A. J. Wall.

TRANSVAAL IMPRESSIONS. By Melton Prior . 21
Illustration by H. Macneil.

TUNNEL, THE MOST WONDERFUL IN THE WORLD. By J. M. Bulloch 440
With Illustrations.

TURKISH EMBASSY IN LONDON. By J. F. F. . 131
With Illustrations from Photographs.

TWA CORBIES, THE. Anon 343
Illustration by Gilbert James.

TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS 694
Illustration from Photograph.

TWO VIEWS. By Nimmo Christie 137

VIGIL OF FOUR CORNERS, A. By E. M. Hewitt 70

WHEN THE GORSE IS IN FLOWER. By Annie E. Holdsworth 219
Illustrations by Raymond Potter.

WINTER 327
Illustrations by Constance Foxley.

WISEST AUNT TELLING THE SADDEST TALE, THE. By Andrew Lang 11
Illustrations by Dudley Hardy.

WOMAN'S ANSWER, A. By Lydia M. Wood . . 545

WOMEN'S COLLEGES AT OXFORD. By F. Dolman 459
With Illustrations from Photographs.

YOUTH IS THE CAREFUL GARDENER'S NAME. By M. C. Connell. (*Coloured Picture*) *Facing page* 247

ZOO ON WHEELS, A. By Young Stewart . . . 487
Illustrations by A. J. Wall.

"IMPERILLED THE SAFETY OF A LINER WITH TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND POUNDS IN SPECIE ABOARD."

See "Poor Jack."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

POOR JACK!

By CLARK RUSSELL.

"Unless some provision is at once made for the training of boys the employment of foreign sailors must of necessity considerably increase; and ten years hence, under present conditions, a British crew will be almost unattainable. This matter requires to be dealt with immediately and on a large scale. *It is in the domestic affairs of the country the most vital question of the day.* . . . If the number of British seamen were sufficiently increased there would never be any difficulty in getting men for the Navy."—Mr. Joseph Hoult, "Manning Report," 1896.

I AM happy to find myself in accord with a gentleman who is so well known in shipping circles as Mr. Joseph Hoult, of Liverpool. But how is it that Mr. Hoult has waited until now to make a discovery of imperial moment? Or, if before the current year he was sensible that the British merchant seaman was a decaying condition of our national life, why did not he put his alarms upon record? Why, as a patriot, which I am sure he is, should he persistently have kept the telescope at his blind eye! He doubtless understood, as did the rest of his fraternity, to what the encouragement of the foreigner to sail in British forecastles was tending.

In 1881 I left Newcastle-on-Tyne to settle in London. My professional obligations caused me to look very closely into the maritime life, and I then quite easily saw that if the British shipowner was not restricted in his employment of foreign labour the doom of our mercantile Jack was sealed. When the Shipping Office was on Tower Hill, I visited that dismal haunt of the dejected, and often hopeless, English seaman: it was dirty and neglected; its grimy alcoves or shelters yawned in sullen sympathy with the weary mariner waiting for a ship. I spent some hours in that melancholy cavern, and stood a careful observer of what was passing. I took notice of a large number of foreigners, yellow-haired, freckled, self-confident, audacious in their knowledge that they were of the elect. I also observed that many of the English seamen, though poorly clad and exhibiting other marks of great poverty, were as likely a lot of livelies as a sailor who knows the character of sailors, who is fit to command sailors, could wish to fill his forecastle with. Yet what was my experience? Crew after crew of "Dutchmen" were called in to "sign on." Every time the door was opened the English seamen darted eager looks. "Good God!" I thought, "am I in England? Is it imaginable that the 'bally Scandyhoovian,' the Dago, the 'Dutchman,' have gained a victory undreamt of by Tromp and De Ruyter!" *Ex pede Herculem.* I seemed to find the magnificent industry which had been built up by the British blood and by the splendid seafaring qualities of the British sailor in the hands of the foreigner, who was good enough to allow us to continue to fly our flag because our shipowners were considerate enough to choose him, and feed him, and pay him.

These kingdoms form the greatest maritime nation that the world has ever beheld or that history makes mention of. It is, nevertheless, true that there is scarce a public in Europe more ignorant of and indifferent to sea affairs than the people of this country. If you speak to the man in the street about our Mercantile Marine he will look at you with a dull and silly eye. Pronounce the word sailor, and his imagination conjures up the bluejacket who lurched against him round the corner yonder. "Millions," wrote a shipowner to me recently, "have never seen the ocean, much less ships. What, then, should they know about the Mercantile Marine?" But there are millions who

have seen the ocean and travelled upon it; scores of them keep yachts, scores have seats in the House of Commons; and to these millions the Mercantile Marine is as much an abstraction as the Revenue was to Charles Lamb. The man in the street, feeling unwell, resolves on a trip to New York. On his return he has seen nothing but New York. What has gone between consists of certain dim sensations and perceptions of nausea, meal time, the smoking-room, and large head seas. Although he is being swept onwards by a superb example of our great national industry, he takes no count of it. To him the captain is a man in buttons on a bridge. Does the man in the street realise the enormous responsibilities, moral and material, which that figure up there embodies—the safety of the noble fabric, the precious lives of perhaps a thousand people, cargo of the value of a German principality? Does the man in the street note the sailors who move about the decks forward, the firemen, and others who rise sweating and purple out of the hell in the deep bowels of the ship? He will tell you about Broadway, but he has not a syllable to utter on the subject of our Merchant Service and the sailors who navigated and worked the ship that conveyed him across the Atlantic and home.

Now in making the above statement I am quite convinced of its accuracy, and I am also persuaded that the ship-owning classes are likewise conscious that the man in the street heeds not, and knows nothing about, our Mercantile Marine. And so for years, taking advantage of an ignorance which is largely due to indifference, they have been insidiously sapping the life of the British merchant seaman by stealthy but insistent importation of the foreigner, whose recommendation, we are told, is that he is cheap, that he does not murmur when bad food is given to him, that he is tractable, and that shipmasters choose him in preference to their fellow-countrymen. To what issue? In "Brassey's Naval Annual" for 1895 it is stated, on an authority which the shipowners themselves do not resist, that our Mercantile Marine is manned by 235,000 men of whom 55,000 *only* are British seamen! The statement proceeds: "This is but a little more than half of the Naval Reserve of France."

These were the figures in 1895. What will this year give us? And how will next year work out? Of these 55,000 British sailors a large proportion are without work. This is clearly stated by a very intelligent writer in *Fair Play* (the shipowners' organ) Aug. 13, 1896: "How many thousand seamen are there at the present moment out of employment, and why don't they go to the Royal Navy if they have a turn that way? And if they have not a turn that way they are not likely to alter their minds, when by Mr. Clark Russell's plan there would be fourfold employment for them in the Mercantile Marine." I pause to explain that I never suggested a "fourfold employment." I had said in the *Daily Telegraph* that it was "our duty to foster the merchant seaman, to double him, to quadruple him." This could only be done by the elimination of the foreign element from our forecastles. Ships might go undermanned as they are, but still, by getting rid of your foreigners you would speedily treble and quadruple your British merchant seaman. It stands to reason that the thousands of English sailors who cannot obtain employment because of the forecastle being filled with foreign labour must either starve and die or seek work ashore; or if they continue sailors they will not serve under the commercial flag of this country. The process of diminution then is steady, and unless the decay is arrested promptly and by imperial measures, the country will find itself face to face with a condition that to my mind is little less than appalling—I mean the total and, I fear, the irremediable extinction of the British merchant seaman.

Is the country willing that he should be extinguished? Are we content to reflect that the day is not far distant when our steamers and sailing-ships will be entirely manned by foreigners? Mr. Goschen, one of the shrewdest of politicians, seems to me of opinion that the Mercantile Marine cannot any longer be considered as a source for drafts for the Royal Navy. I hold, therefore, that the shipowners who are desperately zealous of the encroachment of the foreigner upon their trade will be responsible, themselves only, for the annihilation of what I have always regarded as our second line of defence.

Our forefathers manifestly understood the traditional character of the shipowner better than we do: they provided against the failure of those patriotic sentiments which should animate us all by certain enactments which figure in history as the Navigation Laws. Under those laws a shipowner, if he entered but one foreign sailor, was compelled to ship one British seaman to every twenty tons; and in no case was the foreign element allowed to exceed one fourth of the whole. Thus a ship of one thousand tons would sail with fifty British

POOR JACK, 1794.

seamen in her forecastle, and her owner would probably not think any addition necessary to that complement in the shape of the foreigner. The wisdom of this provision was again and again illustrated. Lord Howe's great and important victory of June 1 was gained chiefly by the merchant seamen of the kingdom. When the war broke out in 1793 we had not 45,000 men, and they were scattered over the globe. The merchant service enabled us swiftly to man some sixty sail of the line and double the number of frigates and smaller vessels. Some thirty-five thousand or forty - five thousand seamen of the Mercantile Marine were rapidly brought together; and these men, in addition to those in the Service, enabled Admiral Gardner to proceed to the West Indies with seven sail of the line; and Lord Hood, with twenty-two sail of the line, to the Mediterranean, to occupy Toulon and capture Corsica. Other squadrons were sent to America and the East Indies to protect our interests in those quarters; and Lord Howe guarded the Channel with twenty-seven sail of the line.

I shall be told that the manning of the war-ships was due to the press-gangs. But the sources of supply were there! Collingwood's ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, that was ahead of the other British vessels at Trafalgar by a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, was filled with merchant men from the Tyne Side, and how those seamen spoke in their guns whilst the noble old Admiral paced the deck munching an apple, all who have read the thrilling story of the most glorious of sea-fights will know.

Steam, of course, has greatly modified the duties of the sea career. But there still remains a very large tonnage in sail from which the foreigner should be rigorously excluded. And the steam-boat will always be in need of sailors; there is, indeed, nothing to do aloft; but the lead, the look-out, the boats, the helm, tending the small canvas the vessel may carry, are sailors' work, and no other labourer springing on board off the edge of a wharf would be fit for it. There are many duties on board a steamer which seamen alone can discharge. Mr. G. A. Laws, General Manager of the Shipping Federation, and one of the ablest of the exponents of the interests of the shipowners, seems of opinion that seamen will not be required for the Navy. I recall this singular statement because I regard it as expressing, but not explaining, the motive of the shipowners' neglect of the merchant seaman. Mr. Laws says that the captain of an ironclad will carry her into action with marine gunners, marines, engineers, and firemen. *C'est tout!* no bluejackets! Who is to man the boats? Who is to take possession? What body of men are to be thrown ashore to fight side by side with the marines? Who, in short, of Mr. Laws' crew are to take the place of our naval seamen?

If the shipowners are permitted to extinguish the sailor they will repel the rising youth of this country, and English boys will not go to sea because their fathers would easily perceive that they had more reasonably dedicated them to the life of the crossing and the broom than to a profession from which they will be swiftly expelled by the foreigner. The shipowners complain of over-legislation, but it seems to me that they are ceaselessly provoking it. Even as I write legislation may be in the air in respect of a new manning scale. And should this happen, further legislation may be threatening, for it cannot be doubted that the public, when it is tardily made to understand that the seaman is a decaying factor, and must presently be as dead as the dodo, will insist upon the Legislature going to work to resuscitate and enlarge him into all necessary plenty. It may be done! Our forefathers did it. A few years of fostering would fill London and the outports with British seamen. The forecastle would cease to be a menagerie. The red flag would float in pride, and the country would have its own again.

As the seaman is an uneducated man in the main—there are many exceptions—he cannot make his grievances understood nor his wishes felt, either in print or by speech. He forms into processions, but these tedious trudgings are bitterly aimless for want of profitable governance. I have been much scorned and derided by the shipping Press for speaking of Jack's "characteristic simplicity" and "child-like nature," but am I the inventor or the discoverer of these qualities in the seaman? Is it not these very traits of character which have endeared him to his countrymen, and rendered him the most popular of all the toilers on this toilsome globe? From the days of the coracle the seaman's trusting, generous, open nature has been the burden of the ballad and the song, and you will find it described at large in works written and published long before I was in petticoats. It is the confiding and simple character of the seaman which the owner has taken advantage of.

He fed him as he pleased till the law stepped in. He sent him to sea in rotting hulls, and again the law stepped in. He would send him to sea in sailing ships whose crews are all too few, and in

POOR JACK, 1894.

steamers to be, by his paucity, a source of terror on the ocean highway.

When the Sailors' and Firemen's Association was established my best wishes attended it, though, knowing that the sailor's life was inevitably errant and fugitive, I feared that combination would be impracticable. How can a man combine who cannot live unless he goes away? Still, I trusted that the representatives he left behind would serviceably, patiently, and always honourably seek to promote his interests. It is some years now since I received this letter—

North of England Sailors' and Firemen's Assoc.,
130, High Street, Sunderland,
Dec. 5, 18[illegible]4.

Dear Sir,- I have been authorised by the above Society to ask you if you would be so kind as to

represent our Society along with Mr. T. Burt on the Commission for Shipping. We nominate you. Please let us know as soon as possible.—I am, yours truly, S. J. PETTY, Secretary.

My professional duties obliged me to decline, but in the desire to contribute something towards a movement which I considered good and hopeful, I wrote an article in the *Contemporary Review*, which I called "A Forecastle View of the Shipping Commission." This article brought me a letter from the late Mr. Thomas Gray, of the Board of Trade, asking me for a private interview. I was unable to comply, but I regret now that I did not make the acquaintance of a gentleman whose sympathies very strongly inclined towards seamen. For some years I followed the proceedings of the Union with interest; but when it came to the unmanly and brutal system of the picket, to exactions on the pocket of the seaman, I own that I was repelled; I could find nothing in this form of unionism to commend itself to any theory of action calculated to prove of real and lasting benefit to the merchant sailor. A policy of rabid aggression could end in nothing but the alienation of public sympathy. It was hard that seamen, thousands of miles distant, should be held responsible for the actions of those who were said to represent them ashore. As in law a man is bound by his agent, so by society is he taken at the value of the representation he submits. I do not suppose that the labours of unionism where docks and seamen are concerned can be pursued with hands in kid gloves; but prudence surely should have dictated limitations, seeing that the contest is between great poverty and great wealth; and the policy that forced the shipowners to combine for the preservation of their imperilled property was ill-judged.

The Shipping Federation is the combination I refer to. It is an association of owners and managers, who, in spite of the spirit of competition which makes them love one another much as Mrs. Gamp loved humanity ("I could lay 'em all out for nothing, sich is the love I bears 'em"), formed into a phalanx, and in grim array, bristling with weapons of shipping offices, Federation tickets, and the like, hissed defiance at the Union and bade it come on. It did come on, but only to break itself into pieces as the roller plunging at the base of the rock recoils in shattered waters. But, even as I write, what do I hear? I quote from the *Daily Chronicle* of Aug. 15, 1896: "There is no doubt that the increase of sweating and slave-driving at certain of the London docks, and the wholesale reduction of wages to which sailors and firemen have had to submit, has led to an astonishing revival of Trade Unionism among the waterside trades. . . . The revival of Trade Unionism is so marked, and the new International Federation is gaining such general adherence, that it is not surprising to find dock directors surveying the situation with some concern." It is disheartening that the Shipping Federation, which, if wisely governed, is capable of doing the seaman and the State infinite service, should with other shipping companies act with such little regard to the good work it was carrying on with its system of offices and tickets as to force the sailor back again into those toils of unionism from which it had in large measure released him.

We are being constantly reminded that the shipping industry is in a semi-insolvent state, and those who make us acquainted with this dark and dreary condition of things date their letters to the newspapers from great West-End squares, and from mansions in London and from manors in the provinces. No one need doubt that just at present a certain class of owner is not saving very much money—he is not, in short, growing rapidly wealthy. To him belongs the steam-tramp, the cheaply built and heavily burdened boat, whose launch added a new terror to the many which old ocean has created for the discomfiture of man. The owner of one boat—I might easily say two, but will call it one—is typically a gentleman whose sense of moral obligations is created by the Shipping Acts. If there were no Acts he would have no sense of moral obligations. Very lean does he keep the duties imposed upon him by law. He would starve them if he durst. With him and in his boat the hungry British ship-master, so that he may obtain employment, invests his poor savings—money gained by years of such labour and anxieties as there is no virtue in the pen to communicate. He is defrauded; others who have invested are defrauded. But before this has happened, possibly the cargo-tank, made wicked by frequent visits of the managing owner, has sunk two or three good ships, and imperilled the safety of a liner with two hundred and eighty thousand pounds in specie aboard. Why not? The gentleman whose moral obligations are entirely statutory has sent her to sea so undermanned that she is a menace to everything that crosses her bows. Four sailors in the forecastle—two in a watch! an officer, who dare not tell

the truth for fear of being dismissed, on the bridge, and this gallant ship may be fifteen hundred tons, and her official number can be read in "Mitchell's List."

I am asked how I connect the ocean tramp with that decay of the British merchant sailor which I am lamenting. I answer by saying that if you step on board one of these vessels you will be saluted by the German mate in broken English, and that if you go forward the first man you speak to will scarcely understand you because he is a Russian Finn, and the second man you address is a Dane, and a third some strange wild mixture of black and white blood, of a nation indeterminable, but of considerable capacities where his sheath-knife fits the hip. Three to one—for the fourth shall be an Englishman—in this noble ship's company; for it is true that even from the meanest forecastle under the British flag the foreigner is expelling the Englishman.

Was it for the Dutchman and for the splendid services he rendered this country that Campbell wrote that noble lyric "Ye Mariners of England"? Was it for the Dago and the Finn that the same fine poet composed those thrilling verses beginning—

> Men of England! who inherit
> Rights which cost your sires their blood?

I cannot but write with some heat when I think of this foreign invasion, and reflect upon the Germans' and the "Scandyhoovians'" appropriation of Jack's heritage. The shipowners must not whine an apology for an extinction whose effect they will be the first to feel, and which many are now viewing with ill-dissembled alarm, by pleading that our sailors are not the men our forefathers were. This assurance may be dismissed with contempt. The seaman of to-day is as able, high-spirited, and alert a man as ever sailed to the Indies last century, as ever helped thrash the Spaniard up-Channel round into the North Sea. But what chance do you give him? You put him into an undermanned ship; a heavily large proportion of his shipmates are of different nationalities. One swallow does not make a summer. One or two able British seamen will not make a good crew. In short, the ship-owners do not require the services of the English sailor, and I am very sorry to say that their destructive neglect of the man is backed by the submissive acquiescence of the British ship-master. No doubt much of the support the ship-owners are receiving in their efforts to surpress our native seamen is due to the ship-master's fear of being dismissed; therefore, in order to earn his bread he continues to choose foreign crews, smacks his lips over them, professes to relish them; but if he has crawled through the hawse-pipe, as he doubtless has, he lies in his heart, and knows that he lies, when he affirms that a crew of mixed nationalities is superior to a crew of English sailors. That the ship-master is constrained by fear and will not speak the truth because his berth is his life I am convinced by this token: that, when he quits the sea and settles down with a telescope in some little 'longshore home called "The Perch" or "The Cabin," he will not suffer a syllable to be said against the British seaman. Independence matures the spirit of loyalty, and he is faithful then in his sentiments to his flag and his country.

I have dealt with a question that is not generally understood, and it is not in the power of a single pen to make itself felt and heard over the wide area of interests which the subject concerns. The great public Press of this country, the directors and the expositors of public opinion, should deal with the decay of the British merchant seaman as with something of supreme national moment, annually growing in urgency. I repeat what I have elsewhere said: the foreigner must be as severely restricted by legislation as he was by the Navigation Acts, and every encouragement should be given to our merchant sailors to multiply, that we may point to them with the same spirit of patriotic pride with which we survey the league-long line of mighty ironclads, but mighty only in the men that man them.

HE WENT SHAMBLING WITH TRAILING FEET AND SHAKING KNEES ACROSS THE ROOM.

See "The Wisest Aunt Telling the Saddest Tale."

"THE WISEST AUNT TELLING THE SADDEST TALE."

By ANDREW LANG.

"IT was the most awful thing that ever happened to me," said my aunt.

This remark did not strike a chill into me. One never knows, but my Aunt Miss Stacey does not give one the impression of being a woman with a history. Nothing more *awful* could well have occurred in her experience, I fancied, than the loss of a pet dog, or, at most, a journey in a railway-carriage with an eccentric fellow-passenger, afterwards declared (as the result of an amateur diagnosis) to be "an undoubted maniac of the most dangerous kind."

"And it was in this very room, Cecil, which you have turned into a study; it was a bed-room in my time. And you have blocked up the door into the room beyond."

"Yes," I said. "I could get nobody to sleep in it. People refused; a captain in the Queen's Navy left after one night of it. A sailor, and afeared! He should have been court-martialed!"

"What was he afraid of?"

"He never would say. I have slept in the room often enough in an arm-chair"—for the room was my study.

"But what did other people complain of?"

"Nothing, but that the door-handle rattled. Some said they heard footsteps, and something tumbling downstairs into the room beyond. Rats, no doubt—or water-pipes or the like; but tedious. I took down the panelling, condemned the door, turned the next room into a billiard-room, and there has been no more trouble."

"It was not rats," said my aunt. "Though rats are bad enough. That it still goes on I don't believe. But rats it was *not*."

"What on earth or elsewhere *was* it, then?"

"I don't know. It was like a ghost, but *he* was not dead. It was like a shadow of the horrible future; but shadows don't open doors or fall downstairs with a crash."

"*Who* was not dead? You say *he* was not dead."

"Your great-uncle—my uncle Fred."

"Did you see *him?* Was he so very awful?"

"Yes—no. I did not see him as he *was*. Poor fellow! he was such a tall, handsome man! But this thing! I shudder when I think of it——"

"Practical joke—bad form," I said.

"And who was to play it? Not your great-uncle, who was like a father to me; and there was no other man in the house—only ourselves and the maids. It was a new kind of horror."

"I bet it was not," I said. "There are no *new* kinds of horrors. The human fancy reached its limits long ago. I'll classify it, whatever it was, and provide bogies similar and similarly situated, if you will only tell me exactly what happened—what you *thought* happened, I mean. Purely subjective, probably indigestion."

"I didn't *think*—I was wide awake. I saw it and heard it, and—ugh! I *touched* it, or rather, it touched me. And I don't know what indigestion is."

"Hallucination affecting several senses. Did anyone else share in the experience?"

"Only the cat; it flew round the room and up the walls like a mad thing."

"Cats will do that. It frightened you, and your fancy conjured up some horror."

"Cecil! Have I lived to be called fanciful?"

"No, my dear Aunt; as a rule—never! But you may have put the fancy of a whole life (at other times most properly suppressed) into the excitement of a minute."

"It would be a better thing for you, Cecil, if you were more fanciful. An absence of imagination I have heard spoken about in your novels and things. But, for *me*, fancy would be useless, and might once, or oftener, have led to the most unfortunate results."

"Might still," I thought, and I hastened to reassure my dear and justly valued relation. She might fancy one of my odious cousins.

"Do tell me all about it," I said. "I am really curious."

"If it had been fancy how could it have been so awfully *fulfilled*, Cecil? That is what I always ask myself."

"I 'll try to tell you when I know more about it. Nobody but Daniel could interpret a dream that was not told to him."

"No, it was *not* a dream, though I admit I was in bed at the time."

"That explains a good deal."

"Yes, but not the *fulfilment*."

"Some dreams must come off; sporting dreams do, once in a million."

"Nobody ever had such an odious dream as *this*. It happened when I was a girl."

"Remote," I said to myself. Luckily, she did not hear me.

"It was before your poor father's marriage."

Then I knew it *was* pretty "remote."

"I had come here to stay with my dear Uncle Fred, from whom you inherit this place. My mother let me come, though we lived far away, because he said he was lonely. You never saw him, for good reasons though, you know; you were twenty when he was . . . released—I can call it nothing else. But you know his picture in the dining-room, by Grant—a tall, broad-shouldered English squire, with a brown healthy face. Well, I found him as kind and pleasant as ever, not quite so loud and noisy as I liked to see him, and complaining a little of rheumatism. He would put his hand to his back, as if he felt a twinge, and I noticed a new trick he had of knocking the sole of his foot on the floor, or even on the bar of the grate. That was explained to me afterwards. In fact, he did seem rather anxious, but we passed a pleasant evening; I sang to him, and I went early to bed. It was the State-Room, you know, with a huge curtained bed and two steps leading up to it, and the curtains embroidered with faded coats of arms, for our ancestors had been great people long ago. I believe Henry VIII. had slept in the bed, and I must say there was room for him."

"And for a selection of his wives. I remember it well."

Indeed, I sold it at Christie's, to an American collector.

"The room, of course, you know, was panelled, and had arras, or tapestry, or something of that sort hanging on the walls representing the Raising of Samuel, all in white, by the Witch of Endor, after Giulio Romano."

"My dearest Aunt, it was enough to frighten a Victoria Cross man, let alone a girl."

"Nonsense! I never was frightened of *nothing*, or fanciful, and I was quite used to the room. Besides, my uncle's was on the opposite side of the passage. The door you have blocked up was in existence then, and led down a set of four steps into another large room, your billiard-room. It was there that Sir Guy Stacey stabbed his twin brother during the Wars of the Roses. Nobody ever *knew*, to be sure, but they were heard quarrelling, and Eustace was never seen again, at least by his family. Many girls might not have cared for the room, I admit, but the fact that *I* did not mind it just proves that I was *not* fanciful. Your poor great-uncle always kept it in good order, though he could not afford, of course, to do so with most of the house. He had once, like Sir Guy, a twin brother himself, who died; I never knew exactly when or where. In fact, it was hereditary to have twins in our family."

"Are we not rather wandering from your — experience?" I asked. "You were going to bed in a state-room hung with the story of the Witch of Endor, next to an apartment in which a mysterious fratricide had been committed during the Wars of the Roses."

"Yes, and I went to bed, after looking out at the night, which was remarkably calm and windless. But as I was not sleepy I lit two candles, put on a dressing-gown, and lay in bed reading 'Tremaine,' which was then a very fashionable novel, though I do not often hear it mentioned nowadays. I was much interested in 'Tremaine'; and the old black cat, a great favourite, was sleeping at the foot of the bed."

"A black cat, too!" I ejaculated.

"When the cat opened its eyes and bristled all over."

"Enough to make you fancy *anything*."

My aunt went on.

"I wish you would not interrupt. I then heard the door-handle rattle and shake, as if some very weak person or a child were trying to open it. Naturally, I thought it was my uncle who wanted something. I called out: 'Come in; I'm not asleep!' But the door-handle still rattled in a feeble way, which, I confess, rather surprised me. I knew I had not locked the door.

"Suddenly the door gave way, rather than opened gradually, and a figure tottered into the room. That was when the cat gave an extraordinary scream and ran for the door, but it was shut again, and he dashed himself like a mad thing against the walls What I saw was my uncle, but

"PRACTICAL JOKE—BAD FORM," I SAID.

not my uncle. *He* was tall, well made, with a bright happy face; *this* thing was he, but shrunken to a foot less than his height. The jaw dropped, there was no intelligence or recognition in the eyes, only a vacant, hideous stare. It was dressed in a kind of smock of a light colour. He, or it, or whatever I am to call it, went shambling with trailing feet and shaking knees across the room. It came right up to the bed; it tripped on the steps of the daïs and fell headforemost across me, touching me; and so it wallowed, as I may call it, for a minute or a moment, I don't know. I shrank to the furthest corner of the bed, when the horrid thing recovered itself, reeled to its feet, and so staggered across the room to the opposite wall, knocking against the furniture. Then it groped aimlessly for the handle of the door which you have bricked up, and I could hear the handle rattle and shake as it had done before the creature entered. At last the door gave way, a draught shook the candles, and I heard a fall on the floor beyond, for you remember there were steps down into the room."

"Good heavens! What did you do?"

"I ran to the door and locked it; then I took a candle and went into the passage. The cat rushed by me like a shadow and was never seen again—by any of *us*, I mean; for it must have gone *somewhere*, of course. I crossed to my uncle's door and listened: all was quiet. I opened the door gently; he was sound asleep, and had not any sign of the horrible idiot face I had just seen. Then I went back to my room, looked behind all the curtains and tapestry, found nothing unusual, and crept back to bed. I kept my candles alight and went to sleep about dawn. I wrote an account of the matter to my mother, and, soon after, went home."

"Have you the letter still?"

"Yes; I found it among my dear mother's papers, endorsed 'Rachel—strange dream'; and you can see it if you like."

I may add that I *have* seen it, and it essentially corroborates my aunt's story.

"And now what do you say to it?" asked my aunt.

"I say that it was a nightmare. You fell asleep over 'Tremaine.'"

"But the *fulfilment*?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, your great-uncle's health became strangely bad. He had what is called *locomotor ataxia* and softening of the brain; and when I saw him last, poor dear! he was an idiot, all shrunken and dwindled, with hanging jaw, and vacant eyes that recognised nothing, and trailing legs. So he would wander about a room, knowing nobody, and so, after years of suffering, he died. Now, where is your explanation?"

"I can classify it. I can't explain it," said I. "The second-sighted Highlanders see a man all shrunken and dwindled before his death. This happened in the case of MacRimmon, Macleod's piper, the night before he was killed at the Rout of Moy. You 'll find it in Theophilus Insulanus. And the Fijians believe that leprosy walks into houses, leaving claw-footed traces of his presence before the disease attacks a family."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said my aunt. "Did MacRimmon open and shut doors; did the second-sighted man *touch* him?"

"Not that I know of."

"*I'm* not second-sighted nor Highland," said my aunt; "and now it is time to dress for dinner." With which the undaunted old lady marched off to her room.

* * * *

I consulted the best authority in these matters—the family solicitor.

Yes, he admitted it: my uncle, Mr. Frederick Stacey, *did* linger long in a very pitiable condition. He did not by many months outlive his twin brother.

"And where did his twin brother die?"

"Why, at home, in Stacey Hall, where he had long been kept in seclusion. The world had forgotten him, the younger members of the family, like your aunt, did not know that he existed. There are secrets in all families—all *good* families."

* * * *

I never told my aunt; why deprive amiable old age of a good story! But now I think I know what my aunt saw, and the explanation of "the most awful thing that ever happened to her." She saw my uncle's twin brother, who somehow had wandered out into her room.

* * * *

Gentle reader, *je vous ménage une aimable surprise.*

All the story is true, except the explanation; except the detail of the Idiot Twin Brother!

The incident occurred, not in a rambling, ruinous old English country house, but in a small *appartement* "near the Boulevard Haussmann." I can classify it (so, indeed, can Mr. Frederick Myers). I cannot explain it.

THE MAN ON THE MONUMENT.

By G. E. MITTON.

ALONE on his pillar nearly two hundred feet above the level of the streets a modern St. Simon Stylites watches day by day. The fourth and last column on which the ancient St. Simon spent the last twenty years of his life was only about a third the height of this, but his limits at the top were much more circumscribed than those of his modern counterpart, for his was only three feet in diameter at the top, "so that he could not lie extended on it. He had no seat with him, he only stooped or leaned to take a little rest, and bowed his body in prayer so often that a certain person who counted these positions found he made 1244 reverences in one day."

But the modern St. Simon is merely the Man on the Monument, whose unique position seems to exercise little influence on his mind. He is in nowise analytical, and perhaps too little imaginative for the interviewer's purposes. It would seem as if a man must become thoughtful, raised there between earth and heaven in sight of all and unseen by any, having before him daily a practical parable of the insignificance of his kind. But no—Simon takes these matters practically; his duty is to see that the great British Public and foreigners also do not leave mementoes of themselves in ill-scrawled hieroglyphics on the white Portland stone of the pillar, nor amuse themselves by flinging objects of no intrinsic value on the heads of the passers-by below.

The Monument, as every Londoner is supposed to know, was erected "on or as near unto the place where the said Fire soe unhappily began as conveniently may be." Evelyn is said to have sensibly suggested that it would have been more appropriate to place it where that great calamity ended. The bill for the erection of the Monument is still extant in the Guildhall Library, and the total amount comes to between thirteen and fourteen thousand pounds, a large sum for the impecunious days of the Stuarts! The money was raised by a tax on all coal brought into the Port of London, a most equitable idea, considering the connection between coal and fire; and the architect was ubiquitous Christopher Wren, who must have been hated with a deadly hatred by his less successful rivals for his all-absorbing power of work.

The architect was anxious at first to have a phœnix on the summit as an appropriate emblem, but this idea was abandoned when he considered how the wind would catch the outstretched wings of the bird; he next suggested a statue, but this was negatived on account of the cost; so the present gilt bronze urn, with its curious spiky strips of brass, looking like a *chevaux-de-frise*, was finally erected.

The column is 15 ft. in diameter, and the pedestal 40 ft. high. The total height of the whole Monument is 202 ft. The fine panel on the western side is of an allegorical character, and, of course, introduces the figure of the reigning Stuart King in "Roman habit."

For the benefit of the readers of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, I climbed the 311 steps which lead up to the gallery of the Monument one afternoon. A thin stream of descending sightseers trickled past me on the way. The ascent is lit by windows of many sizes and shapes, some mere slits in the solid masonry, others wide arches with deep seats, which form acceptable resting-places. These convenient seats decrease towards the summit; the energy of hope, as he nears his goal, being, I suppose, considered sufficient to carry the devotee through without their aid. Round and round the staircase winds, an innumerable number of turns, with the hollow well down the centre cleaving it in deep perspective. I wonder that it has not occurred to any mortal with a desire for even posthumous notoriety to fling himself head-foremost down this avenue. I wonder that the authorities have not had it wire-netted in view of such a contingency, to match the cage over the gallery. The hollow funnel carries sound with a certainty that is delightful. A couple, man and woman, who were panting some distance ahead of me, had arrived at the stage, when she declared her heart was permanently injured, and his half-whispered remark, "I thought you and I had agreed not to have any hearts," came wafting down to cheer me a little on my toilsome way.

Simon himself greets his panting visitors with shrewd individuality that is much more refreshing than the monotony of mere saint-like repose. He has keen twinkling eyes that bear the far-seeing stamp of a seafaring man, and by his weather-beaten face you would judge him to be of the same trade.

The dusty grey mist which never wholly deserts the City by the river hung over the outlines of the wide panorama, blurring them as they met the sky-line and concealing the join. The steeples of the City churches stood up with amazing frequency. If all those not rebuilt after the Great Fire were added, the view would seem to be a forest of petrified trees. Below, the network of narrow streets widens here and there, and to these spaces all the congested traffic discarded by the busy thoroughfare of Thames Street about Billingsgate Market seemed to find its way. The figures moving to and fro looked like ridiculous little chessmen with no variety in their moves. It is a very dull game they play; there are no three-cornered knights' moves, nor the slithering rush of the queen, bishop, or castle. The great pad-like thickened horse-collars which the carriers and porters wear on their heads, carry out the chess suggestion, making them appear like strange pieces on the board. And beyond all the little red-gable-ended roofs, one or two majestic objects, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower Bridge, and the White Tower rise in calm serenity.

"Telescope—only a penny!" hinted Simon at my elbow, and I turned to talk to him.

A thriving trade he must do with these telescopes, for two-thirds of the visitors accepted them on the principle, I suppose, that after the gross extravagance of a threepenny ascent they might as well have their fling for once.

I asked what was the daily average of visitors, and heard that it was reckoned at two hundred; I allowed for only half this number, and by doing a small mental sum found the answer come out at something over eight shillings a day. The initial cost of the telescopes at this rate must have been defrayed long ago.

"It's a curious sort of life up here by yourself: what first made you take to it?" I asked, cautiously feeling my way into his good graces, for a man with a princely bonus like the above, in addition to his ordinary pay, is not to be bribed into telling more than he means by the usual process of "oiling the wheels."

"My step-father was up here before me, and I was assistant for a bit, and when the place fell vacant I naturally got it." The old story of custom and habit: how seldom does the man find the niche to fit himself; how often does he fit himself to the niche!

"You'd think it narrow quarters maybe, but I get plenty of exercise. When I'm by myself I'm not afraid of what I do. I can walk up and down, and even skip a bit and jump." The notion of the man skipping up there aloft, above the unconscious heads of his fellow-creatures, added a touch of the grotesque to that misty spot. I had thought that Simon had an individual personality, and this naïve admission proved it. He confessed to a cold and a slight hoarseness, but this seemed to be a ruse to get a further ride on the "talking horse," as his comrade below humorously styled it, for

his conversational powers are full and flowing enough to keep one busily occupied. The history of the column itself came foremost. In the early part of the century it was the custom to give it to a "decayed citizen or livery-man" as a sort of pension or perquisite, and all the money he could make out of the public went into his pocket. At that time the the number rapidly increased, until it occurred to the Corporation that the pension was too good for one man. Their perquisite was getting large pecuniarily as well as "bulkily." The Exhibition of 1851 brought matters to a climax, for about then somewhere between 1500 and 1700 people ascended daily. The Monumental system of figures is decidedly

SHE DECLARED HER HEART WAS PERMANENTLY INJURED.

charge for the ascent was sixpence. It is only threepence now. Is this because there is no chance of witnessing a genuine suicide from the summit since the cage was fixed over the gallery? The last suicide was in 1842, and soon after this the cage was erected. The number of people ascending in these more expensive times was nothing great, perhaps between ten and twenty daily, Simon cautiously averred, and they were all requested to write their names in a book. But "what with the increase of trains and foreigners" (I quote Simon), cautious, it always hovers between large extremes. After the death of the last pensioner, who was "long in putting off his boots," (Simon) a keeper was appointed, who did not pocket the charge, then reduced to threepence, but who was paid a fixed salary. This man's position was more or less of a sinecure, as he had two men under him who did the work, what there was of it, the one at the top and the other at the bottom of the column.

The man at the top was then at his post from eight in the morning to six in the

evening in the summer months. There he stayed the whole time, wet or fine, with only the corner of the draughty doorway for shelter, and the circumscribed space a square of which the sides are eighteen feet. It must be remembered that the column itself occupies all the interior portion of this, and therefore the actual space at disposal is only a narrow walk round the exterior of the square.

When the last keeper died, some five or six years ago, it was suggested—Simon modestly left it to be inferred that the suggestion arose with him—that a third man should in future take the place of the keeper, which would be more economical and more comfortable. This suggestion found favour in the eyes of the Corporation, and the duties are now divided between three men, the third being a relief man, who takes the place of the other two during their dinner hours and at various times.

The column is open from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon in the winter months, and two hours later in the summer.

I felt sure that a man who had been up there so long as Simon must have reminiscences, and I attempted to draw him.

"I've been here about thirty year now," he said. "And when ye think of that, it wouldn't seem to come natural to be on the ground—I shouldn't take kindly to it."

I suggested it might be cheerless and cold on his elevated post in winter, but he decidedly disagreed. "It may be a bit draughty when the snow's around, or on a bad day, but then we often get sunshine up here when ye're all sound in the fog down yonder."

"I suppose no one comes up then?"

"Oh, bless ye, yes; never a day passes but someone" (I thought he said "fool," but this I can't vouch for) "comes up—never a day in all the year."

"Have you had any celebrities—royalties and so on?"

"Well," he answered cautiously, "I don't say we mayn't, but how are we to tell? They don't write their names in the book now, and it's hard to tell them from their pictures. However, I'll tell you one thing: there was a man up here one day, and I was saying something about the Prince of Wales, something flattering that was, and he just says quietly, 'I'll tell him what you say; he'll be pleased to hear he's got such a loyal subject.' So I suppose he knew him at home."

I looked at Simon; I did not dare to suggest the possibility of a hoax by some enterprising American, but the idea originated a further topic. "Do you have many Americans here?"

"I should think so, more than any other foreigners, though they aren't to call that, exactly, and next to them Germans. They're very inquisitive folks the Americans, they're not shy about asking questions."

I wondered if I myself was the object of this sly dig in the ribs, but I ignored it with dignity, and went on with my catechism.

"And do people seem pleased with the view?"

"Some of them; they'll throw up their hands as much as to say, 'Is this all, after what I was led to believe?' and others they'll say they've been everywhere, and they've never seen anything like it, or they've travelled half over the world, and there's no place to be compared with London; it's mostly the Americans say that."

Simon had a superficial knowledge of the world as seen from his altitude, a knowledge which he doubtless makes pay with "inquisitive Americans," and he began to point out to me the Wrenian steeples and towers in the immediate foreground, but I repressed the attempt, and brought him back to the Monument.

"Reminiscences? Why, of course I have, I could write a three-volume book about them; when a man's been——"

I tried to abstract some of these reminiscences, but whether they were too deeply buried to be dug up, or whether Simon had notions of publishing on his own account, and deprecates being forestalled, not one of them all could I draw from him. I shrewdly suspect they are too shadowy to be readily precipitated into words when asked for. Anyway, he preferred the safer ground of the present, and told me instead that every third week he is allowed to arrive an hour later than the specified time, getting his breakfast before he comes; and during that time the third man takes his place on the Monument. Also that, besides the dinner-hour off, he has half an hour for tea, and other small details of slight interest, such as, like all the servants of the Corporation, he is subject to yearly re-election. He told me also that in the stream of faces ascending daily through the narrow doorway, plunging up to his shadowy height, and vanishing again, rarely one repeats itself—they are all new. It is a curious thought, that this stream of people trickles down again, slowly dispersing to the ends of the

THE STREAM OF PEOPLE TRICKLES DOWN AGAIN.

earth. The units drive up from the world below, exchange a few words with the solitary man on the Monument, then vanish, as if they were swallowed by space. Simon knows nothing about them, neither their names, nor their occupations, nor their manner of living; holiday-makers, workmen off for the day, foreign Ministers, great scientific men, or those whose names are known in literature wherever civilised man dwells, they are all alike to him. From a burglar to a millionaire, he scans them shrewdly, and says, "A telescope, Sir; only a penny, Sir."

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting:
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips or your lips the roses.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

By MELTON PRIOR,

SPECIAL ARTIST OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

THERE is something in the very name of Africa which makes the old war-artist scent the battle afar off. It rouses so many memories that I may be forgiven for indulging in a slight personal retrospect. Since 1873, when I was first attached to the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, I have been an eye-witness of sixteen wars, most of them African. My earliest experience was the first Ashanti War. I accompanied the expedition against the Gaekas and Galeikas

Melton Prior on the War Path in Natal
Drawn by Self

near Fort Beaufort in what was known as the Kaffir War. I saw the subjugation of the Basutos and the Zulus, and the disastrous campaign against the Boers in 1881. The bombardment of Alexandria and the overthrow of Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir, the massacre of Baker Pasha's army, the victories of General Graham at El Teb and Tamai, the Nile Expedition for the relief of Gordon, bring to mind some of the most desperate fighting in modern warfare. As I write there rises before me the figure of Burnaby as I saw him last, shortly before his heroic death. Three of us stood chatting together before the battle of Abu Klea, till Burnaby said, "We are too close; the enemy have got our range: we must stand apart." A little later he rushed out of the line to the aid of two wounded men — an act which, had he survived it, would have won him the Victoria Cross.

In Africa, then, north, south, east, and west, I have seen plenty of service; in Europe the battlefields of Servia and Herzegovina; of Bulgaria, in the Russo-Turkish War; of Spain, in the last rising of the Carlists; in South America, the intermittent revolutions of Buenos Ayres and Brazil; in Asia, the final conquest of Burmah. I have been with the Prince of Wales to Athens, with the King of Denmark to Iceland, with Lord Salisbury to Constantinople, with Lord Beaconsfield to Berlin, with Colonel North to Chili. I have levied pictorial tribute from nearly all the royal weddings in Europe in the last quarter of a century. The special artist, indeed, spends most of his time between war and marriage, between the murderous desolation of homes and the consecration of high connubial felicity. Two recollections may find a place here, because they illustrate the predicaments of my calling and the rescue which is sometimes due to the kindly courtesy implanted in some exalted personages by their fairy godmothers.

When the Prince of Wales set out for Athens on his way to India, I was instructed to be in the Greek capital beforehand to witness his arrival; "instead of which" I went about, not "stealing ducks," but losing my luggage. This disappeared mysteriously at Turin, and when I had found it I was three days late at Brindisi, where the *Serapis*, with the Prince on board, attended by the *Osborne*, was on the point of starting. In despair I wrote a letter to the Prince, explaining my unhappy case, and begging him to take me with him. After despatching this petition, I did not feel particularly hopeful of an answer; but next morning I was wakened by a resplendent sailor who said he was a coxswain from the *Osborne*, with the Prince's orders to take me to that vessel; and with what seemed to me a magical celerity, inspired by guardian angels and a benevolent Royal Highness, I was transported, bag and baggage, to the welcome deck in a state of great beatitude. I remembered this incident many years later, when I was again in the position of the petitioners who do "ever pray." The occasion was the wedding of the present Czar in the chapel of the citadel of St. Petersburg, and I learned with pain that unassuming artists were not counted upon in the Imperial arrangements as spectators. Autocracy ignored the illustrated Press. There was one happy pair in the universe who did not care to see their speaking likenesses in print. How was this strange indifference to be conquered? I bethought me of that fairy godmother of the Prince of Wales; and again I indited him a letter, even more fervent than the first. Would he be so good as to give me that *sesame* which would make the stern officialdom of Muscovy relent, and reveal to the humble sketcher's eye the tying of the Imperial nuptial knot? Next morning, at the early hour of three, a magnificent Under-Chamberlain appeared at my hotel with a gracious invitation, and at ten o'clock I was solemnly conducted to a seat in the chapel. Since then I have plumed myself on being an epistolary genius and a master of pathetic appeal, and I wonder whether the Prince has kept my letters in his private archives, and whether he occasionally refers to them as notable examples of a delicate art!

Last November Sir William Ingram suggested that I should revisit some of the old African ground on a sort of holiday expedition, for at that time we had no anticipation of any exceptional development of South African politics. I looked forward to some uneventful sketching in the gold mines of the Rand, not to the blast of war. Arrived at Capetown, I presented my credentials to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who received me hospitably at his house, and discussed everything except politics over bottled stout; that is to say, he drank the stout according to his custom, but provided his guests with the vintages dearest to their hearts. Another of his lighter characteristics is that, although he will send a carriage to the station to meet

a guest, there is no carriage to take you back, and you have an agreeable stroll through pitch darkness under the guidance of a man-servant who skilfully pilots you "in de middle ob de road." Should this meet Mr. Rhodes's eye, I hope he will not take it as a reproach. A walk through that part of darkest Africa which lies between his house and the station is pleasantly conducive to alertness of mind after dinner.

The journey from Capetown to Johannesburg was made by the mail train, which runs once a week, and certainly does not yield the palm of comfort to railway travelling even in England. On the way I was irresistibly prompted to reminiscence. This was not my first visit to Johannesburg. Just after the Boer War of 1881, I journeyed from Maritzburg to Pretoria in company with Mr. H. B. Marshall, then a pioneer, now a millionaire. One night we slept on the open veldt, just on the site of the market-square of the now prosperous town. The next night we passed in a farm-house, subsequently bought by Colonel Frank Rhodes. And below us lay those stores of gold of which we never dreamed, and which have since enriched the fortunate speculators—Mr. Marshall among them. There is an even more striking coincidence than this. In a fine prophetic frenzy I said to Marshall, when we were comfortably established under the roof of our hospitable host: "Marshall, what you have to do is to marry this old gentleman's daughter. Trust my experienced eye, Marshall. A better wife you will never find. And she hath possessions, my son, and your corn and wine and oil shall increase. Go in and win, Marshall!" He went in and won! The farmer's daughter is now Mrs. Marshall, and her husband is one of the commercial magnates of the land; while Melton Prior, war-artist, is still knocking about the world, making sketches, sometimes at the risk of his life, for accomplished draughtsmen in London to transform, according to their taste and fancy, till he can scarcely recognise his own handiwork! Why, one of my brilliant colleagues who "work up" drawings will never allow me to mount anybody on the sorry nags I frequently meet with; so, in the finished picture, I find my cavalier bestriding a magnificent charger, and I have to answer quizzical inquiries from my friends as to where such noble horseflesh is to be caught and tamed.

At Johannesburg I presented a letter of introduction from Mr. Barnato to his nephew, Mr. Solly Joel, under whose care I made my first descent into a gold-mine of the Rand. It is a popular idea that when you go down a mine you drop vertically into the bowels of the earth. In the Primrose Mine you can't do that. You descend a slanting shaft, and lie full length on a trolley, with your feet entangled in somebody else, and your sconce in imminent danger of being cracked. "Don't raise your head!" cried my conductor; and when he was so obliging as to light a candle, I saw that my skull had coursed within a few inches of jagged pieces of rock which might have scooped out my brains with neatness and despatch. Another popular idea is that in a gold-mine the lucky miner may light upon a nugget which blazons him to wealth and glory. In the Primrose Mine you never see a nugget, nor anything visibly resembling the precious metal. It forms around pebbles in the rock, and has to be extracted in the mill by the cyanide process, which is much too abstruse to be explained here. Besides, as I extracted nothing from the Primrose Mine, my scientific interest in it is not acute.

Gold and racing are the twin lodestars of Johannesburg. As Mr. Joel's guest, I attended the December race meeting, the chief gala of the season, and gallantly lost my money by backing his horses. Next time I had better luck, and felt myself pleasantly indebted to a genial sportsman who would not take my stake, but sent me a comfortable little cheque for my winnings. I mention these trifles just to show that on the eve of a political catastrophe Johannesburg was perfectly light-hearted, and that at least one visitor was quite unsuspecting of the momentous enterprise which was to have so grave an effect upon the racial question in South Africa.

Soon after my arrival I paid a visit to Pretoria, where I had a kindly reception from President Kruger and General Joubert, to whose good graces I had established a certain claim. In 1881, when peace had been signed between Great Britain and the Boers, I had the good fortune to carry the news to the Boer camp. It was one of Sir Evelyn Wood's aides-de-camp who told Cameron, of the *Standard*, that the war was over, and Cameron had just sent his telegram home, when General Wood announced to the journalists that the wires would be closed to them till his official despatch had been telegraphed to the Colonial Office. How the *Standard* came to publish the news before it reached the

Government was a puzzle to General Wood for many a long day.

Well, it struck me that a visit to the Boer camp would be an adventure with a spice of risk in it; so I took counsel with my English colonial servant, and we set off together. On the way I met President Brand, of the Orange Free State, who endeavoured to dissuade me from proceeding any further, on account of the danger; but I pressed on, waving a handkerchief as I approached the camp, where I was received by the Boer army with open arms. They were immensely delighted at the conclusion of peace, and showed their pleasure by hospitable attentions to the messenger who brought the tidings. Kruger gave up one of his tents to me, and Joubert was so solicitous of my comfort that he ordered an excellent dinner, and brought me a bottle of champagne. May the herald of peace always be as bountifully regaled!

I reminded President Kruger of this incident when I was taken to call upon him at Pretoria by Mr. Hugo, general manager of the National Bank, who acted as interpreter, though I had a shrewd suspicion that the President knew more English than he was willing to acknowledge. We reached his dwelling a few minutes before his return from the House of Assembly. As he entered the room, I said, "I have called to pay my respects, Mr. Kruger. Thanks again for '81."

He looked at me quietly through his spectacles, and motioned me to a seat. Just then a cup of coffee was brought to him, his invariable refreshment of an afternoon. He eyed the coffee, and then he glanced at me again, as if in doubt as to which object had the prior claim on his attention. Mentally I made a rapid sketch of him: a stout man in a very short frock coat, made not in Germany, strange to say, but in England; very short trousers; an English silk hat, rubbed the wrong way—rather symbolic of his relations with us; small, piercing eyes; looks at first like a Boer farmer out for a holiday. No description of President Kruger is complete without an acknowledgment of his humour. I stood on one occasion in the corridor leading to the door of the Council Chamber. With me were two of Mr. Kruger's friends. On either side of the passage was a row of policemen, *zarps*, so called from their official initials: Z. A. R. P. (Zud African Republic Police.) When the President came out, we three doffed our hats and made a profound obeisance. He was walking with a stick, and he acknowledged our playful reverence by prodding each of us as he passed, muttering something which sounded like "Get along!" And I shall always remember that, at the close of the interview with Mr. Hugo and myself, he turned to his cooling coffee with a humorous sigh of relief, evidently well pleased to be left alone with that innocuous beverage.

Now the first inkling I had of the revolutionary preparations in Johannesburg was the sight of several rifles at the bottom of a cart belonging to a member of the Reform Committee. Next morning there was great excitement at the Gold Fields Office, where the enrolment of volunteers had begun. Evidently it was a case of boot-and-saddle, but I was in sore perplexity about my own equipment. As I stood in the middle of the street, wondering what was to be done, I heard a voice calling my name.

"You don't know me, Mr. Prior?" said the stranger.

"Not in the least," I replied.

"I am George Bell, your old servant in '81."

"I don't recognise you. Prove to me that you are George Bell."

"We rode together from Laing's Nek to the Boer camp, carrying the news of peace. There was a Scotchman there who said, 'We don't want peace; bring out the whole British army, and we'll lick 'em!'"

It was quite true. What grievance that Scotchman had against the British army I never knew, but he was terribly bloodthirsty.

That afternoon Bell entered my service again, and by three o'clock our little contribution to the boot-and-saddle was quite ready.

Here I must confess to one of those indiscretions which are born of too much zeal. It is not the business of the war-artist to make speeches, but when he is carried away by boot-and-saddle he may forget that he is more at home with the pencil than with the peroration. One night I was seduced into eloquence, and straightway it passed out of my mind, like any other effervescence, till I was pained to discover in a London paper "A warlike speech by Mr. Melton Prior." Who would have thought that a harmless exercise of patriotism would come home to roost in that fashion? Unluckily, it roosted in the memory of an exalted legal functionary of the Transvaal.

Like many another in Johannesburg, I was confident that Dr. Jameson would

reach the town. It seemed to me that if the Boer ammunition had been cut off—it was passing to the front all day under our very eyes — and if five hundred volunteers had ridden out and taken Cronje in the rear, Jameson would certainly have cut his way through. The situation might not have been desperate then, for the Boers would have hesitated to attack the town, and the Reform Committee might have been in a position, at the worst, to make very good terms with Kruger.

Still, though not a man was moved to his aid, there was a general belief that Jameson was coming in. I rode out to meet him, but was twice stopped by the Boers. The morning after the disaster I drove over the battlefield with my friend John Stroyan, and found a curious piece of evidence that at one moment at least the raiders had gained an advantage. On one side of a *kopje* the stones were marked by Lee-Metford bullets fired by Jameson's men; on the other side the bullet marks were those of Martini-Henry rifles used by the Boers. Evidently the defenders had retired from this ridge and had then peppered it as a hostile position. An old Boer who lived hard by, and had witnessed the action, confirmed this theory. I had the satisfaction later of receiving the testimony both of victors and vanquished to the general accuracy of my sketches on a scene which I had not witnessed. Does the sophisticated public still suppose that the war-artist sees every detail of battle with his own eyes? He has often to depend, like historians, upon the evidence of others. When I reached Pretoria in quest of Jameson and his fellow-prisoners, I met a stranger at the hotel who had seen the unhappy little band brought in, and had taken photographs on the spot. I was extremely glad to utilise these, and I take this opportunity of expressing my indebtedness to Mr. Elliot, and to the fortunate chance which enabled him and his camera to confront so notable an emergency.

From Mr. Kruger and General Joubert I obtained written permits to visit the prisoners. At the jail I found that the head jailer, whose name is Du Plessis, was taking a siesta; but his wife, a stout lady, was favourably impressed by my mission, and said: "You knock at his door, Mr. Prior." I knocked, and the jailer appeared in his shirt-sleeves. He was a haughty official. "The permits, you will see, are signed by the President and General Joubert," I remarked, as he seemed not at all impressed by the signatures. Indeed, he threw the papers on the floor, as though they had not the smallest concern for him.

"But I represent an English journal," I said persuasively, "and I want to show the world how well you treat your prisoners." As a delicate compliment, no doubt, to the world, he deigned to put on his coat. Then he called an under-jailer, who appointed a subordinate to take me round. That subordinate was not above tips. It is said that Du Plessis made much over a thousand pounds out of his captives, and it is certain that the officials of Pretoria Jail were greatly enriched by Dr. Jameson's adventure. Hitherto they had taken care of common criminals, thieves, cut-throats and so forth, and also of native chiefs, some of whom had spent many years in the prison; but these were unprofitable clients. A jail full of millionaires was another affair; and I daresay the next generation of Boer turnkeys will sigh with envy when they think of the privileges of their predecessors.

The first prisoner I saw that day was Dr. Jameson, who was separated from his comrades and had a cell to himself. I felt that to sketch the fallen hero in cold blood was almost an act of brutality, but he took it with cheerful resignation. The captive Reformers greeted me with "Hullo! there's old Prior!" and did not appear to be much depressed. The prison accommodation was none of the best. Eight men cannot be commodiously bestowed in an apartment eight feet by twelve. On the other hand, nothing was denied that could be procured outside. The jailers discreetly looked another way when a prisoner's wife disburdened herself of several fowls hung on a string under her skirt. It was funny to see gentlemen of the Reform Committee, well on in years, distracting themselves at marbles. Another amusement was to take it in turns to serve at an impromptu bar. Bettington, of Bettington's Horse — the Horse which might have ridden out to help Jameson—looked very picturesque with a towel round his head, serving drinks. I tried my hand at the bar business; and if the worst should ever come to the worst, if the world goes to war no more, and there is no further use for the services of the wandering sketcher, I shall be able to turn barman, with some hope of earning a livelihood. There was an amateur post office also, and one or two millionaires of my acquaintance took their diplomas as

sorters. A sketch I made on a table of these merry proceedings caught the fancy of one of the incarcerated, who had it sawn off, and exhibits it now, I am told, in London as a memento of an original experience.

It was about this time that my warlike speech came home to roost. I had been on friendly terms with Mr. De Kotze, Chief Justice of the Transvaal, whom I was in the habit of meeting in company with a gentleman I knew very well. One afternoon the latter informed me that my feat of oratory was in the *Sketch*. I rushed back to the hotel, searched a copy of that journal, but could find no trace of my luckless exuberance. The same evening I encountered my friend with De Kotze, and, mustering the dignity of injured innocence, I said: "You are mistaken. There's no speech of mine in the *Sketch*." He produced a copy, and pointed to the damning evidence. The Chief Justice read it and looked grave.

"You must contradict this, Prior," said he.

"How can I contradict it?" I exclaimed. "What would be the use? You don't know the fellows of the *Sketch*. When they print a thing—well, it's printed: it's history! I might contradict it for years, and history wouldn't budge. Once you are set down for something in the *Sketch*, my dear Sir, you can't escape from it. You carry it to your grave. It's like being tattooed—that's what it is; I can't wash my hands of the speech. It will stick to me for ever. It's like the damned spot in Shakspere. All the perfumes of Arabia cannot——"

"Look here, Prior," said the Chief Justice, "that's all very fine, but you've got to deny that speech."

I said I couldn't, and he never spoke to me again. It has come to this, that Melton Prior, war-artist, has been cut by the Chief Justice of the Transvaal! Can I hold up my head again? Can I look a jury of my countrymen in the face? Luckily I had nerve enough left to sit on the bench at the Pretoria trial and make sketches of the court. My profession was like a plank to a drowning man, drowning in the Chief Justice's disesteem.

Of the trial nothing need be said here; but I have a strong opinion that it is Mr. Barnato whom the Reformers have to thank for a much earlier release than they might otherwise have experienced. That clever little man, who made it clear that he knew nothing of the Jameson raid, which he strongly disapproved, used all his influence with President Kruger, and did it with consummate tact. He had the cards in his hand and played them with delicate skill. His group of mines was left practically without directors, which meant that they must be shut down, or run the risk of chaos. He boldly faced the position, and told Kruger that he had decided to close his mines. His example would have been immediately followed; the miners would have been thrown out of employment, and anarchy would have confronted the Boers with a more serious situation than that which was created by the raid.

From this point my interest was transferred to Rhodesia, and in compliance with a telegram from home I set out at once for Buluwayo.

A BICYCLING STORY.

By VIRGINIA NILES LEEDS.

MY brothers, Rob and Hillary, were enthusiastic wheelmen, and so was I an enthusiastic wheelwoman; but they would never allow me to accompany them unless they were going on some little snippy three-mile ride along the asphalt road, and I knew I could ride quite as well as they if only I had the chance, and I was just longing to do so.

It isn't a bit of fun, as anyone knows, to trundle your wheel as if you were going to a funeral, and I was simply possessed to get out and race over jagged roads at a break-neck pace, and climb hills that were straight up and down, and do all sorts of blood-curdling things.

I did them all on that memorable night, and, somehow, it wasn't half the fun I expected.

Dear me! How perfectly I remember every detail!

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we had been at our country place about three weeks.

It had been an intensely warm day, so we all stayed up very late, sitting on the verandah and enjoying the little breeze that had sprung up.

A neighbour of ours, Ronald Bates, a very nice fellow, but who would be ever so much nicer if the boys didn't tease me so unmercifully about him, had come over to see me—I mean Rob—and we sat there talking until the Town Hall clock struck

eleven. Then Ronald lit his search-light, and jumped on his wheel and rode away.

We lingered a little while after this, then, there being absolutely nothing else to do, all of us bade each other "Good night" and went up to bed.

I was just about to undress when a thought struck me—a thought which, for an innocent one, had about the most horrible consequences that could be imagined.

On a chair by the window lay Rob's bicycle suit, upon which he had asked me to sew some buttons. My eye fell upon it and then I looked out of the window.

It was the most heavenly night. The leaves were like lace-work, and hung perfectly motionless in the brilliant moonlight. The crickets and other insects were chirping lustily, and the grass and all the green things smelt delightfully sweet and fragrant in the night air. Away in front of me, as far as eye could reach, swept the smooth macadamised road, looking like a fairy path in whiteness and evenness.

They say to look at the moon too long deranges people, and that is the only way I can account for what I did.

I slipped off my pretty organdie gown as quietly and as quickly as I could, and stepped out of my buckled slippers, and in another minute I was getting into that bicycle suit. Of course, Rob is taller than I, but I buttoned the cuffs of the knicker-bockers around under my knees, and as the things were about like gun-cases any way, it didn't make so much difference that they were baggier still. The coat was such a dreadful misfit that I really couldn't stand it, even at midnight, so I slipped out into the hall-closet where the boys keep their things, and brought in a worsted garment known as a "sweater," but which word I object to, so I call it a "perspirer."

This I pulled over my head, managing in the act to leave a few handfuls of hair intact. To my delight it filled out the coat sufficiently. Next I proceeded to my feet. I tried Rob's shoes, but they were entirely too ungainly, and I was afraid I could not pedal with such clumsy objects, so I hunted up an old pair of tennis-shoes of my own. They were the biggest and the least ladylike of any of what the French would call my *chaussure*.

After this there was only my hair to be considered; but I managed that very well. I just brushed it all up as tightly as I could at the back and sides, and pinned it securely and flatly on top; then I drew on Rob's Glengarry cap, and although a phrenologist might have thought there was something queer about the formation of my skull, I don't believe anybody else would have noticed it.

I was entirely ready now, and I took a sly peep in the mirror.

Really, I didn't make a—well, a half bad sort of boy.

But I looked very young, and so small!

As a girl, I look every month of my twenty-one years, and I am not considered especially petite; but as a boy, I was one of those sallow things of about fifteen, and I looked as if my growth had been stunted.

I was not altogether displeased with my appearance—but, oh! I thought I wouldn't for the world have Ronald see me! No doubt there are some straight-laced people who will be utterly shocked to think of a young lady doing such an undignified thing; but I can only say to such people that some of the most charming heroines in fiction, whom no one has ever thought of criticising, have done the self-same thing. Take, for instance, Miss Helen Mar and Consuelo and Rosalind—doesn't everyone admire them, and are they not considered three very fascinating ladies?

If this argument fails, I haven't another to offer. When I was ready, I stood for a moment irresolute. Then I gazed once more out into the moonlight. That settled it.

Nothing could have been more enticing than the night, and in two seconds more I was creeping stealthily downstairs.

The boys keep their machines in a corner of the square hall, and it did not take me any time to get one out on the porch, and to close the doors after me. My own wheel I ignored. When one goes to the length of putting on boy's clothing, one ought at least to ride a boy's wheel.

I got the wrench out of the tool-bag and let the saddle down; then I calmly removed the lamp. It was too light to require one, and, besides, I was so afraid someone might recognise me.

Everything went beautifully, except that my hair seemed to be coming down, and in putting up my hand to tighten it, the wheel fell over on the porch and made a horrible crash in the stillness. I waited a moment, but nothing happened, so I hurriedly carried the machine down the steps and jumped on.

Oh, the luxury of jumping on!

The words convey nothing to those

who, like myself, have always had to wait until the right pedal is just exactly at a certain angle; then, placing one foot upon it, have had to balance in mid-air, as it were, while we divided our skirt and wriggled into position on the saddle.

Nothing of that now. I gave the machine a little shove-off first, then I hopped on as easily as you please, and I felt as I fancy the slaves must have felt after the Emancipation Act.

Away we went. The road seemed like airy clouds under my wheels, and we skimmed along like a bird. The cool breeze fanned me like fairy zephyrs, and the moon, in its big, round, shimmering fullness, seemed to smile upon me and encourage me.

It was the old story of forbidden fruit. I had always enjoyed bicycling, but my former rides had been nothing to this—this stolen one, at an unconventional hour, in an unconventional garb.

I could have shouted and sung for very exuberance of spirit.

But I did not propose just to trundle along—oh! dear, no!

I could do that any time, so I turned into the worst road, and putting on full speed I proceeded to "scorch." I bent like a monkey on a stick over the handle-bar, and I flew along like a thing possessed.

This I kept up for some time; then it became a trifle warm and tedious, so I back-pedalled and reduced my speed to a pleasant even gait.

It was so refreshing to feel the breeze again, and the whir of the wheels as they crunched over the ground was a very agreeable sound.

I had been spinning along some time, thinking the most delightful thoughts and enjoying the greatest exhilaration, when all at once I became conscious of voices behind me, and the jingle of other wheels. At first I paid no attention to it, and rode complacently on, and then suddenly it came over me, from certain indications, that I was being followed—or, even worse, pursued!

What sensations came over me then!

I began at once to see my folly, and all my delightful thoughts took flight.

Who on earth could it be who was pursuing me?

Tramps, no doubt—I could hear two of them—and probably they thought I was only a little boy, and were after me to steal my machine, and perhaps—oh, horror upon horror!—to shoot me and leave me on the roadside to die.

All the strength seemed to die out of my limbs, and I could scarcely work the pedals at all. My grip relaxed on the handle-bar, and I felt that I should drop.

Nearer and nearer the pursuers came, and I could hear the jingle of their rapidly revolving spokes.

At length they were right behind me, and I heard one say to the other in a hoarse whisper—

"Close him in on your side, and then we'll run him into the lock-up!"

Great heavens! I, Josephine Howard, run into the lock-up. It was the most frightful thing I had ever heard, and I could have died at the thought of it. But, somehow, horror seemed to give me strength, and with a great forward lunge I gripped my machine tighter and shot off a length ahead. As I did so one of the men behind called out in a menacing voice—

"Stop thief!"

Stop thief!

And that remark was addressed to me!

I began to scorch now in earnest. I ducked my head, bent my shoulders, and worked the pedals with all my might and main. Fortunately, the toe-clips were on, so that my feet did not slip off, for had I lost my footing for an instant, my pursuers would have been upon me.

Over the dusty road I flew. Pebbles sprang out from beneath my whirling tires and whizzed about me like missiles. The dust was like grit between my teeth, and the perspiration was pouring off of me in streams.

But not a moment stopped or stayed I. My breath came in gasps; my muscles began to ache, and I bounced over ruts and stones.

But those demons were behind me, coming on, faster and faster, and losing no breath in conversation. It was the hottest chase I had ever known, and I thought of Indians chasing the white man on the plain, and all sorts of harrowing things that I enjoyed reading about, but which were so different in reality.

I was approaching a steep hill—a hill that I had never ridden up in my life, and which some of the men, even, walked. I never dreamed of giving in. I urged my steed forward; I stood bolt upright in the pedals, and I worked as I never knew it was in me to work.

Panting breaths were behind me.

An inward hope that I could distance them here rose up within me.

My weight in all my own heavy garments was only a hundred and five pounds, and

the wheel I was riding was a nineteen-pound racer. Surely, I thought, no man could be as light as that.

And I was right. I did lengthen the distance a trifle. I never felt so light in my life, and so unburdensome were my garments that there was absolutely nothing to hinder me.

I should just like someone to see that hill some time, and to think of me riding it for my life!

When I reached the top I didn't seem to have a particle of breath in my body, and my mouth was so dry that my tongue could not moisten it.

I had scarcely reached the level ground when I heard the dreadful ringing of the other machines.

A little house stood on the crest of the hill, and a man put his head out of a window as the bicycles were coming along.

"What's up?" he called.

Then one of my pursuers, in a voice that was well-nigh spent, shouted out this cruel lie:

"Stop him! It's 'Billy, the boy-bicycle-burglar!'"

Monster! It was probably his own choice sobriquet! I shot ahead. Beyond the hill was a steep declivity. It looked straight up and down in the moonlight, and at any other time the sight would have appalled me.

But it never for a moment daunted me then.

I shoved off with utter recklessness, drew my feet up on the fork, and proceeded to coast.

How the wheel flew!

Everything swam before me from the rapidity of my flight, and every moment I expected to be dashed to destruction.

But I was mercifully spared, and nothing could have been more restoring or refreshing to me than that long coast. My strained muscles relaxed, the perspiration dried coolly on my brow, and the moisture came back to my lips.

But although my strength was renewed, my agony was in no wise abated, and I could see no way out of the terrible situation. I could not ride on for ever, and sooner or later I should be overtaken.

Presently another horror confronted me. At the foot of the declivity lay the railroad crossing, and as I was nearing it I heard the shrill warning cry of an approaching locomotive.

Everything turned black for a minute, and I saw myself an inert and mangled something lying on the rails, to be picked up by strange hands and shuddered at.

With this hideous picture in my mind I still kept on. It was like a person rushing headlong to his doom, and yet I could not help it. Doom stared me in the face on both sides, and it was only a question of which.

Horrible as it was, the locomotive seemed preferable. Just as I reached the rails, around the rock-bound curve came the midnight train. A dark, looming, quivering phantom, shaking the earth as it thundered along, and bearing down with menace and fury upon all venturesome atoms that should stand in its way. A thin volume of black smoke trailed backwards from the smoke-stack like a long dusky feather, and the glare of the headlights was blinding to my eyes.

My mind was almost paralysed, and my muscles only worked mechanically.

I was too insignificant an object to be seen by the engineer, and my life was a very small thing just then.

But turn back I could not. And so, with the earth jarring beneath me, the rumble of the heavy machinery in my ears, and the blinding effulgence of the headlights in my eyes, I swept my machine upon the rails.

Once, twice, thrice, I bounced. My wheel zigzagged, my heart stood still, but in a moment more I was on the other side, untouched, unhurt, though shivering and shaking to the very marrow in my bones.

Something like a prayer of thanksgiving escaped me, though I had no breath nor voice to frame it. But there are silent pæans, and I daresay they are quite as acceptable as formulated orisons.

And then—oh, the joy of it!—my pursuers had to wait until the whole train, which was an eastward-bound sleeper, and a long one, had passed by. This was an inestimable advantage to me.

I would gladly have turned into another road, but, unfortunately, at that point there was none other, except along the rails, and I must perforce keep straight on, in full view, in the heavy moonlight.

Again I started. The dangers I had passed through in some way kept up my courage, though I was fearing every moment to feel the reaction.

For a few seconds I had the intense relief of hearing no echoing whir, and then, all of a sudden, it started up again, horrifying, startling in the stillness.

I redoubled my speed; I prayed for help, and my aching limbs did their best. But my pursuers seemed to have gained

JUST AS I REACHED THE RAILS, AROUND THE ROCK-BOUND CURVE CAME THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

strength also—possibly through their enforced wait at the rails—and they came on—nearer—nearer.

My mother and the boys had often called me lazy, and made fun of me because I could not run a long seam on the sewing-machine.

What would they have thought could they have seen me then!

I had ridden about eight miles, all at the top of my speed, and over the worst roads in our neighbourhood. I had not stopped for a moment; and although there had been times when it didn't seem as if I could hold out a moment longer, still I had kept on, and my pursuers had not gained much on me.

I had lost my title to laziness for ever.

Another spurt of strength came to me, and I used it all in pushing ahead.

I felt insensibly that the distance was widening, and I was encouraged.

In a little while now I should be in the village of the next town, and surely help in some form or other would come to me there.

The path that lay before me was a narrow one, and much darker than the high road on account of the tall trees that bounded it on either side.

But the riding was not half so good, and I was obliged to turn into the foot-path, on account of the sand, and ride on the embankment. It was a dangerous path, for every now and then my tires bumped against the gnarled roots of trees, and I would bounce half a foot out of the saddle.

But if only I could reach the village, there might be a policeman or a night watchman or someone who might capture my pursuers and take them to the place they had spoken of taking me.

I resolved to speak to the first person I met, and to throw myself upon his mercy.

Anything were better than to keep up this terrible flight.

The idea of the village spurred me on. My life depended upon reaching there.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

Thank heaven! That root was passed in safety. Oh! if only there might be no more!

The men were still following. I could hear their breathing and the grinding of their chains as they came over the roots after me. They were obliged to ride single file now, and what a sight it must have been—three creatures flying madly over a narrow, dangerous path; the chase headed by a terrified, hapless girl!

I got off the embankment first—I fairly flew from it—and once again upon the high road, I sprinted.

They were quite a way behind, now—I could scarcely hear them. The village! The village!

A light or two glimmered beyond the trees, and I could hear the distant twanging of a banjo or some other instrument.

I was just about to cry out, in my gratitude, "Saved!" when all at once, *bz! bz!* sounded from beneath me, and instantly my hind tire went flat.

Then I knew it was all over; the game was up; and like the hunted fox I was run to cover. The punctured tire could be urged no further.

After all the dangers I had passed through—the hills, both up and down, the locomotive, the embankment, and with the village so near—I was lost! I simply dropped from the wheel. I let it fall, and I fell too. Nerveless, exhausted, almost too far gone to know or care, I lay upon the roadside and gasped for breath.

Let them take me to the lock-up. I didn't mind anything at that moment.

A rattle, a clash, then a cry of "At last!" and a pair of hands laid rough hold of me.

"Look here, you young thief, you're the dandiest rider this side of Jordan, but you're trapped at last, and perhaps you'll know enough not to make a racket under a fellow's window the next time you undertake to steal his wheel!"

I looked up weakly. My cap fell off, and my hair came tumbling down.

"What!" cried out the voice of my brother Hillary, but strange to me in its utter amazement. "Josie! My little sister Josie! Why, what under the sun does this mean?"

I fell into his arms and tried to hide my face in his neck.

My other pursuer was Ronald Bates.

THE LANDSEER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

IT is an indisputable though humiliating fact that since the days when Norman-French ceased to be the language of Britain's ruling classes, the paucity of the English vocabulary of the chase has been as marked a characteristic of the country as the scantiness of its sporting literature. The hackneyed old criticism that the Englishman makes a labour of his sport, while the Frenchman turns it into a show, and the German into a study, hardly accounts for a condition of things difficult to explain considering our national idiosyncrasy, which has elevated the love for manly sports to a prominence it never before enjoyed. Nearer to the truth lies the intense practicalness which has earned us the reputation of being a nation of shopkeepers, while making us the ruling commercial nation of the globe. John Bull wants his sport for its own sake, and for his own sake. What his ancestors achieved in the same line, what his posterity will think of his own prowess, are to him matters to which he attaches far less importance than does the Frenchman or German. To read about his grandfather's doings, or to write about his own adventures for the instruction of his grandchildren, is as much against the grain of his nature after a hard day's sport as it is after a long day's toil in counting-house or office.

Of men like Gaston de Foix, Du Fouilloux, or chivalrous Maximilian, who wielded the pen almost with the same skill as they did the crossbow or lance, England produced absolutely not a single contemporary, for even good old Twici, Edward the Second's Master of the Hunt, stands revealed as a Frenchman, and in his "Craft of Hunting" we have the original "L'Art de Venerie," just in the same way as, two hundred years later, Turberville's much vaunted "The Noble Art of Venerie," is nothing but a pirated copy, down even to the woodcuts, of Du Fouilloux's work. A nearer acquaintance with the sporting literature of England, France, and Germany enables one to say that to every score of French or German works on hunting and hawking there is but a single English one. In the vocabulary of the chase the numerical superiority possessed by the former tongues is even greater, and in either there exist a number of lexicographic works that deal exclusively with the technical terms of the chase. A single page in one of these dictionaries would suffice for those used to-day by Englishmen.

That English art in relation to sport suffered for three centuries, until the middle or end of the last century, from a similar, nay, even greater, degree of neglect, is a fact that impresses itself very soon upon those who have vainly searched in galleries and print-rooms for English representatives of Stradanus, Snyders, Fyt, Weenix, Ridinger, and half-a-dozen other famous Continental delineators of sporting scenes. Our present purpose is to deal with one of the oldest and most prolific of these painters of animal and sporting subjects, Johannes Stradanus, otherwise Jan van der Straet, otherwise Giovanni della Strada, according to the German, Dutch, or Italian manner of spelling the master's name. Born in the year 1523, in the town of Bridges, as Bruges was often called, Stradanus became, at a tender age, a pupil of his father, and subsequently of Franck and Aertens, completing his education as a painter in Florence and Rome, where he appears to have worked in the studios of Volterra and Salviati, the pupil of Andrea del Sarto. His first great work was the result of a call to Naples to paint there the heroic deeds of Don Juan of Austria. He finally settled down in Florence, where he also died A.D. 1608.* No fewer than 388 of his pictures were reproduced by the graver on copper, and of these upwards of a hundred relate to the chase. Most of the copperplate copies of Stradanus's pictures were the work of the well-known engraver Philip

* By some authorities it is said that Stradanus was born in 1535 and died in 1618.

Galle, of Antwerp, in which wealthy and artistically important city he seems to have occupied the position of a Goupil, for he not only engraved and published many hundred plates, but he established a lucrative business for the sale of his own prints and those of other masters.

Foremost in interest from our point of view among Galle's publications is a collection of one hundred and four copper-plate copies of Stradanus's pictures exclusively dealing with the wild beasts, birds, and fishes that are chased and caught by man. The title, "Venationes Ferarum, Avium, Piscium," as well as the inscriptions below each picture, are in sixteenth century Latin, the burden of the latter being often of the most amusing kind. The plates that form this among connoisseurs well-known collection* are between ten and eleven inches in length by seven or eight inches in height. Their technical workmanship, particularly in the earlier prints, is excellent, and very far in advance of the scientific knowledge betrayed by the painter concerning the natural history and appearance of some of the animals depicted by his brush. Several of these, such as the unicorn and dragons of various form and shape, whose chase by fire, sword, and battle-axe is portrayed in a most realistic manner, betray the superstitious ignorance concerning *feræ naturæ* that prevailed three hundred years ago; while an almost equally crass ignorance respecting animals inhabiting populated parts of Europe is shown by others. Critics, we know, have found fault with Landseer's stags, which are depicted with caudal appendages of an impossible kind. Stradanus erred in the same direction in more than one instance. Thus his elephants, to which a number of pictures are devoted, are occasionally portrayed with bushy tails, like a big stallion's that has never been docked. As others of apparently the same species are depicted fairly correctly, it is possible that the artist desired to show that there were two kinds, the bushy-tailed ones being probably meant to represent the African beast, for

FOX-HUNTING: UNEARTHING FOXES BY FIRE.
Copy of a Picture by Stradanus (1523-1608).

* Few collections in England possess copies of this work; even the Print-Room in the British Museum had no copy a year or two ago, its poverty in respect to sporting pictures and the absence of a "subject-catalogue," being a regrettable feature.

RABBIT-HUNTING WITH THE "VERY RAPID ENGLISH HOUNDS."

HARE-HUNTING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

it is this one that figures in the two pictures of fights in a Roman arena that form part of the collection, the Indian species never having participated on such occasions. Geographical knowledge, it is needless to say, was not Stradanus's strong point, though it was probably as great as that of most of his contemporaries, while good Killiano Dufflaeo, who, we are told, wrote the doggerel subscription explaining the subject of each picture, betrayed equally hazy notions concerning natural history.

Leaving out of consideration the pictures relating to apocryphal beasts, and confining ourselves to those representing the better-known animals of the chase, the illustrations I have selected from my copy of this work for the present article will give a fair idea of how the chase was conducted in those days. One of the most amusingly interesting to English readers is the one showing how foxes were slaughtered, literally by fire and sword, in Stradanus's time. In this fierce vulpicidal war the dodges employed to this day when ferreting appear to have been used with startling success, which speaks volumes for the stock of foxes in the happy hunting grounds honoured by Stradanus's brush. The brief inscription, "Ignibus accensis Antris Vulpecula fallax, Fallitur, hirsutis que frigora pellibus arcet," unfortunately does not disclose to us its locality.

STAG-HUNTING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Another amusing picture is the one illustrating the chase of the rabbit by means of the "very rapid English hounds," the puppy-like, grossly over-fed canine heroes of this picture rendering nomenclature of this special breed a matter of some difficulty. Dufflaeo immortalises himself by the following lines underneath the picture—

> Callidus effossis latitare Cuniculus antris
> Et generare solet verum persæpe Catelli
> Anglorum celeres fallunt Pecus: ore prehendunt
> Illusum: prædam Venatorique ministrant.

The sportsman in the background, with his hound comfortably seated behind him on his cart-horse's broad back, a position which the "puppy," jumping up on the horse in the foreground, is apparently also, though vainly, endeavouring to occupy, has seemingly had enough of this exciting sport, and is riding home.

Hare-hunting by fair and foul means, as one might well call the sport our next

Illustration represents, seems to have been conducted on much the same principles. Underneath the picture are—

Sic leporem in laqueos agitant per aperta fugacem
Gramina, sicque canes rapidi sua terga sequitur.

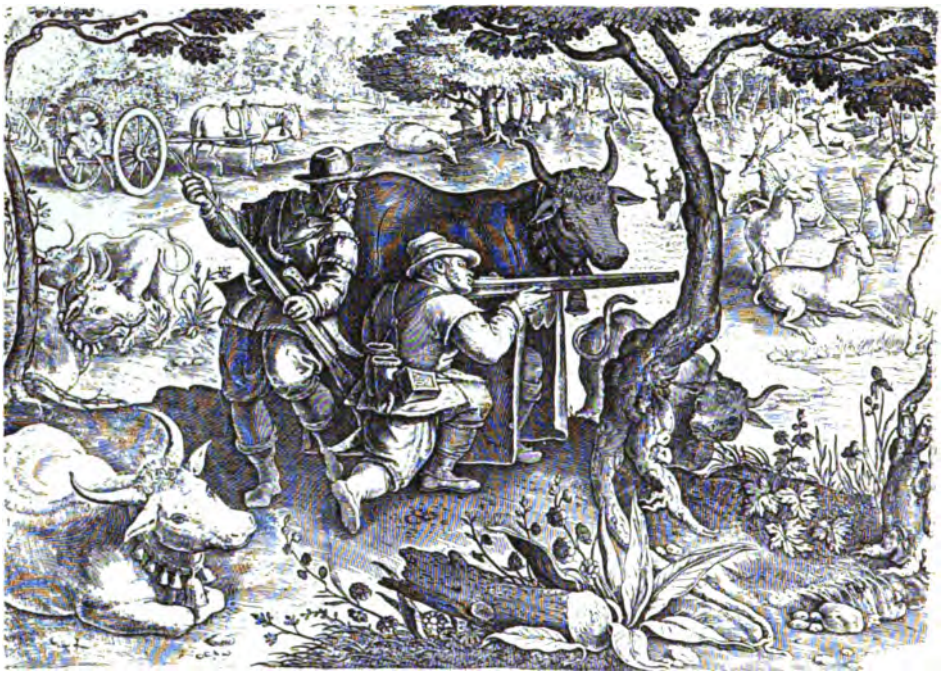
Like all mules depicted by Stradanus, the one we see in this picture has its tail docked in a cruel manner.

Two pictures of stag-hunts, in one of which a fallow buck of impossible head figures in the foreground, deserve our notice. In the other one the working of rope and net snares, which played an important rôle in those days, is shown. While in a third the use of the stalking-cow for deer-stalking is quaintly illustrated.

Distant Britain, to judge by the fact that the following instance of English sport is the only one to which our artist gave space, cannot have enjoyed the same world-wide reputation as the home of various sports which it now is so proud of. Impossible as it seems, it appears to have been generally believed that the English people hunted birds—the species is not given—at night-time by beating the trees, and thus rousing them from their nests. By continuing the disturbance the birds were prevented from perching on the branches, and thus were finally so completely tired out that they could be easily caught. Unfortunately the picture, which represents a night scene, is not suitable for reproduction by the process here employed.

Concerning the mountain sports of the Swiss and Tyrolese some funny notions must have then prevailed. The last of our pictures represents the chase of the chamois in its native mountains, which, by-the-way, are of very modest elevation and easy accessibility. The man in the foreground is buckling his crampoons, or *Steig-eisen*, on to his *naked* feet, which, it is needless to say, is an unknown practice, stout soles being necessary to keep the irons in place. Stradanus, who we can be sure had never seen a chamois, must have entertained the vaguest possible notions concerning their chase. He had probably lent an eager ear to the many fantastical tales then current respecting the habitus and *Jagd* of this most agile of the antelope tribe. The long spears which figure so prominently in our picture were usually not used in the manner indicated, but were thrown, javelin-like, at the beast, for to get within thrusting distance of a chamois without extraneous aid by which the animal is cornered is an impossible feat. The most amusing proof of

SNARING RED AND FALLOW DEER.



DEER-STALKING WITH THE STALKING-COW.

THE CHAMOIS AND ITS CHASE.

Stradanus's ignorance concerning the chamois' appearance is afforded by the manner in which he depicts the chamois' horns. He had evidently once seen a pair of these horns (separated from the skull), but when he came to paint them he actually made the pot-hook bend forward instead of backward! As incorrect as its horns is the curling-up tail, pointed head, and the shaggy ridge of hair along the front of its throat.

In keeping with all these absurdities is the suicidal leap in which one of the chamois is indulging, while others are apparently contemplating a similar end. This had reference probably to the myth that ibex and chamois, when hotly pursued, jump off the highest pinnacles, landing below on their horns, which break the fall. Only a receptive mind could take in all the wonderful feats which it was believed certain animals habitually performed. A contemporary of Stradanus, and one of the greatest authorities on the chase of the deer, wild boar, and bear, the Sieur Jacques du Fouilloux, in his famous work, which our own Turberville blindly copied, tells us gravely that "at any time the Ysarus (chamois) desires to scratch its thighs, it sticks its claws in so hard that, on account of their being reversed (*reuirees*), it cannot withdraw them, and thus it falls from the cliffs and breaks its neck." While the great mediæval sportsman, Emperor Maximilian, who probably shot more chamois than any man till the invention of breech-loading long-range rifles much facilitated that sport, informs one quite seriously that when the buck chamois feels the end of his days approaching he will rub his horns off in the middle against rocks, and when he has done so, he loses his appetite and dies from starvation.

A LOVER'S RAISON D'ÊTRE.

Since you are you, and I am I,
It does not need a passer-by
To tell us we exist and why.

What happy moment they have missed
Who have not managed to exist
Either as kissers or as kissed.

F.

Drawn by Constance Foxley.

THE TRAINING OF CHILD ACROBATS

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

FOR many years English children have been the favourites among foreign trainers: possibly because they add to a high average of good looks and intelligence the pleasant bearing that seldom or never becomes sullen. In the old days a good business man looked out for such boys and girls as were very poor and consequently cheap. They were taken away from their guardians to learn the ugly, unnatural contortions and meaningless gymnastics by which certain people are amused. Sometimes they came back to their native town skilled acrobats or circus-riders; often the constitution could not stand successive shocks: an accident would happen; they would not come back. Nobody inquired too closely into these matters, probably for fear of injuring the reputation of the poor hard-working trainer, who had as much right to live as you or I.

In order to prove this condition of things I will repeat a single story out of the many I have heard. This one was told me by Mr. John Maskelyne of the Egyptian Hall, and to avoid error, I will use his own words as far as memory permits. "When I was a young man," he said in course of a recent conversation, "I lived in a house with a foreign fellow who trained children for the stage. During the first months of my stay he was without pupils; but one day he went to the vicinity of the district schools and watched the children coming out. One very pretty little boy took his fancy, and he followed him home. The mother was a poor widow, and with a little specious argument the trainer had no difficulty in persuading her to apprentice her child. He brought him to the house and commenced the training. His feet were strapped to the floor and he stood up and was gradually bent backwards to make the joints move easily. Other sufferings followed. He was always screaming and always badly bruised, but we had no right to interfere; he was his master's apprentice, and bound to submit accordingly. After a year or so there was an accident: the trainer went too far and killed his unfortunate little pupil. He escaped with a year's imprisonment, and doubtless proceeded after his release to get more apprentices. Perhaps his experience made him more careful."

Careful investigation points to the prevalence of child-training in England, and to the comparative immunity of trainers down to the year 1894, when, in response to numerous complaints, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children came to the rescue, and obtained the passing of "An Act to consolidate the Acts relating to the Prevention of Cruelty to and Protection of Children." By this much-needed measure (57 and 58 Vict., cap. 41) an effectual bar to the procedure was instituted, for the provisions included (*inter alia*) the following—

(1) "If any person over the age of sixteen years who has the custody, charge, or care of any child under the age of sixteen years wilfully assaults, *ill-treats*, neglects, abandons, or exposes such child, or causes or procures such child to be

assaulted, *ill-treated*, neglected, abandoned or exposed in a manner likely to cause such child unnecessary suffering or injury to its health . . . . that person shall be guilty of a misdemeanour."

A heavy fine and imprisonment with hard labour are the penalties attached to the clause. Still more to the point is paragraph *d* of the second clause of the Act, which speaks with no uncertain voice—

"If any person causes or procures any child under the age of sixteen years, or having the custody, charge, or care of any such child allows that child to be in any place for the purpose of being trained as an acrobat, contortionist, or circus performer, or of being trained for any exhibition or performance which in its nature is dangerous, that person shall, on summary conviction, be liable, at the discretion of the court, to a fine not exceeding twenty-five pounds, or alternatively, or in default of payment of such fine, or in addition thereto, to imprisonment, with or without hard labour for any term not exceeding three months."

There are certain provisos, of which the only one to be noted here runs as follows—

"Paragraph *d* of this section shall not apply in the case of a person who is the parent or legal guardian of a child and himself trains the child."

Furthermore, the Act permits a magistrate on sworn information to issue a search-warrant and thereby authorise forcible entry on premises where a child is alleged to be detained for the purposes above enumerated. This benign Act of Parliament speaks volumes for the state of affairs it was made to suppress, and the vigilant Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children has made its every clause a terror to evil-doers.

From the day on which it became law the effect of the measure was rapid and astonishing. The foreign trainers of children made a short effort to evade detection by changing their quarters, but the Society has agents in every large town, and no attempt to hide was of any avail. A general exodus of the foreign element was the inevitable and satisfactory result.

HE WENT TO THE VICINITY OF THE DISTRICT SCHOOLS AND WATCHED THE CHILDREN COMING OUT.

Had the mischievous side of child-training ended with the Act which came into force less than two years ago, there would have been no need to write about it. But certain evils remain and flourish, partly by means of a change of the scene of operations, and partly through abuses which have crept in under the shelter of the proviso quoted above.

The dangers of child-training are too apparent to need much exposition. The man unable to discriminate between humanity and sentimentality points to acrobats as they are, and finds them healthy and well developed, without for one moment asking what has become of the failures of the system, of those who

have died in training or become permanently injured. Undoubtedly it is possible for a teacher with a knowledge of anatomy successfully to train children to become acrobats and contortionists, but not twenty-five per cent. of the foreign men engaged in training rely on anything other than constant practice and violence. As a result of their ignorance, the children trained frequently suffer from grave internal disorders, die before their time, and are at no period of their lives fitted for anything else but the work of an acrobat. When they reach middle age many break down, and having no other means of earning a living, buy trained animals and add their mite to the sum of the world's cruelty. Can it be expected that men brought up as they have been will have any kindness to spare for animals? Inured to painful sights, they have become indifferent to them. Again, the way in which certain trainers treat their animals may suggest how they have been accustomed to deal with their pupils.

Fathers may be supposed to treat their children with kindness, and although the N.S.P.C.C. shows innumerable exceptions, the rule may be considered a safe one; but training children to do unnatural things frequently corrupts all sense of kindness, and competition in the profession calls aloud for consideration. Then cruelty steps in. It can never be far off.

In "Nicholas Nickleby," Charles Dickens humorously refers to the infant phenomenon—Miss Ninetta Crummles—in the following passage: "The infant phenomenon, though of short stature, had a comparatively aged countenance, and had, moreover, been precisely the same age—not, perhaps, to the full extent of the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but certainly for five good years. But she had been kept up late every night, and put upon an unlimited allowance of gin-and-water from infancy to prevent her growing tall, and perhaps this system of training had produced in the infant phenomenon these additional phenomena." Yet the novelist gives us to understand that Mr. Vincent Crummles was not a hard-hearted man.

The phenomena referred to by our great novelist exist to-day, and call for some investigation. Acrobatic training tends to increase stature, yet there are one or two troupes to be seen sometimes in London and the provinces, and plenty to be met with abroad, where a midget is the attraction—a midget hiding his woebegone face under the stage smile, appealing for laughter on account of some cruel deformity. There may be children who will stop growing naturally to please their parents and trainers, whose health is in no way undermined by such procedure, but the strictest inquiry is called for where a child performs with adults.

The public taste is careless rather than corrupt. Set a couple of gaily dressed children upon a high trapeze, with applause for the guerdon of their success, and death or disablement for failure, and the best-natured, kindest-hearted man seems to find pleasure in the sight. He is sure there will be no accident. I have seen a young performer slip and recover her balance with an effort positively painful to witness, but the audience has concluded that the slip was a stage device and has applauded. One fact needs recognition.

THE MOTHER WAS A POOR WIDOW.

Performing children go through their feats at the will of their parents and guardians, not from choice, but from necessity. Although the Act of 1894 has dealt a blow to the system, it has not killed it, for the training of children is practised extensively

abroad, and more than one case has come to my knowledge of illegitimate English children being sold to foreigners to be trained for the stage. I may not gratify idle curiosity by mentioning names, but I can confirm this statement on no less an authority than that of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, to say nothing of less well-known men. Antwerp and Brussels have been mentioned to me as centres of acrobat-making.

The only way to diminish the possible sufferings resulting from training is for the public absolutely to boycott the foreign troupes of acrobats, circus-riders, and contortionists where children are engaged. The English ones are well looked after by the N.S.P.C.C., although the abuses existing are not in all cases touched by the Act of 1894, which was not, of course, retrospective in its action. The foreigners are absolutely uncontrolled. A man may buy children in England—quite easily, and, I am told, legally—may disable two for every one he trains successfully, and then bring the fittest to England and live upon their earnings. I understand that there are now certain restrictions in France and Germany; but in the absence of a strong society like our own to enforce, and a strong public opinion created by it, little or nothing can be done. No permanent good will be effected until the foreigners can be boycotted or registered. Registration and a six-monthly report from the N.S.P.C.C. and S.P.C.A. might make fair treatment of children and animals assured. I do not doubt that there are dozens of good people quite ready to come forward and swear that children can only be trained by kindness; that they have never seen or heard of any cruelty in connection with acrobatic or circus troupes; that my statements are the combined result of impudence, ignorance, and mendacity. We all know these people, to whom an ounce of advertisement is dearer than a hundredweight of fact, who will not hesitate to say that they have not even read the statements they wish to controvert, but have been told about them by a friend, or read an extract from them in a paper. Others will demand names and dates, as though comments on a bad state of things were only rightfully permitted to people with plenty of time and money to devote to libel actions.

There are two sides to every question, and I endeavoured to find another aspect of acrobat-making. With this idea, and in the absence from England of the Craggs, the premier company of English acrobats, I went to Sylvester Schaffer, at once the best-known and most humane man at that moment before the London public. He is an Austrian by birth, an Englishman by naturalisation, and his troupe consists of his own children and one or two apprentices. I visited him one morning when he was practising with all of them. They seemed to enjoy their work, and were unmistakably healthy and happy. I told Mr. Schaffer my object and my convictions.

"I have two boys apprentices," he said; "you are at liberty to ask them if I have ever ill-used them. I treat them as my own children," and he called one to me and asked me to note how beautifully the lad's muscles were developed. "I understand anatomy," he continued; "the study has always been a pastime of mine, consequently I know how far to go and when to stop. I begin to teach my children when they are two or three years old and their limbs can be easily moved. They go through their work thinking it is play; they learn to use the bars and trapeze quite naturally. The muscular development follows rapidly; they are all healthy, and seldom or never need a doctor."

"Do you consider it is possible to train children without any degree of acute suffering?" I asked him.

"Only under special circumstances—if the trainer understands what he is about. I have been trained in a ballet-school, and was taught acrobatic business by my own father. Before six the training should commence, and there will be little or no suffering; if between eight and twelve, there must be pain; after that training is very severe indeed. Then, again, much depends on the extent and duration. Some men overtax their pupils; it is the greatest mistake"

"What is your experience of the training of children on the Continent?" I asked, and stated my own views.

At first Mr. Schaffer was unwilling to speak about the matter, because, as he pointed out fairly enough, it was quite open to people to say he was endeavouring to decry his competitors. Then I represented to him the importance of practical evidence upon the matter and that there was no necessity to publish names. Finally he acknowledged the truth of my argument and in a very few sentences confirmed my opinions.

"The truth is very simple," he said; "the majority of trainers are ignorant men and do harm even without bad intention. I have met men who want to

imitate my business. Well, there are tricks that have taken me years to teach: they endeavour to produce them in six months at the outside. What can the result be? You cannot force a body, although you may train it. Force breaks up a constitution. There are brutes in the profession, fellows who make their children do a trick fifty times at practice to the serious damage of their health. During the last few years"—he evidently unconsciously referred to the Act of 1894—"these men have had a lot of trouble. People have been looking after them, and most have gone back to the Continent, though in France and Germany there is strict supervision now. I had nothing to fear at any time—in fact, as you may know, I became a naturalised Englishman. There are a lot of nasty things in the business, and plenty of cruel men who teach by fear. What I have told you I have noticed in the course of my long experience. There would be more to say, but I do not like to pry into other people's affairs."

Through the courtesy of Mr. Holmes, a well-known and highly respected agent, I was enabled to have an interesting chat with Mr. E. Volta, of the famous Hanlon-Volta combination. He has been in many Continental cities, spent most of his life among acrobats and circus-riders, and told me he has never seen a single instance of cruelty of any kind. He admitted the possibility of suffering to children trained unskilfully, but expressed a general opinion that the training does them good. I outlined such evidence as I have collected, but Mr. Volta was faithful to his first point of view. Had he admitted the existence of occasional cruelty while stating that good treatment is the rule, his opinions would have carried greater weight. I have noticed overt acts of cruelty *in coram populo* here and abroad, slight in themselves, but eminently suggestive. Under these circumstances, although I do not question his good faith, I cannot consider that Mr. Volta has given the greatest possible attention to his surroundings. In any event, the evidence of such an experienced man is entitled to all consideration, and I publish it freely without regard to its possible effect upon the case I endeavour to state. I should be delighted to think that he is right and I am wrong, but the weight of evidence is on my side. A great acrobat can scarcely hold a normal opinion about the dangers of his profession. The term "roughing it a bit" will cover a multitude of sins.

It is hardly worth while to bring forward the opinion of English medical men upon the results of bad and forced training, or the experience of managers upon the treatment of the majority of foreign-trained children, because the worst results never come before either. I have no wish to indulge in sensational facts, and therefore refrain from giving details of the actual methods employed by trainers to bring up human limbs in the way they should not go. My object is to call for the strictest attention and supervision for foreign child-shows in England. A question well worth asking is this: What is there in exhibitions of the acrobatic sort to atone for what is undergone in producing them? Is there beauty in contortion or art in exhibitions partaking of the gruesome? In bygone days we were satisfied with the feats of men and women, to-day the crowning joy seems to come when children risk life and limb for our amusement. Legislation has been called in to the service of the young, but an English law cannot touch a foreign abuse. To avoid the abuses the public mind must be stirred, the public eyes opened.

We are drifting into a bad condition of apathy and indifference, and yet there is sufficient public spirit to protest against some exhibitions. A few months ago a man was engaged at a London hall to walk on knives and make other offensive exhibitions of his powers of endurance. The attempt to gain approval for this was a failure, but the low opinion in which the public taste is held was shown by the attempt to inflict such a sight upon healthy-minded men and women. It is impossible to establish a Court of Good Taste, and bring all useless and depraved forms of amusement before a select committee, but it is, perhaps, possible to inculcate a distaste for the merely sensational. In the meantime, without interfering with any man's legitimate freedom, we have a right to know that momentary amusement of thoughtless people is not obtained at the cost of the permanent damage of our fellow-creatures, and that it is not encouraging the sale of any helpless child.

Those of us who know the byways of modern stageland recognise urgent need for certain reforms; but fierce denunciation of abuses will do little good. Only by constant striving to awaken a deeper public interest in the welfare of our most helpless entertainers will improvement be effected.

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

ENTIRELY ACCIDENTAL.

By GRANT ALLEN

IT was in the smoking-room of the Parthenon. Mr. Hector Blythe, the well-known young poet, was lounging at full length, with that native grace which is his peculiar trade-mark, in the easiest of the comfortably padded club arm-chairs, blowing forth rings of smoke as light and airy as one of his own famous "Rondeaux in Nicotine." His eyes were languidly occupied in perusing *Punch;* one foot meanwhile beat a devil's tattoo close to the legs of the table which had the honour to hold his cup of black coffee.

The door swung on its hinge. A fellow-member entered.

"Morning, Blythe."

"Morning, Marriter."

The editor of the *Gadfly* took up a paper lazily. He glanced through it with the familiar, superficially critical air of the man who has glanced through so much printed matter in his time that he has quite lost the power of really reading. To skim and snort was the extent of his tasting. "I hate the *Balloon!*" he said, laying it down with a curl of his cultured lips. "Such a pack of women writers! They're spoiling journalism, as they spoilt literature long ago—these learned women! I can spot them at a glance. All their geese are swans. No idea of the pruning-knife. No measure in anything!"

"You and I are bachelors," Blythe answered with an odd smile. "Perhaps, if we were married, we'd be glad to set the dear creatures down to anything on earth that would keep them quiet."

Marriter took up the *Pillory*. "I dare say," he answered. "That may account for it, no doubt. Half these articles are by Pilcher's wife and sisters. But you don't catch *me* putting my head into that noose. An editor, my dear boy—an editor must be free to observe men and manners."

"And when you say men, you include, of course, women."

"Of course; the whole includes the part, doesn't it?"

Blythe blew some more rings. His rings were the envy of the younger members. "By the way," he drawled out, "I've got no end of a clever manuscript I want to show you. The author's a friend of mine. I wish you'd glance over it."

"What's his name?"

"Norman Inwood."

"H'm. Good name; distinctive. Don't care tuppence for your Johnsons and your Wilsons and your Robinsons. *Their* names never stick. But Norman Inwood—excellent! Has a lilt, a ring in it!"

"Then you'll read the article?"

"Trot it out! Short shrift and no favour!"

"Judgment before execution, Marriter! None of your Jedburgh justice! Here it is, then. Glance through it and see what you think of it."

The doughty editor sat down and skimmed the manuscript, with occasional snorts—his approving snort, Blythe rather fancied, not his dangerous sniff of hostile criticism.

"Well, will it do?" Blythe inquired, as he reached the last page.

"First-rate. Solid style. There's stuff in Mr. Inwood. Good virile writing, too. Knows how to use his tools. A man who knows that can go wherever fate may lead him. I'll print this bit. Is his name and address on it?"

"No," Blythe answered, smiling. "He prefers you should communicate with him through me. But I'll forward any note you choose to send. I'm glad you like it."

"H'm. Gives no address? Well, one guesses what *that* means! However, he can write. And my name's not Cato. Shall we say two guineas?"

"It will be wealth to Norman Inwood."

"So much the better. *I* catch him first; he sticks to *me*. He'll go far, your protégé. Thanks for recommending him. If he can keep it up like this, I should say he was the very man cut out for the *Gadfly*."

"He's as clever as he can hold," Blythe answered, and drank off his coffee. "But whether he can *sting* up to the *Gadfly's* mark is quite another question."

MR. HECTOR BLYTHE, THE WELL-KNOWN YOUNG POET.

For the next three weeks the readers of that somewhat dull print, the *Gadfly*, were agreeably surprised by three excellent articles, smart and amusing without being either flippant or spiteful, and signed "N. I."—a new writer in these columns.

"I wish," Marriter said once or twice, "you 'd give me Norman Inwood's address, Blythe. The fellow interests me. I want to have a talk with him."

But the poet only smiled. "A confidence is a confidence," he answered mysteriously. "Shall I go and betray it? No, my dear Marriter, never! If you want to find out a Norman Inwood for yourself you must go out into the byways and discover one, as I did!"

"I believe," Marriter cried, with a little flash of suspicion, "you 've been playing me a trick, and *you* are Norman Inwood."

"Word of honour, no. I am not the man. But—there are reasons why Inwood doesn't wish to be known. So many things occur. You can fill in the blanks—a man of your experience. He desires for the present to preserve his incognito."

"It's his real name?" the editor interposed suspiciously. "It isn't a pseudonym? Not a childish vagary of some well-known writer?"

"No, it isn't a pseudonym. And that's all I'll tell you. You want to know too much. Restrain your ardour. Such marked curiosity almost borders on the feminine."

The epithet touched Marriter on his sorest point. He was the accredited champion of the masculine element. He would stand or fall by the virile in literature. He adored Tom Jones, and went mad at the bare mention of George Sand or George Eliot. As for Sarah Grand, she was to his mind as a red rag to a bull in a Spanish arena.

Still, it piqued him that he could not discover the whereabouts of this mysterious fellow, Inwood. The ideal editor should know his contributors. He should gather them to his fold. He should ask them to supper at an oyster-room in the Strand, keeping up the traditions of old English good-fellowship.

In this mind, he wrote a note inviting Mr. Inwood to sup with him at Romano's. (So old English, you know, Romano's!) And Inwood wrote back, without address given, declining the invitation on the singular plea that he never went out with anyone to supper; which, of course, only heightened and deepened the mystery. A milksop, perhaps! Yet he wrote like a strong man; he had the tricks of a fellow who knows *au fond* the ins and outs of humanity.

Marriter chafed under this repulse. He had half a mind to accept no more of the skulker's manuscript. Only people said those "N. I." articles were the brightest and breeziest things ever printed in the *Gadfly*. He determined, therefore, to possess his soul in patience for the present, and invited Norman Inwood to lunch with him at the Parthenon. The answer he received this time was still more surprising: "It would give me great pleasure, but—by the rules of the club I am excluded from the building."

How very singular! Expelled, could it be? or a fellow convicted of sneaking umbrellas?

That same night a proof came in late to the printer. Marriter happened to be there. It bore the inscription: "Send revise, if you please, not to Mr. Blythe, as heretofore, but to 73, St. Helen's Terrace, Kensington."

The editor smiled a grim smile of satisfaction. Tracked to earth, no doubt. Was it not there that Norman Inwood hid his light under a bushel?

Next afternoon he sallied forth to Kensington. He would ferret out his man. He would call in the most casual way possible on Inwood.

He found St. Helen's Terrace. Not the place a sad dog would have chosen, one would fancy. It was a small row of very third-rate houses, mostly let in lodgings, and 73 differed only from the rest in having a pot or two of flowers rather nicely arranged in the ground-floor window. The editor knocked, for there was no bell. After a considerable delay the door was opened—opened by a lady. Arthur Marriter gazed at her. Dark eyes, dark hair, a Rossetti mouth, a Burne-Jones forehead. Altogether, a most beautiful and striking woman. Fine figure, too—lithe, graceful, lissome. He could see it all now. If *this* was a specimen of Norman Inwood's houris—

"I beg your pardon," the beautiful girl said in a peculiarly sweet voice. "You've been kept so long standing. But the servant is out, and—nobody seems to have heard you."

"Oh, don't mention it," the editor answered, with a gallant bow. Politeness to women (when you meet them in the flesh) is part of the old English conception of manliness. Tom Jones, you will remember, knew his way with the sex. "I—I just came with a proof. Is that right?" And he held out an envelope

marked "Norman Inwood, Esq., St. Helen's Terrace."

The lady coloured up. "Yes, quite right," she answered. "You'll—you'll leave it, I suppose? Er—Mr. Inwood will return it."

"No, *thank* you," the editor answered, with rather marked emphasis. "I'll wait for it, *if* you please. My name is Marriter, and I should very much like, if possible, to see Mr. Inwood."

The girl coloured still deeper. For a second she hesitated. Then she said in a perplexed voice, "Won't you come in and sit down? I'll—I'll glance over it now and correct it at once for you."

He followed her into the sitting-room. It was small and bare, but an attempt had been made to relieve its monotony by a Ghirlandajo autotype and a little good needlework. She motioned him to a chair; he sat down. "And is Mr. Inwood in?" he asked, as she tore open the envelope.

The beautiful girl looked hard at him. "Mr. Marriter," she faltered out, "I—I must throw myself on your mercy. Please, *please* don't be angry! *My* name is Norman Inwood."

The first thing Arthur Marriter could find to say in his astonishment was merely this: "You Norman Inwood! What a strange name for a lady!"

"It is, I know; but it isn't my fault; my parents christened me so."

"And why did you pretend to be a man?" the editor asked, half angry with himself for having given such good cause for so base a deception to such a beautiful woman.

"I didn't. It was accident—pure accident, I assure you. Mr. Blythe saw my manuscript and promised to show it to you; and you jumped at the conclusion that I was a man from the name—as people almost always do, unless they see me. So Mr. Blythe told me I'd better not undeceive you, because, he said, you hated women's work, and wouldn't put it in the *Gadfly*. And I did as he advised, and sent my things through him—and—and that's the whole story."

She glanced up at him timidly. Marriter the editor was a truculent fellow; but Marriter the man was distinctly human. That beautiful face disarmed him.

"If all women wrote as you do, my dear lady," he said, melting, "I wouldn't mind manning my paper with women."

Then he reflected, too late, that a distinct taurine touch in the collocation of his words betrayed his remote Irish origin.

"Not really? You like my work?"

"Why, it's admirable," the editor answered. His gallantry overcame him. "Shall I confess the truth? I took it for a man's—and a clever man's, too. It has go and verve. No new writer on my staff seems to me to have such promise."

Miss Inwood clasped her hands and looked across at him anxiously. "And you won't throw me over," she pleaded, "now you know I'm a woman?"

"Throw you over!" the gallant editor cried. He paused and held himself back. In the effusion of the moment, there at first sight, seeing that beautiful woman cast that appealing glance at him, he hardly knew where his feelings were going to carry him. "My dear Madam, your contributions have always been welcome. They're a thousand times more welcome now—since I know where they come from."

"Oh, thank you!" the girl murmured. "You know you were the very first editor who would look at my work. And—it meant so much to me. I'm grateful, very grateful. But I was afraid—perhaps—when you learnt I wasn't a man—and that quite unintentionally I had, as it were, deceived you—I was afraid——"

"Oh, dear me, no," the editor answered, surprised at himself. "I may sometimes have misjudged women's work in journalism. In point of fact, since I've read your articles, I feel sure I did. Your admirable contributions——" He paused again and checked himself. "I shall be glad," he said instead, "to hear from you at any time."

"Oh, how kind you are!" the girl answered, and looked up at him gratefully. "Hector said you were a good sort, and I see he was right in it."

"Hector!" She called the poet Hector, then. A thought struck Marriter. Why had she sent through Blythe? He was suddenly aware that this question mattered much to him. Could she be—his heart fluttered—engaged to the poet? Strange to say, he asked it of himself with a thrill of terror. Love at first sight! Why, he had poured columns of scorn on it! Columns of pure scorn, at two guineas a thousand! But when a woman has written such articles as those, and has eyes like hers, and looks at you as she did—hang it all, my dear fellow, a man may surely change his mind if he will. And Marriter was changing his now to some purpose.

"You chose Mr. Blythe as the—er—the intermediary between us," he interposed timidly. It was *his* turn to be timid now. "I suppose he's—a—a great friend of yours?"

MISS INWOOD CLASPED HER HANDS AND LOOKED ACROSS AT HIM ANXIOUSLY.

"Oh, yes, he's engaged to be married——"

Marriter leaned forward eagerly.

"To be married to my cousin?"

Marriter drew a long breath of relief. It was so marked, indeed, that even Miss Inwood noticed it.

"That's well," he said. "Very well. I'm—I'm extremely glad to hear it. One of the finest and best of our rising poets, Blythe; I shall give a column—of favourable notice—in our next week's number, to his really striking 'Idylls in Gossamer.' I admire him very much. He's an excellent fellow. . . . But I suppose it will be unnecessary, after this little interview, any longer to—to conduct our correspondence, our business correspondence, through him as intermediary?"

"Oh, if you don't mind my being a woman——" Norman Inwood began.

"Mind it!" the editor cried, shutting his eyes a moment. "*Mind* it!"

"There's no reason now why I shouldn't send my work to you direct at the office."

"Certainly not," Marriter answered. "Send it often—frequently! And—let me see—you won't mind my discussing a small point of business, will you? No? You're *very* good. Well, in the interests of the paper—I'm both editor and proprietor—it's desirable, of course, to keep a good contributor as a *spécialité*, so to speak; to give him a retaining fee, which will prevent him from spreading himself about generally everywhere. I came to see Mr. Norman Inwood to-day, as I believed, with the intention of offering him—well, a slight advance—say, three guineas an article in place of two, and a salary of, let us put it at fifty pounds a year, on condition he wrote for no other journal. Mr. Inwood having fortunately—I mean *un*fortunately, disappeared, would those terms suit Miss Inwood?"

The girl leant forward eagerly. Tears stood in her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Marriter," she cried, "do you *really* mean it?"

"A mere matter of business," the editor answered quickly. "*In* the interests of the paper—God bless my soul, what's happened to my *pince-nez*?" And he wiped them vigorously. "I meant to make that offer to Mr. Inwood, as I say; and I fail to see why a woman should be expected so receive less pay than a man for work which she can do—well—at least as well as anybody!" He ate his own words like a man while he was about it.

If the recording angel took any note of that bold lie as to the editor's intentions with regard to Mr. Inwood when he left home that afternoon, I can only say—he has degenerated since the days of Uncle Toby.

Miss Inwood took refuge in a woman's sole resource under these trying circumstances. "May I offer you a cup of tea?" she asked.

Will the Parthenon believe it? "Cup of tea?" the editor echoed, "the very thing! I'd give worlds for a cup of tea! (Ensure me at least twenty minutes alone with her!)"

And before those twenty minutes were over the editor had learnt by dexterous inquiry that Norman Inwood was the sole support of a widowed mother, that till lately she was engaged as a nursery governess, and that the articles in the *Gadfly* had opened a new world which meant wealth and life to her.

"Engaged as a nursery governess!" he exclaimed to himself, as he walked slowly home. "That extraordinary woman—cut out for a brilliant literary career—engaged as a nursery governess! I shouldn't be surprised if before very long she was engaged—another way. But no; she's too good for *me*, and too beautiful, and too clever! I *dare* not ask her! What eyes! And what English!"

Three months later, in the smoking-room of the Parthenon, Tom Parkins looked up from the pages of the *Gadfly* and observed to Seymour Wilson, that pungent *littérateur*, "Extraordinary change come over this paper of late! Pleasant feminine touch in it. Doesn't sting so much now; seems content to flaunt its wings and gad about in the sunshine."

"Women writing on it—that's the trick," Seymour Wilson remarked, with a long slow puff. "Marriter's clean out of his mind. Gave *me* the sack. *Me*, ME, Sir—that idiot!"

"What's made him introduce such a salutary change?" Tom Parkins inquired, without taking any note of the personal equation.

"Oh, haven't you heard? He's gone wrong, like the rest of them. Married that woman who signs herself, 'N.I.' Positively married her! It's an awfully sad case. But these things can't be helped. Men *will* go demented."

A WOMAN'S ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

By ANNIE S. PECK.

IT was early in the eighties that my attention was first called to the Matterhorn by hearing the President of Leland Stanford University describe his ascent of that mountain. He told a tale so terrible that, while my spirit was fired with a determination to see this wonderful rock pyramid if ever I went to Europe, I concluded that I should be satisfied with beholding it from below, without risking my life in its ascent. There was, however, a slight mental reservation in this decision; and when, in 1885, I first saw this magnificent rock towering above me, I was seized with an irresistible longing to attain its summit. It does, indeed, look rather formidable; yet, to one who has a taste for rock-climbing, no other mountain seems so inviting. But alas! ten pounds is a large sum to spend on a single day's pleasure, especially with a protracted stay abroad still in view. Unluckily, the idea of reimbursing myself by a lecture or a magazine article had not then dawned upon me; so I reluctantly turned my steps onward, cherishing the determination that some day I would come again and fulfil my heart's desire.

Though its execution was long delayed, the purpose then formed was never abandoned; and joyfully I sailed, at last, over the sea, on my way to the goal of my ambition. The months of June and July were delightfully spent in the midst of the picturesque scenery of the Tyrol, while revisiting a decennial performance of the Passion Play discovered at Vorder Thiersee in 1885; but my thoughts were ever turning toward Switzerland. My promenades and mountain climbs were undertaken, not merely for their own sake but as a preparation and training for the greater task before me. The ascent of the Gross Glockner, one of the most difficult snow mountains of the Eastern Alps, was, however, of no special advantage save for the strengthening of the muscles from so many hours of climbing, and also of the nerves, by getting used to positions of danger. Monte Cristallo, one of the Dolomites, was a much better preparation for the Matterhorn. Here one has two hours of stiff rock climbing—stiff, that is, for a beginner—though the mountain is called neither difficult nor dangerous for experienced climbers who are absolutely free from giddiness. One spot, however, styled the Böse Platte, is harder than any on the Zermatt side of the Matterhorn; for here, to use an Irish bull, I was obliged to step farther than I could reach, which was never the case on the greater mountain.

At the Hôtel Mont Cervin, in Zermatt, an imposing structure of six stories, I settle myself for an indefinite period, since the conquest of the Matterhorn, except by special good fortune, is not to be achieved in a day. The following morning not a trace of the grand old mountain was visible; but presently the veil of mist parted, disclosing the familiar outlines of that massive rock, clothed in its scanty garb of snow, from which it seemed to be shaking itself free, as if despising the pure white covering in which its neighbours contentedly repose, and proudly raising its uncovered head to the sun and stars. For a week or more the weather had been changeable and bad, so that the mountain was in no condition for climbing. Though nearly all the snows of winter at once slide from its steep slopes to the glaciers at the mountain's foot, it is nevertheless true that the irregular ragged rocks allow of the lodgment of a few inches of snow here and there, enough to make the footing insecure and the handholds uncomfortable, thus increasing the danger both of freezing the extremities and of unexpectedly glissading down the mountain side. Accordingly, it is a rule of the guides to wait at least four days after a fall of snow, until it has entirely disappeared from many places, and in others, by repeated thawings and freezings, has become hard and firm. As it almost always snows on the mountains when it rains in the valleys, and occasionally when it does not, it sometimes happens that a succession of showers at intervals of a few days renders the rock mountains dangerous for weeks at a time. Such being the condition of things in early

August, there was opportunity for a good rest and a little preliminary exercise before attempting the great climb.

A quaint little village is Zermatt, with its single narrow street running from north to south, parallel to the course of the stream. It counts some fifty cottages of blackened larchwood, and perhaps a dozen hotels. In the centre of the village is a pretty Catholic church with slender tower, whence the bells chime out for frequent service. In the little cemetery to the south, among the humbler headstones of native villagers, stands the monument erected to brave Michel Croz of Chamonix, than whom no finer guide ever trod the peaks of Switzerland. Through the incompetence of another, he perished upon the neighbouring mountains. Thus for all time his death will serve as a warning to climbers to be sure not only of their own capabilities, but also of the skill of all the members of their party. Just outside the consecrated ground, but still within the shadow of the church, two granite coffins mark the burial-places of two other victims of the first Matterhorn tragedy. Beneath the names of Hudson and Hadow we read the inscriptions: "Yea, Father, for so it was well pleasing in Thy sight," and "Be ye also ready." Here, too, are the graves of one who fell while gathering flowers on the Riffelhorn, another who perished in a crevasse of the Findelen glacier, and a third whose death occurred upon the Lyskamm. Nearer to the entrance of the village, opposite the Hôtel Mont Cervin, is the English chapel, crowded every Sunday in the height of the season with worshippers. One side of this church also is lined with the graves of those who have perished in later accidents—victims of the Lyskamm, the Dent Blanche, and other mountains in the neighbourhood. The inscriptions are read annually by thousands, so that those who are buried here are in a manner immortalised. The record thus preserved is calculated to inspire even the stout-hearted with dread. Accordingly, though well aware of their existence, I postponed a special visit to the graves until after returning from my mountain climb.

The narrow street of Zermatt usually wears a lively aspect. Occasionally, in good weather, one may see a genuine mountaineer setting off with his guides for some great climb; often parties on foot or mule-back, arriving or departing on the ordinary excursions of the tourist. Omnibuses hurry back and forth to the station, loungers wander idly to and fro, while the busy shopper rushes in and out of the little doorways which line the ill-paved street, opening into shops where a complete outfit, whether of eatables or wearing apparel, may be obtained by the unprovided climber, or where the tourist may purchase, in endless variety, pretty trinkets and souvenirs of this famous mountain resort.

No busier man can be found than the shoemaker, who will in a few days manufacture a pair of heavy mountain shoes, or in a few hours make over your old ones so that you will not know that you have ever seen them before. Nowhere else do the shoemakers so well understand the mountain trade. Sir William Conway, who, on a particularly cold and windy day in 1894, made the ascent of Monte Rosa, wearing a pair of shoes just made for him in Zermatt, said that, for the first time in his life under such conditions, his feet were warm. Well they might be, for the wise cobbler had provided the uppers with three thicknesses of leather, while the soles were heavy in proportion. Though I had procured in America heavy boots, especially for climbing, almost the first words of my guide in Zermatt were, "You must have some new shoes." And he took me at once to the shoemaker. That busy man, however, said he would make over these. He placed a new layer of leather outside the others all around the lower part of the boot, added a heavy tap extending from toe to heel, and the heel itself he lowered and broadened. Now, surely, I thought myself well shod. What, then, was my astonishment, after climbing several mountains, at hearing my guide and an experienced English climber remark that those shoes were not half heavy enough; and that if I did any more climbing I must have some new ones. Of course the entire soles were decorated with large-headed nails to give a more secure footing on rock and snow.

In addition to shoes, one must often procure new woollen stockings, as the guide interests himself in these also, and yours are likely not to pass his examination, your own ideas on the subject being probably as crude as in the matter of boots. If the guide is a thoroughly careful one he will question you further as to your underwear, which must be of heavy woollen. He looks after the covering of your hands, for which large assortments of knitted gloves and mittens are provided—the former better for holding on to rocks or ropes, the latter generally preferred for warmth. Most ladies for high climbing wear knickerbockers, either with or without a

short skirt. A heavy sweater is usually comfortable. For the head, in addition to the broad-brimmed hat, a felt helmet or a woollen hood should be worn; at least carried. Sometimes the day is so warm as to render such extras superfluous on the top of the highest mountain; and again the wind howls with so bitter a blast that it seems to be arriving from the North Pole, and one's face, nose, and ears, if not well protected, would be frozen in a few minutes. A black woollen hood which completely enveloped my head and neck, save for the openings for sight and breath, I found most comfortable on the Breithorn, though unnecessary in the other mountains.

Then there is the ice-axe, an indispensable weapon, which in difficult snow-climbing takes the place of the alpenstock. Black spectacles and a veil—preferably white—must not be forgotten, if one wishes to avoid snow-blindness and utter ruin for one's complexion. One feels quite important while making these purchases, and much above the vulgar throng of ordinary tourists. In addition to the veil, some salve for the face is requisite. A flask of brandy is a necessary precaution, even for the teetotaller; cakes of chocolate are a convenient article for luncheon; condensed soup done up in capsules makes a nice *bouillon*; and, altogether, nothing is wanting for the safety and comfort of the traveller.

While waiting for his majesty to wear a gracious and accessible mood, I decided on a preliminary climb of the Breithorn—sometimes called the Ladies' Mountain—which was valuable merely as muscular training. A few days later, as the weather continued unpropitious for the Matterhorn, in company with a charming young English girl, I made the ascent of the Wellen Kuppe, which includes a pretty bit of rock climbing, along a narrow *arête* with precipices a thousand feet deep on either side, and is excellent training for the Matterhorn.

It was after a fortnight's waiting at its foot that the lion showed signs of being tractable, and fine weather really set in. Then came the difficult question whether

ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN.

to improve the earliest possible moment, for fear of another snowstorm, or to wait a day or two longer, till the condition of the mountain was still better and the risk decreased to the minimum. With much trepidation and anxiety lest the beautiful weather should not hold, we decided upon the latter course; and finally, on the morning of Aug. 20, we set off for the great climb.

My leading guide, Jean Baptiste Aymonod, who was kindly recommended to me by Dr. David Jordan, ranks as one of the finest in Switzerland. His name frequently occurs in "The Alps from End to End," by Sir William Conway, with whom he fulfilled a two months' engagement in 1894. Aymonod, the personification of prudence and judgment, is also unusually obliging and pleasant. He was assisted by Silvain Pession, a youth of twenty-five summers, a splendid specimen of physical strength, equally agreeable and accommodating, and capable of acting as leading guide on the most difficult mountains. With such companions, who insist upon all suitable precautions, one who is himself competent has no cause for fear.

It is the custom to devote two days to the climbing of mountains of any considerable height, both in order that the fatigue may be lessened and that the snow and ice may be traversed as early in the day as possible, before the heat of the sun has rendered snow slopes treacherous and snow bridges insecure. We proceed in a leisurely manner, walking in the morning up to the Schwarz-see Hotel, which is situated on a broad shoulder of the great mountain, two or three hours above the village. The path at first winds along the bank of the Visp, then ascends through a pleasant wood; and later, leaving the trees behind, in many curves climbs the steep slope, where, though the sun may be warm, the air from the glaciers is cool and bracing. The hotel, where we enjoy our luncheon, has a broad covered piazza on the south, protected by glass windows. Here one may bask in the sunshine nearly all day, enjoying a view of the grand old mountain and its glaciers, the latter invisible from below, while in other directions there is a glorious panorama of mountains whose proximity is undreamed of in the valley. Although we have ascended nearly three thousand feet, the Matterhorn appears grander and more lofty than before, remaining by far the most impressive object in our broader horizon.

After luncheon, having taken a look through the telescope, I amuse myself by chronicling my sensations before the event, lest in subsequent elation over victory they should be forgotten. While it seems to be the unanimous opinion of the thousands who yearly behold it that the Matterhorn is a terrible mountain, to some it is fascinating in its sublimity, to others repellant. The majority, however, are content to admire from a distance. Often one hears the exclamation, "Well, *I* don't want to go up."

Although one is not inclined to be timid or nervous, it is, nevertheless, a trifle depressing to receive letters full of expostulation and entreaty. "If you are determined to commit suicide, why not come home and do so in a quiet, ladylike manner? Not a moment's peace have I known since I learned that you were to attempt that terrible mountain." This is especially disagreeable if the same person has persisted in the same notion for ten years. You may never have any presentiments yourself, or if you have, you laugh them to scorn; still we all know that *other* people occasionally have one that comes true.

During the weeks of waiting I sometimes wonder if I am destined to meet an untimely end: if I shall slip (but then my guides can surely hold me); if I am strong enough to support my own weight upon the ropes; if a falling stone will hit me on the head; or, still worse, if one of the guides may not fall and drag me down also.

My guides are not particularly reassuring. They turn up their noses at the mountains of the Tyrol. (I have discovered that all guides like to regard their own mountains as the most difficult.) Aymonod at the last moment advises me to do another mountain first, and says he will not guarantee my arriving at the summit. I declare that I shall *not* do another mountain, and, weather permitting, I *will* arrive at the summit. I recall the fact that a number of ladies have already made the ascent, and see no reason why I should not as well. And when, about four o'clock, we actually depart for the hut, waving an adieu to the friends who have come so far to see me off, it is with a light and courageous heart that I enter upon the way, and not the slightest apprehension of danger annoys me henceforth.

The path passes the little Black Lake, after which the hotel is named, and, surmounting a ridge, comes down to the Hörnli Lake, larger and prettier. Then it ascends the higher ridge of Hörnli, a conspicuous feature from below. Upon

reaching the summit of this *arête*, or ridge, we proceed for a considerable distance along its edge, having a fine view of the glaciers on either side of the base of the pyramid. Later we enjoy a steep rock climb, arriving about six at the hut, which to our sorrow seems already to be pretty well occupied. Our grief is increased by the subsequent arrival of several others, for the limited accommodation renders sleep or comfort improbable.

The cabin is situated a little south of the summit of the ridge, but a few rods from its juncture with the great pyramid. The ground floor has two rooms. The first serves as kitchen, dining-room, and sleeping apartment for the guides; the other as the resting-place of the travellers. The former contains a diminutive stove in one corner, a small table with benches on either side, and a sort of shelf or wide berth covered with straw, which extends the whole length of the room, and may accommodate five or six persons. A few stones projecting from the partition wall make a rough stairway leading to the attic above, where those guides must sleep for whom there is not sufficient accommodation below. In the other room there is a similar shelf, or berth, covered with mattresses and a few heavy blankets for the use of the climbers. When we arrive some of the earlier comers are eating supper, and we must wait until they have finished in order to have the use of the table and stove.

Supper over, we stroll out for a look at the sunset. There are no clouds to give gorgeous colouring, but in the fading light the mountains stand out distinct, solemn, and lovely. Our attention is distracted from the landscape by seeing several figures descending the mountain. They are two ladies with their guides, who have just traversed the mountain, coming up from the Italian side, and descending on this, the Zermatt, side. A little later they arrive at the hut, where they pause a few moments in the twilight, on their way down to the Schwarz-see Hotel. One of these ladies, with whom I spoke a word or two, was to meet her death the following week as she was crossing the Trift Joch on her way from Zermatt to the Zinal Valley, whence she intended to traverse the Rothhorn back to Zermatt, as she had previously traversed the Matterhorn. This, one of eighteen fatal accidents that occurred in the Alps in the summer of 1895, was, like most of the others, due to carelessness, or a lack of prudence, which seems much the same thing. The Trift Joch is considered dangerous on account of its liability to falling stones. It should, therefore, be crossed early in the morning, before the sun has melted the snow, thus loosening the stones on the slopes above. This party were several hours too late. It was between ten and eleven o'clock, when, as they were near the top of the *col*, a mass of rock suddenly fell from the cliff above, one piece of which struck Miss Sampson on the back of her neck, crushing her spine. The other three almost miraculously escaped injury. One of the guides bore Miss Sampson away from the immediate scene of the accident, but within an hour she breathed her last in the midst of the snow-fields and mountains she loved so well. Three days later she was buried, according to her wish, in the little churchyard at Zermatt, where so many other victims were already laid. There seems to be a peculiar fascination about this spot. I had left the same message with a friend before starting on this climb.

By eight o'clock the climbers turn in—that is, they dispose themselves in a row upon the shelf; in one corner the three ladies, then the men. The presence of eight persons necessitates close packing, naturally recalling sardines; and the query is raised whether sardines are laid on their backs or sides, since here there is not sufficient room for each person to rest upon his back, which probably accounts for the little snoring heard during the night. After the usual amount of nonsense, the noise is subsiding, when a late comer appears. Since it is absolutely impossible to make a place for him in the row, he takes his position across the foot of the shelf. The nine preserve a good degree of quiet, and some by their regular breathing announce their speedy departure to the Land of Nod. And when the stir begins, soon after midnight, most of the number declare that they have slept little or none.

The breakfasts are prepared by the guides in turn, mine being the last, as Aymonod is determined to start last, in order that we may end the procession on the way down, and thus experience the least danger from falling stones, which careless climbers are apt to dislodge when descending. Moreover, he does not enjoy climbing with a lantern, and did not wish to go too far before daylight. Accordingly it was nearly half-past three when we left the cabin, having been first roped together.

Aymonod goes ahead, lantern and ice-axe in hand, and with the cord, nearly an inch in diameter, tightly knotted round

his waist. He generally has a coil or two thrown over his shoulder, and holds the end towards me in his left hand. In the middle of the rope a slip-knot has been formed, and pulled fast around my waist; while Pession, at the end of the rope, brings up the rear. As a rule, on this mountain, each person has two guides, though experts sometimes have but two for two persons, and rarely a stray man goes up with only one. In either of these cases the risk is vastly greater, and most persons prefer to pay the cost of two guides rather than double the risk of their lives.

The walk by early candle-light is novel and interesting. The path now leads over rough rocks with occasional patches of snow; then, barely six inches wide, crosses an unpleasantly smooth and steep slope, at the foot of which we see the Furggen glacier, several hundred feet below. One hardly appreciates the exposed situations, however, as the attention is necessarily concentrated upon one's footsteps; and it is only on the way down that one fully realises the dangers of the path that has been traversed in the gloom. For a short distance we walk in the starlight on the glacier, the great cliffs of the Matterhorn towering on our right, and then we really begin to climb along the steep pathway which zigzags upward on the east face of the mountain to the north-east *arête*, on or near which the route lies the remainder of the way to the summit. Half an hour above the hut we are surprised to find a gentleman and two guides, who had traversed the mountain the day before, encamped under an overhanging rock. Being overtaken by darkness on the way down, they were spending the night here. Whether they were afraid to descend by candle and star light over the route by which we were ascending, or whether the gentleman, who was apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, was too exhausted to advance further, we did not pause to inquire. But Aymonod characterised their procedure as highly dangerous, declaring that a change of weather might have occasioned the death of one, if not all, of the party.

At last the candle is blown out, and by half-past four we are proceeding in the grey dawn. Being on the wrong side of the ridge, we have no glimpses of the rising sun, but I can spare an occasional glance at the delicate tints of the clouds on the Furggen Joch below, and at the progress of light on the snow mountains in our rear. Meanwhile, we have overtaken a stout Englishman, who pauses to let us go by—a stalwart man of forty, who does not seem to take naturally to climbing. On our way down we met him a long distance below the summit, where he arrived about noon. His leading guide subsequently told me that the man seemed utterly incompetent. The guide would say: "Now put your right foot there and your left there," and he would plant his foot directly between. At the Shoulder the guide urged him to return, telling him that they could not possibly get down again before dark, but the man only said: "I *will* go! I *will* go!" So they continued to the summit; but it was eleven o'clock at night before they returned to the Schwarz-see Hotel, when the Englishman was so exhausted that he could hardly stand, and had to be fed with bouillon and champagne. Yet he at first insisted on returning to Zermatt the same night, but was finally overruled. Such persons are unfit to climb so difficult a mountain. If bad weather had supervened, or if so heavy and clumsy a man had slipped, the death of the whole party would have been the probable result.

About half-past five we arrive at the old upper hut, now disused and filled with ice. Its position is considered insecure, as it is thought that this entire ledge will tumble off some day. Here are some of our predecessors just finishing their meal, and we also halt for our second breakfast. At this point a portion of the provisions and all other superfluities are left behind, as now the way becomes more difficult. My ice-axe, by the advice of the guides, had been laid aside far below, and we see others deposited in various places along the route. One of the guides, however, carries his for our use on the snow slopes above, having slung it across his shoulders, so that he can use both hands in climbing. From this point up to the so-called Shoulder, a narrow projecting ridge covered with snow, the way winds along the north-east *arête*, generally on its left, or east, side, but sometimes directly on its edge, or at the right, so that the glaciers of the northern slope are also visible. We proceed very comfortably, finding nothing in the least alarming, though possibly some persons might call it so, to be able to look down upon either side, for a distance of several thousand feet, at angles varying from forty to seventy or eighty degrees. The grade, too, is rather steep; sometimes perpendicular. But the rocks are irregular, and there is usually a fair foot and hand hold in the so-called "chimneys." On

one occasion only, under such conditions, did I fail to find a projection that I could grasp with my hands, when Aymonod promptly said: "Take hold of the rope," which he was then holding firmly. This I did, and in a moment was standing beside him. In all places of especial difficulty Aymonod, as is customary, scrambles up before. I wait until he is firmly fixed, and make my way up after, while he is holding the rope tight and hauling it in as I advance. Then perhaps we both pause for the guide in the rear to follow, Aymonod grasping the rope beyond me so that if the rear guard should slip, the pull will not drag me off my feet, but will come on the strong arm of the leading guide. Usually, however, the rear guard scrambles up without such precaution, thus avoiding unnecessary delay.

MISS ANNIE S. PECK.

A little above the second hut is a precipitous ledge called the Moseley Platte, a place where some years ago Dr. Moseley of Boston slipped and fell, sliding down to the glacier three thousand feet below. This was one of the worst cases of foolhardiness on record. On the way down, Dr. Moseley had insisted upon having the rope untied, contrary to regulations. Five minutes after, he slipped, and all for him was over.

Of course, one is so situated during a large part of the time that if one should slip and were not held by the rope, he would slide two, three, or four thousand feet down to one of the glaciers on either side. This, however, is not properly called dangerous. A place is dangerous in the mountaineering sense where a good climber cannot be secure of his footing. A place is *not* dangerous where a slip would prove fatal, if such that a good climber is in no danger of slipping. This was the state of affairs on the Matterhorn on the day of my ascent. There was no point where there was any occasion for a slip on the part of an experienced climber, except the places that were guarded by ropes, and here these were a sufficient safeguard. On the other hand, when some of the rocks are covered with a few inches of snow, and others are encased with a thin coating of ice, there is real danger all along the route; and however careful one may be to set out only under the most favourable conditions, a sudden change of weather when he is near the summit may render his descent extremely perilous. A spot called Burkhardt's Ledge is a reminder of such a possibility. A snow-storm overtook the party near the summit, and in ten hours they succeeded in descending only as far as one would ordinarily come in two. Here they remained over night. In the morning Mr. Burkhardt was too exhausted to proceed. His friend and the two guides went off and left him, and when assistance arrived a few hours later, he was dead. Others, however, have descended in safety under similar conditions, but Mr. Burkhardt is said to have been insufficiently clad, to have been an inexperienced climber, and to have had incompetent and untrustworthy guides.

A short distance below the Shoulder is the site of another fatal accident, where a slip of one member of the party caused the fall of Mr. Clarz and his two guides to the Matterhorn glacier, which in 1865 had received three of the victims of the first Matterhorn tragedy.

The long snow slope at the Shoulder we find in splendid condition. Steps have been cut by preceding climbers, the snow is hard and firm, and there is a fine large rope extending over the whole distance. It is a little awkward to grasp the rope at this moderate angle, still the snow is easily and safely traversed. One writer calls the Shoulder a fearful spot, and speaks of going over the *arête* beyond, sometimes on hands and knees, sometimes astride. At that time the rocks had a thin coating of snow and ice, which rendered such methods of locomotion along the sharp and narrow *arête* desirable, if not necessary. Now, however, it was destitute of these unpleasant accessories, so that in walking across I did not feel the need of the proffered hand of my guide.

Not far from the Shoulder is a rocky ledge affording sufficient space to sit down, where a second halt for refreshment is made, and the remainder of our eatables deposited until our return; the rule "Eat little and often" being a wise one to follow on a difficult climb.

Soon after we reach what would be the most dangerous part of the journey, if the whole distance were not hung with ropes. I had received various reports of its difficulty, some declaring that there were chains to be mounted hand over hand; others, that it was as easy as possible. My own experience was that this was the nicest part of the climb. The ropes, with two exceptions, seemed new and strong, and in two places there were iron chains in addition. Then I had always the additional support of the rope around my waist, if one of the others had broken or the fastening-staple given way. So one at a time we scrambled up the rocks with ease and rapidity, though the incline was from forty to eighty degrees, mostly eighty, and the rocks so smooth that it would have been disagreeable to ascend them without such assistance. There were, in fact, no secure hand or foot holds, yet our nail-studded shoes could gain enough support from the rock to be of material assistance by relieving our arms of some portion of our weight. The distance thus covered by ropes is probably one or two hundred yards. At the right of this point, where the slope is less steep, the first party ascended; but it is easier to climb a really precipitous ledge with the aid of a rope than a moderate incline. It was there that young Hadow fell, dragging three of his companions to death four thousand feet below.

Having surmounted the steepest place by means of the ropes, we pass to the right

of the *arête*, since at the left the cliff is so steep that it actually overhangs. Now we advance over an easier grade of rocks, more or less sprinkled with snow, until we arrive about half-past nine at the summit. It was, indeed, a moment of satisfaction to stand at last upon this famous peak, fourteen thousand seven hundred and five feet above the sea. The most dangerous and tiresome part of the journey was yet before me, but the ascent had proved so easy that I felt no apprehension, and enjoyed to the full the magnificent prospect before us. The summit is a narrow ridge about three hundred feet long, the highest point of which, the Swiss summit, is not far from the east end. Here I stood and waved to the friends below, who I knew were watching through the telescope at the Mount Cervin. My arrival at the summit, I afterwards learned, was celebrated by an earthquake, which we did not feel at all, but which gave a slight shock at Zermatt at the moment of my arrival above.

It was Aymonod's twenty-seventh ascent of the Matterhorn, and the best, he said, that he had ever made. There was no wind even on the summit, the weather was comfortably warm, the mountain in excellent condition, and the prospect the finest he had ever witnessed. In addition to the familiar neighbouring peaks which one sees from the Schwarz-see and the Gorner Grat, the snowy Dent Blanche, the rocky peaks of the Gabelhorn and Rothhorn, the beautiful sharp Weisshorn, the lofty Mischabel Horns and the great snowy masses which cover and surround Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Breithorn, and the beautiful twins Castor and Pollux, we behold the Maritime and Graian Alps, the western ranges of the Tyrol, the Jungfrau and its neighbours in the Bernese Oberland, and the massive summit of royal Mont Blanc. Near at hand, though far below, green valleys, dusky woods, dark lakes, and verdant slopes appear among the lofty pyramids, towers, and battlements of rock and snow; in the distance, row upon row of hoary mountain peaks rise like the waves of the sea, desolate, grand, and imposing; while a bed of fleecy white clouds beneath, stretching away towards the south, adds variety and charm to the glorious panorama.

But I fancy I hear someone inquiring, "Well, did it pay?" to which the following incident seems apropos. An American gentleman asked an Englishman who had just made the ascent of the Matterhorn to tell him about it. "Why," replied the Englishman, "there is nothing to tell. I went up and then I came down again, and that is all there is of it."

"But," said the American, still hoping to extract some information, "what kind of a view did you have?"

"View!" answered the Englishman. "View! I didn't look at the view! Climbers go for the climb; they don't go for the view!"

While the folly of the Englishman in not looking at the view is as undeniable as exceptional, he is undoubtedly right in his statement that climbers go not for the view, but for the climb, so that the question "Did it pay?" which generally follows an assertion that the view was magnificent, is wholly inappropriate. Would the enjoyment of any view, however beautiful, for ten or for thirty minutes, compensate for toiling twelve or fifteen hours, sleeping on a board shelf, rising at unseemly hours, being deprived of ordinary fare, suffering from cold or heat, to say nothing of possible risk of life, if these things were regarded as hardships to be endured only for the sake of the view which might possibly be gained from some mountain top? Yet such a climb is enjoyed, not simply for the exercise, varied and exciting though it be, and for the elation which victory inspires, but also for the intimate acquaintance thus gained with the mountain. Familiarity with tremendous cliffs, glaciers, and snow slopes does not breed contempt. Every moment of the day the grandeur of the scene is an inspiration which culminates only at the summit.

A half-hour has quickly passed, and reluctantly we turn our steps downward; yet we prefer to cross the snow slopes before they have grown too soft, and to take no risk of being benighted on this rocky pyramid. The descent in the main is uneventful, the ropes again proving the most interesting portion of the way. Here, as I was allowing myself almost to slide down a rope, not taking pains every time to get a secure footing, I suddenly lost my footing altogether, and swung around with my back to the face of the cliff to a point where one *might* have dropped as far as young Hadow. My only thought as I dangled in mid-air was of vexation that I should have slipped at all; for my grip of the hanging rope was perfectly good, and a little pull from Aymonod, on the rope around my waist, brought me back to where I belonged. The utmost caution was really employed by all, and I

was gratified by making no slip where it was of the slightest consequence. We arrived at the hut about four o'clock, having consumed as much time in the descent as in the ascent, the ordinary proportion in difficult rock climbing; though some persons go down more rapidly, and others more slowly, than they have gone up. The guides gathered up such of our belongings as we had left here—among others, my skirt, which I had preferred to dispense with during the climb—and after a short rest we continued down to the Schwarz-see Hotel, where we arrived in time for the six o'clock dinner. With a little effort on the part of the guides we might easily have reached Zermatt at the same hour; even then I could have descended in time for the second *table d'hôte*; but, having decided to take the matter easily, I dismiss my guides and remain over night at the Schwarz-see Hotel, returning comfortably to Zermatt the following morning, full of delightful recollections of my perfect day on the Matterhorn, slightly indignant with those friends who had marred my otherwise joyful anticipations by their foolish forebodings, and hoping that I may be able to do it again some day.

THE SONG OF THE LEAVES.

The dead leaves sighed to the passing wind:
Carry us
Far, far from here on thy mighty wings!
Away to realms of forgotten things,
Where the unwept dead a grave may find,
Carry us!

The dead leaves sighed to the flying dust:
Cover us!
That the butterflies flitting overhead
May see us not, unlovely and dead,
Hide us from sight, for decay we must.
Cover us!

The dead leaves sighed to the chilling rain:
Weep for us!
For we shall blend with the roadside slime,
And they who saw us in summer's prime
Shall passing by, know us not again.
Weep for us!

The dead leaves sighed to the falling snow:
Bury us!
Bury us deep in untrodden ways,
Far from the glory of bygone days,
Far from the summer of long ago,
Bury us!

So the keen wind blew them far away;
The dust enwrapped them in clouds of gray,
The rain wept over their early doom,
And the white snow silently built their tomb.

BEATRICE J. PRALL.

By Y. STEWART, COMEDIAN.

IT was on a very wet evening that I arrived at the little town of Sandbach-on-Stour to live for a week among the members of a travelling circus company. I could scarcely have chosen a worse night to arrive; and as I drove in the Crown omnibus from the station to the hotel, to deposit my modest valise, which contained a wardrobe condensed to its smallest bulk, so as not to inconvenience my host, I literally could not see out of the blurred windows. A little refreshment, and then I sallied forth macintoshed but umbrellaless, and led by the distant strains of brazen instruments I made my way to where ghostly wagons of abnormal proportions stood shrouded and desolate, while a "monstre" tent swayed and bent under its weight of moisture, and small but malicious water-jets percolated through treacherous eyelet-holes, to find their way down the backs of admiring gallery boys, or to fall with elemental impartiality upon the bald head of the Mayor in the stalls, who has given his patronage and who has already moved his seat four times. Gaily, but with a fierce and aggressive gaiety, the lights flared and hissed round the ring, and in spite of the weather the tent was packed.

As I went in the scene was almost indescribable. The audience were excitedly absorbed in what seemed to be the last few rounds of a lady rider in muslins, who, holding by the ring of the pad, leapt to earth every other moment and then back on to the horse, which, under the joint persuasion of the ringmaster's whip and the well assumed enthusiasm of the gentlemen in uniform, who seemed to revolve in a very small circle in the centre of the ring, had much accelerated his pace. Round and round galloped the practised steed; the lady cheered him on; the band brayed; the gentlemen shouted, and the audience clapped, unmindful of the humid mist that dimmed the prospect, and all unaware or wilfully ignoring the fact that at three spots at least in the ring the water streamed upon the pad and the lady's upturned face; while the make-up of our friend the clown was becoming very streaky, and more than one of the audience drew uneasily aside and looked wistfully at his umbrella. At last the act was over, the lady was assisted from her horse—a work of supererogation as it appeared to me—and with lots of mud clinging to her shoes, danced back into the arena in response to a well-earned round

of applause. She unfortunately made her obeisance just under one of the most vicious of the water-jets, which streamed down her face and neck, and changed her sweet smile of gratitude into a most genuine and pardonable expression of discomfort and vexation.

I was scarcely less unfortunate in my choice of a "coign of vantage," and, moist and uncomfortable, I made my way round to find my friend the manager. I came upon him in a stout portable sentry-box, with a small shelf protruding from a pigeon-hole—a shelf which the shillings and sixpences of many an audience had rubbed quite hollow. He was making up his "returns," as the schedule of the night's receipts is called; so finding that, like the monarch in the nursery legend, "he was in his counting-house, counting out his money," I left him to his congenial occupation, and proceeded to look up acquaintances in the dressing-tent. This to one not altogether used to the pathways of a circus settlement is no easy matter. First of all, the huge tent is, of course, circular, and it is necessary to proceed round it on a much larger circumference in order to avoid ropes and tent-pegs. Light is conspicuous by its absence, and one soon finds oneself in collision with the bill inspector's trap, which is surely ubiquitous, so often does one seem to bump against it in the course of one evening. To avoid this obstruction one trips over the inevitable ropes, and splashes in an undignified hop, skip, and jump through the mud, which once was turf, till another stumble occurs, eliciting this time a shrill cry from some enterprising youngsters who, in spite of rain and mud, are lying prostrate in the endeavour to obtain an economical view of the magic scene within by raising the hem of the canvas, or through some convenient peephole. Passing a large wagon from which came the sound of eight or ten feminine voices all going at once, proclaiming it to be the ladies' dressing-room, even had not a goloshed and waterproofed figure flitted across me and up the steps, I found the gentlemen's tent, where the artists changed and rechanged from uniform to performing dress as their turns came and went, while the specialty artists—who are stars in their way, and are engaged simply to go through their performance and nothing more—sat about on benches growling at the rain. The ground of the dressing-room was a sea of mud, on which rocked boards of various dimensions, procured whence I know not, and connected by a bridge-way of planks such as one sees laid down for the more easy propulsion of wheelbarrows in a brickfield.

I flatter myself that my advent, Blondin-like, on one of these planks relieved the apartment of that depression in which the rain had naturally enshrouded it. The scene was one of the most fantastic possible: men in blue evening-dress uniform picked their way among riders in white fleshings and blue or crimson trunks, who, seated precariously on stools and benches, tilted their slippered feet in the air to avoid the splashing of a see-sawing plank. Across to me came a comical figure with white face and red patches, an ordinary "billy-cock" hat perched on his tufted wig, a drab ulster partially obscuring his clown's dress, and a very large pair of pattens protecting his rosetted shoes from the mud. Above all and around all the uncertain flaring of the oil torches casting gigantic shadows on the canvas walls, and when they blew low calling forth noisy objurgations from the artists who were making up and had not too much time in which to do it. A copious supply of hot ale from a neighbouring hostelry tended to mend matters still more, and busy though everyone was, there soon appeared an heroic effort to bear the terrible discomfort with cheerfulness, so that when I left them to continue my explorations there was among them quite a satisfactory air of equanimity. I may mention here that hot ale under such circumstances is not only wholesome and promotes a generous warmth, but for permanent effect is superior to either spirits or tea. The ladies, too, had not been forgotten, so, as I passed their wagon and was recognised, quite a charming chorus of thanks burst upon my dark path. Another few minutes of imminent risk of breaking ankles and head, and I stumble into the stables, where I found tempers too far gone for repair—the equine temper is quite as susceptible to atmospheric influences as that of humanity. The ring-horses were all in temporary stalls nearest to the circus, and as one was being led out and I remarked the expression of his eyes, I did not envy the performer. Our friend of the wet pad was standing there, the picture of dejection. Perhaps the only one who looked in any way fit was the young trick mare "Baby"; but clothed as she was in hood and cloths, and from the fact that her mistress had just given her four lumps of sugar, she was scarcely an object of commiseration. Further along were some of the draught-horses, most

of which, however, were billeted in dry stables at the inn, for they have a night's work to do which is one of monotonous toil, the dragging of heavy wagons along heavy drenched roads, and under a steady drizzling downpour. From this tent I came to one which was but a high canvas shed, and here the elephants were. True to their instincts, they saluted me with the waving trunk of mendicity, but as it was just their time for the arena, we had not much opportunity for a "chat." I followed the cumbrous animals almost to the ring-side, and was amused to find some of them solemnly commencing their performance before they reach it by prematurely walking on three legs.

A shout from behind me warned me to clear away to make room for a troop of ponies with monkeys, real and artificial, as jockeys, and as I knew this "concluded the evening's entertainment," I slipped across to have a "snack" of supper before witnessing a real, true, "behind-the-scenes" phase of circus life. While men, women, and sleepy but happy children are discussing the wonders of the show in their rustic homes over the frugal rasher and a pint of home-brewed ale, the circus man continues his toil, which increases to a magnitude beside which the mere public show sinks into utter insignificance. That huge tent and all its satellites must come down; that vast round of seats, benches, scaffold-poles, frames, feeding-troughs, pegs, and ropes; the wardrobe, the housing of the horses, all must be packed, and packed so that they may be found and replaced at a moment's notice. The animals must be fed, the men and women too; and this great moving town must be got under way, and, with the exception of the sawdust and trodden turf, all must vanish as completely as Aladdin's palace or "the fabric of a dream, and leave not a wrack behind."

"All hands to the tilt!" is now the cry, and away everybody goes to his appointed station. In the dark I have a rope thrust into my hands, and on inquiring as to what I am to do, I receive the laconic order, "Pull!" I pull; my feet slip, and I stumble against the next man, who growls. I cannot describe the collapse of the vast canvas erection, but in the imperfect light it seems to me that the wet pulpy mass is singularly obedient to the persuasive powers of the large circle of men who are striving to command its movements. There is a good deal of shouting, but I have only received one order, and that is "Pull!" so I am still pulling. All goes well for a few minutes, till by a slow but steady and most imperative tendency I seem to be slipping forward, and I discover that from some unseen influence on the further side, I am reduced from my proud attitude of *puller* to the humiliating position of *pullee*. Ropes rush rapidly past me, some grazing my shins, one taking the skin off my ear, while I dexterously slip out of the embrace

A COMICAL FIGURE.

of another; so that, having a powerful aversion to giving an imitation of Laocöon or the infant Hercules, I drop my rope and retire to where a group, by the light of "the lantern dimly burning," were stowing away minor canvases in the huge receptacles in the under parts of the road-wagons; but in each place finding myself more and more in the way, I become at once as ornamental as any one of the specialty artists whom I found awaiting their less talented brethren in the bar of the inn. Here I have a chat with the lion-tamer, who upsets all my preconceived notions of the deportment necessary in the "den." Macomo, who was for many years

with Manders, always told me that it was absolutely fatal to turn one's back on the lions. Van Amburgh used to say that the articulation of actual words had the greatest influence on the fears of the beasts. Another believed that the tamer ought to know the animals from their infancy. My new friend not only pooh-poohed all these theories, but by going one day during my visit into the den, throwing himself on his face and allowing the lions to climb over him, and finally to bury him under their bodies, he practically illustrated the truth of his argument. While we were talking the "band" (never an *orchestra* in a circus) came in. Poor fellows! I think they have the hardest time of any. They are all "wind" except the percussion instruments, and they enter the town blowing, they parade blowing, they blow all the afternoon with the exception of the grateful moments of the clown's funniments, and similarly all the evening, and then help with the "tilt." They had come for supper, and had one or two funny stories to tell of the persistent efforts of the rain "to put out their sound," as one quaintly expressed it.

Our next pitch was only thirteen miles off, so we did not start till four, though some of the heavier vehicles moved off, I believe, an hour earlier. The rain was still falling heavily when, after an abbreviated night's rest, we started. Sloshing through pools, for I was in a light cart (the obstructive vehicle of the bill inspector aforementioned), under the dripping leaves of the trees on either side—which, in spite of a macintosh closely secured round the neck, managed to deposit tepid drops down one's back—in that muggy afterdawn of a summer morning we drove on till we came up with the main body of our caravan. Large, ponderous, broad-wheeled wagons drawn by elephants, and containing perhaps less valuable but not such hardy animals, loomed upon us in the weird half light, and we followed them, because we could not pass them till we came upon the sign of the Pheasant standing back from the road where it branches east towards B——.

Here was the first halt, and man and beast had to be refreshed in accordance with the hospitable conditions of the time-honoured signboard. It was to me a novel sight, this huge procession extending hundreds of yards along the road, and to observe the crowd of men who emerged like rats from all sorts of impossible places. One clown, I remember, who in the parade drove a donkey tandem, slept on a bench behind them in a portable stable, shared also by two piebald ponies, which enjoyed the dignity later of being driven by the manager's little daughter, gorgeous in blue satin.

After a mighty descent upon the resources of the Pheasant, we got under way again, and the rain clearing off, the rest of our journey was warm and pleasant.

It needed no quartermaster to map out the oft-visited camping-ground at B——, but there was the usual bustle and apparent confusion as each wagon took up its position; and one could not but admire the precision with which each man fell naturally into his place, nor the expedition with which the vast fabric rose, rivalling the rapidity of its disappearance the night before. Lively smoke arose from some of the living-wagons, and betrayed preparations for breakfast; so I took the liberty of knocking at one door, and received a smiling welcome through the open windows from the four ladies who occupied it. I need not add a cordial invitation to breakfast followed.

They had been up some time, and their beds, set in the sides like the berths in a ship, were neatly packed up and curtained over. The kettle was over a spirit-lamp, and in a secure stove a small fire had been lighted, and already the appetising odour of a rasher tickled the olfactory nerves. I sat down on a locker, and was soon engaged in demolishing a meal I was quite ready for, and enjoying the friendly chat and racy experiences of my fair friends. Circus women may be illiterate (and by no means all are so), but they are hard-working, kind-hearted, and good: a class for which I have most profound respect. One of my hostesses was the lady whom I had seen perform the night before on the wet pad. I expressed the hope that she had not caught cold. "I *never* do," she replied emphatically. "Nellie does," she added, indicating a fair comrade with her fork. "Awful!" "And you nurses me up!" rejoined Nellie quickly. "Do I? And what did you do after I had my accident?" "Had you an accident?" I asked, always anxious for information. "Oh, yes! I had a strange 'orse one night for my 'oops and balloons act, and 'is stride was awful uneven. The ringmaster 'e tried his whip on 'im, and made 'im wuss. I sauced 'im and coaxed 'im by turns, for I was scared of the balloons; the 'oops I could see where I was goin'. Well, up went the bloomin' balloons, and my Bill wots at Brum now, he whispers to me as I faked past the first time refusin'

each. 'Be careful, Maudie,' says he. Hanged if the first one I took a bit o' the tissue flew straight into the brute's eye—I mean the 'orse," she interpolated with a laugh. "He shied towards the centre; I just touched the pad with my left big toe and went 'wop' on to the ring-doors and broke my jaw."

"'Urry up, old girl. I've got the props to look to," chimed in one whom I afterwards learnt was assistant wardrobe mistress.

On leaving them there was little to relate till the parade, the preparations for which were somewhat interesting. After the high gilded and bemirrored structures had been unsheeted, various ladies in classical dress, and many gentlemen in dresses which set all sartorial law at defiance, ascended to their appointed places. I remarked to one lady who was gazing up at the elevated seat she was compelled to occupy that it appeared to me dangerous. "Oh, no," she replied, "it's safe enough, but the wobbling does make your head ache." Just then my friend "'Urry up" appeared attired as Britannia, and gave me her trident to hold while she "'urried up" a ladder to the topmost seat of the highest wagon; a nimble nymph relieved me of the trident. It was bewildering, if gratifying, to be hailed by name by a Canadian Indian, a negro, a Hindoo, and a Caucasian of doubtful race, who represented the four quarters of the globe over which her Majesty holds sway. Others climbed like monkeys up to their perches: the horses, brushed up and fed, looked wonderfully fresh, while the exhaustless energy and dignity of the stately elephants and the ornamental appearance and supercilious bearing of the Bactrian camels added lustre to the procession. The long-suffering band in pseudo-military uniform ascended their carriage. "Simple Simon" and his donkey tandem were there; so were the piebalds and the little girl in blue satin. A long line of cavaliers with their working trousers hastily thrust into very long russet boots, but gorgeous as to tunic and feathers, rode along with all that careless grace which induces the village youth to dream of all the happiness and grandeur of circus life. Poor fellows! This is their one gleam of personal triumph, their oasis in a desert of malodorous straw and incessant toil—this moment when their eyes meet the admiring gaze, and their ears catch the buzz of envy from the rustic crowd. Then came the ladies in long riding-habits of various hues. There was Nellie, who takes cold, and Maudie, who does not. And so, amid a crash of music and a glitter of tinsel, the strange heterogeneous procession wends its way through and round the town like a mammoth snake of many colours, back to the camping-ground again. A hurried lunch, lots of work for the men and not a little for the women, and the afternoon show begins, completing practically, as far as we are concerned, a round of the clock in the daily life of the circus-performer.

I must now pass on to one or two of the incidents with which that week seemed to teem. I have described the dressing-tent in the rain. It is much more pleasant, I need scarcely say, when the sun shines through and shows up the texture of the canvas. Then good humour prevails, the merry joke and good-natured badinage whiz from one to the other, only to be caught, laughed at, and hurled back again. The clowns are the greatest talkers, and to hear four of them, as I did one day, discussing the political situation with the utmost seriousness and animation, yet dressed and made up according to their different lines—the jester, the acrobat, the zany, and the Pierrot—had a strange significance for me; I had so often heard the same vexed questions discussed by greater fools in evening dress.

One of my drollest experiences was when I got a rider on to the subject of his foreign travel, during which he had picked up a smattering of four or five languages, and jumbled them up in such a manner as would frighten the greatest philologist of the age. For instance, he told me he had lived in Paris a long time. When he first went there were only two circuses, the "Cirky de Heevy" (phonetically), and the "Cirky de Hetty"!

One of the drollest stories I heard in the tent was that of a jockey act rider who, having celebrated his birthday too early in the day, missed his footing when jumping from the centre of the ring on to a bare-back horse, and when asked the reason, naïvely replied, "Confound it, I saw two horses, and jumped for the wrong one!" This reminded the lion-tamer of an occasion when he too had dined "not wisely, but too well," and, on going into the menagerie between performances, to his horror he saw a beast of terrible aspect led by a creature so frightful in appearance that, lion-tamer as he was, he fled. It turned out to be an infantile yak calf led by a hunchbacked dwarf who had just joined the show.

Do not let me forget my dear old elephants. I went out into the paddock where they wandered about when not in the ring, and having procured a huge bag of stale buns from a neighbouring baker, I soon had half-a-dozen of the noble beasts standing in a semicircle round me. With the utmost impartiality I distributed the buns, and when the last was gone, to impress upon them the fact that the feast was over, I crumpled up the bag and threw it away. I then raised my hat to my guests, and turned to go. Then I discovered, for the first time, that I was not alone in the enjoyment of my entertainment; the hedgerow of the field was lined the ring, and at the awe-inspiring tinkle of a muffin-bell (as it seemed to me), started to gallop vigorously round the ring; but no sooner had they commenced to race than a collision occurred, and in a moment an empty chariot was seen careering through the ring doors, while a Roman centurion was to be seen seated on the sawdust with a lugubrious expression of countenance, and muttering what I am sure was Latin—the only thing Roman about him.

One night, when "on the road" in a shady lane, an exciting incident, which might have been very serious, occurred. By some mysterious means never discovered,

THE WHOLE TROOP, WITH OUTSTRETCHED TRUNKS, WERE FOLLOWING ME, IN SILENT IMITATION OF OLIVER TWIST WHEN HE ASKED "FOR MORE."

by interested spectators, who suddenly burst into a roar of merriment. Startled by its suddenness, I turned to find the cause, whereupon I saw the whole troop, with outstretched trunks, following me "with solemn stride and slow," in silent imitation of Oliver Twist when he asked "for more."

A chariot race which we tried one afternoon showed the futility of attempting in an ordinary circus to imitate the colossal American shows. In our case the result was comical. Three glorified milk-carts, each drawn by three ponies, and each driven by a fierce-looking groom, made up with a very red face, but with very dirty hands, and attired as a Roman centurion, dashed into a living-wagon was found to be on fire. A dull blue smoke and a choky smell, which was attributed to the burning of some refuse in the fields, was the first indication; but presently a stoppage and a commotion told us something was wrong; and soon on running forward we saw a puff of flame burst from underneath. Fortunately water was near at hand, and willing hands were not wanting; buckets were handed along; but what I admired most was the way in which Maudie and "'Urry up," in very scanty attire, worked and materially aided in the speedy suppression of the arch-enemy of showmen.

It was with genuine and unqualified regret that I parted from my travelling

comrades, and with many good wishes, which I here reciprocate, I drove away at the week end to catch my train, heavily laden with a new knowledge of a strange life, and of men and women who work hard, and of whose natures the public know little, and lots to think of and relate of one of the most eventful weeks I ever enjoyed.

A ROMAN CENTURION IN DIFFICULTIES.

A VIGIL OF FOUR CORNERS.

I.

I, too, was rapt in Patmos: a still chamber
White-walled about a whiter, stiller bed;
The pall of my Beloved spread four-cornered:
The Angels of the Four Winds watched my dead.

II.

"*Hurt not the Earth, O Angel of the North Wind*"—

Nay—for by love-lanes that her feet have pressed
Thy Best-Beloved goeth gay and gladsome,
To cradle in her mother's warm, brown breast.
But charge the West Wind, wind of birth and budding,
To breathe upon thy slain that she may live—
Sift love from death, O Angel of the West Wind,
Within the righteous measure of thy sieve.

III.

"*Hurt not the Sea, O Angel of the South Wind*"—

Nay—since by breakers hushed to sleeping tide
Thy Best-Beloved passeth through deep waters,
Where white, reefed sails at blissful anchor ride.
But charge the North Wind, wind of cheer and cleansing,
To set the captives of Corruption free—
Let down thy net, O Angel of the North Wind,
And reap the vintage of Death's deep, doomed sea.

IV.

"*Hurt not the Trees, O Angel of the East Wind*"—

Nay—since by shady paths of flow'r-flecked green
Thy Best-Beloved, meekly borne, departeth—
Almond, and Rose, and Myrtle, for a Queen.
East, West, North, South, strong winds of hearts' home-bringing,
Across my Best-Beloved's pillow blow—
Breathe on my slain, Breath from the World's Four Corners—
Awake—and bid love's buried spices flow.

V.

Beat, burning wings, and bear me up from Patmos—
Shine, star-sealed brows, from out your midnight hair—
Break, Day, wake, Winds, and stir the sleeping lilies—
Patmos is Eden Eastward, built Foursquare.

E. M. HEWITT.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE SIGHTS IN NATURE.

THE SOUTHERN GODWIT (LIMOSA NOVÆ ZEALANDIÆ).

By JAMES BUCKLAND.

IF the belief we entertained as children that people at our antipodes walked with their heads downwards were true, this gymnastic mode of progression would be scarcely more marvellous than the astounding fact that there is a bird in New Zealand which flies every year over an expanse of ocean in distance equal to one-third of the earth's circumference, to breed in the Arctic regions of the Northern Hemisphere. In the long list of the wonders of natural history there is nothing more remarkable than this almost incredible aërial journey from one side of the world to the other.

THE NEW ZEALAND GODWIT.

The southern godwit, or, to call it by its

Maori name, the kuaka, is a long-billed, slender-legged bird, varying in length from fourteen to eighteen inches. In colour it is, roughly speaking, stone grey above and white beneath. The breast is rufous in spring and tawny white in autumn. Many of the feathers on the upper parts, those of the tail especially, are crossed with markings of greyish brown. In every flock there are several birds with the under surface much suffused with red. When this occurs the plumage of the upper parts is dark grey, conspicuously mottled with brown.

The kuaka in March is grossly fat, and if properly roasted and eaten cold is well fitted for the table. This circumstance makes the season of "curlew-shooting"—as it is locally called—a time eagerly anticipated by sportsmen. But it is no easy matter to shoot a kuaka. I doubt if the instinctive knowledge of the proximity of man common to all wild nature is developed to a higher degree in any animal than in this same bird. Even when feeding upon the widest tracts of sand or mud, it is shy and wary to a degree, and has to be stalked with as much caution and cunning as a moose. Perhaps the favourite of the several methods of approaching it, when it is feeding on an extensive area of sand-banks, is to creep up under cover of a horse. But even this tedious and difficult business does not always carry with it its own reward. Frequently, after crawling, snail-like, for miles in a stooping and uncomfortable position, one hears the warning cry just as he is getting within range, and has to content himself with the sight of some small grey, shadow-like figures rapidly flitting from his view. It is not good to be near a man when this happens, for he is apt to restore his nervous equilibrium — as an eminent physician so happily puts it—in a startling and forcible manner. On the other hand, when one is successful in creeping within range, and gets both barrels well into the rising mass, his feelings are too ecstatic for words.

Another method of approaching the kuaka is to do so from the water, the head and shoulders of the sportsman being covered with kelp, or the branches of shrubs. This is a plan which is employed, with a considerable amount of success, in creeks where the channel is fairly deep, and where the feeding ground of the bird is limited to narrow mud-banks.

To pass from sport to slaughter, the simplest and most effective way of making a big bag of kuaka is the following. On account of the far-reaching ramifications of the east and west coast harbours on either hand of the Isthmus of Auckland, the North Island, at this point, is no more than a few miles broad—in one place, indeed, it dwindles down to one single mile. The tides, of course, alternate, and the kuaka, when driven by the rising sea from the one side, crosses to the other, where the shallow water is already receding from its feeding grounds. As a rule, it flies far beyond the reach of powder and shot; but in wet, easterly weather the air of suspicion and caution, which at other times seems to spread all around this bird, deserts it, and it flies low. On such days, all one has to do is to lurk, like a murderer, in some spot known to be favourable for the purpose, and to blaze into a flock as it passes overhead. I am ashamed to say how many kuaka I have shot in one day in this manner.

As New Zealand approaches its northern extremity the narrow neck of high flat land sinks away to a wilderness of sand-hills, and then, as if rebounding like a ball, suddenly springs upwards, to culminate in a bold headland which comes down sheer into deep water. This headland is Te Reinga, the earthly portal, according to the belief of the old New Zealander, by which disembodied spirits entered the realms of the dead. Eastward of this promontory is a bay—Spirits Bay—girded with sand. The place poetically takes its name from the old Maori superstition. At night, when the natives heard the rustle of the wings of some belated bird passing overhead, they whispered to one another that a spirit was passing to its rest. It is a wild spot, swept by eternal winds. No habitation of man is to be seen, no pathway to be found; to the imagination it is just the sort of place where, at the end of the world, the last New Zealander would be likely to be found, cowering over a few smouldering embers, waiting for death.

But it is not from an ancient superstition of a race that is passing away that this dreary and inhospitable place derives its principal interest. It possesses an attraction far stronger than this to fix our attention. For fifty weeks in the year it is neglected and empty, the intense solitude which broods over all things seeming a presence in the air. Then, of a sudden, when March is drawing towards a close, it springs, as if by magic, into a fever of life, and becomes the scene of one of the most remarkable sights in nature.

Of all the spots to see the kuaka fly from the shores of New Zealand, Spirits Bay is the best.

In autumn at the Antipodes flocks of kuaka, in numbers of fifty to one thousand, flying always in the form of a crescent, may be seen trending up the coast towards Te Reinga. The stream is my face by a strong northerly wind. As I stumbled across the belt of sand-hills which fringed the shore, a strange sound, that half oppressed and half soothed the ear, became fitfully audible—a sound which, when a little later a gust of wind caught it and brought it to me in greater volume, drowned for a moment the moaning of the

THE BEACH WAS LITERALLY COVERED WITH KUAKA.

so continuous that it is remarked even by those who concern themselves little about such matters. Before April is three days old they have collected upon the sands of Spirits Bay in countless numbers, preparatory to their long flight to Asia.

Some years ago I witnessed the departure of the kuaka. It was a scene upon which my memory lingers. I made the latter part of the journey in tempestuous weather, a heavy rain being drifted into sea. I knew it to be a chorus of querulous cries proceeding from innumerable little throats, and, racing up the last ridge of sand which lay between me and the bay, I stood looking at the sight I had come so far to see. The beach was literally covered with kuaka; they seemed to be all indiscriminately huddled together where there was no room for half the number; while thousands were hovering overhead, in a vain attempt to find a footing, or were

trampling upon the backs of their fellows in the hope of ousting them from their places. From time to time the breaking surges sent the salt spray leaping far towards the land, whereat a grey cloud went whirling into the air with deafening clamour, to discharge itself again, after a few moments of rapid variation in density, upon the sands.

What with the lowering clouds, the wild and stormy ocean, the low, mournful sound which the wind drew from the thin, wiry grass of the sand-hills, with the swarm of birds which looked like grey billows in convulsion, it was altogether a peculiar and an interesting sight; and, natural though it was, it seemed unnatural.

During the afternoon flocks of kuaka kept pouring into the bay, each new lot adding to the mad unrest which made all the atmosphere.

As the day wore on the wind veered round to the west, the clouds fell asunder, the rain ceased, and a watery sun pressed softly out and tinged the sky and sea and land with a faint silvery lustre. Sunset by the shore is always a solemn time, and, as the brief day drew towards its close, I forgot the birds in the poetry and beauty of the hour.

I was recalled to practical matters by a sudden and violent ferment among the kuaka. Frequently they rose with a mighty rustle of beating pinions. After circling about in the air in an agitated and undecided manner they settled again. At length, just as the sun was dipping into the sea, an old cock uttered a strident call, clarion clear, and shot straight into the air, followed by an incalculable feathered multitude. Higher and higher rose the host until it was but a stain in the sky. At this stupendous altitude—in a moment of time as it seemed—the leader shaped his course due north and the stain melted into the night.

It was very impressive. There was something of the solemnity of a parting about it.

In this manner and for ten days flocks of kuaka continually arrive at and depart from Spirits Bay. At the expiration of that time the fleeting scene is closed, nothing remaining but a few scattered feathers to show that it once existed.

We are not able to follow it in its flight, but conscientious observers have noted its progress up the coast of Asia, and they tell us that in the first days of June the kuaka has reached a latitude in frigid Siberia as high as 74 deg. N.

With the coming of August—having meanwhile reared its brood—it begins the voyage to its southern home. As the young birds are at that time incapable of an extended flight, it returns much more leisurely than it went. On the way back it touches at many of the numerous clusters of islands in the three zones of the Pacific Ocean.

The spring sunshine at the end of October welcomes the wanderers home to Te Reinga.

The following April, at the same time as that of the previous year, even upon the same day—and this is a circumstance full of interest, for the advent and departure of migrants is in every other case regulated by the forwardness or lateness of the season, as the case may be—the kuaka again collects upon the sands of Spirits Bay to fly away to Asia.

In considering thoughtfully this remarkable migration, we find ourselves asking the questions, "Why should a bird take such an extraordinary flight?" and, "What was the primary cause which led to its wide geographical distribution?" The migratory habit of the godwit species is not a full answer. That instinct, powerful as it is, is not forceful enough in itself to draw a bird from one side of our planet to the other across a wide expanse of ocean.

Let us examine this matter more closely. There can be little doubt that, at one period of the Earth's history, New Zealand and the numerous islets situated at a greater or less distance from its shores were parts of a vanished continent. That the flora and the fauna of these remnants should be identical is proof of this. But this continent—although Australia does not appear to have belonged to it—possessed a geographical extension much greater than the area covered by these islands. Norfolk Island belonged to it, and this link carries us exactly in the direction we would go. A glance at the map suggests that between this point and Asia the distribution of land and sea was at one time very different from what it is now. Nor is proof wanting of this. At this particular part of the earth's crust there is a raised plateau at the bottom of the sea, bounded on either side by water of a profound depth. Moreover, it is a significant fact that the flora of some of these countries, very far distant, bears a striking resemblance to many New Zealand plants, the slight variation which exists being accounted for by climatic influences. Consequently it is by no means taking refuge in a daring hypothesis

to say that in bygone ages New Zealand was united more or less distinctly with India, and that by this continental bridge the former received a stream of immigrants from the North.

In time the connection ceased, and New Zealand stood isolated, as it is to-day. But no change took place in the traditional habits of the kuaka. Oceans might roll between, but the mysterious overpowering impulse to migrate lost none of its influence upon it. The substitution of a vast gulf for a continent could not turn it from its course. With unerring instinct, transmitted through countless generations, it follows in its flight to-day the one-time coastline of a land now sunk beneath the waves.

We must look for an explanation of the extraordinary power of flight it has acquired in the immutable law of the survival of the fittest. The weak fall exhausted by the way, while those that from age, feebleness, or some other cause remain behind, do not breed. "Who has ever seen the egg of a kuaka?" is a Maori proverb.

So we find this feathered wanderer defying time and change. Space cannot daunt it. Each year, as the old longing comes over it, it betakes itself to Te Reinga, and flies out over the ocean to the ultimate shores of the earth.

ONCE MORE.

So long, Beloved, so long I have been dumb—
    My heart has halted at the Gate of Speech,
    Since no far cry of mine your heart could reach—
But now the day that is your day has come:
As one who tells his rosary I sum
    The blessed years before the cruel breach
    That Death and Time have made. . . .
                Again I reach
Across the tide no mariner can plumb.

Ah, surely you have heard my voice at last—
    How could I live did you not bend to hear?—
    Your sigh it is that thrills my waiting ear;
        Your touch that on my trembling lips I feel,
        As if, anew, you set on them your seal,
Binding once more the Future to the Past.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"THE ENGLISH, THEY SAY, HAVE PASSED THE SOMME."

See "Stories of British Battles: Crecy."

STORIES OF BRITISH BATTLES.

THE CLOTH-YARD SHAFT: A TALE OF CRECY.

By J. D. SYMON.

I.—THE SHAFT FLIES WIDE.

THE day's hawking was over, and in the yellow light of an August evening the sportsmen, two youths of noble bearing, were returning to the rest and good cheer of a Kentish manor-house. As they reached a quiet glade, about a quarter of a mile from home, the younger of the companions, Walter de Mowbray, halted and turned to his henchman, who followed a few paces to the rear. "Hark ye, Martin," he exclaimed, "do thou go forward with the quarry and the falcons, and bid make ready for us at the Hall. I and my cousin Gilbert will follow at our ease."

The servant, a goodly youth, whose Saxon lineage was written in his eyes and hair, came up with a gesture of respect. Laying his load of game upon the sward for a moment, he received the hooded hawks from the wrists of his young masters and perched them upon his own. This done, he resumed his burden, and set off at a swinging pace down a leafy alley, where the velvet turf was barred by level shafts of sunlight and dark shadows cast by the stems of giant oak trees. But ere he went, Martin had looked narrowly at his master and his companion, as though he would divine the cause of his dismissal; and the aspect of the young men, who stood moodily waiting for him to be gone, had aroused strange forebodings in the servant's heart. Disobey he dared not, but if speed of foot could avail him aught, he might perform his errand and see the end of the matter too. And, as Martin hurried on his way, he prayed his patron that the end might be luckier than he feared.

"How now, cousin," Walter's comrade began when Martin had disappeared, "what new sport is afoot? Prithee be brief, for I am weary and supperless."

"As brief as you please, Gilbert. Look you, to-morrow you leave Mowbray, to-night my father will claim you, and I may not find opportunity to say my say. Your errand here bodes no good."

"Ho, ho, my cockerel!" Gilbert sneered, "that surely is for my uncle Ralph, your father, to say. Come I not as suitor for your sister's hand? Surely that were honest quest?"

"Ay, so 'tis said," Walter answered hotly; "but I tell thee, Gilbert de Ponthieu, I know thee better. God send thou wooest my sister honestly, but I know not how that may be! He that is traitor to his King can scarce be true to his lady."

"Cur, thou liest!" Gilbert returned fiercely, handling his dagger.

"Nay, I lie not. Listen, cousin," Walter continued, curbing his vehemence and speaking with gentle irony, "is it a lie that as you came hither from King Edward's Court you met one in the garb of a begging friar to whom you gave papers for Philip of France?"

"How know you that?——I would say, how dare you cast such slur upon mine honour! 'Tis false as the fiend—false, I tell thee! By Heaven, I swear it!——"

"Swear not at all, cousin. Nay, nor bluster nor oaths will avail thee aught at this pinch. Stay, thou wilt believe me if I tell thee the import of these papers, now, thank St. George, in my keeping!"

"Now thou betrayest thyself," Gilbert answered in cooler tones. "Art turned clerk, fair coz, that thou canst meddle with parchments? Come, confess, this is but a bow at a venture?"

"Small clerk am I, in good sooth, but, Gilbert, this is no chance shot. Mark you, these papers gave account of King Edward's new armament for France. How say you now?"

"It needs small skill to invent such fables. This is poor feigning. Keep to thy woodcraft, for thou art but a babe in statecraft, Walter. This trifling cannot scare me."

"But this ring," Walter pursued, "this ring at least is no feigned token."

Gilbert clutched at the jewel with a curse, but Walter avoided his grasp.

"The foul fiend fall the Friar, he has miscarried," Gilbert muttered; then aloud he demanded, "How came you by that ring?"

"That secret is mine. But, Gilbert, since plainly I have your secret, it were

well for you to hearken to me calmly, and to cease these vain denials. Half Frenchman that you are, you would sell your King to Philip, who has promised to confirm you in those lands in Ponthieu that your mother's father held. Ha, you blench. Speak I not sooth? A word from me to my father and you would feed the crows by to-morrow's dawn. But stay, a bargain! Renounce my sister on some easy pretext. Tell my father her dowry is too small or the like. But renounce her, and I destroy the proofs of your villainy."

Gilbert's pale face grew paler. He seemed to struggle with himself. "So be it," he said at length, an evil gleam darting from his dark eyes, "so be it. The devil is on your side, methinks. I am beaten, and consent. Come, fair coz, your hand on't."

They clasped hands. Too late Walter remembered that his cousin was ambidexter. He strove to withdraw his hand, but Gilbert held him in a grasp of steel. The next moment the traitor's dagger flashed from its sheath, and Walter, stabbed by a swift left-handed stroke, rolled bleeding on the sod.

"One enemy the less," Gilbert hissed, as he stood for a second gazing at his work, "and now for France, since Mowbray is no longer place for me. Yet the stroke was rash. Had I dissembled further I might have even recovered those luckless parchments from the fool. But dead men tell no tales, and my uncle, thank the saints, is no great clerk!"

He was hurrying away into the forest, illuminated now by the sun's latest beams, when suddenly a longbow twanged behind him and an arrow passed through his sleeve. Facing about he saw Martin fitting another shaft to the string.

"Varlet!" Gilbert shouted, as the second arrow passed through his hunting-cap and stuck quivering in a tree hard by, "One day I will pay thee a halter for thy bowstring."

"Before that day comes," Martin replied, "I pray the saints I may launch that shaft at thee once more. It is enchanted, and it misses but to slay the second flight."

"Then I save it for thy behoof," Gilbert cried, running to the tree and striving to draw forth the arrow, which mocked his stoutest efforts. He was on the point of breaking it to splinters, but Martin, scorning to shoot again at an enemy who exposed himself so recklessly, winded his horn, which was answered by a distant blast from Mowbray. Thereupon Gilbert, having no stomach to be taken by his uncle's men-at-arms, quitted his bootless task and plunged into the now darkening forest. As he ran, Martin's voice reached him once again.

"Fool!" it cried in rough rhyme, for which Martin had a name among the retainers at Mowbray—

> "The parchments and ring
> To Edward the King!"

So, then, this varlet, too, was in the secret. Or was Walter yet alive? Had he found voice to instruct his henchman? And, as he sped along, Gilbert cursed himself for the blind fury that had urged the blow which, if it had not wrought his cousin's undoing, was like to work his own. Flight was now his only safety; so, in the deepening twilight, he set his steps for Dover.

II.—THE MONK-MEDICINER.

The men-at-arms who hastened from Mowbray obedient to Martin's bugle-blast found the henchman supporting the body of their young master, who seemed in desperate need. After gasping out a word of direction to his servitor, Walter had fainted, and now lay in Martin's arms without sign of life. Hastily improvising a litter, the retainers bore the wounded man to the Hall, where old Sir Ralph, on seeing his son's plight, was well-nigh frenzied. The Knight was of a choleric humour.

"What fool's play is this?" he stormed; "but, whosoe'er be to blame, I swear it, he shall hang! Knaves! cannot a gentleman's son go a-hawking but you must bring him home as from a foray? But the villain shall hang, ay, of a surety!" And much bluster of a like purposeless sort, whereat the household stood trembling, and none remembered to tend the sufferer.

Walter, indeed, had shortly bled to death but for a woman's ready hands; for while Sir Ralph stormed and swore, now seeking explanations from those who could give none, now shouting vainly for a leech, Blanche had glided into the hall, and, kneeling by the litter, did her best to staunch her brother's wound. But, though she wrought timely succour, she saw that Walter stood in need of greater skill than hers.

Busied with her kindly offices Blanche had not heeded Sir Ralph's commotion, but now that her hands were idle she found time to listen. The old Knight was pacing up and down the hall, turning at times to shake his fist at his servants, and varying his curses with redoubled cries for aid.

"A leech, a leech!" he bellowed. "Varlets, will you let my son die? To horse, every misbegotten knave of ye, and ride to Canterbury for a doctour of physick!"

The retainers, like frightened sheep, tumbled pell-mell to the doorway.

"Not all of ye, witless!" the Knight roared, and was striding after the crowd, when a gentle touch restrained him. He looked around, and asked in a softened tone—

"Ha, sweetheart, what wouldst thou? Ay, this is work for women. Men make wounds; women mend them, an they can. See thou to Walter, child; the leech will be here betimes."

"I have compassed what my poor skill can," Blanche murmured; "but father, yon Friar, whom Walter and Martin took a week ago, haply he hath knowledge of leech-craft."

"Now, Mary bless thee for thy woman's wit!" Sir Ralph exclaimed. "Hither, Martin Want-wit; ah! he has ridden for the leech; hither, then, some other of my numskulls, and fetch me yon shaveling from the dungeon. We shall see if he can heal the body as well as the soul."

Five minutes later the Friar was shouldered in by his jailers. Despite his mean garb, and the dishevellment of a week's captivity, the prisoner had an air of command that ill fitted his condition. He walked erect and defiant to the oaken settle, where the Knight, exhausted by grief and rage, had sunk down. Folding his arms, the mendicant waited in silence until Sir Ralph found breath to address him.

"Sir Priest," he gasped at length, "hast thou aught of the leech beneath thy frock?"

"First answer me this, Sir Knight—wherefore am I kept prisoner here?"

"What is that to thee? But in sooth," the Knight continued, moderating his tone, for he marked the Friar's brow darken, "in good sooth I know not. Thou art my son's prisoner, and with such I meddle not. Doubtless he found thee winging a sly shaft at my venison. You poor brethren of St. Francis love good living at small cost. But even the stolen deer will be forgiven if thou canst cure my son. Say, art a leech?"

"Among my brethren I am accounted skilful, Sir Knight. But ere I tend thy son, swear by this crucifix to set me free, if my art avail aught." As he spoke the Friar lifted the cross of his rosary and held it towards Sir Ralph. "I swear," said the Knight, touching the sacred symbol, and crossing himself reverently.

"Amen," responded the churchman. "And now show me the sick man."

The Friar at a sign from Blanche crossed the hall and knelt by the litter, on which Walter still lay unconscious.

"Bring that torch nearer," he said, in the tone of one accustomed to obedience. A serving-man made haste with the light, and the Friar bent eagerly over his patient.

His examination was brief. "How came he by this wound?" he asked sharply.

"Certes! I know not," Sir Ralph growled; "only Martin, they say, can tell, and he is absent."

"No matter. But Sir Knight, thou art lucky to have me at hand. Thy son is in a fever that would in an hour's space end in death. Ay, the weapon that struck him was poisoned with a venom for which only the brothers of St. Francis know the cure."

"The saints have mercy!" Sir Ralph ejaculated. "But thou wilt cure him?"

"If Heaven will, and you keep faith with me. But help me to move the lad to his chamber. I cannot minister to him here."

When Walter, already delirious, was laid upon his bed, the Friar put all the attendants forth. Nor would he suffer even Sir Ralph or Blanche to remain. The Knight would have resisted, but on the Friar whispering, "Death in an hour's time if you refuse," he retreated, albeit with much grumbling, and an injunction to the physician to play no foul fiend's tricks, else should his neck pay the forfeit.

The Friar smiled, and with an assurance of honest dealing, all but pushed Sir Ralph from the apartment.

Left alone with his charge, the monk detached from his rosary a single bead, one half of which he unscrewed, revealing a tiny cavity filled with a curious powder. A few grains of this he dissolved in water, and gently forced the patient to swallow the draught. Almost immediately Walter's delirious restlessness abated, and he sank into a peaceful sleep.

The Friar, noting with satisfaction his patient's slumber, looked keenly round the chamber. Presently his eye lighted on a small iron-bound coffer that stood beneath the window. The sight seemed to please him. From a leather pouch that hung to his girdle the holy man produced some small tools of tempered steel, and then with noiseless dexterity set about tickling open the rude wards of the lock that secured the chest. Not in vain had Italy taught him her delicate smith-craft.

GILBERT LAID LANCE IN REST AGAINST AN ENGLISH ARCHER.

At daybreak Martin returned, bringing with him the physician from Canterbury, who found Walter still in a healthy slumber, and pronounced him on a fair way to recovery. Seizing his opportunity, the Friar begged leave to depart, pleading that his business had already suffered greater delay than it could well bear, and Sir Ralph, mindful of his oath, was fain to permit him, although he swore that the monk was welcome to stay till doomsday, an he chose; aye, and to try his shot in the park as often as he listed. But the good man would not be constrained by such allurements of the world. Ere he went, however, he contrived to overhear Martin's account of Walter's luckless affair, for the Knight at length was cool-headed enough to hold a proper inquiry. Not till morning, however, had he marked his nephew's absence.

At the mention of Gilbert, the Friar compressed his lips, and a gleam of understanding kindled in his eye. The henchman's story ended, the mendicant tarried not over his leave-taking. He struck the northward track, but no sooner was he well clear of Mowbray than he faced about and made what speed he could along the very path that Gilbert had pursued in his flight.

Two days later the Lady Blanche, who had gone abroad to gather simples for her patient, was waited for in vain at Mowbray Place. Search was unavailing, but an aged woodcutter who came to the Hall at sunset told strange things concerning two horsemen, a young knight and a priest, whom he had met on the Dover road an hour past noon. And it was a dainty lady, he babbled, that the young knight held before him on his saddle-bow; yet seemed she strangely tearful for a bride.

Whereat Sir Ralph, with an oath, bade the carle eat his fill and hold his peace; and going heavily to the sick chamber, he sat long beside his son's couch. No word did he utter—for the physician had denied all speech to Walter—but in his heart he cursed Gilbert and the Franciscan.

III.—THE SHAFT FLIES HOME.

On an August day two French horsemen, attended by a page on a palfrey, were riding in a south-easterly direction away from the village of Crecy, where they had passed the night.

"We have our work before us," said the younger of the horsemen; "the English they say, have passed the Somme and are moving hither. We must avoid them cunningly, if we would rejoin Philip, who is pressing hard on Edward's rear."

"True," the other answered. "Seest thou aught on the horizon? Surely yonder is a cloud of dust. It must be the English. Hast heard in what force they be?"

"But contemptible, yet sufficient to capture us three. Few horsemen, and the rest wild Welsh and Irish footmen, with certain bowmen."

"The chivalry of France can account for such mean rabble."

"Peradventure," the other answered briefly.

"A good English bowman can empty as many saddles as he hath shafts," the page chimed in sharply.

"How now, malapert?" cried the younger rider, "who bade thee speak? I have seen some bowmen miss bravely. I have heard," he continued in a lower tone to his fellow, "that my uncle is with King Edward, likewise my cousin, now cured of his year-old wound. Ay, surely that is the English front. We must bear to the right and avoid them."

They swerved aside and made to skirt a low hill, crowned by a windmill, that rose close at hand, when suddenly the page put spurs to his palfrey and dashed off in the direction of the advancing host. The attempt was vain, for the horsemen were upon him in a moment.

"With this pest we are undone," the elder of the companions cried, "there will be no safety in circumventing the foe; the speediest way is the best," and he fingered his dagger.

But the younger man restrained him. "Nay," he objected, "wounds beget wounds. Look, yonder mill seems deserted. Why not gag and bind our hindrance and leave it there for a space. The English will pass Crecy unharmed; we ourselves shall be back again ere nightfall with King Philip, whom we must make all speed to join. Could aught be easier?"

"You are ready-witted, Gilbert," the Friar answered. "So be it"; and in brief space the page was lying bound and helpless in the second storey of the mill, while the accomplices were stealing by unfrequented paths towards the host of France, carefully contriving a wide détour that should lead them clear of the English troops.

The poor page struggled vainly and even wept in his confinement, and so the day wore on. At length, towards vespers, he heard what he took to be the hum of an approaching host. The din increased, until at length he could distinguish the clang of accoutrements, the neighing of

steeds, and the sharp-uttered word of command. They had come, the captive feared, only to pass him by. Once again he wept passionate tears and choked upon his gag.

But to his delighted though almost incredulous ears came the sound of a voice calling a halt. Then mailed footsteps sounded on the stair, the door of the chamber was burst open, and several warriors entered. They stood conversing for a moment at a window without observing the prisoner.

"Sire," said one, "aloft the view will be better still." So the party ascended to the next storey.

"Sir Ralph de Mowbray," said a commanding voice, "bid take this order of battle. At the foot of the hill the army in two divisions—the Prince of Wales to command the right, the Earl of Northampton the left; in front, protected by the ditch, the archers drawn up harrow-wise, the bombards between."

Sir Ralph turned to descend. As he came down the ladder, the prisoner contrived to make some sound, whereat the old Knight started.

"What is this?" he cried, raising the page and peering into his face. "Oh, Heaven!" he exclaimed, "at such an hour, at such a time!"—and swiftly he removed the gag, cut the prisoner's bonds, and embraced him fondly.

But duty recalled the old soldier to himself. "I cannot stay," he said, "but stir not hence till I return, and all will be well. If any accost you, say you await my orders." Then he hurried forth to bid the captains set the battle in array, while the page clambered to the mill-window to see what would befall.

At vespers the armies met. The watchers from the windmill saw the repulse of the Genoese crossbowmen at the first deadly flight of English arrows; they saw the French men-at-arms fall in revenge on their own wretched archers, cutting them piecemeal. Then disaster pressed upon the flower of the French chivalry. Again and again they charged the English line, only to be met by an unbroken front, while the archers, shooting so rapidly that it seemed as if it snowed, emptied saddle after saddle till the French host was broken and wavering. Once a breathless messenger came to the King seeking succour for the Black Prince. "Let the boy win his spurs," said the monarch, and the envoy was fain to depart as he had come.

At the mill-window the page watched trembling, for in one charge he had marked his master Gilbert, who laid his lance in rest against a stout, fair-haired English archer. "Martin!" the page exclaimed as the bowman turned slightly and chose an arrow with unwonted care. The shaft sped; it sought a joint of the rider's harness, and Gilbert lay dying in the mêlée.

The page clapped hands, but shrieked a strange, unboyish shriek, for, turning, he saw the Friar at his side. Though sentinels stood without, the monk's garb had been his passport to the mill.

"Come, pretty mistress," he began, "this is no place for thee, come follow me; bear thyself mannishly to cheat the sentries, or—" He laid one hand on the arm of the fair incognita and with the other held up a dagger.

Half-dazed, the captive made to follow, and they descended the stair. But at the mill-door they met Sir Ralph returning with tidings to his Sovereign.

"How now, villain?" roared the Knight, raising his sword; but a younger man thrust himself forward.

"Nay, father," he cried, "this is my work. This knave robbed me of the proofs that had hanged my caitiff cousin Gilbert, whom Martin hath but newly sent to his account. He is mine!"

"I saved thy life," said the Friar coldly, as Walter drew his sword and rushed upon him.

Walter lowered his point. "One thing alone shall save thee," he answered, after a moment's thought.

"Blanche, in thy captivity with Gilbert and this false monk hast thou suffered aught of shame?"

"Nay, my brother," faltered the girl; "hardships and certain indignities it may be I have endured; but as I left you so do I return."

"Then get thee hence, hound!" Walter cried to the monk; "but nevermore cross my path; go, and the devil go with thee!"

"I fear," said Sir Ralph, as the Friar glided away towards the now broken French lines, "thou hast but spared him to further mischief, Walter."

"I pray God it be not so. But see, the fight is done, the French are in full retreat, and here is Martin, sweet Blanche, come to greet thee again. Thou owest him freedom from thy persecutor."

"I saw the deed," answered the girl, blushing. Surely she wore the roses for her unmaidenly garb. For love was not to be thought of, since she was daughter to a knight of the shire, and Martin was but a simple yeoman. Howbeit, love is prone to laugh at differences of degree, even as he laughs at locksmiths.

THE CHURCH WITH THE CROOKED STEEPLE.

By JOHN PENDLETON.

THE decision to restore the fabric of "The Church with the Crooked Steeple" at Chesterfield has revived interest in this remarkable edifice. It certainly is a curious example of architecture. Its tall twisted spire has no rival either in shape or pose. It is more whimsical in its inclination than the leaning tower of Pisa or the conscience of the most erratic political candidate; and yet it dominates a fine church, noted not only for the beauty of its decorated style and delicate tracery, but for its strange traditions.

The shoulder of St. Mary's Gate in the East Derbyshire town has been the site of a church since the Norman time. In the thirteenth century the church then existing was used as a warehouse as well as a place of worship. The dealers in merchandise placed their stores in it for safety, for might rather than right prevailed, and there were evidently thieves about. In the third quarter of the century the clash of arms was heard in the market-place. Prince Henry cleared the streets in search of his foe, the Earl of Ferrers. The latter, defeated in fight, crept into the church cloisters, and secreted himself behind the bags of wool the traders at the Whitsun Fair had deposited there. Ferrers, though a valiant soldier, was a stick at diplomacy. He confided the place of his concealment to a woman. She struggled with it for some hours; but it was difficult then, as now, for a lady to keep a secret, and she let it go. Prince Henry took prompt advantage of the betrayal. There was a fierce tussle among the wool-bags, and Ferrers was caught and taken in irons to Windsor Castle. The making of history began early in Chesterfield Church.

The present fabric was erected in the fourteenth century on the site of the older one, and in parts was interwoven, as it were, with it. Archæologists affirm that some of the masonry has stood for nearly a thousand years. Anyhow, the church is very old and grey, and dinted here and there with deep marks that, in the opinion of the superstitious, are the footprints Satan left during a hasty visit. The interior of the building gives evidence of some of the best work of the Decorated period, and is adorned with cleverly carved screens, ornate tombs, and sculptured effigies. Its painted windows are rich in Biblical subject and heraldic story; but these lessons in religion and reminders of the past are not so fascinating as the dingy fragment that lies across one of the monuments in the chancel. This thing that crowds have gazed upon with awe is rather a large fragment. It is a bone seven feet four inches long—one of the ribs of the famous dun cow that Guy of Warwick killed. Cows have apparently dwarfed in size since this animal was slain on Dunmore Heath. Indeed, flippant strangers have ventured to doubt the rib narrative. They have not scrupled to aver that there is no more truth in it than in Mark Twain's story of the Witch of Endor's pipe—that the bone is not a cow's rib at all, but the jawbone of a whale. We live in a scoffing age, and some men will not be convinced.

However sceptical the tourist may be with regard to the dun cow legend, there is no doubt in relation to the steeple. It rears, or rather twists itself two hundred and thirty feet skyward. It has prompted the shrewd comment, the admiration, and the ridicule of English people and of travellers from many lands. It is one of the most attractive objects on the main line of the Midland, and every railway passenger has flung his little joke at it. With native desire to be respectful to the venerable spire, it must be admitted that its attitude is against it. Whether you look at the steeple from the railway-carriage window, or from the knoll at Tapton, or from the higher hill at Hady, it has a tipsy mien. One of our statesmen has been wittily described as "a political lurcher"; but though he is an adept at peculiar demeanour he cannot lurch like this steeple. Its deportment tantalises the

temperance reformer, and reproaches the habitual drunkard. For nearly five hundred years it has swayed or staggered, with many a sly wink of its "crow-hole" over their heads, as though it would fall and crush them.

Legend has tried to account for the steeple's twist. One story says that

Photo by A. Seaman and Son, Chesterfield.

THE TWISTED STEEPLE FROM ST. MARY'S GATE.

eye, far above the body of the church, ever threatening, like the roysterer in his cups, to topple over, but never losing its equilibrium. It has been likened to a corkscrew, to a deformed jester on a bishop's back, and styled an abomination; but, impervious to criticism, it calmly maintains its centre of gravity.

"What a rum thing?" "Was it built that way?" "Has it been struck by lightning?" "Sithee, lad! did tha ivver see such a sight?" These are a rough sample of the expressions that echo around the steeple. The spire is invariably a source of curiosity, surprise, and wonder, especially to those who mount the worn belfry steps to the tower, and look from the base to the pinnacle of the steeple. The great structure, with its inner framework of oak rafters, and its outer wrappings and ridges of lead, flecked black, white, and grey with the weather's touch, looms

Lucifer, weary with flying through the firmament, alighted on the steeple to rest, but the incense rising from the church beneath made him sneeze, and his diabolical spasm twisted the spire. Another tradition, borrowed possibly from St. Dunstan's freak, says that a blacksmith in an adjacent village had the temerity to shoe Satan, and pricked his hoof, whereupon the Prince of Darkness lashed out with such fury that he not only kicked the steeple atwist, but left his imprint on porch and buttress. There is, too, a pleasanter fable. Philip Kinder, the historian, has recorded that all Derbyshire women are comely and make good housewives. It is asserted that one of these, a most beautiful maiden, entered the church to get wed, and that the spire, hitherto straight, bowed low in tribute to her loveliness and grace, and never regained its original position.

The spire has puzzled the experts, and a steeplejack once remarked that he could not understand how it could have been reared in such grotesque shape unless "the man's head wor whizzin' round when he built it." In some quarters it is seriously contended that the steeple has been crooked ever since its erection, and this view has been upheld in verse—

> Whichever way you turn your eye,
> It always seems to be awry,
> Pray can you tell the reason why?
> The only reason known of weight
> Is that the thing was never straight;
> Nor know the people where to go
> To find the man to make it so.

Practical men somewhat unkindly brush aside all this legend and sophistry, and bluntly say that the cause of the steeple's lean and twist is a very simple one—that the woodwork has shrunk with age and been warped by the sun's heat and the wind's bluster. In fact, Dr. Cox boldly states that the action of the sun on the lead and wood has been one of the most powerful agencies in making the spire crooked.

Within the last half-century Derbyshire folk have been anxious to know, not how the steeple got up, but how it will come down. On stormy nights, when the wind howls through Scarsdale, nervous tenants of the old-fashioned houses that cluster near the base of the ancient church have qualms lest the lofty spire that has so long wrestled with the gale should be overcome and hurled to the ground. But notwithstanding this somewhat quixotic apprehension, they, in common with every inhabitant of Chesterfield, would not willingly consent to the steeple's demolition by artisans. At a recent town's meeting, which was attended by the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Ridding, the Vicar, the Hon. and Rev. Canon C. J. Littleton, M.A., the Mayor, Mr. Locke, and other influential persons, it was decided to do everything possible to preserve the historic church from ruin. A sum of £15,000 is to be spent in thoroughly renovating the edifice, and Churchmen and Nonconformists are contributing to the fund. Already a substantial amount has been raised, and it seems likely that "the ponderous steeple pillared in the sky" will bask with mock gravity in the sunshine, and resist the wind's frolic for another century. In the meantime it is satisfactory to note that it has outlasted the impudent cynic who wrote—

> Proud Chesterfield, prouder people,
> Ugly church, uglier steeple.

Photo by A. Seaman and Son, Chesterfield.

THE TOWN AND CROOKED SPIRE FROM THE EAST.

I TOOK THE LOCKET OFF AND PUT IT IN MY POCKET, AND I HAD NO FURTHER TROUBLE WITH HIM.

See "A Man of Feeling."

A MAN OF FEELING.

AN EPISODE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

By HAROLD SPENDER.

IT was certainly one of the most unpleasant things I had ever had to do, and there were a good many unpleasant things to be done by a man in my position during those stormy years; in fact, I do not think I am going beyond the mark if I say that I was the pivot of the whole unhappy concern. There were moments, of course, when I felt the importance of my position, and there were yet other moments—still more frequent—when I enjoyed the amplitude of my salary. But you must remember that I am a man of feeling, and it could not but be painful for a man of that kind to be the immediate instrument of death to so many unfortunate people. Of course one got used to it. Most of the brave people who died during those years were polite enough to make things pleasant for me, and I was always as amiable as I could be to them. Ah! they died well, those ladies and gentlemen! With all our revolutions we have had none since like them! They would mount my scaffold with all the air of people entering a salon for a gay party, and then they would make me their bows and they would engage me in a pleasant conversation; and if I was, unfortunately, compelled to interrupt them by a reminder of my other engagements, they would consent in the most reasonable manner to adjourn the talk to another and more remote scene. It was the rarest thing in the world for me to have to use any force. Most of them would allow me to pinion them, and would then save me all further trouble by laying themselves quietly on the plank, for all the world as if they were composing themselves for sleep. And then I would touch my spring, and the great white blade would descend quickly, and before another minute was out the whole thing would be over, and both my victim and I would part from one another with a most pleasant sense of having spent an agreeable minute. It is true that sometimes there would be no time for conversation. The Tribunal was often most inconsiderate, and the Public Prosecutor became a very rapid gentleman towards the end of that time. My first big batch came from that body of gentlemen who called themselves the "Girondins." Fine fellows those, and never a murmur did I hear from their lips—as considerate to me as if I was doing them the greatest favour in the world. But I am wandering—I must back to my tale. I am getting old, and age is garrulous.

I said that few of them struggled. But Camille Desmoulins was no ordinary man. Some fools have called him a coward because he would not keep still in the cart, but I will stake my soul that there was no look of fear in his face when he came to me. It was just anger—mere blind fury. He felt himself caught, I think, in a sort of trap. Poor young fellow! I felt quite sorry that he should have fallen into my hands, though, as I say, I always made the business as pleasant as I could. But he was very young, and in his struggles, as he was coming along, he had wriggled so to get his arms out of the ropes that bound them that his jacket had worked itself right off, and his shirt was torn in numbers of places. The ropes twisted, and he was suffering acutely, as I could see. That great, shaggy villain, Danton, was standing next to him in the cart, and I saw that he was upbraiding him.

"Why mind them?" I heard him say. "That wretched scum—*Laissez là cette vile canaille.*"

It is wonderful what a useful and interesting place mine was for observing men's characters, and, though I do not like to say it of a brave man, even Danton quailed a little as he put his first foot on my elegant staircase. I heard his words, and they rang through me in a curious manner; for I could not help thinking of my own Charlotte and the little ones at home—a reflection natural to a man of feeling. He paused as he placed his foot

on the lowest step and turned round to look back at the people. And then a sort of spasm of despair passed over his great face, and it seemed almost as if he thought of struggling against fate—of turning like some great lion to rend the cowardly wretches behind him. He tossed his head back, and his great shaggy head of hair was like the mane of a lion. With a rapid change—as if he realised in a moment the hopelessness of his thoughts—his head sank, and he almost tottered on the step. And then it was I heard that cry of his which touched me so—"Oh, my wife, my beloved, I shall never see thee more!" But it was only for a moment. The great lion pulled himself together immediately afterwards, and I heard him say to himself as he mounted the stairs with a strong step—many others heard it also—"Danton, no weakness." And then he submitted himself to my pinioning with the most agreeable politeness, and turning to the people smiled his great farewell as if he were about to step into one of those wine-shops that he loved so well.

"Show my head to the people"—those were his last words to me—"Show my head to the people, it is worth while: they do not see the like every day."

Other listeners heard these sayings and have repeated them; but I was nearer to him than any other, and heard them the most clearly.

Camille came next. As he mounted my stairs with his torn shirt and his poor bleeding arm, he seemed dumb with a sort of impotent fury. I was sorry for the poor fellow; for I once knew what it was to be young myself, and life was very sweet then. Besides, it was so short a time since that he had been one of the most successful and brilliant men in France—the beloved of the people, the hero of the Palais Royal, the accepted bridegroom of Lucile Duplessis, and an accomplished littérateur and journalist. It had been but a few days since all this had changed, and I could see that he was still dazed with the shock of his sudden fall. So I laid myself out to be as polite as possible to the excellent young man in his last few minutes.

"Allow me," I said, "to replace Citizen Camille's coat; I fear that the rope has impeded him."

He looked up with a shrug of surprise as if astonished to meet with politeness in such a place. That was unreasonable of him, for I always prided myself on the perfection of manners that prevailed on that platform. He turned round and allowed me to untie his hands and replace his coat.

"It seems a small matter," I said; "but it is well to do these things elegantly."

During these years my society was so much among the refined and elegant that I had picked up a very nice sense of taste and decorum, which I have since lost in my unfortunate poverty. I was relieved when the young man's silence broke—

"Thanks, my good fellow," he said; "thanks, my good fellow. I bear you no grudge."

That was pleasantly said, and it helped to ease matters between us.

"Mine," I said, "is an honourable function. I am the concierge of the Unknown."

Camille smiled. He liked to hear a pretty phrase. He could make them himself, even better than I.

"You keep up your spirits," he said.

"Why not?" I replied. "I am engaged in a work of cure that need not be repeated."

"True, true," he said, and there seemed to be a deep ring in his voice as he spoke.

I hardly liked to interrupt so pleasant a conversation—one of the most pleasant that I can remember in the many talks I have had with eminent men. But time was pressing, and there were many others waiting for their interview with me. My ante-room—as one of our Emperor's Ministers might put it—was crowded; so by a gentle turn of the hand I intimated to Camille that if he was ready it would be convenient for me to proceed.

And then it was that the good fellow took advantage of my friendliness to lay on me the task which I have already referred to as being the least pleasant I had ever had to perform. He looked at me for a minute as if gauging my worth, and then, as if satisfied, he said without moving: "As you have a kind heart, my good fellow, do one small thing for me."

I was a busy man in those days, and had made a rule of refusing to carry out the requests of the gentlemen who visited me on that platform. This may seem hard-hearted, but you will understand that at such a moment most men have a last message to give, or a last memorial to leave, and if I had once made myself into a handy porter for these things, I should have had no time for my real work.

But in this case the man's plight touched me. He was leaving behind him a young wife and a young child, and I knew what that meant. So I parleyed with him—

weakly, you will say; but I repeat that I am a man of feeling.

"The citizen will understand," I said, "that such a course is most unusual. I may be the concierge of the Next World, but I am not a porter in this."

Camille did not smile at my joke this time. He leant forward towards me, and addressed me in the most pathetic tones.

"For pity's sake," he cried, "do this for me! It is but a small service for a dying man. Round my neck hangs a locket—a locket with my wife's hair in it. I should have hidden it from these scoundrels, but I have been so closely watched that I could do nothing. Unfasten it, and take it this evening to my wife's mother, Citizeness Duplessis. She will keep it and give it to my wife when—when that is possible."

He was so earnest and impassioned, and the crowd were getting so impatient at the delay, that I thought the easiest way would be to assent. I knew what the poor man meant. He had probably heard that afternoon—I conjectured from what I knew—that his wife had taken his place in prison. Well, it is a sad world, and I should not like to think that I increased the sorrow of it; and so I took the locket off and put it in my pocket, and I had no further trouble with him.

It was not until after I had finished my work that afternoon that it came on me in a flash that I had forgotten to ask the Citizen Duplessis' address. How was I to execute my errand? Of course it would be an easy thing not to do it, and a voice whispered to me that the locket might fetch a very decent price. But though I do not say that I have not sometimes made a small and reasonable profit out of such things—given to me very often as gifts of gratitude by the distinguished persons who have come to me—yet in this case I felt somehow or other that it would not do. I would hunt out the Citizen Duplessis somehow or other. Such things are always possible to a man of determination. And so I trudged along to the Rue du Théâtre Français, and called first at poor Camille's own house. I found a poor old servant in tears, and the house empty and in confusion. Lucile had gone that day, and the child had been removed by Citizen Duplessis himself. The old man was very talkative, and though it somewhat bored me to talk to people of that class after the company to which I had been accustomed, I could not help staying and trying to assuage his grief. He took me all through the house and showed me the disordered rooms, the furniture thrown over, and wearing apparel scattered about carelessly and indifferently. I was so full of compassion for the poor old man that I nearly got myself into trouble by what I was led to say.

"Well, well," I said, after another outburst of his grief. "Well, well, he died very bravely." There was probably a slight professional ring in my utterance, as of a critic in such matters.

"He died bravely?" said the old man. "Then did you see him die?"

"Yes, yes," I said, somewhat taken aback; for it always takes me a slight effort of imagination to remember the view which prejudiced persons take of my profession. "Yes, I happened to see him die," I said with an air of *insouciance*.

The old man immediately overwhelmed me with questions.

"Did he bear himself well? Did he break down? Did he look very pale? Did he say anything to the people? Was he executed first, second, third, fourth?" and so on. "How long did it take? How did he look in the cart?"

It was with the greatest trouble that I escaped from his endless chatter, satisfying him as well as I could on all the points, while carefully concealing the particular part I had played in the event. Fortunately, for me, he was so absorbed in sorrow for his master that my request for Citizen Duplessis' address aroused no suspicion. I suppose he thought that I was a friend of the family, for he gave it to me almost automatically. Being a man of business, I took down the address very carefully on a piece of paper, and thrusting it into my pocket I took advantage of the diversion thus caused to take a hurried farewell, and escape as quickly as I could from the old man's company. As I walked down the street I could still see the old man standing at the door of the dismantled house, looking after me wistfully, with great teardrops rolling down his old face. You can imagine how painful that was for a man of feeling.

The house of Citizen Duplessis turned out to be in the Rue des Arcs, and I walked quickly, as I was longing to get back to my wife and family and spend a pleasant evening. I am not unsusceptible to flattery, and I will confess that I always derived considerable pleasure during that period from the polite salutations I received at the hands of those whom I suppose I must call my employers. In the course of this short walk I met a good many of them—strong Jacobins, believers

in the Terror, who valued my services. But I suppose that my nerves had been a little jarred; for I seemed to notice more than usual their lack of breeding and fine manners. Their loud voices and coarse laughter were never agreeable to me; but that evening they were even less so than usual. Their great tricolour rosettes seemed ridiculous to me; and I almost laughed at the cowardly prominence with which they wore their "cards of surety" stuck in the ribbons of their hats or pinned on to their coats. They did not deceive me, these fellows. I knew that they were all frightened to death of one another, and, what is more, I knew that they had reason. When one presides over such an institution as mine, one sees pretty deep into things; and for my part I could never tell whether I should not meet one of these *coquins* on a different footing within twenty-four hours. However closely they might be shaved, there was no knowing whether they would not be shaved yet more closely on the morrow!

As I walked I had time to reflect on my position and the task I had in hand, and I did not come to view it with more complacency. I was a fairly famous man in those days, and even Citizen Duplessis might know me by sight. It is hard for a man to be checked in the exercise of his benevolent feelings, and I could easily foresee that if Citizen Duplessis recognised me, he might treat me in a manner highly painful to one of so sensitive a disposition. This feeling so worked on me that when I arrived at the house in the Rue des Arcs I had fully made up my mind that I would acquit myself of my errand as speedily as possible and get back to my home. I would not even see the Citizen; I would leave the locket with the servant and go my way. I rang the bell, and a young servant appeared whose eyes were very red. I could not help suspecting that she had been weeping. I have ever been susceptible to the charms of female beauty, and I could not suppress a pang of pity for the poor girl, who was very comely. And so it was, I suppose, that I couched my message in tones that were unfortunately sympathetic.

"Is this the house," I began interrogatively, "of Citizen Duplessis, the father-in-law of the unfortunate citizen Camille Desmoulins?"

"Yes, Citizen, it is," said the girl, with a sob in her throat, almost breaking into tears at the mention of Camille's name.

"I have a message to convey," I said.

"If it is on business," she said, "I could not tell him; the poor Citizen is overcome with grief for his son-in-law."

"But it is from his son-in-law—a dying message from the Citizen Camille himself."

I had spoken imprudently, and the excitement of the poor girl was such that it was with the greatest difficulty that I made her listen to my message and gave the locket into her hands. She begged me to come in, but I stoutly refused.

"I will not disturb the Citizen in his grief," I said. "Give him the locket, and tell him that it has been conveyed by an unknown friend." And then, turning abruptly, I left the girl sobbing and kissing the locket, and made my way down the street.

But, *ciel!* I was never a lucky man, and never was my ill-fortune so brought home to me as on this occasion. I suppose that the girl, in her confusion, gave my message badly, or else was unable to answer the questions of the old man. At any rate, I had scarcely gone a hundred yards down the street when I heard the footsteps of one running behind me and a voice of one calling me. It was the girl.

"Citizen," she cried, "you must return; my master will see you. You cannot refuse him this."

I was annoyed, and put her off somewhat brusquely.

"I am in a hurry," I said, "my good girl. Tell Citizen Duplessis that I will return another day."

My position was already somewhat embarrassing. It was a narrow, crowded street—one of those streets that were so numerous in old Paris, but which have been mostly swept away with the new order of things. The girl seized me by the arm and tried to detain me, and passers-by began to stop and laugh. What a position for a respectable citizen of middle age!

But I am a man of strong will, and it is possible that I might have put the girl off. I had scarcely, however, shaken myself free, when I saw an aged man, with no hat on his head and his white hair flying behind him, with coat unbuttoned and generally careless attire, running down the street towards us. It was Duplessis himself. He came up out of breath, and immediately saluted me with touching gratitude. He overwhelmed me with thanks, but piteously entreated me to return with him to his house.

"You must have more to tell," he said. "You saw his last moments, and it is impossible that you should have told us

all. As you hope for mercy, return," he cried, "for you little know how I loved him."

Mon Dieu! It was one of the most awkward situations I had ever been in. Here I was in a narrow street, one arm pulled by a young girl and the other by an old man, both of them beside themselves and regardless of appearances in their eagerness to hear my tale. Meanwhile a little group had gathered round us, and at any moment one of these might recognise my face, and in some rude jest or otherwise tell the old man who I was. There was nothing for it but to give way. At any rate, I reflected, the old man has not recognised me yet, and it is quite possible for a man of the world like myself to get through an interview without revealing my identity. So at last I agreed, and gently motioned to him to lead me back to his house.

"It is impossible," I said, "to resist such pressing invitations. My business must wait, and I will return with you."

The old man was so overcome with gratitude towards me that he tried to take my arm as we walked down the narrow street. But there was something in me which made this intolerable, and with the best courtesy I could assume I refused him, and as we could not easily walk abreast in that narrow street, I dropped behind him, and followed him silently to his house. We passed up a sufficiently ample staircase to the second floor. He opened his door, and I found myself in a large, handsomely furnished room, bespeaking a sufficiency of means in the occupant. It was not until afterwards that I heard that he had been, before the Revolution, a wealthy man; and though like most men in those days brought to poverty by these events, he yet retained an adequate income for his needs.

He motioned me to a chair, and he himself, as if in a reaction from his excitement, tottered to an armchair in front of a table laden with papers—I doubt not that they were Camille's letters—collapsed rather than sat down, and hid his face in his hands.

A long silence followed, during which I watched him, respecting the old man's grief, and full of pity for him, but at the same time revolving in my own mind the neat replies I should give and the strategies that might be necessary to conceal from him my real vocation.

But he seemed to have forgotten me, and we sat thus for some time, until I must frankly admit that I began to become embarrassed and to wish that I was at home with my Charlotte. Just as I was reflecting in this manner, and thinking even of rising and gently stealing from the room, I heard a child's cry, and looking round with surprise I saw in one corner of the room a cradle with drawn curtains.

At the cry the old man dropped his hands and looked up. And then, as if moved by sudden passion, he rose to his feet and tottered across the room towards the cradle. He drew aside the curtains with a hasty movement, and lifted from the cradle a young child of some two or three years. The poor infant seemed to be very ill, and was moaning piteously. The old man tottered across the room with the child in his arms, and almost thrust him in my face, saying fiercely, "*This is their son!*" As he took it away, he fixed on me eyes red as irons on an anvil, but quite dry—they seemed to have wept themselves out. But there were tears in his voice—it was husky with anger and grief.

"*This is their son!*" he repeated, and embracing the child with a sort of fury he carried him back to his bed and replaced him there. Then, drawing the curtains, he sighed deeply, and once more relapsing from anger to melancholy he tottered back to his chair and hid his face again in his hand.

Another silence supervened, and I was again thinking of retreating from the room when suddenly he dropped his hands, and pulling himself together he fixed his eyes once more on me.

"You were there," he said laconically. "You saw him!"

I could not speak, and all my carefully rounded sentences fled from me. The sight of such grief makes one dumb. All I did was to nod my head.

Then he gave a sort of gulp and spoke again. "Like a man of feeling?" he said, "Like a Republican?" He meant, of course, to ask whether he had died in that way, but avoided the word death in a manner I have frequently noticed with people suffering under such affliction.

"His last words," I said simply, once more finding myself bereft of all my pretty speeches, "his last words were for those he loved."

Again we relapsed into silence, and once more the old man hid his face in his hands. But now I did not think I was mistaken in imagining that I perceived drops of moisture trickling down between the interstices of his fingers. There was something in what I had said which released the fount of tears, and he wept.

HERE I WAS IN A NARROW STREET, ONE ARM PULLED BY A YOUNG GIRL AND THE OTHER BY AN OLD MAN.

But suddenly something seemed to give a new turn to his thoughts, for he dropped his hands and leaned back in his chair with a deadly pallor on his face. "And she," he cried out, and it was like the cry of some wounded animal, "and she, my daughter, my poor Lucile, they have taken her too! Will they be as merciless to her as they have been to him? Two to mourn—is it not too much for miserable old people like ourselves?"

He broke off, and his eye fell on me once more with the peculiar stare of great grief. A horrible fear came over me, for I mistook it for the look of recognition, and I imagined he perceived who I was. Such is the stupidity of self-consciousness. For I suppose that he was really struck with the thought that his grief seemed excessive to me. He must have interpreted my embarrassed calm as a mark of disapproval. At any rate he changed his manner, and suddenly began to argue with me with a sort of mild, weak pathos that was very pitiful to hear.

"Ah, Sir!" he said, "you think that I am weak—that my grief is against reason. I can see, Sir, that you are yourself a philosopher, and you think that in such a case you would be calm and fortified by your philosophy. But believe me, Sir," and he spoke with a sort of passion, "you are wrong. We believe ourselves philosophers, Sir; we think we are fortified by reason against the idea of destruction; but, piff!" he blew a breath against his open palm—"it goes like that when death comes. Where is our reason when it is our own child who is menaced? Where is our philosophy when we find ourselves powerless to defend her—when we have to see her die, and mourn instead of fighting for her or shedding our blood for her?" In his excitement the old man rose from his chair and began to walk restlessly to and fro. "Oh, my God!" he cried, "to think that we shall not be permitted to receive her last sigh, that she will be in agony for two hours and we shall be here in safety in this house in which she was born; amidst those things which she has played with; before that hearth at which she has sat!"

You may imagine my embarrassment while the old man went on in this pitiful manner. All my inmost feelings were touched. Tears were starting to my eyes. I could not, indeed, help feeling some slight gratification at the thought that I should be capable of so much pity. But from this complaisant reflection I was destined to be rudely aroused. The old man seemed to notice the pitiful look on my face, and it brought him back to a sense of my presence, which he had almost forgotten. For some little time he had been walking up and down fingering the furniture with his eyes fixed upon the things that Lucile had loved, lost in dreams of the past. Then his eye suddenly fell on me, and he turned in a gracious manner to me.

"Ah, Citizen," he said, "you must think me inconsiderate indeed to speak thus before you, who have done so much to assuage my grief by telling me of Camille's last hour." He spoke thus, though Heaven knows that I had had little opportunity of telling him anything. "But what tears my heart is to think that Lucile will not be so fortunate as Camille. She may have no kind friend like you to bring word of her end. Ah, me!" he said with a sudden outbreak of passion, "she may have no other messenger to bring us her last farewell than the hired ruffian who deals her——" He stopped short, surprised, I suppose, at the spasm which must have passed over my face when he uttered these words, which struck me like a physical blow. He looked at me for one moment with a slight wonder, and then his thoughts wandered off again, and he returned to his half-frenzied state of self-absorption.

As for me, I was in a turmoil which struck me dumb. His phrase acted like a sudden electric shock to my whole frame. It was useless to repeat to myself that he knew nothing—that this was a mere chance phrase. It seemed to be put into his mouth by something outside him. And, though I am not generally regarded as a superstitious man, I seemed to feel working in him a sort of outer consciousness, not himself, reproaching me for what I had done—as if it were Camille himself speaking through him, and not to be deceived. I will confess that I felt a shudder creep over my body and through my hair. I turned quite cold. It was quite unnecessary, for he had gone back into himself, and once more lost all sense of my presence. He was walking to and fro, wildly shaking his white hair, his hands twitching, his eye haggard, his whole aspect wild. On the mantelpiece there was one of those elegant busts of Liberty which all we patriots used to purchase in those days. Terrible abominations, I have been told by artistic friends, but very safe for a prudent man to have in his room! As the old man passed this bust he stopped for one moment,

and it seemed to catch his eye. Then, as if seized with a sudden outburst of fury, he took hold of the bust, threw it on the hearthstone, and crushed the broken pieces with his foot. His rage was so great that I was reduced to utter silence. My own position was so terrible that I could not find it in my heart to play a part. The whole scene was too horribly real. I could find no consolation to address to him—not a word of hope to say. From such hypocrisy I shrank.

At this moment a fresh diversion occurred, which, while adding to my despair for the minute, gave me ultimately a chance of escape. A bell rang, and a moment after a citizeness of middle age—I should say, in her fiftieth year—still handsome, but with a countenance haggard with grief and despair, rushed into the room and threw herself into the arms of the Citizen Duplessis. It was his wife, and she had just heard the news that Lucile was to be tried.

"Lost!" she cried in a terrible voice. "She is lost! She is to appear before the Tribunal in three days!"

A new horror came over me. Duplessis had not recognised me, but then he was an old man, and absent-minded with grief. My face was known to most Parisians, and this woman, evidently in the prime of life, and probably full of Parisian gossip and knowledge, might at any moment recognise me. I was in terror. I did not know what these people might do if they once found out who I was. I could figure to myself the scene that might follow—the reproaches, the loathing, the possible violence. I could not face it.

At that moment their backs were turned to me. She had not yet seen me; they were absorbed in one another's grief. I had been forgotten for the moment. And seeing that, I rose, and before I knew where I was, I was out in the street flying as if for my life—flying as if I, a man of honour and feeling, had committed a crime.

I repeat that I never had a more unpleasant task to fulfil, and I never suffered more than in the presence of those unfortunate people.

MY MOUNTAIN LAKE.

My own lake of lakes,
My lone lake of lakes,
  When the young blushing day
Beside you awakes,
The cold hoary mist
To gold glory kissed
  Lifts laughing away
O'er your cool amethyst

My fair lake of lakes,
My rare lake of lakes,
  How your tartan red-gold
In the summer air shakes;
Fold fluttering on fold
Of purple heath bloom
And gay, glancing broom,
  A joy to behold.

My sad sleeping lake!
My mad leaping lake!
  When the palled Tempest Powers
Into agony break,
Their tears scalding showers,
Thunder-moans their lament,
Their garments grief-rent
  Thy broken hill bowers.

Bright, faint-heaving breast,
By fond visions possessed,
  Not a wave frets thy beach
Scarce one ripple's unrest!
Dim, weltering reach,
Where the Priestess of Heaven
And the steadfast Star-Seven
  Hold Sibylline speech.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE KEENE,

OR FUNERAL DIRGE, OF BRIAN BORUMA THE KING,

SLAIN AT THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF, A.D. 1014.

A Paraphrase from the Book of Leinster, as transcribed in the Twelfth Century.

THE BARD.

Great but sad is the song I sing,
This is the caoine* of Brian the King.
A thousand years and four and ten
Had passed since Christ was born for men;
Then came the day that Brian died,
When the rising sun met the full-flown tide.

FIRST WAIL BY THE CHORUS OF CAOINERS.

Oh, wail with me, Gael, with a tempest of grief!
Oh, why has cold Death laid his hand on our Chief?
Who is to sit in his desolate throne;
Who is to counsel us now he is gone?
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!

THE BARD.

Oh, woeful day! oh, woeful year,
As augured by Craig-liath's seer—
"When on the meadows of the Bull
The sunrise meets the tide at full,
Then shall the Gael o'ercome the Dane,
But mourn the foremost chieftain slain."

SECOND WAIL BY THE CHORUS OF CAOINERS.

Oh, the cold pain of sorrow lies deep in my heart,
That our Monarch is called from his people to part;
Who is there ever to sit in his throne,
Who lead the hosts like the chief that is gone?
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!

THE BARD.

Cursed be the Fairy of Ai-o-bhell
Who could no better luck foretell;
Cursed be the axe which Broadir swung,
To cleave our Chieftain to the tongue.
Let wailing through the island ring,
Boru is dead, Boru the King!

THIRD WAIL BY THE CHORUS OF CAOINERS.

Oh, not for the King do I mourn alone,
And raise with the sea-wind my sorrowful moan:
I mourn for the sages, their counsellor lost,
I mourn for the warriors, a leaderless host.
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!

THE BARD.

The King had prayed on the grassy ground,
By an in-locked shield-burgh circled round,

* The "caoine," or funeral dirge, is an ancient Irish custom. On the death of kings and nobles it was a very elaborate function. The bard chanted the deeds, virtues, and history of the deceased in a poem of many stanzas, and at the end of each stanza the qualified professional mourners took up the wail as a chorus, raising a wild and mournful cadence at the end of each verse.

While the press of battle drove the foe
Back on the seething tide below;
But then his guardsmen joined the fray,
To share the glory of the day.

FOURTH WAIL BY THE CHORUS OF CAOINERS.

Oh, weep for his passing, so good, so wise,
'Twas a tribute exacted in bitter guise;
Mourn for the clansmen whose leader lies dead—
Oh, who is there ever can reign in his stead?
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!

THE BARD.

He rested with one upon the lea,
When out of the throng came warriors three;
Warriors three, in steel-blue mail,
Who fled from death 'twixt sea and Gael,
And speeding up from Gael and flood,
Came, where with one, the old King stood.

FIFTH WAIL BY THE CHORUS OF CAOINERS.

Oh, clansmen of Brian, intense is my woe,
With grief for our Monarch my tears overflow.
Who is to sit in his desolate throne?
Who is to counsel us now he is gone?
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!

THE BARD.

The old King turned and bared his blade,
But his craven henchman fled afraid;
The axe was swung by Broadir's hand,
But swifter flashed Boruma's brand,
And though our Chieftain bit the clay,
The foeman's legs were shorn away.

SIXTH WAIL BY THE CHORUS OF CAOINERS.

Oh, the cold shaft of death has gone forth from the bow,
And our King and our Chieftain has sunk to the blow.
Who of his worth like his clansmen can tell?
Who knew his wisdom and virtues so well?
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!
Och-ōne! uil-li-lu! och, och, och-ōne!

W. ALEXANDER CRAIG, M.R.I.A.

THE DEAD ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE CRIMEA.

By WILLIAM SIMPSON.

How wonderful is death.—SHELLEY.

WHEN the contest is over, a battle-field is a sad sight. We have the confession of great heroes describing how they felt on seeing the ground covered with the slain. A hurried and unceremonious burial is often all that can be given to the dead at such times. They are put under the ground in heaps, and they are soon forgotten. They are the harvest of war, and it has been finely said that the dead have often been the real winners of the battle. Without them the field would not have been gained. They are the sacrifice that victory demands. Still, it must not be forgotten that failure in battle generally entails on the vanquished the greater loss of life; it is the carnage of the retreat that swells up the number of the fallen. The accounts of most engagements show that this has been the case, and the explanation is not difficult to give. When a man turns to flee, his back is to the foe, and he ceases to fight, but the conqueror is still at the deadly work. He is flushed with success, the opposition is over, and the retreating mass undergo the process of slaughter. "He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day" is, in no sense of the word, a good rule for a soldier to follow. "Not to know when you are beaten" is a far better guide; and the proof of this may be found in many battles that have been won, when they were supposed to be lost, by acting up to it. It should be diligently inculcated into every recruit, and constantly repeated to every soldier of a regiment, that his life is safer when he has his face to the enemy than when he turns his back to him.

Few poets, it may be supposed, have seen a battle-field. If they had, there would not have been so large a use made by them of such words as "gory," "ensanguined," "bloody," "crimson," etc. Mighty conquerors are described as "wading in blood"—meaning, on the fields they have fought and won. "Gules" is the poet's favourite tincture with which he emblazons his page when fighting has to be described. Tannahill expresses himself thus—

Ower the gory fields o' war,
Where Vengeance drives his crimson car.

Tennyson's palette supplies the same tint—

The blood-red blossom of war.

And Campbell, in "Lochiel's Warning," says—

A field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

It is not probable that the clans, who were "Charlie's" soldiers, wore red coats; so the word "red" is no doubt intended by the poet to convey the idea of blood. This may be poetic and impressive, but it is far from being correct in describing a battle-field. A good amount of blood was no doubt shed on Culloden Moor; but when the struggle was over very little of it would be visible on such ground. It may have been different in the old days, when swords and battle-axes were the weapons of war; but in modern times the lead bullet makes but a small hole; the man falls, dying or dead, as the case may be; and the blood is mostly absorbed by his clothes: should there be enough to pass beyond, it is soaked up by the earth or dust on the ground, and this generally takes place beneath the man's body, so that it rarely becomes visible. This absence of the gory element was one of the first things that struck me in the battle-fields of the Crimea. The only place where I have seen ground covered with human blood was at the Place Voltaire in Paris during the Commune: a number of the prisoners had been shot, and the pavement for some distance was a veritable "Red Sea." Possibly each body received more than one bullet, and the pavement did not absorb the stream that came from the wounds.

My first experiences of the dead in the Crimea were not on what might be exactly

termed a battle-field; and yet the words of the poet may be fairly supposed to include them in this sense—

> The deck it was their field of fame,
> The ocean was their grave.

I arrived off Balaclava the day after the terrible hurricane of November 14, 1854. On that morning British sailors fought bravely against the combined forces of wind and water; and many—too many—fought in vain. The *Prince*, a Government transport, with one hundred and fifty men on board, went to pieces against the perpendicular rocks which encircled the spot, and only about half-a-dozen lives were saved. Other vessels shared the same fate. Among the craft in this dangerous spot was H.M.S. *Retribution*, commanded by Captain Drummond — better known lately as the Black Rod in the House of Lords. Luckily this ship—perhaps owing to her good discipline as a man-of-war—managed to hold on to her anchors, and rode safely through the storm. The Duke of Cambridge was on board, and must have had an uncomfortable time of it. His own opinion was that he would, if he had the choice, prefer fighting the battles of Alma and Inkermann over again to going through the experience of such a storm under similar circumstances. I had come from Constantinople in a P. and O. steamer, of which many were employed as transports; and before entering the harbour at Balaclava it was necessary to report the arrival to the Agent of Transports. Captain Methuen, a well-known, experienced, and also accomplished officer of the P. and O. service, took me on shore in his gig with him when he went for this purpose. As we had just arrived, we scarcely realised the serious character of what had taken place, but as the gig glided along among the masses of flotsam and jetsam there were objects that soon caught our eyes and told the tale. For weeks afterwards bodies came floating into the harbour of Balaclava. This was my first experience of the dead on the day I landed in the Crimea.

The battles of Balaclava and Inkermann had taken place before my arrival, and some weeks had passed before I was able to go over the latter of these battle-fields. I had the advantage of being taken over the ground of the Inkermann, and receiving explanations of the engagement from more than one that had taken part in it; but now, it is so long ago, I forget with whom I went first. I am under the impression it was with Captain Higginson of the Grenadier Guards—he is now General Sir George W. A. Higginson, K.C.B.—because he took me into one or two ugly corners, where we received some of the usual complimentary attentions which the Russians were apt to manifest. In this ramble over the field we came upon a dead body. My companion explained to me that our burying-parties, after the battle, had been fired upon by the enemy, and on that account a few bodies—principally Russians—on the outskirts of the field had been left uncared for. This one that we chanced upon, however, was a British soldier—the red coat was enough to indicate that; and I think, if I remember right, he had belonged to the 20th Regiment: a corps that at an important point in the battle reinforced the Guards, and drove the enemy out of the two-gun battery. The first sight of this figure—coming upon it unexpectedly—was a surprise and a shock. In appearance the body was undecayed, but the face had become a dark brown, and the uniform was so disarranged that the military look was gone. Most probably he had been a brave man—the position where he had fallen must have been in the front of the battle—if not even in advance of that; he had been no skulker in the rear; but if he was a hero it was hard to realise it in the form we saw. The idea of "glory" was not suggested by it; and a faithful picture done in colours if hung up would not be of much assistance to a recruiting-sergeant.

My next experience of the dead was also a surprise. In one of the early days of spring I had strolled out with a friend on the Balaclava plain, and we had not gone far beyond the defensive lines of Kadikoi, which were then held by Sir Colin Campbell and his Highlanders, when, much to our astonishment, we came upon the dead body of a Russian. Few or none had ventured out in this direction during the winter, and this man must have lain there among the long grass, unseen and untouched, from the previous October 25, when the Russian cavalry swarmed down upon Kadikoi, but turned and fled before they reached, what Dr. Russell described, in the now historical words, the "thin red streak, topped with a line of steel." The 93rd did not change their formation on this occasion to receive cavalry, but delivered a deadly volley when the enemy were only about a hundred and fifty yards from them. That was enough, and this man must have fallen at that time. He was a cavalry soldier, and lay with his face downwards, his uniform, with its braid

upon it, had not suffered from the weather: it was all clean, and seemed as neat as if he had only dressed himself that morning; from his appearance he might have been merely having a comfortable snooze. We wished to see his face, and by means of a walking-stick turned the head round, when to our horror a ghastly skull appeared; slimy mud, with worms wriggling in it, oozed out of the cavities of the eyes and other openings. Here was food for the reflective mind, but even Hamlet could not have lifted that remnant of humanity and made it the subject of a lecture.

The few bodies that lay unburied on the field of Inkermann were nearly all Russians who had fallen on the day of the battle, and some of them remained uninterred all through the winter. They were in no person's way, for it was dangerous to venture on the ground owing to bullets that might come from the enemies' pickets posted in the Inkermann ruins on the other side of the valley. When the first touch of spring had come there was one body that attracted a few visitors that cared to run the risk of going to the spot, which, as near as I can now recollect, was on the slope of the hill below the two-gun battery. It may be assumed that nothing had occurred to disturb this unknown relic of glory from the moment that he fell except the natural attentions that would be given to him by insects, and probably by birds and field-mice. These careful dissectors appeared to have removed everything except the bones and some of the sinews that held the skeleton together. These grim remains of what had once been a soldier lay there in the coarse grey overcoat, the military cap was under the skull, where both had fallen together, and the leather belts that carried his cartouche-box crossed over the bare ribs, and thus seemed still to convey some idea of a soldierly appearance. However inappropriate the words might be, one could not help quoting the well-known lines—

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

When the crocuses came—and these flowers were plentiful enough in March—they seemed to decorate the unmade tomb of these mortal remains. Some of these bright and delicate blossoms even grew up between the bones of the hand, and the osseous individual looked as if he held them between his fingers, and was conscious of their existence. This strange combination, even in its ghastliness, formed a picture that was worth running some risk to see.

I did a picture of the Battle of the Tchernaya, and a friendly critic complimented it by saying I had "given life to the foreground by throwing in plenty of dead Russians." It was some years afterwards that a military friend who had seen much active service, and to whom battle-fields were familiar, was looking over my

DEAD RUSSIAN ON THE FIELD OF INKERMANN.

Crimean work, and when he came to this picture he pointed to these foreground figures, and remarked that they "must have been sketched from life." According to studio slang his meaning was correct enough—the dead had all been sketched on the field as soon as the engagement was over. This last criticism implies that there must be some peculiar appearance or character about those who are killed in action. I remember that I was struck at the time by the expressive attitude of the dead as they lay about in great numbers, and this led me to make numerous sketches of them, some of which are here reproduced. The one striking feature to my eye was the number who lay there with their arms in the position as if they were still holding their muskets, and wondering as I sketched if "the ruling passion, strong in death," had continued till the last breath had closed their existence; or

had the death been so instantaneous that they had fallen, and were dead before the limbs had relaxed. Here is a problem which my knowledge cannot touch, but

DEAD RUSSIAN ON THE FIELD OF TCHERNAYA.

perhaps the man of science, the anatomist, or the psychologist may be able to explain.

Among the fallen at this battle was a young Russian officer scarcely out of his teens; and it was difficult to imagine that he was dead; for he lay on his back: his clear blue-grey eyes, quite open, were looking up to heaven; a beautiful expression, a pleased smile, was on his lips. If the soul inspires the expression, it was difficult to believe that the soul had fled. The only way I could explain the appearance he presented was by assuming that his death had been instantaneous. He had felt no touch of pain, no mortal agony, in his last breath. I still remember the strong sense of pity that came over me at the time for the fate of one so young; and I also thought of those dear to him, to whom he must have been dear, for I could not suppose otherwise than that he must have been beloved by all that knew him. Often since then that beautiful face from the battle-field has come back to my memory.

Not far from this youth there lay a figure that formed a striking contrast. This was a common Russian soldier, a short stout man; he was not dead, but only wounded. Strange to say, this man was sound asleep—even snoring. His wound must have been somewhere about his head, and must have bled freely, but the dust kicked up during the action and blown by the wind had adhered to the wet blood, a process that had continued till the head had assumed the appearance of a ball of earth. No face was visible—even the opening from which the snores came was only discovered by a careful survey. One could merely smile at this evidently phlegmatic little fat man sleeping so soundly on a battle-field, and that, too, while his companions were sending up clouds of dust from their heels at no great distance away in their hurry to be off, and a Russian battery was sending shot and shell over the space between to cover their retreat. Under such peculiar circumstances it was natural to speculate as to what his dreams might be. This man's case, as I have described it, forms in itself the illustration of the absence of the gory tint that is supposed to be so conspicuous on every battle-field.

There was one feature of this field of the dead that I do not recollect having seen noticed in descriptions of such scenes. The engagement was an attack by the Russian troops. They had crossed the Tchernaya River, a shallow stream, and also the aqueduct which ran along close to the river and carries water to Sebastopol; from that the attack had been continued some distance up the slope on the left bank; there it had stopped, and, finally, been beaten back. The distance to which the attack had reached was visible after the fight was over, and could be clearly traced by the line of the Russian dead. The bodies did not form a ridge like the seaweed left on the beach by the tide, but it was distinct enough to recall that familiar mark on the seashore; and as the one tells how far the water rises, so the other told the distance that the human tide had gone in its attack before it ebbed back again in retreat. These bodies became in my eyes as I looked at them like flotsam and jetsam, which in this instance had been thrown up by a wave of war.

The capture of the Malakoff by the French on September 8, 1855, led to the

DEAD RUSSIAN ON THE FIELD OF TCHERNAYA.

evacuation of Sebastopol by the Russians during the night that followed. Next morning there were sentries all round to prevent stragglers from entering the town; but I had the advantage of passing in early in the day with General Barnard and his A.D.C. We entered by the Redan, and went round in the rear of the Russian

defences to the Malakoff. Here the French were busy burying the Russian dead that lay in that work. The bodies were merely thrown into a part of the ditch on the north side, towards the rear, over which the Russians have since erected a small chapel as a monument. I was again struck with the number of the dead that retained the action of their arms as if they still held their muskets. One man was thrown in while we looked on, and he had his arms up as he was carried in a stretcher, which gave him a very bellicose appearance; when rolled into the ditch among his dead comrades, he finally landed on his back, and the shock of the fall made his arms shiver as if he still wished to pitch into his enemies.

DEAD ZOUAVE IN THE MALAKOFF.

On the ground outside the Malakoff the dead French soldiers were being laid out in a long line; this was for the purpose of a religious service later in the day. The trousers of these men formed a "thin red streak" along the ground, recalling—but under circumstances so different—the "thin red streak" of the Highlanders at Balaclava.

Having only seen the outside of the Malakoff from our trenches during the siege, we were naturally curious to see what was within, so we wandered about inspecting this work which played so important a part in the defence of Sebastopol. While doing so we came upon a group of French soldiers, and found that they were looking at a Zouave who was sitting on the side of an epaulement, as if taking a rest. On asking what the matter was, the answer came, "Il est mort." At a first glance this was scarcely credible, still the words were perfectly correct. He

MONUMENT TO THE BRITISH SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN FRONT OF THE REDAN.

was a young, good-looking man in the prime of life; no wound or disfigurement was visible, the uniform was in perfect order; the horrible was entirely wanting, there was nothing gruesome, the gory element was nowhere to be seen: he sat there as if he were merely resting. The single figure was in itself a picture; or it might be said that an exact model would have been a good subject for a statuette that any one would have been pleased to have in a drawing-room, with a glass shade over it. When the bullet had struck him, enough life had been left to enable him to sit down; he had placed his head on his right hand, and the spark of life departed: the face showed no signs of pain. The soldiers told us that his regiment was not engaged in the assault, but he had got *congé*, and joined another corps so as to take part in it: this was good proof that he was at least a brave man.

It may be fitting to close this article with a reference to the monument that was erected to the memory of those that fell at the Redan by our troops before leaving the Crimea. This simple erection stands on the ground between our most advanced trench and the salient of the Redan. Such a monument to our dead on this spot ought to have been sacred: no hand should have dared to touch it except with something akin to reverence; and yet its principal purpose for many years past has been to serve as a monument to that aspect of foolishness in human nature which is manifested by people carving their names on celebrated spots. These names are deeply cut, and appear to endure; while the original inscription was in 1869, when I revisited the Crimea, defaced, and a large portion of it had disappeared. I made a copy of what was left and give it here—

To the MEMORY

of

those who ren

in the trenches

and assaults upon the Redan

1855.

THE LONGEST REIGN IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

By JOHN ASHTON.

With Illustrations Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

THE prayer embodied in our National Anthem—

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

has been heard, and the life of our beloved Queen has not only been spared to her subjects, but her reign over them is the longest known in England, having, on Sept. 23 last past, beaten the record of George III. by a day. Indeed, she is the oldest reigning sovereign in the world, the Emperor of Austria coming next, who began to reign in 1848. It has been a reign of marvels, and people, like the writer, who have lived through the whole of it, have been rarely privileged. Since her accession in 1837, she and her people have been thoroughly in accord—her subjects have rejoiced in her joys, and grieved with her in her sorrows, of which she has had as many, and as great, as fall to the lot of most human beings.

A simple girl, little over eighteen years of age, when she ascended the throne, she speedily identified herself with her position, and has ever behaved with a dignity befitting the Queen of England and Empress in India. Yet there was little dignity in her induction to her new position, if the story as told by Miss Wynn in "Diaries of a Lady of Quality" is true. She says: "On Monday we were listening all day for the tolling of the bells, watching whether the guests were going to the Waterloo dinner at Apsley House. On Tuesday, at half-past two a.m., the scene closed, and in a short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to their young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time, before they could rouse the porter at the gates; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed to be forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform H.R.H. that they requested an audience on business of importance; after another delay, and another ringing to enquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come to the *Queen* on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and to prove that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

Since that time the world has marched very fast, indeed it is almost a new world, a fact which is forcibly borne in upon us when we recollect that it was in this same year of 1837 that the city of Melbourne was laid out, as a town, by order of Sir R. Bourke. Its progress was rapid, for within two years certain lots of land had advanced in price from £7 to £606, and from £27 to £930. In George's reign, although we, by the treaty of Paris, gained Canada, we lost what are now known as the United States. Victoria's reign has been one long series of accessions to the Empire. Our colonies are young, healthy, prosperous, and loyal; the magnificent Empire of India has been added to and consolidated; Africa has been explored and is being colonised; and all over the whole globe the English are pushing their way; even the river Ob, so long deemed impracticable, has been opened to commerce by an Englishman. Steam has practically annihilated distance; and the old six months' voyage to India died the death when, on Oct. 31, 1845, Lieutenant Waghorn practically demonstrated the feasibility of his "overland route" to

India. The regular mail, and his express, arrived at Suez, in the same steamer, on Oct. 19, yet by his means the news brought by it was published in all the London papers which were in Paris before the mail from Marseilles was on its way to London. The cutting of the Suez Canal brought India and Australia, China and Japan far nearer to us—you can now get to Bombay in twenty-five days, Melbourne in forty-five days (going to Brindisi will knock off eight days), and the ocean greyhounds will whisk you to New York in five days and a half. This can only be done by tremendous steam power, such as would have made our fathers' hair stand on end even to think of, yet, although our ships are thousands of tons burden, and are driven by thousands of horse power, no one thinks that we have reached finality.

PRINCESS VICTORIA AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN THE GARDENS OF KENSINGTON PALACE.

George III had a European war on his hands when he came to the throne, and it was not till the Peace of Paris, in 1763, that hostilities with France and Spain came to an end. Then came the American War of Independence, from 1774 to 1782; war with France, 1778; with Spain and Holland, 1780—all three ending in 1783. But ten years of peace, and then came the war of the Revolution, 1793 to 1802, war with Napoleon, and, with him, most of the European Powers, from 1803 to 1815, besides another little war with America, 1812 to 1814. Surely this was enough fighting for one reign, which not only led to enormous taxation, but drew considerably upon the population. This was met by impressment for the navy, whilst the army was recruited by means of high bounty for volunteers, by compulsory service by all who had no ostensible means of living, and, in a small degree, by bankrupt debtors, who were thus released from jail. In Victoria's reign we have had but one European war, the Crimean, which lasted but two years. True, owing to her vast Empire we are generally at war in some part of the world, in India, China, Persia, Abyssinia, Ashantee, Afghanistan, Zululand, Burmah, Mashonaland, Corea, etc., but these do not interfere with the development of England as a nation.

And, owing to this time of peace the population of England increased so rapidly that the surplus were obliged to leave their native land and found homes for themselves elsewhere. Luckily, the world is large, and other lands were crying aloud for inhabitants, and the number of millions of English men and women who have emigrated will never be known. The United States and Canada received them gladly, while the vast continent of Australia and the islands of New Zealand were all their own. And yet, with all this emigration, the population has doubled, while Great Britain has not increased an acre. The census of 1841 gives the total population as 18,656,414, and that of 1891 is 37,880,764.

This, in spite of the numbers employed on railways, and who are in the army, navy, mercantile marine, and police, leaves too large a margin in the labour market, and efforts are being strenuously made by trades unions to diminish the hours of labour, and thus afford employment for more. Unfortunately, these trade unions have developed into organisations which

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 28, 1838

exercise the grossest tyranny over the working man, compelling him to strike at the bidding of a committee, and striving with might and main to prevent all who do not belong to them from obtaining employment. This is, as a rule, hard enough to obtain; the country having been denuded of its agricultural labourers, who have flocked into the towns, not only because of the depressed state of agriculture, but the lights, music-halls, and amusements, combined with the chance of obtaining higher wages, offer attractions which are irresistible. The consequence is that the towns have more labour than is required, much misery is created through lack of employment, and the country is starved of its natural population. A new career has, in this reign, been opened to the working-man, several bonâ-fide artisans have been elected members of Parliament, and, with one or two exceptions, have shown themselves good and capable men. When the Queen came to the throne, the Reformed Parliament had only been in existence five years, and during her reign it has been twice "Reformed," in 1867-8 and in 1884-5, on each occasion becoming more democratic.

In the beginning of this reign agriculture was prosperous, and, as time went on, the rents of farms increased prodigiously. Scientific farming, with sub-soiling and artificial manures, such as guano, etc., came into fashion. Capital was embarked in agriculture, small farms were made into large ones, hedges were grubbed up, and ditches filled, while the soil was thoroughly drained by means of pipes. A fresh race of farmers arose—young men with some capital, who had learned theoretical farming at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, who took large farms with small mansions built thereon, and employed bailiffs, while they hunted, shot, and visited the Continent. Then came the Repeal of the Corn Laws, which practically abolished the import duty on corn,

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ON THE MORNING OF HER ACCESSION, JUNE 20, 1837.

From the Painting by Miss Costello.

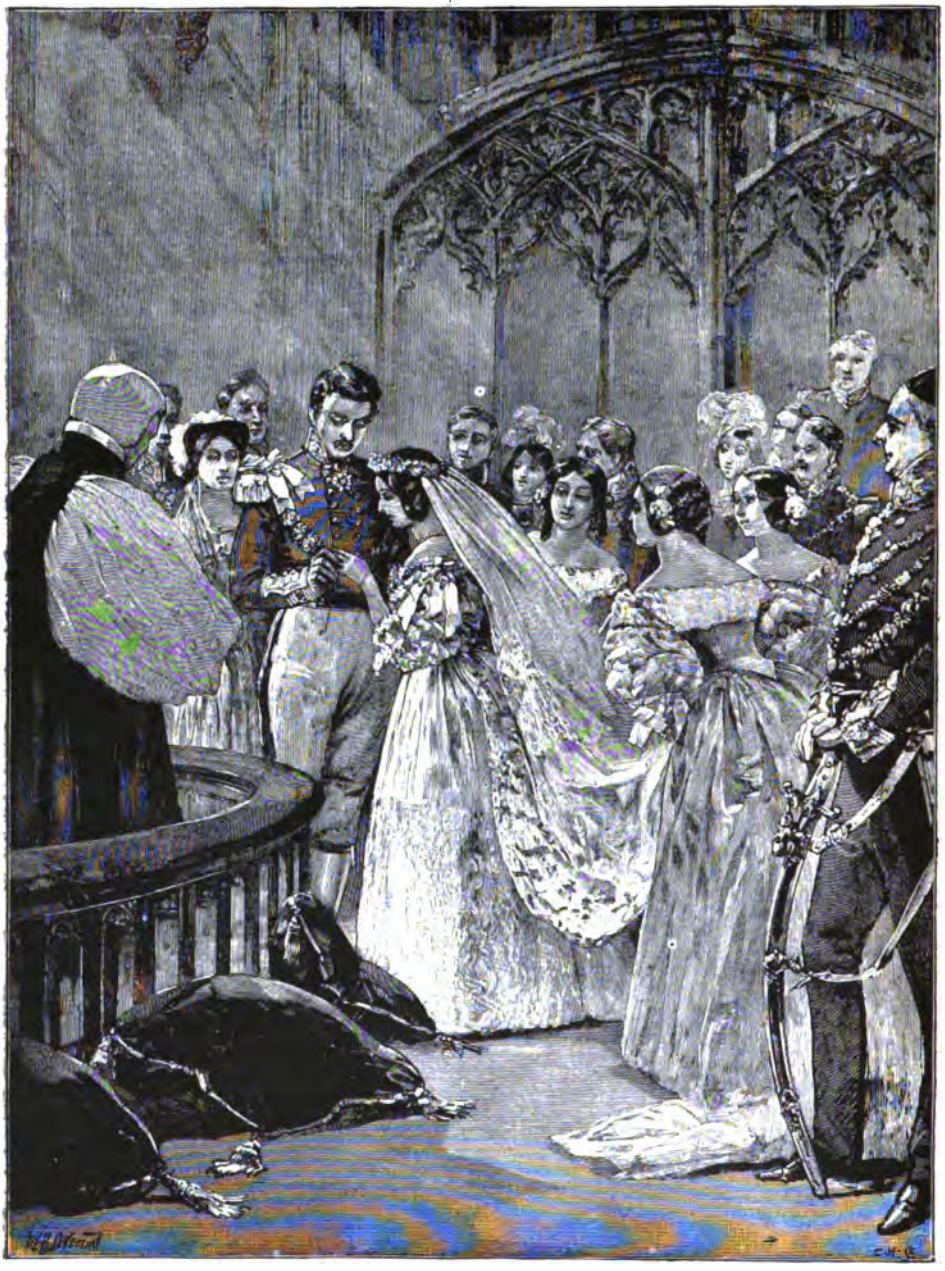
on Jan. 31, 1849, after which, until 1869, it was only the nominal sum of 1s. per quarter. Its effect on the farmer may be briefly shown. In 1837, the year of the Queen's Accession, the average price of wheat was 56s. per quarter; in 1850, the year after the virtual repeal of the Corn Laws, it was under 46s.; and now it is half that price. Wheat has poured into this country from all parts of the world, including India and Australia, and the acreage sown here is getting less and less yearly; the land gone altogether out of cultivation is simply appalling, and it is impossible to reinstate it for years. As if this were not enough to heavily handicap the British farmer, frozen meat from Australia, New Zealand, and America, is imported in such quantities as to reduce the profit on stock-breeding to the very minimum. Nor is this all: the produce of his orchards is forestalled by heavy importations of apples, etc., from Australia, New Zealand, America, and the Cape of Good Hope, while pineapples, bananas, grapes, peaches, and apricots are now sold on barrows in the streets, and, with the exception of the very poor, these things, which were unattainable by their fathers, are now within the reach of all. But this depression of agriculture necessarily bears hardly on the landowner, whose income is proportionately reduced, a fact which is felt by all who come within his sphere of influence.

One great fact of this reign is the promotion of temperance in alcoholic drink. In its beginning, drunkenness was a very venial fault in all classes of society; now it is unknown in the upper, and marvellously modified in the lower classes. It may be said that the temperance movement began, about 1837, with a Roman Catholic priest, Father Theobald Mathew, who, being aroused by the prevalence of drunkenness around him, entered into a crusade against the sin, and became the apostle of temperance. After much opposition his efforts were successful, and to him many thousands owe their moral salvation. He received a pension from Government of £300 per annum, and died in 1857. The demand for pleasant temperance drinks created the supply, but the movement has been chiefly assisted by the lowering of the import duty on coffee and tea, the latter now being procurable, of good quality, at 1s. to 1s. 4d. per pound. The extraordinary consumption of tea is greatly owing to the growth of the leaf in India and Ceylon, whose teas have nearly driven those of China out of the market.

We must not forget that to this reign we owe the uniform inland postage rate of one penny per letter. It was early in 1837 that Mr. (afterwards Sir) Rowland Hill broached his plan of a uniform penny postage; but as a tentative measure, a uniform rate of fourpence was imposed in 1839. By this means the machinery of the Penny Post was inaugurated, and letters were carried at that price on Jan. 10, 1840. At first the postage was paid as before, but on May 1 the Mulready envelope, so well known to collectors, was issued; but it was the subject of so much ridicule as to necessitate the destruction of nearly all the vast number prepared for issue. Then other stamped envelopes were made, and finally, in 1841, adhesive stamps were issued. Book-post came in 1855. Money orders, inaugurated in 1792, first became general in 1840, when the tariff was reduced. Halfpenny post-cards were first issued on Oct. 1, 1870, and the Parcel Post came into operation on Aug. 1, 1883. The Post Office Savings Bank began in 1861, and work commenced on the Post Office telegraphs on Feb. 5, 1869.

Our system of internal locomotion has been entirely revolutionised; nor is it surprising, when we consider that before the Queen's reign there were only four railways at work. In the old Georgian days the good people used to travel on horseback, and, to suit their purses, either by stage or mail coach, or by wagon; pack-horses even were in use. Now all are vanished except a few sporadic stage coaches and two or three mail coaches. Cabs have superseded the old hackney coaches, and no one knows what is in the future as to auto-motors. There was a kind of bicycle used during the Regency, called the dandy-horse, but as the rider used to propel it by his feet on the ground it is hardly comparable. Vastly improved, too, are the streets. Gone are the ruts and deeply channelled kennels, gone are the *trottoirs* of kidney stones, and in their place is a perfect pavement of wood, asphalte, or stone, while the pathways are beautifully smooth and clean. Instead of the filthy old streets, with their reeking kennels, the modern ones are well scavenged, and London is the best drained city in Europe. No longer is its sewage allowed to poison its inhabitants or pollute the Thames. That has all been changed in this reign; but the mighty system of drainage was only completed in 1875 at a cost of £4,500,000.

And, wherever possible, the streets are widened, and in the place of old shops



THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, FEBRUARY 10, 1840.

miniature palaces are built, while the clubs, banks, insurance offices, and public buildings are often very fine specimens of architecture. The improvement made in the manufacture of glass no longer restricts its size, the small panes having given place to huge plates, perfectly pellucid. The old, smoky, flickering oil-lamps are gone, and we have the shops and streets brilliantly lit by gas or electricity. Trees are planted wherever the roads and pathways are wide enough, and the overhead electric wires are as rapidly as possible being buried under foot. The old Georgian idea of a street was dull uniformity; now there is some diversity in architecture, and among other innovations of this reign we must not forget the "flat."

The interior of the houses, in sanitation, decoration, and furniture, have vastly improved. This reign may be called that of "the Bath": I will not say that it was not in existence previously, but its use was not universal. Now, the very pauper, before he can get a night's lodging in the casual ward of a workhouse, must have a bath. Public baths and washhouses are in every parish; and in every house, say of £40 annual rent and upward, built during the last twenty years, there is a bath-room, besides the "tubs" in different bed-rooms. In beauty of design the wall-papers of the Georgian era are not to be compared with those of the Victorian. Parquet-floors, or even borders, are improvements; and, as to furniture, it may not be so solid, but it is far more pleasing to the eye. In George the Third's time there was but one wood used for furniture, and that was mahogany. The chairs and sofas, or couches, were very solid, very heavy, and very ugly, with scarcely a curve in them. To add to their ugliness, they were upholstered with black horse-hair cloth, which, when somewhat worn, was not pleasant to sit upon. Bell-ropes, which had a knack of coming down when pulled, have given way to the neat and effective electric bell. The Englishman still clings to his open fire-place; and the little, starved things which emitted no heat have given place to others constructed on more economical and scientific principles which do warm the room. Gas, oil, and electricity have entirely superseded the Georgian candle, which required constant snuffing. The sanitary arrangements of the older reign were very unsatisfactory, and undoubtedly led to much illness. The first step in the right direction was to connect every house with a main sewer; but we are only just awaking to the danger of old and faulty work in this department, and proper connections are enforced by law. In case of epidemics, it is compulsory to separate the sick from those that are well; and, for that purpose, large hospitals and ships are provided.

And that leads us to think of the number of hospitals and charities which have sprung up spontaneously within the reign, all either endowed by wealthy patrons, or supported by voluntary contributions. There is not a disease but what has its special hospital; there are homes for convalescents and the dying, institutions for the helpless, cripples and incurables, the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, orphanages, homes for waifs and strays, and help for all kinds of erring humanity. But the millions of money thus spent fade beside the sums spent in restoring old cathedrals and churches and building and endowing new churches and chapels. We have often admired and wondered at the munificence of our forefathers in this respect, but it pales before that of this age. Free libraries, open spaces for recreation and relaxation, technical schools, literary institutions, have been given prodigally.

Certainly riches have increased in this reign to a point utterly undreamed of in that of George III., and with the riches have come luxuries equally unknown. It is nothing now for a man to follow the sun all round the world, and have summer wherever he goes. It is quite an ordinary thing now to winter in the Riviera or in Egypt, while the only obtainable milder climate in the old days was a storm-tossed voyage to Madeira. With increased means more refined manners have obtained, and in no way more than in eating. In the old days profusion and solidity of food was the rule; nowadays, a dinner-party, with its flowers and fruit upon the table, is a thing of joy, while the ordinary dinner-table of ordinary folk is made pretty with silver, cut-glass, and flowers. In place of the old-fashioned and stuffy hotels, veritable palaces have arisen, in which luxury has reached its acme. A passenger-steamer is a floating palace, while during a long railway journey we can dine comfortably and sleep in the train.

Much of this wealth has been derived from legitimate commerce and manufacture, but much, also, from Stock Exchange speculations, from diamonds, and gold and silver mines, the amount of gold obtained both from California and Australia (all since 1848) being almost beyond conception.

The law of Limited Liability, passed in 1855, has also materially added to the wealth of individuals, but there is little doubt that the enormous trading companies established by its means, and the system of co-operation established during this reign, press hardly on the small tradesman. In George the Third's reign the gambling craze took the form of lotteries; in our days the similar social cancer is betting on horse-racing—whilst card-playing is common to both. The coarse amusements of bull and bear baiting and cock-fighting have disappeared, and a great increase of museums, theatres, music halls, and exhibitions such as Olympia and India have taken their place—whilst, free of cost, are provided parks and recreation grounds, with free bands. Our youth rejoice in cricket, football, rowing, cycling, and athletics generally, and it cannot be denied that, as a consequence, a finer race (physically speaking) of both sexes is springing up. A railway system has grown up, both here and on the Continent, which facilitates intercourse, thus expanding the mind, which must tend to elevate the moral tone, whilst the poorest child can now receive an education, *gratis*, which the son of a peer in King George's time could not have obtained for any money.

The progress of science in this reign has been something marvellous. Electricity, although Galvani and Volta were both alive in George's time, was but a toy, and has only been put into practical use under Victoria. The telegraph has annihilated distance, and electricity furnishes intense light and heat, besides giving a quiet motive power. Photography was not dreamed of until this century, and if we except the experiments of Wedgwood, which were of no practical utility, we must date its introduction in England, at all events, from Sept. 13, 1839, when M. St. Croix exhibited the whole process of Daguerreotype in presence of a select party of scientific men and artists. He also succeeded in producing a picture of the place of meeting, 7, Piccadilly. We know how photography has developed, until it appears to have culminated in the discovery of the X rays of light by Röntgen. Lord Rayleigh has discovered a hitherto unknown constituent of our atmosphere, Argon, while it would require volumes to describe the marvels obtained out of coal, such as aniline dyes, etc. In medicine a new school, that of homœopathy, has been founded. Chloroform and the antiseptic treatment of wounds have been introduced, while women are allowed to practise, and a whole army of trained nurses has been raised.

This reign has created mechanical science. The steam-engine, which was very crude, has become a thing of might; the exigencies of manufacture have created a demand for labour-saving machines, as exemplified in the cotton trade and the sewing machine. Agriculture has its mowing and reaping machines, its root-pulpers and chaff-cutters. Flour is no longer produced by the old mill-stones, but by rollers, and bread is made by machinery. Whitworth, with his gauges, screw-threads, and magnificent tools, which have been the means of turning out of our workshops the perfection of machinery; Nasmyth, whose steam-hammer has enabled us to forge such huge masses of iron as never were dreamed of before; and Bessemer, whose conversion of crude iron into mild steel has wrought a revolution in the iron trade, are men of whom any country might be proud, and they all belong to this reign. War has been revolutionised. Rifled small-arms, breechloading and with magazines, rifled cannon carrying many miles, with gunpowder getting effete owing to newer and more powerful explosives, range-finders, heliographs, field-telegraphs, and balloons—all belong to this reign; while the famous "Wooden Walls of Old England" of the Georgian era would be knocked into matchwood in a very few minutes by the guns of, or torpedoes fired from, an armour-plated steam-ship.

Our civil engineers have performed feats which had no counterpart in former times. They have surveyed and laid a perfect network of railways all over England, overcoming every mechanical difficulty; they have made the bridges which span the Menai Straits, the Forth, Tay, and Tower Bridges, tunnels innumerable through hills and mountains, five under the Thames, and the Mersey and the Severn Tunnels. In architecture we have vastly improved in this reign, not only because the architects are better educated, but their patrons are so as well, and are far better able to judge of the fitness of style than they were.

Painting, both in oil and water-colour, has marvellously improved since the commencement of the reign, when, it must be owned, there was plenty of room for improvement. It received a waking up about 1850, when a few young artists, Millais, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and others

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS BEATRICE AT HOME AT OSBORNE.

From a Photograph by Mary Steen.

(called the Pre-Raphaelite School) began to draw and paint carefully. The influence of this school has been immense; and, although English figure-painting may not, as a whole, compare with the French and German schools, in landscape we are second to none. The literature of this reign belongs to the world, and has been sufficiently appreciated; but for the grains of wheat there are bushels of chaff. As education has progressed, a *cacoëthes scribendi* seems to have come to almost every man and woman, and the literary market is flooded with rubbish, which, although living its brief hour, is, unfortunately, replaced by the efforts of never ending recruits.

The newspaper Press has resembled everything else in this reign — it has developed in an extraordinary manner. No exact information as to the numbers of periodical literature can ever be obtained, for some papers have but an ephemeral existence; but the following is the latest list of newspapers I can obtain :—

England ..	London	456	.. 1798
	Provinces	1342	
Wales			98
Scotland			217
Ireland			168
British Isles			23
Total			2304

The magazines now in the course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 2081, of which more than 487 are of a decidedly religious character.

Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF HER MAJESTY.

LITTLE NELSON WANDERING IN CHATHAM DOCKYARD IN SEARCH OF THE "RAISONNABLE."

See "Our Great Naval Hero."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

OUR GREAT NAVAL HERO.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NELSON.

BY CLARK RUSSELL.

I.—EARLY BOYHOOD.

WHAT genius of the brush will give us a picture of little Nelson wandering in Chatham Dockyard in search of the *Raisonnable*, a big ship of sixty-four guns commanded by Captain Suckling and filled with pigtails and petticoat trousers? One need but close one's eyes to behold the vision in its completeness, pale in the ghostly sunshine of a long vanished day. The weather is bleak, the year is 1771. The London coach is late. Presently it thunders up to the door of the hostelry, and there alights a delicate little boy, attenuated and pale, eyes brilliant with genius, and a countenance of charming refinement shadowed by the sadness of leave-taking.

A boy going to sea! How very different, to be sure, his aspect, and the suggestions of it, from those traditional ideas of boys going to sea which we receive into our minds from the inimitable, licentious, and libellous Tobias! This boy should sport a grog-blossom for a nose, his hair should hang in a shower of carrot-parings; though but a weanling, his utterance should be as coarse as his teeth, and his profanity as vigorous as the coachman's. How he is dressed I am not able to tell you; his father is a poor country parson, and the lad's outfit is a slender one. You do not need to be told that he is a young gentleman; you see breeding in his hands and face, in the turns of his head, in the motions of his little form.

Now he has to find the *Raisonnable*, a big King's ship, all of the olden time; and this little lad, who in all probability had never seen a real ship in his life, stares about him with the fascinated eyes of childhood as he walks. Did the love of the sea come to this boy through his mother, on whose side lay some gallant historic memory of ocean-struggle borne upon the page of naval record in the tale of Galfridus Walpole's action in the Mediterranean in 1711? Was the passion for the sea inherent, as it is in most English boys? In spite of his love of sailing paper boats in the market gutter at Downham, it may be credited that this boy's motive in going to sea was to relieve his father from the burden of maintaining him. Some who lived nearer to his time than we have so said. The Rev. Edmund Nelson was at Bath when little Horatio, in the pleasant rectory-house at Burnham Thorpe, sitting at table with his brother William, asked him—that is, William, who, through this same bright-eyed little chap, was raised to the peerage as an Earl long afterwards—to write to his father for permission to go to sea with Uncle Maurice Suckling. The reverend gentleman had consented, and what was Captain Suckling's answer? "What has poor Horace done, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come; and the first time we go into action a cannon-ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once."

Little Nelson did not seem able to find the *Raisonnable* very easily. He was bewildered by the shipping, by the complicated smells, by the tempestuous roaring voices of the Jacks, by a scene which is not now, as it certainly was not then, quite so delectable as the Bower that stood by Bendemeer's Stream. While he was looking at a hulk that was the home of hundreds of men, women, and children, though in her day her 'tween decks had thundered many fateful messages to the enemies of

this country, a naval officer who had been watching him approached and asked him what he wanted. The youngster answered that he was in search of the *Raisonnable*. "Captain Suckling?" says the naval officer. "Yes," answered Horatio. "He is my uncle, Sir." "I know him very well. Yonder is the *Raisonnable*. Her captain is not in Chatham, and may not be here for some days. Have you dined?" "No, Sir," answered young Nelson. "You look cold and hungry. Come along home with me," said the kind-hearted officer, viewing with great interest not unmingled with pity the pale and delicate face of the lad. He marched him to his home, and presently he and Horatio, and perhaps kindly Mrs. Officer, and maybe—let us hope for the sake of posterity—several young Officers, were seated at table with a leg of mutton smoking in the midst of them and a good pudding to follow. I do not say that the embryo hero and his kind friend conversed exactly as I have written, but depend upon it something answering to this brief imaginary talk had being in that cold day and in that dockyard. After a good meal which warmed the poor little fellow's heart, he went on board the *Raisonnable*.

He had been rated by Captain Suckling as midshipman. Old Patronage was then flourishing in full vigour of limb and body. Is the giant dead? I believe with George Eliot that old Leisure is buried, but I fancy that even in these regenerated days of stern professors, stiff examinations, naval schools, and training-ships, a sort of tremble will now and again be seen to pass through old Patronage's form, and one eye will open and shut suddenly in a wink. By Patronage in those days hundreds obtained easy entrance into the Navy, and hundreds easy promotion. Young Nelson undoubtedly had interest at his back; Professor Laughton, in his brief "Life of Nelson," tells us that according to the "Instructions" Horatio should have been rated as the captain's servant. There was no dream of degradation in the term. It was just a *façon de parler*—a well understood fiction; a young lord, the representative perhaps of a ducal house, might be entered as a servant. Be this as it will, Nelson undoubtedly started on his career as midshipman. The boy was twelve years old, having been born Sept. 29, 1758, and we are now dealing with the early month of the year 1771.

What sort of reception did he meet with when he gained the decks of the ship? Was his little lean frame much derided? Were coarse jokes hurled at him by riggers discoloured with rum and by seamen with their back hair lying between their shoulder-blades, just as it had been tenderly combed and made ship-shape by Soosie and Poll, who had left Wapping Old Stairs to dwell in Chatham until the *Raisonnable* sailed? Some of Nelson's biographers tell us that he wandered about the decks forlorn and melancholy, pining for his home, and that his young heart yearned for the old rectory, for his father and brother, and for the simple interests of his childish life. Who should doubt it? There is just as much human nature in the incipient hero as there is in the average boy who will never cut a figure, and whose manliness is not equal to the suppression of loud blubbering when his clinging mother says, "God bless you, my darling," and reluctantly, with many parting looks, leaves him to the loving care of the Reverend Doctor Cane. Nelson could weep both as man and boy, and he could also be seasick, and one loves him the better for such weaknesses, for a perfect hero, after the pattern of the Iron Duke, may appeal to the admiration, but never to the affections of poor humanity.

It moves one to pity to figure a delicate little boy reared to think with tender reverence and love of the Supreme and of all that is right and pure in life, on board a war-ship of that date. The calling of the Navy was, perhaps, never before nor since so rough. The press-gangs had been doing bloody business in London and the out-ports; and tenders were filled with merchantmen (and others who did not know what a ship was like), with their heads full of holes from the bludgeons of men who knew how to use both the cutlass and the pike. "I was disarmed," says Smollett, speaking in the person of Roderick Random, "taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing tender, where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well nigh distracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow captives who was unfettered to take a handkerchief out of my pocket and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief 'tis true, but, instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to

the grating of the hatchway, and with astonishing composure sold it before my face to a bum-boat woman then on board, for a quart of gin with which he treated my companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties." The brutalising effect of the press-gang, even in this century when something of moderation was exercised, and when even something of humanity governed the thrust of the cutlass or the blow of the stick, may be read at large in the works of Marryat and Michael Scott. Strange that we should be obliged to turn to the pages of the novelists for the real historic record! But most historians of our Navy so much

butter that issued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, resembling a chandler's shop where, by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a pale meagre countenance, sitting behind a kind of desk, having spectacles on his nose and a pen in his hand. This (I learned of Mr. Thomson) was the ship's steward, who sat there to distribute provisions to the several messes, and to mark what each received. He therefore presented my name to him and desired I might be entered in his mess; then taking a light in his hand, conducted me to the place of his residence, which was a square of about six feet,

YOUNG NELSON INVITED TO DINNER BY AN OFFICER.

concern themselves with dates and the correction of other people's statements that they quite forget to be interesting.

The sailor, then, of Nelson's day was a very rough man indeed, with little love for his calling, but always fighting splendidly, for prize money first, and next for the preservation of his ship and the annihilation of the enemy. His ship was as rough as he was. Smollett draws a Hogarthian picture of the cock-pit, where the midshipmen's quarters were situated. "We descended by divers ladders to a space as dark as a dungeon, which I understood was immersed several feet under water, being immediately above the hold. I had no sooner approached this dismal gulf than my nose was saluted with an intolerable stench of putrefied cheese and rancid

surrounded with the medicine-chest, that of the first mate, his own, and a board by way of table fastened to the after powder-room; it was also enclosed with canvas nailed round to the beams of the ship, to screen us from the cold, as well as from the view of the midshipmen and quarter-masters who lodged within the cable tiers on each side of us." A glimpse of the midshipman and his quarters, a little earlier perhaps than Nelson's time, may be got by reading some forgotten verses written by William Falconer, the poet of the "Shipwreck." He thus speaks of the cockpit—

> Deep in that fabric where Britannia boasts
> O'er seas to waft her thunder and her hosts
> A cavern lies! unknown to cheering day,
> Where one small taper lends a feeble ray.

After some lines not relevant to my

purpose, Falconer gives us this description of a midshipman of a date but little anterior to Nelson's, dressing himself for dinner—

In neighbouring mansions, lo! what clouds arise!—
It half conceals its owner from our eyes;
One penny light with feeble lustre shines,
To prove the Mid in high Olympus dines.
Let us approach—the preparation view—
A cockpit-beau is surely something new.
To him Japan her varnish'd joys denies,
Nor bloom for him the sweets of Eastern skies;
His rugged limbs no lofty mirror shows,
Nor tender couch invites him to repose.
A pigmy glass upon his toilet stands,
Crack'd o'er and o'er by awkward, clumsy hands;
Chesterfield's page polite, the "Seaman's Guide,"
An half-eat biscuit, Congreve's "Mourning Bride,"
Bestrew'd with powder, in confusion lie,
And form a chaos to the intruding eye.
At length this meteor of an hour is dress'd,
And rises an Adonis from his chest.
Cautious he treads lest some unlucky slip
Defiles his clothes with burgou, or with flip;
These rocks escaped, arrives in statu quo,
Bows; dines, and bows; then sinks again below.

By the dimly revealing gleam of this poetic rushlight we obtain a sort of insight into the hidden life of the man-of-war of old days, and can easily guess at the scene of confusion, smells, high jinks, the hectoring, craven bully of the mess into which little Nelson, fresh from the peaceful atmosphere of a country rectory, was to be introduced. It is to be lamented that we do not know who, if any, took him by the hand—how, in short, the little fellow "managed" until the arrival of the captain of the vessel. One would hope to find some reference to Nelson at this critical moment in a letter, an entry, a record of memory set down afterwards out of love for the glory the little man in later years achieved.

Certainly few things are more interesting in naval biography than the story of the introduction of the subjects of the lives into the sea-career. Three instances occur to me. When John Jervis, afterwards the famous Earl of St. Vincent, the hero of St. Valentine's Day, first went on board his ship, his reception was such that his biographer, Captain Brenton, found himself incapable of describing it. "I have too much respect," he says, "for my readers to describe the scene which his Lordship presented to me, in a very few words, but in his clear and emphatic manner. Suffice it to say that in point of gross immorality and vice it equalled or outdid anything described by Smollett in his 'Roderick Random.'" It is difficult to understand what Brenton means by "gross immorality and vice." There is surely nothing immoral or vicious in the cockpit scenes depicted by Smollett. Of coarseness there is plenty, and also a great plenty of swearing. Captain Brenton was a religious man of a mild and charitable cast of nature, and it is possible that he found something more significant in the Earl's statement than a rougher sailor would have noticed. Perhaps there was something in young Jervis's dress that tickled the rude humour of his messmates. He wore a coat that had been made for him to grow up to. The skirts fell to his heels and the sleeves were turned up half the length of the arm. Strap a dirk to this shape and fix something laced on its head, and caricature might not be able to make the figure more ridiculous. That many such grotesquely clad naval officers were afloat in those days and long subsequently we are well assured. A portrait drawn from the life may be found in "Old Bloody Politeful," the first lieutenant of a corvette, in "The Cruise of the Midge." Another instance of the introduction into the sea life is Collingwood's. The archness of the humour of that valorous North from whose loins Collingwood sprang and whose dark rolling Tyne and Wear have yielded us the grandest race of seamen the world has ever seen or shall see, may be found in the descriptions given in Collingwood's correspondence. Young Cuthbert went on board his ship and sat down upon a gun and began to cry bitterly over his separation from home. His misery was exquisite; he yearned for compassion and sympathy. Presently the first lieutenant accosted him with a note of kindness in his voice. This so affected the boy that he eagerly begged the officer to accompany him to his sea-chest, out of which he took a plum-cake and offered a large piece to the lieutenant.

Another instance is that of Lord Dundonald, then Lord Cochrane. His introduction was truly extraordinary. He found the first lieutenant dressed in the garb of a seaman, with his hair tied down his back, a marline-spike in one hand and a lump of grease in the other. This strange figure was busily occupied in setting up the main rigging. His name was Jack Larmour, and he had been promoted from the forecastle to the quarterdeck, to which part of the ship he had brought all the airs and graces of the land of the slush lamp and the evil-smelling mess-kid. Dundonald stood over six feet high; the lieutenant had heard that he was to have entered the army, and he surveyed the tall lean figure with contempt. "Get your traps below!"

then roared Larmour. "This Lord Cochrane's chest? Does Lord Cochrane think he's going to bring a cabin aboard? The service is going to the devil!" He then sent for the key of the young nobleman's chest, and presently a noise of sawing was to be heard. In fact, the lieutenant ordered the chest to be sawn into halves, apparently without regard to its contents, "accompanying the operation," says Lord Dundonald, "by sundry uncomplimentary observations on midshipmen in general and on myself in particular."

This sort of usage was not calculated to reconcile a boy to his friends' choice of a sea-life. The tender age and physical delicacy of little Nelson doubtless pleaded for him and rescued him from the rough and coarse people among whom he had cast his lot. If he had nothing to do until Captain Suckling arrived, there was always the ship to look at. What a man-of-war's hull resembled in those days may be easily imagined by viewing the old *Victory* as she lies at her moorings off Portsmouth. The white bands were not then in use; they were yellow, and often the ships were wholly black. It was Nelson who introduced the white band broken by the gun-ports. The *Victory*, as we know her, lacks certain curly head-ornamentations such as are familiar to us in paintings of old ships. I suspect that the old *Raisonnable* was a perfect bed of head-boards, whence her long bowsprit and jibboom forked upward in a sleeve that made them resemble a fourth mast very severely stayed forward. She would have great round tops, that is to say, platforms fitted a little below the lower mast-head. In these tops the sailors could have given a ball. The cat-harpings complicated the gear aloft to the eye; everything was thick and massive. The shrouds were like hawsers, and they descended into channels filled with immense dead-eyes. But the wonderful precision and neatness of the British man-of-war would everywhere be visible.

One thinks of little Nelson as moving about gazing at the guns, watching the riggers, staring at the apparatus by which the heavy anchors were hove up to the yawning hawsepipes by hempen cables.

HE WENT ALOFT WITH THE JACKS.

But there was no magic in all these sights and sounds to lighten the boy's spirits. "The filial tenderness of his heart," says one of the earliest of his biographers, "at first required a solace which it did not find."

His character, however, began to show itself when Suckling arrived. The *Raisonnable* remained but a short time in commission, and Suckling was appointed to a

seventy-four-gun ship called the *Triumph*, stationed as a guard-ship in the Medway, The boy grew restless; he was seeing nothing of the sea life. How it came about I do not know that any of his biographers explain; but whether, through the advice of Captain Suckling, or because of the wishes of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, Horatio was sent on a voyage in a small ship to the West Indies. She was probably a snow. She was commanded by Mr. John Rathbone, who had served as master's mate under Captain Suckling. Nelson was absent in this voyage about a year. I confess, as one who has served under the red flag, that I love to think, and am honoured by thinking, of Nelson as a merchantman. The famous Cook was also a merchantman. Indeed, some of the finest seamen and greatest heroes of naval story have come out of our mercantile marine. But it is scarcely necessary to say this, seeing that the merchant service very greatly antedated the establishment of the Royal Navy. Even in Elizabeth's time one cannot think of Hawkins, Frobisher, Drake, and the many other stars of that splendid galaxy of sea-chieftains as Queen's men in the sense that a Royal Naval officer is now a Queen's man. They were buccaneers; the merchants found them ships; the Cinque Ports and the longshore yielded them crews who were composed of merchant sailors. The Navy grew out of the mercantile marine, and glorious as is the white flag, not less honourable is the red, whether for its memories of heroic combat or for its faithful discharge of the duties of that peace whose victories are not less renowned than war's.

Life in the merchant service last century was certainly harder than life in the Royal Navy. The ships went full of men, and the forecastles were small. They were not only small, they were foul, underdeck, loathsome dungeons. They were leaky; in head seas the water drained in and the seamen's chests floated about. A slush lamp would yield no light; a lanthorn with a candle in it merely made darkness visible. The merchant sailor was infamously fed. The humane "scientist" never dreamt of casting his eyes in the direction of Jack's caboose. Cook worked a miracle by cleanliness and by never losing an opportunity of obtaining fresh provisions and vegetables. On the other hand, how it fared with the crews under Anson, who, though a bold and gallant officer, needed certain qualities eminently to fit him for the high trust of that expedition, may be read in the narrative of his voyage. The crews of the whole squadron had amounted to upwards of twelve hundred. Within one year of leaving England only three hundred and thirty-five remained alive. This fearful mortality was nearly wholly due to the scurvy.

It was not to be supposed that little Nelson lived in the forecastle of Rathbone's ship. No doubt he slept aft in the cabin, and ate with the captain. Rathbone probably laid in a few sea-delicacies. One reads in old yarns of the captain of a frigate sitting down to a breakfast of coffee and toast and potted beef and tongue sliced *à la* Vauxhall. Rathbone would doubtless keep his weather eye lifting in these matters; but we may take it that Nelson also ate the food of the merchant sailor — his brine-hardened pork, beef which you could tease with thumb and forefinger as though it were oakum you picked; pease soup which gave you a clear view of the peas at the bottom of the nauseous draught, and "duff" formed of dark flour and the greasy scum floating on top of the scuppers. Therefore, so to speak, the lad shared in the sailors' mess-kid and drank of their scuttle-butt. Also he went aloft with the Jacks, helped reef, to light over to windward and to haul out to leeward, and he may have assisted in furling a royal or top-gallant sail.

They needed full crews in those days, for everything worked like "drawing teeth." The sheave jammed on its pin—they had no patent trusses—the yards came round slowly. All hands would be wanted time after time, and Nelson pulled and hauled with the rest. All hands! One recalls a passage in a naval novel published five years after the death of Nelson: "The lieutenant went on deck. 'Mr. Echo,' said he to a midshipman, 'send the after guard aft here to hoist the main-topsail.' 'Ay, ay, Sir!' cried Mr. Echo, who, in concert with half-a-dozen other weekly account gentlemen, thus vociferated for several minutes at the break of the quarter-deck—'Boatswain's Mate! Boatswain's Mate! I say, you Boatswain's Mate! Send the after guard aft here to the main-topsail halliards. Corporal of Marines! Send the marines aft on the quarter-deck to clap on the main-topsail halliards. Master at Arms! Go down below, and send all the idlers up! Send all the idlers up! Do you hear there, Master at Arms? Send all the idlers up! Stewards and servants, barbers and sweeps, cook's mates, and cook's mates' ministers, doctor's mates and

loblolly boys! After Guard! I don't see the after guard coming aft! Where's the Captain of the After Guard! Pass the word, there, in the waist for the Captain of the After Guard!'"

Nelson returned from this voyage to the West Indies a thorough sailor. He had brought with him a forecastle growl of those days: "Aft the more honour, forward the better man." And he was not far wrong. He was bronzed, and he had broadened. He had picked up a thorough knowledge of practical seamanship. In a man-of-war in reefing he would have sat on the cap and yelled to the men; in Rathbone's ship he laid out on the yards and helped the seamen. He lived with the crew of this vessel during an impressionable period of his life; and there is little doubt that the sympathy he felt with sailors and his kind usage of them in after days, insomuch that he was more beloved by his crews than any Captain or Admiral I can find record of, was largely due to this voyage in a merchantman. Indeed, it is impossible to live with merchant seamen of a good sort, to share their privations, to lead their lives, to sit and yarn with them by the hour, and not part from their companionship without regret. The sentiment of the shipmate comes to you, and a habit of affection with the old life and the hearts you were thrown with will long survive your withdrawal from the career.

Many writers have expressed wonder that young Nelson should have returned from this voyage hating the Navy. He himself owns that he hated it, but speaks regretfully of the passing feeling. But his star of glory had climbed high in the heavens when he made this admission. He could easily have explained the real reason. In Rathbone's ship he enjoyed a liberty and freedom which were new sensations to him after the taut discipline of a man-of-war. He did not then consider that the Navy offered him any promise of reward for zeal and dutifulness. He beheld in Rathbone a melancholy instance of what he might consider the country's ingratitude. Here was a man who had served the State to the utmost of his ability for some years, and who, finding that he was no longer needed, returned for his daily bread to the service which he had quitted for a man-of-war. Then, again, young Nelson knew that at the end of a merchantman's voyage the sailor lined his pocket with good money and was a free man. Happily for our country, these thoughts did not long possess him. Only think of Horatio Nelson, master mariner, never reaching anything higher in the sea-life than the command, perhaps, of a small West Indiaman!

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF DR. NANSEN.

Drawn from Life at Christiania by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

DR. NANSEN AT HOME.

By HERBERT WARD.

Illustrated from Sketches made at Christiania by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier, and Photographs supplied by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition.

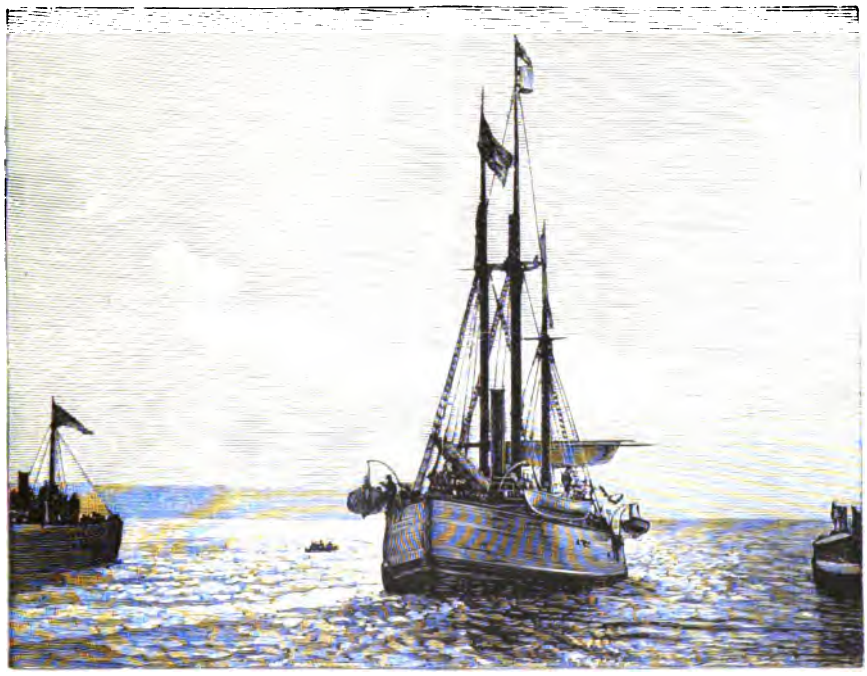
"THANK you. I am quite well. We all are well. There has not been a day's illness among us."

These were Dr. Nansen's first words in acknowledging my greeting on the day following his safe arrival home in Christiania. It was about eight o'clock in the morning—a glorious sunny morning—and Dr. Nansen, with his hands deep in his jacket pockets, was strolling on the rocks at the edge of the fjord gazing at his home.

"I have been taking a good look at my house again," said he with a smile. "It's now a long time since I saw it."

His last view of home had been on June 24, 1893, from the bridge of the *Fram*, steaming outwards on her adventurous voyage; it was then raining, and the brief glimpse of the picturesque house in Lysaker, nestling among pine-trees by the fjord's shore, with the figure of his wife, clad in white, waving a long farewell, has surely been an ever-present picture in Dr. Nansen's mind during his absence in the desolate ice region.

A happy contrast to that picture of gloom and sadness was the day of return, Sept. 9. The sun shone brightly upon the city of Christiania, lying almost hidden beneath a fluttering veil of flags, the streets thronged with enthusiastic crowds of gaily dressed people, all eager to welcome the home-coming of their successful countryman and his brave followers. Triumphal arches, tastefully decorated with garlands of flowers and foliage, towered majestically over the route by which Dr. Nansen and

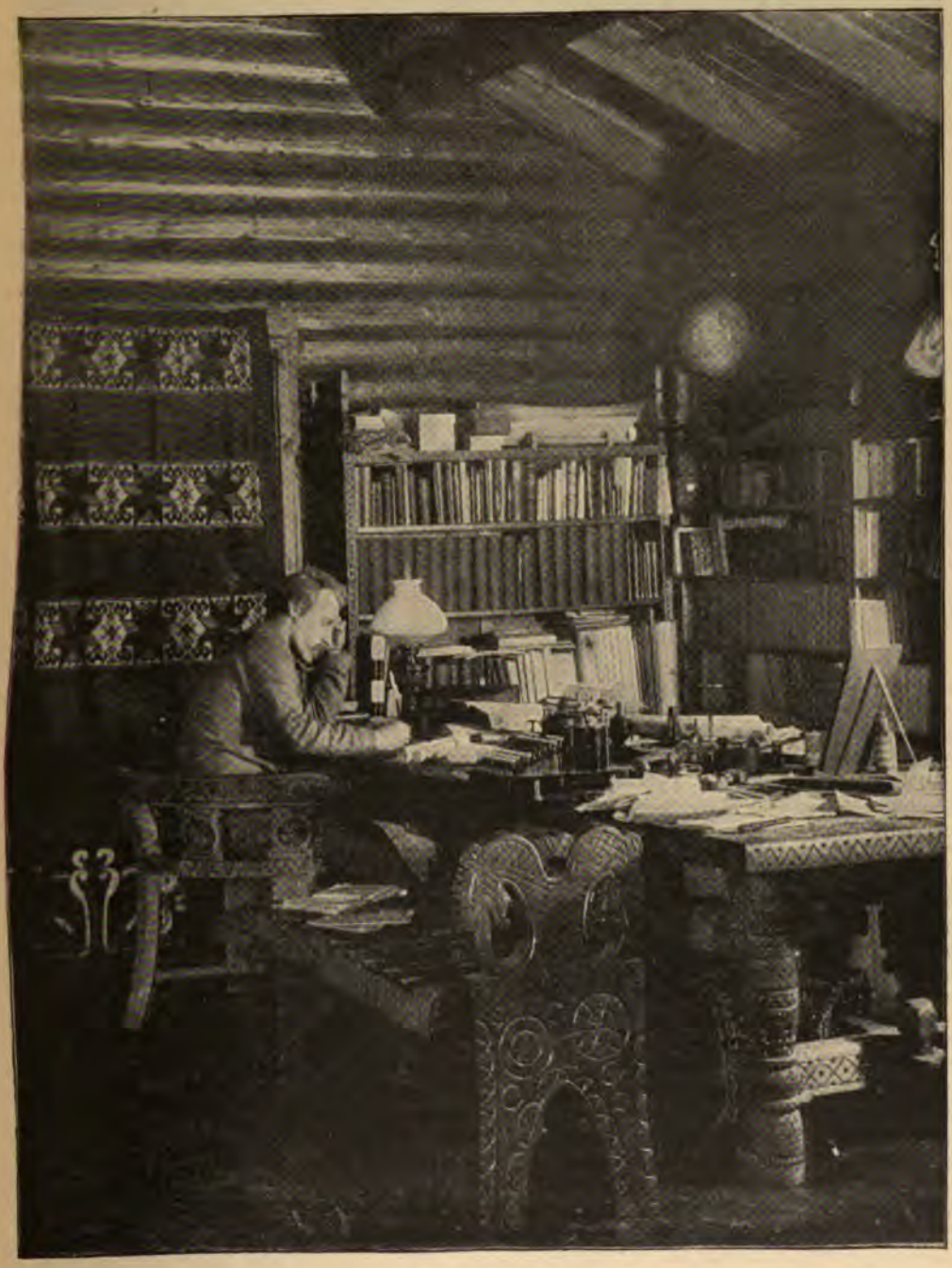


DEPARTURE OF THE "FRAM," JUNE 24, 1893.

the members of his expedition were to be escorted to the Palace, there to be received and entertained by the King. The beautiful fjord, bordered by rocks and pine-clad hills, presented an equally festive appearance. Upwards of one hundred and thirty steam-vessels, from majestic war-ships to little steam-launches, all gaily trimmed with bunting, formed themselves into two imposing lines and steamed down the fjord to meet the *Fram*. The procession was led by two steam ice-breakers, bluff-bowed, sturdy vessels, well suited to lead their respective columns in greeting the ice-battered *Fram*. About noon, the echoes of distant guns, saluting the voyagers, signified the *Fram's* arrival off the fort. Shortly afterwards, between the two columns of vessels, it was possible to distinguish the white barrel-shaped crow's nest at the main topmast head of the *Fram*. An enthusiastic roar of welcome echoed from all sides; cannon shots followed in regular succession as the victorious ship passed each saluting-point, whence thirteen guns were fired in token of greeting to the thirteen members of the expedition. Amid deafening uproar, the *Fram* at last reached the mooring-place whence she started a little more than three years ago, the anchor was cast, and her brave voyage was ended. Embarking in a naval pinnace, Dr. Nansen and his crew were rowed ashore, between two columns of gaily decorated sailing craft, lying anchored side by side; and whilst shouts of heartfelt welcome rent the air the voyagers ascended a magnificently decorated tribune and were officially welcomed by the city authorities. In acknowledging the address of welcome presented by the Mayor of Christiania, Dr. Nansen made a characteristic speech, short, simple, and sincere—

RETURN OF THE "FRAM": ARRIVAL AT TROMSÖ, AUG. 20, 1896.
From a Sketch made on the spot by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

"It is difficult to express with words the feelings which fill the hearts of my companions and myself. . . . We have done what we went out to do. We thank you for your reception. Better companions than I have had, no man could have had. The plans I made myself, but it is due to



DR. NANSEN AT HOME.

NANSEN AND JOHANSEN LEAVING THE "FRAM."
"Good-bye, once more!"

my comrades that these plans have been carried out. Long live Norway! May it often be able to send out such men as accompanied me."

The procession to the Palace, beneath the beautiful arches of welcome, through brilliantly decorated streets above which fluttered miles of garlands and countless numbers of national flags, was marked by continuous cheers from many thousands of wildly enthusiastic spectators. Arriving at the Palace, the party disappeared, only to reappear a few minutes later upon the central balcony in company with the King, who made a short and eulogistic speech. Again the cheers were renewed, aided at frequent intervals by three British cheers from a party of English visitors. An incident which greatly delighted the populace was the appearance of Dr. Nansen's little daughter Liv at one of the Palace windows, who smilingly waved her hand to the huge surging crowd beneath. A kindly thought of the Queen's had been to arrange the meeting between father and daughter in the Palace; and when it is remembered that the little girl was but an infant of five months old when Dr. Nansen left his home in the summer of 1893, his meeting with the truly beautiful little girl, now nearly four years of age, must have been to him an almost overpowering joy.

At Lysaker a few hours later, about ten o'clock in the evening, the houses of Dr. Nansen's neighbours, occupied mostly by artists—for this beautiful suburb, some six kilomètres from Christiania, is quite an artist colony—were all beautifully illuminated with lanterns and flags, whilst groups of people lined the roadside with flaming torches, waiting to give Dr. Nansen a last cheer of welcome on his arrival home. Distant shouts were heard, mingled with the grinding of carriage-wheels, and soon a host of torches was to be seen glimmering among the fir-trees. The royal carriage which bore Dr. Nansen from the Palace to his home dashed up to the door; the crowd rushed forward and vociferously cheered; Dr. Nansen alighted, bowed his acknowledgments, and disappeared into his house. The cheering continued until Dr. Nansen reappeared, and after bowing repeatedly, he said, in a grateful but tired voice, "Manga tak. Manga tak allesammen." ("Many thanks, friends. Many thanks to you all!") During the remainder of the week Christiania remained *en fête*, and each evening Dr. Nansen and his companions were

entertained at large public festivities, one of which, a gala performance at the theatre, was singularly interesting. A special epilogue, written and illustrated by two striking scenes by the well-known artist, Otto Sinding—one picture representing an allegorical figure formed from the peculiarly grotesque structure of the Polar ice with the aurora gleaming in the darkness, the other scene showing the dawn of day with brilliant Arctic sunshine and the *Fram* sailing forward in open sea—was greeted with rapturous applause.

At my next meeting with Dr. Nansen, some days later, when the week's festivities were concluded, I was favoured with a long view of some of the photographs he had taken in the Arctic. Of

THE MEETING OF DR. NANSEN AND MR. JACKSON IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND.

"I'm awfully glad to see you!"

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.

several hundred negatives, Dr. Nansen had already printed about one hundred, the remainder being still in negative form. It

Photo by Sascinski, Christiania.

CAPTAIN SVERDRUP OF THE "FRAM."

is no exaggeration to say that finer results could not have been produced by even the most skilled professional. The pictures were admirably clear, and the arrangements of subject excellently chosen. These photographs are doubtless the finest representations yet made of the Arctic region. The construction of the ice, with its subtle seams and fantastic form, is very clearly displayed; while the scenes of their own everyday life, with the *Fram* wedged in the ice-field, the atmospheric effect and blank desolation, all combine to illustrate the surroundings of the expedition in a most realistic and surprising manner. Passing from the photographs, the original charts were next produced, with the prickings of each day's course. After carefully showing me the route of the *Fram*, as well as his own and Johansen's course in their perilous journey alone over the ice after leaving their ship, the charts were cast aside on the floor, and Dr. Nansen proceeded to describe, in the simple, direct manner so characteristic of him, some of the numberless interesting incidents of his voyage. Evidently thrilled by his earnest voice and manner, little Liv, who had been playing in a corner of the room, drew nearer, and unconsciously she walked upon the original records of her father's route. The picture of this tiny, half-shy child, standing spell-bound listening to her father's voice, with the priceless charts of his famous voyage beneath her feet, contrasting with the tall, muscular figure of her father, who towered above her, with bronzed face, his hair and moustache several shades lighter than the skin, his massive hands, discoloured and scarred by hard usage, resting lightly and lovingly upon the little child's head, immediately impressed one with its dramatic effect. Around the room lay Polar bear skins and odds and ends connected with the voyage. The table was piled with papers, all systematically arranged; the walls were covered with presentation studies from the most famous Norwegian artists, representing ice and snow effects. But, despite the interest of the surroundings, one could see nothing, think of nothing, but the man himself—the great, strong, simple man who was speaking, It is easy to imagine virtues and gifts in connection with a famous man which may be but the outcome of one's personal respect and admiration; but in the case of Dr. Nansen I venture to say that it is difficult to over-estimate his manly qualities. Dr. Nansen possesses a charm of manner that is at once felt by all who come in contact with him. His mental strength and physical power immediately impress one; and, above all, the absolute simplicity of the man's nature, unspoiled by success, which is the hardest trial of all to bear, awakens at once a quick and ready sympathy towards him.

Dr. Nansen's Arctic expedition has been the most completely successful enterprise of its kind on record. The *Fram*, built especially after Dr. Nansen's own plans in a manner to avoid being crushed in the ice-pack, has behaved exactly in the manner expected of her. Upon several occasions she was lifted many feet by the closing in of the ice-pack, and the vessel is still as absolutely sound as the day she was launched. The route of the *Fram* has been almost parallel with the prospective route drawn by Dr. Nansen before his departure. The results of the voyage, apart from the enormous mass of scientific data, are verifications of Dr. Nansen's own forecast, his theory of Arctic currents being confirmed by the continuous drift of the *Fram* for nearly three years.

The peculiar structure of the ice, the absence of animal life, and the depths

found in the highest latitudes reached, have verified Dr. Nansen's theory that there is a deep sea around the North Pole covered by lightly packed drifting ice, and that this ice drift is influenced by prevailing winds. An important discovery of peculiar value to scientists is that the water in the depths of this Polar sea is of a relatively warm temperature.

Alluding to his voyage and to the behaviour of his followers, Dr. Nansen said: "What I admire is the way in which my companions risked their lives and staked their existence upon the word of one man. Honour them for that." Continuing, he added, "Better followers and better friendship one could never find. He who could have seen their pleasure when it was clear before the *Fram's* bows—when the road forward was open; and he who could have seen the dismal expression on their faces when we had to drift back instead of forward—he who could have seen these things would understand that my companions are made of the right stuff." In all his accounts of the voyage, Dr. Nansen alludes in most generous and affectionate terms to the loyalty of his comrades. "We were always cheerful," said he, "but it was mostly at Christmas when our hearts ached for those at home. It was the memory of those at home though, and what they expected of us, that buoyed us up. We said to each other, "Let everything else happen rather than fail in what is expected of us in Norway."

In reference to the meeting with Jackson in Franz Josef Land, Dr. Nansen dwelt at length upon his feelings of special gratitude to all in the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition who had rendered him service and had extended to him such cordial hospitality.

Of the incidents attending the voyage of the *Fram*, it would be manifestly unfair, given that it were in one's power, to speak. The leader's record of the voyage will tell us all. There is sometimes, however, a remarkable wealth of meaning to be gleaned from the stray remarks of one of the rank-and-file of an expedition, and in this respect it is interesting to hear from a member of the crew that: "The last winter in the ice was simply awful! We had our fill of the darkness. We got sleepy and indifferent, and shaky on our legs. We were not ill, but weak and dead beat, and the doctor was anxious about our brains. When the day came, with the sun, it was like a resurrection for us all. We were electrified when we saw her. Nobody knows how fine the sun looks but those who have been six months in darkness. Then we came to strength again."

Another remark, which was repeated to me by Dr. Nansen, will serve to indicate

DR. NANSEN, AS HE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. JACKSON IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR FIRST MEETING ON THE ICE.

a simple nature. It was while on board the *Fram*, sailing homewards down the Norwegian coast. "I shall be glad," said one of the men to Dr. Nansen, "when all this festivity is ended, and another opportunity comes so that I can get back to the ice. What a nice life we had there! There's so much noise now we have come back."

Upon a similar occasion one of the sailors remarked to Dr. Nansen, "When this voyage is over I'm going to take seven days' good holiday at home before I go to sea again."

There is no doubt that, taking the two-thirds of Dr. Nansen's crew who were typical Norwegian sailors, accustomed to the ordinary rough seafaring life, they have been well influenced, and have developed mentally, by reason of their association with Dr. Nansen. At all the public receptions and dinners attended by the expedition they conducted themselves with simple dignity, and by their modesty and good manners they have attracted the respect and admiration of all. With reference to the remainder of the party—Sverdrup, Johansen, Scott Hansen, and Dr. Blessing—men whose previous lives have been passed in more fortunate circumstances, there is also to be observed the same simple dignity which seems to characterise every member of the expedition, from Dr. Nansen himself downwards. Given a simple modest character, it is not difficult to understand how great is the influence of a leader who himself is manly, simple, and frank, and how much of his personal qualities must of necessity be imparted to those who look up to him for advice and instructions in all things. When congratulating Captain Sverdrup upon his successful voyage, I ventured to remark, "Of course you will come to England with Dr. Nansen, to be present at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society.

"Why? What have I to do in England?" he replied somewhat bluntly. "Because," I replied, "you were captain of the *Fram*, and, apart from everything else, you beat the record." "Ah!" replied Captain Sverdrup, with an expression of genuine pride and satisfaction. "Yes, yes, we beat the record"; but a moment later he shook his head and added, "But *I* have nothing to do in England."

SOME OF THE "FRAM'S" CANINE CREW.

It is a gratifying fact that there is no ground for hostile criticism with regard to Dr. Nansen's expedition. The entire enterprise is regarded as a splendid success. The scientific results achieved by Dr. Nansen are of a most valuable nature, and in this branch, I understand, he has attained a greater success than he himself even anticipated. Dr. Nansen is a man of strong views and of profound convictions. He has gone resolutely about his work, and has completely carried out the task he undertook.

THE TURKISH EMBASSY IN LONDON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH COSTAKI PASHA.

WERE you to meet Costaki Anthopoulo Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, strolling down Bond Street you might conclude, from his sun-browned face and general deportment, he was a Yorkshire gentleman up in London for a holiday.

A man approaching sixty years, he has spent the busiest of lives in the service of Turkey. But, as his name indicates, he is not a Turk, though born in Constantinople. He is a Greek and a Christian. The diplomatist is hid behind an affable, genial *bonhomie*. Broad-set and sturdy, with a massive head, the grey hair cropped close and the white beard well trimmed, with a furrowed forehead and eyes that are alternately curious and credulous, he does not converse with you long before you discover the man of character.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

THE TURKISH EMBASSY, BRYANSTON SQUARE.

When I first met the Pasha, and we sat chatting over our coffee and cigarettes, he giving me his impressions about London, and I giving him mine about Constantinople, he struck me chiefly as an amiable and courteous gentleman. But I well remember when, one afternoon, we got away from mere gossip, and discussed the vexed question of Armenian affairs, how earnest and determined he was while defending the Sultan and the Ottoman Empire against the attacks made in British newspapers. Of course, we did not agree, but I marked the man of courage and grit, and noted some of the characteristics that have raised Costaki Anthopoulo from being a professor of languages and a journalist to the rank of Vizier and the Ambassador from the Sublime Porte to Britain. He is, indeed, a man of enormous industry. The very first night he arrived in London he sat down to his desk and wrote despatches till four o'clock in the morning. He works all night, and never feels weary. He will have guests at his house till far beyond midnight, and then, ringing for coffee and cigarettes, he will labour till daylight.

Everybody knows the big, yellow-painted house at the corner of Bryanston Square, which has been the Turkish Embassy for the better part of the last half-century. The crowds of diplomatists who have passed through the doors are without number. Abdul Hamid himself and the late Sultan Aziz have reclined upon the damask settees in the great *salon des fêtes*, receiving the bows and courtesies of aristocratic London. It was here that Musurus Pasha, who was Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain for the long space of thirty-five years, lived, and only went back to Constantinople when he was eighty-three. It was here that Rustem Pasha, the late Ambassador, died last year. Many people remember how, in 1882, Musurus Pasha invited all London to a reception; but on the very day fixed for the gathering, Admiral Seymour

commenced bombarding Alexandria, which caused Musurus to stick a notice up on the door countermanding the reception.

Once a body of trade unionists who had been holding a meeting in Hyde Park arrived at the curious belief that the Turkish Ambassador would aid them in the reforms for which they clamoured. So they marched to Bryanston Square, and a hundred and fifty of them crowded into the hall of the Embassy. Musurus Pasha could not make out what it was all about; but he listened to innumerable speeches on progress and enlightenment, which he was assured was a matter in the interests not only of England but of all nations. Musurus was astonished, but courteous; then when his turn came he said, "Yes, what you want is very good indeed if your cause is strictly in accordance with the laws of the country and your duties to the Sovereign; but if you want me to help you to bring about a revolution I cannot listen to you. Good-day!"

It is interesting to recall how England and the Ottoman Empire became diplomatically connected. Up to the reign of Elizabeth there had been no official relations between the two countries. In 1579, however, there were three English merchants trading with Constantinople—William Harborne, Edward Elbon, and Richard Stappey—who were anxious to obtain from the Sultan, Murad III., a commercial treaty in their favour. So Queen Elizabeth was approached, and she wrote a gracious letter to Murad, and Murad wrote a gracious letter to Elizabeth. They went on writing gracious letters in Latin, with the result that a treaty was drawn up and signed in 1581. It was two years later—namely, on March 29, 1583—that William Harborne, the merchant, arrived in Constantinople as the accredited Ambassador from England. From that time onwards this country has always been represented at the Sublime Porte, though Turkey had no resident Ambassador in London for a very long time. In 1791, however, Selim III., recognising the advantages of Western civilisation, and wanting to develop the commerce of his empire, sent representatives to the principal European Courts, limiting each Minister's stay to three years, so that he might hasten back to his own land with the new ideas he had acquired.

The first Turk that came to London as the resident representative of his imperial master was Youssouf Aghiah Effendi, who had been attached to the Turkish navy. He arrived with a secretary and two attachés, one of whom was a Christian. Although it is only one hundred and five years ago since Youssouf Aghiah came here, his reception in London was marked by great splendour, the like of which we know nothing in these days. He travelled overland from Constantinople, while the presents sent by the Sultan to George III. and his Queen were so bulky that they had to be brought by special ship. There were piles of silk and rare garments, cartloads of Eastern weapons, and bunches of diamonds and other precious stones, to say nothing of six Arab horses. George III. sent a coach and six to convey the Sultan's representative to St. James's Palace, and Youssouf Aghiah was so delighted with the junketings arranged to entertain him that he addressed a letter to the Porte covering fifteen foolscap pages, and setting out the magnificence of his reception.

The career of his Excellency the present Ambassador, Costaki Anthopoulo Pasha, is one which would delight the heart of Dr. Smiles, for it is a story of successful determination and ability. As I have said, he is a Greek, and he belongs to the Orthodox Greek Church. As a boy, living with his parents in Constantinople, he was educated at Phanar, in the Greek school near the capital. Leaving there, he was for three or four years a journalist, until he became the first Professor of Greek in the Naval School of the Empire, and it is interesting to note he was the first Christian permitted to instruct in a Mussulman imperial school. While holding the professorship he translated into Turkish the international maritime code of signalling. In 1865 he became Secretary and ultimately Chief Director in the Statistical Department, and afterwards he was General Secretary to the Ottoman Commission at the Paris Exhibition in 1867. All the time he was studying general law, and this led him to be appointed first a magistrate and then Vice-President of the First Instance Tribunal. In 1871 he passed on to the Appeal Court and then to the Supreme Court. Just before the Russo-Turkish War he became a member of the Committee for the Reform of the Empire, and took part in the debates of the religious questions concerning the Greek Church in Bulgaria. When the committee was dissolved he was appointed a member of the legislative section of the Council of State, and later on he was nominated a Senator for life. In 1879, in conformity with the Treaty of Berlin, he was chosen by the Sultan to control the reforms in the

Photo by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

HIS EXCELLENCY COSTAKI ANTHOPOULO PASHA,

The Turkish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

vilayets of Aleppo and Diarbekir, but owing to ill-health he resigned this post. Then he reached the highest legal office in Turkey, becoming Procurator-General of the Empire. He was the head of the law officers throughout the whole of Turkey, and organised the system of "Parquet," which the Porte had just introduced. For nine years he was Procurator-General, and took a conspicuous part in the drawing up of legislative Acts, and when the School of Faculty of Law was established in Constantinople by the present Sultan, he became the Professor of Penal Law. In 1887 he gave up the duties of Procurator-General to become Governor-General of Crete. He was then promoted to the rank of *Vizir*, which is a civil office equivalent to a Marshal in military matters. The Sultan covered him with honours, gave him the Grand Cordon of the Mejidieh and the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh, made him a Vizier, and, to show his satisfaction for loyal services, granted to Madame Anthopoulo the Grand Cordon of Chefakat. After a year and a half the Pasha resigned his Governorship, and retired to his villa in the Princes Island. While there he suffered from writer's cramp, and had to hasten to Vienna to consult specialists. But the Sultan was not content to let him rest, and so last year, when Rustem Pasha died, Anthopoulo Pasha was chosen to be the representative of his Sovereign in Great Britain. This is only a bald narrative of the steps in the Ambassador's career, but I give it as a sufficient indication that even in Turkey, which we are so accustomed to abuse, a man of talent can find his level.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

THE BALL-ROOM AT THE TURKISH EMBASSY.

His Excellency, who speaks French fluently, knows English, and is thoroughly acquainted with the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish Languages, works in a large, rather darkly furnished room looking out upon Upper George Street. Near one window is a massive American writing-table covered with a mass of papers, despatches, reports, and letters. On the top of the desk is a photograph of the Ambassadress, while on the mantelpiece are a dozen photographs of members of our royal house. At each end of the room are great bookcases, from the top of which

look down bronze busts of a score of classic writers. The cases are packed with Blue-books and official documents,

Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Baker Street.
PHÉDON BEY ENOTIADIS,
First Secretary to the Turkish Embassy.

and about four hundred volumes on international law which the Pasha has transferred from his magnificent library in Turkey. On the wall, between the two windows, hang a number of Oriental carbines, swords, and pistols, surrounding an old and much-polished Persian shield.

In conversation the Ambassador has a quiet, easy manner, with no signs of Eastern impulsiveness or excitement. Even when we came to discuss matters on which he might be expected to display feeling, he remained passive, with a certain air, however, of fixed restraint which I could not fail to notice, showing how well he had his emotions under control.

One of the first questions I put to him was how he, bred among an Eastern race, was impressed when first he came into contact with a Western race like the English.

"I have always," he said, "had a great consideration for your people, and when the opportunity presented itself I was glad to come to London. What strikes me most is the positive, practical character of the nation. There seems to be no waste of energy; everybody appears to be eagerly struggling for material advantage. Perhaps this is carried a little too far. One always has the consciousness that the Englishman is trying to do a smart piece of business—that he is trying to get the upper hand, the better bargain, the advantage. But don't think I fail to appreciate your great qualities as a nation. I see qualities among you that I cannot help admiring, that have made you as great as you are, and first among these I have been struck with the great respect for authority and law."

"That," I suggested, "is perhaps due to our laws and authorities being worthy of respect."

"That is not the only reason," replied the Ambassador. "There is a deeper cause to be found, which is connected with the race and the general religious education of the country."

And after looking at me for a moment and rolling a cigarette his Excellency continued: "You are hinting at Turkey. Don't you think that the Sultan, who loves his country, is anxious to do all he can for its welfare? Don't you think also he would be lacking in prudence if he adopted all the changes your papers clamour for? Of course he wants reform, but it must be gradual, not precipitant. In every capital in Europe the Sultan is having young men trained in mechanics and the sciences, and the Government pay the cost of education. At the present

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.
FAÏD IBRAHIM BEY,
Second Secretary to the Turkish Embassy.

moment there is a young man in London being trained in the medical profession, and another in engineering. They will

ultimately be the instructors of hosts of their countrymen at home. Is this, or is it not, the action of an enlightened

Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Baker Street.

ABDUL HAK HUSSEIN BEY,

Third Secretary to the Turkish Embassy.

Sovereign? And then do you know what the Sultan has done for education throughout his empire? Why, Sir—and you can tell the English people this from me—no Sovereign, Eastern or Western, has ever done more out of his private purse for the spread of education than Abdul Hamid II. Do you know that he supports not only Mussulman schools but also Christian schools? You have been to Constantinople, and you ought to know that the Christians have processions there in the streets that your own authorities would not allow in Christian England."

After this the conversation drifted round to less heated subjects.

"Will your Excellency tell me," I asked, among other things, "how English home-life strikes you, compared with that in Turkey?"

"That is a most interesting question, but it is not one I can properly answer, because I have not been long in your country. What shall I say? The impression on my mind is that family life in England is much more serious than in any other country I know. Yes, I think 'serious' is the word: that is, while in other lands the man is above and apart from his family, here the man is the centre of the family; and, while a stranger like myself finds you stiff and formal at first, I don't know any other people who, when once the ice is broken, are so genuinely and freely hospitable. Without drawing a comparison, I may say that your ladies are charming, and that they have a graceful dignity—a calm, dignified demeanour—which is rarely met with anywhere else."

"Yes," I remarked, "I have seen your fashionable women enjoying themselves on a Friday afternoon by the Sweet Waters of Asia; but you have nothing like our Hyde Park."

"Hyde Park is truly a wonderful open space, much admired by all foreigners who come here. Your broad streets and magnificent buildings are wonderful. And then the immense movement! Everybody seems in a hurry, as though all the moments were precious and there was nothing in life but business. Yet I have been impressed with the silence of the streets, so much bustle and so much quietness. It is remarkable!"

The Embassy in Bryanston Square, where this conversation took place, is an English rather than a Turkish residence. When I visited the British Embassy at Constantinople there was nothing to indicate I was thousands of miles from London, so English-like was it in every way. The Turkish Embassy in this country is not, however, an Oriental

Photo by Byrne, Richmond.

GHALIB BEY,

Naval Attaché to the Turkish Embassy.

residence. With the exception of the red crescent and star in the roof lights of the entrance-hall, the Sultan's monogram at

the head of the staircase, and a few oil paintings of three Sultans, there is little to suggest Turkey in the house. The several drawing-rooms are magnificently upholstered and decorated, though not quite so gorgeously as in the time of Musurus Pasha, who had the place resplendent with gilt ornaments, to be, however, covered over with paint by his successor. The first drawing-room has pale grey panelled walls, each panel edged with carved floral designs. The carpet is bold patterned and perhaps a little too startling in colour for English taste. The furniture is all crimson, with curtains to match, and by the side of the windows are long mirrors. The various ornaments calling for mention are two delightful vases from Aleppo on the white marble mantelpiece and a Greek vase on the centre table. This apartment opens into a room, very tastefully decorated, where his Excellency receives the Ambassadors of other Powers or members of our own Government. The upholstery of this drawing-room is charming and homelike, while on the wall a striking portrait of the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II., is to be seen, and on the left a portrait of the Sultan Medjid.

The great saloon is elaborately and even sumptuously furnished. Its length is broken by pillars, so that it does not seem so large as it really is. The furniture, rather mixed in style, being Empire and Louis XVI., is all in damask satin. There are settees and lounges in profusion, and at the upper end of the saloon there is a great settee describing a half-moon. The ceiling is adorned with gold, painted wreaths, and groups of bright-plumaged birds. Corinthian capitals stand by the side of the marble mantelpiece, and crystal chandeliers project from the walls. The only painting in that handsome and elegant room is a life-size portrait of Sultan Aziz. Altogether, it is one of the finest saloons in London.

The Turkish Ambassador is well pleased with his home in England, and though he does not always see eye to eye with our Government, he has a supreme admiration for the English. Indeed, in our conversations he always came back to the same point—the qualities that have placed our race in the forefront of the world.—J. F. F.

TWO VIEWS.

Who dwells within a shadowed vale
  Knows only grass and tree,
The mower's scythe, the milkmaid's pail,
  The streamlet flowing free;
Of sky a slender, shining space;
  The tiny wren, the sparrow:
The world is but a little space,
  How narrow, oh, how narrow!

But he who breathes keen mountain air
  Views spreading field and wood;
There spirèd cities glisten fair,
  Here eagles find their food;
Above him clouds are vast and cool,
  Afar dim seas abide:
Of rushing thoughts his soul is full,
  For earth and heaven are wide.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

GUNPOWDER TREASON.

By OSWALD ABBOTT.

HAD Robert Catesby and his noble company lived and worked at the present time they might have saved their necks, but they would certainly have missed immortality. Seeing that they did not manage to deliver their "terrible blow," their portion (supposing them moderns) would doubtless have been a long sentence, an early ticket-of-leave, a spasmodic yell of misplaced sympathy, and speedy oblivion. That is how we manage it nowadays when we have gunpowder or, rather, dynamite traitors to deal with. And perhaps, since oblivion is the result, the method is better. It is written that the name of the wicked shall rot, and certain it is that three centuries hence this reward will have overtaken our modern dynamitards.

With the Gunpowder Conspirators of nearly three centuries ago the case is different. Their memory is still green. It may be objected that their memory is also odious, but one is tempted to think that in the case of one conspirator at least, popular feelings of detestation are tempered by a kind of sneaking fondness. With the juvenile portion of the community, at any rate, to whom Guy Fawkes is the occasion for one glorious day in the year, the odium is purely formal, which, indeed, is attested by the gradual alteration of one of the rhymes chanted by the procession of effigy-bearers. Whereas formerly the youthful masqueraders sang a derisive "Guy, Guy, Guy!" they now in many cases soften this to "Poor old Guy! poor old Guy!" singing the refrain in accents of sincere commiseration. Perhaps the beneficent Board schools have exhibited Guido Fawkes in his true light as a tool of deeper villains: hence the tenderness.

MEETING of the GUNPOWDER PLOT CONSPIRATORS, GUY FAWKES, CATESBY, &c. &c.
at a House which they had hired to consult & Swear fidelity to each other at the back of St. Clements Church, Strand, & which has lately been pulld down to make way for the new improvements.

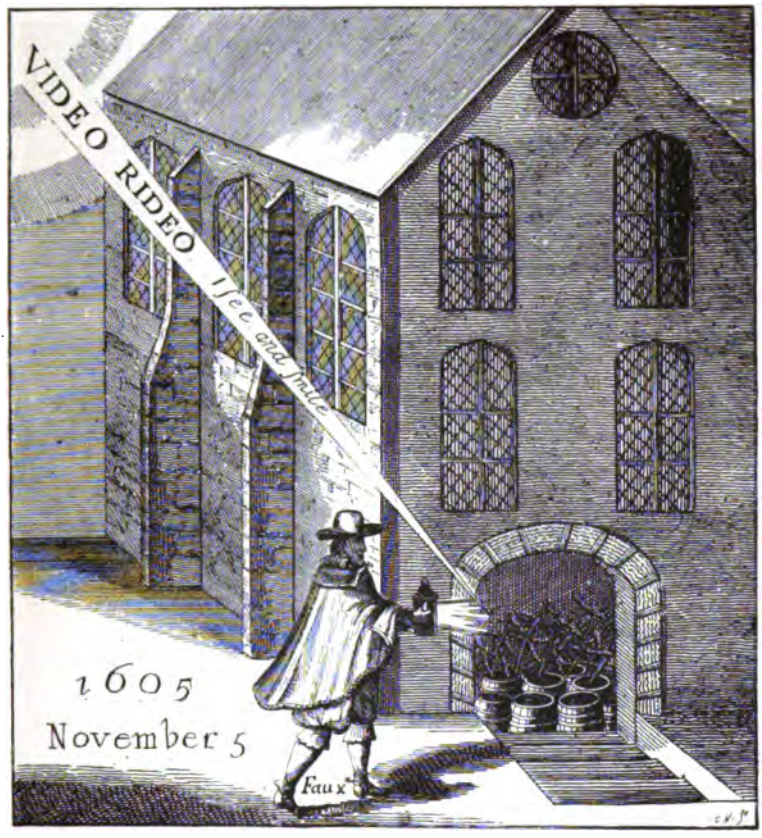
To the serious student of history, of course, Gunpowder Plot must ever remain detestable, although it is impossible to ignore the fact that the Roman Catholic party had been subjected to just such treatment as would naturally evoke a violent retaliation. A discussion of the merits of the case is, however, far beyond the scope of the present article, which aims only at a brief statement of the main facts so far as these have been ascertained.

Robert Catesby, the ringleader of the Gunpowder Conspirators, was sprung of an old family which had for generations held Ashby St. Leger's, in Northamptonshire — a county in which Radicalism

continues to flourish. Broken in fortune by the exactions of the Penal Laws, Catesby began to dream of insurrection. He could not, however, effect the combination necessary for rebellion, and at length he conceived the sanguinary project of blowing up the Parliament House, with King, Lords, Commons, the detested authors of the Catholic persecution.

Catesby's idea was not wholly original, nor was it peculiarly papistical. The Protestants of Antwerp had already "placed a whole barke of powder in the great street of that citty, where the Prince of Parma with his nobility was to passe," and a conspirator in the Hague, for private revenge, had plotted to blow up the whole Council of Holland. In Scotland the memory of the Kirk-of-Field was comparatively recent. Catesby, however, was not particular about precedents. He had his idea, and he set himself to work to carry it out with no little ability.

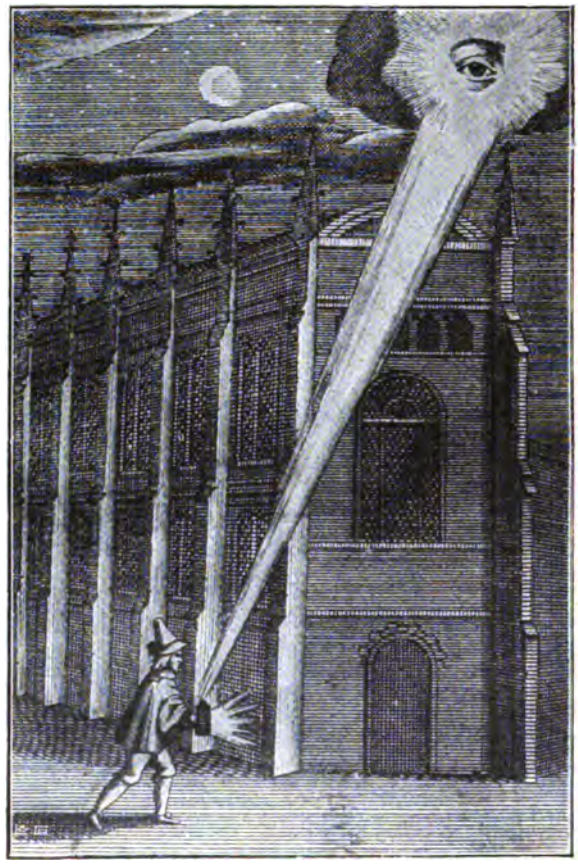
He communicated his design to his friend Thomas Winter, younger brother of Robert Winter, of Huddington, in Worcestershire. Winter was horror-struck, but Catesby, by cunning sophistries, talked down his companion's scruples. These confederates agreed, however, to postpone the execution of their purpose until they had solicited the Spanish King to mediate with King James for the relief of the English Catholics. With this view,



Winter proceeded to Bergen, near Dunkirk, where he met the Spanish Ambassador, Velasco, who gave him little satisfaction. From Bergen he accordingly removed to Ostend, where he met Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune who had served in the Netherlands. Recognising in Guy Fawkes qualities which might render him a valuable coadjutor, Winter induced him to return to England in his company, keeping secret, however, his actual purpose in enlisting Fawkes' services.

Meanwhile, at home, Catesby had not been idle, and had won over to his views

two more malcontents—Thomas Percy and John Wright. The four—Catesby, Winter, Percy, and Wright—put Fawkes on his trial for a little, and thereafter admitted him a full member of their body. The confederates administered the oath of secrecy to each other. From Fawkes' admissions it appears that this ceremony took place at "a house in the fields beyond St. Clement's Inn, where they did confer and agree upon the plot, and there they took a solemn oath and vows by all their force and power to execute the same . . . and in the same house they did receive the sacrament of Gerard the Jesuit to perform their vow and oath of secrecy aforesaid." There is still in existence a curious old print, reproduced with the present article, showing this place of assemblage. The zealous artist has, however, introduced an undue number of figures for the occasion represented. In the abstract, however, the limner has truth on his side, for before the end came many more were implicated in the conspiracy than the five precious originals.



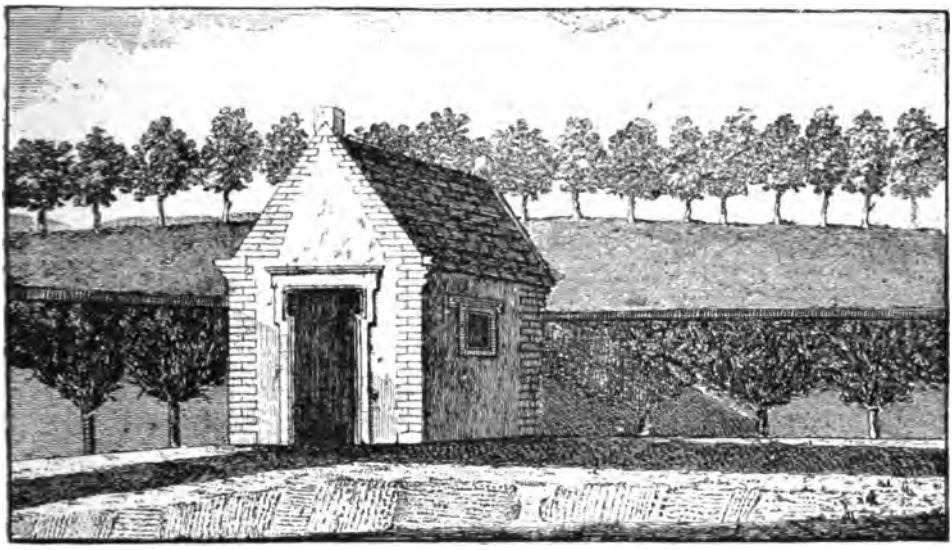
THE EYE OF PROVIDENCE.

The first illustration which appeared in the Book of Common Prayer in the Service of Thanksgiving for deliverance from the Gunpowder Plot.

The conspirators resorted also to a house at Lambeth, where they stored their combustibles, for transfer to the vault at Westminster. Popular tradition long declared that this house was the old manor of Vauxhall or "Fawkes" Hall, but this story is merely an etiological myth. The conspirators' "transpontine hall" was certainly near the river, as Vauxhall Manor was; but there is no evidence of its exact position. It did not belong to Fawkes or to any of the company, but was merely leased for "Mr. Catesby's season" of sensational melodrama.

Other quaint prints of the Plot, inspired by religious feeling and executed with a beautiful disregard for perspective, are those representing Guy at his nefarious work, all unconscious that the Eye of Providence is focussed on him like a beam from a burning-glass. In one of the pictures, indeed, the focal point is dangerously near the powder-barrels. In the kindred print, again, the beam converges on Guy's lantern; an unfortunate connivance, for the print was the first which appeared in the Book of Common Prayer in the Service of Thanksgiving for deliverance from the Gunpowder Plot. This Thanksgiving Service, by the way, was abolished in 1859 by an ordinance of the Queen in Council. A livelier, if less reverent, ritual was that hawked about the streets in the familiar form of the broadside, which, with doggerel rhyme, exhorted generous youth to give Guy a warm "send off." These loyal tracts, as will be seen from the specimen reproduced, cost a halfpenny plain, one penny coloured. But most boys, one fancies, would have spent the penny on an extra cracker.

To return to the progress of the plot. The five conspirators, though sworn to act, for a time hung fire in the forlorn hope that James might be influenced by Velasco; but the King, swayed by his



MEETING-PLACE OF THE CONSPIRATORS AT NEWTON HALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Ministers, was not to be moved to counsels of leniency towards the Catholics. Seeing this, the conspirators hastened to the execution of their project.

At this juncture Percy, in his capacity of gentleman pensioner, proved a most useful ally. His office necessitated his frequent attendance at Court, consequently he could hire a house in the vicinity of Westminster without exciting suspicion. A residence adjoining the Palace was found early in the spring of 1604, but Percy could not enter into possession until December of the same year. Once in, however, he and his fellows lost no time in commencing operations. On one side of the garden stood an old building, raised against the Parliament House wall. Through this wall they proposed to drive a mine, working within the shelter of the outhouse,

THE RESIDENCE OF GUY FAWKES AT LAMBETH.

which would screen them from curious observation.

The conspirators did their work on a perfect system. To men engaged on such a desperate enterprise an eight-hours' day would have seemed foolishness. As a matter of fact, they each worked sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, so contriving that three should be constantly employed, while the fourth enjoyed the sleep, if not of the just, at least of the labouring man. During the day they toiled at the mine, by night they buried the rubbish in the garden. Fawkes was not enlisted as a sapper; his duty was that of scout. No one in London knew the foreign free-lance, so he was able to give himself out as the servant of Percy; and as plain "Johnson" he kept close watch about the house. At the end of a fortnight Fawkes brought word that Parliament was prorogued till Oct. 3, so for Christmas-time the conspirators separated to their homes, agreeing to hold no communication with each other.

They resumed their labour with an augmented force, the additions being John Wright's brother Christopher and Winter's brother Robert. Later still they enlisted Thomas Bates. Difficulties now began to beset them. At a certain depth, water poured into the mine, rendering it impossible to penetrate below the foundation of the house. There was nothing for it but to pierce the wall, but a three yards' thickness of masonry proved a tough nut for amateur labourers to crack. They persevered, however, until one day they were alarmed by a noise overhead. This, Fawkes ascertained, proceeded from a cellar under the House of Lords, which would shortly be unoccupied. This discovery led to an entire change of the conspirators' plans.

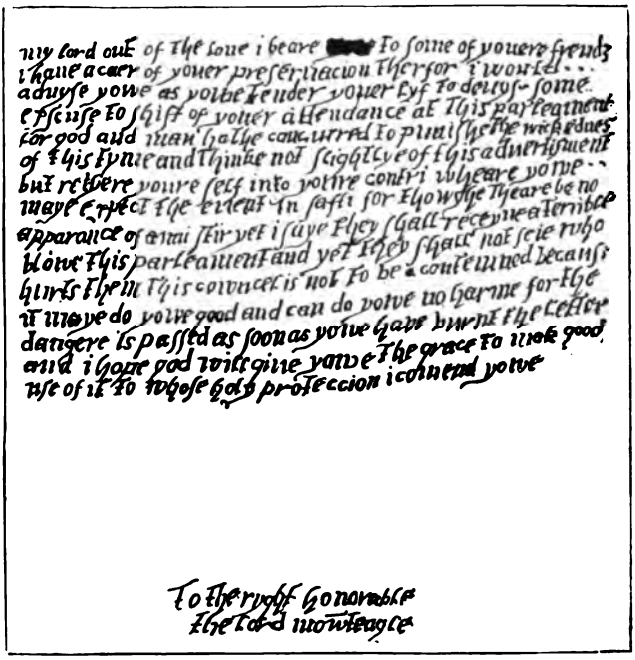
The mine was abandoned, and Fawkes, acting for his pretended master, hired the empty cellar, into which thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were secretly introduced, over which were deposited large stones, bars of iron, furniture, and a quantity of faggots. This done, the confederates separated until September, agreeing to meet a few days before the opening of Parliament. The intervening time was filled up with intrigue at home and abroad, with a view to securing aid for the Catholic party, when the decisive blow should be struck at the heads of the realm. To their chagrin, however, Parliament was again prorogued from October to Nov. 5, 1605.

This fortunate prorogation was the beginning of the end. Hitherto the secret had been well kept, but now two other conspirators were to be added to the number, and through one of these the plot was to be discovered. The cause of their enlistment was lack of money.

THE ARREST OF GUY FAWKES.

Catesby's purse was empty; none of the others had any means. The day of the explosion must not find the conspirators penniless, if their act was successfully to inaugurate a revolution. Accordingly Catesby inveigled into his net Sir Everard Digby, a young man of fortune, and Francis Tresham, who had lately come into a large property in Northamptonshire. Digby promised one thousand five hundred pounds, Tresham two thousand. But although Tresham had the money, he had neither the daring nor the fidelity necessary for the desperate enterprise on hand. No sooner was his aid obtained than Catesby was assailed with misgivings, destined to prove only too well founded. Tresham, there is no doubt, set himself to the laudable task of disorganising the conspiracy.

It was through Tresham, indeed, that Lord Monteagle received at his country seat at Hoxton the famous anonymous warning, which, so to speak, blew up the Gunpowder Plot. The missive, begging his Lordship to "devyse some exscuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament," concludes with a pious wish that God would give him grace to make good use of it. That he was granted this grace the sequel showed.



FACSIMILE OF THE ANONYMOUS LETTER TO LORD MONTEAGLE.

News of the letter having been carried to Winter, that conspirator and Catesby had a trying interview with Tresham, who rebutted their charges of perfidy so stoutly that they were constrained to spare him, although they were prepared, at the least sign of conscious guilt, to strike him down. The meeting took place at Enfield Chase, whence the plotters returned to town, and at once sent Fawkes to examine the cellar. Nothing had been tampered with, so they concluded that the mine was still undiscovered. Fawkes undertook to visit the cellar every day until the fatal Fifth.

Meanwhile the King returned to London; thereupon the letter was laid before him. In his writings, James claims the credit of having been the first to discover its true import. This, his flatterers declared, was accomplished by "divine illumination," said illumination being, of course, the astuteness of Cecil, who had not only accurately divined the projected illumination, but had, by cunningly forbidding any search in the Parliament House cellars, completely deceived the conspirators. After the King's deliberations, however, Catesby and his crew were informed by Tresham that the existence of the mine was known to the Ministers. For a time they meditated flight, but Percy, whom Até seemed now to be hurrying to his doom, prevailed on them to persevere. These infatuated men were to receive yet another warning. On the night of Nov. 4, Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain, made his customary round of the Parliament House, in company with Lord Monteagle. Entering the conspirators' cellar they found Fawkes in his assumed character of Percy's servant. "Your master has laid in abundant fuel," remarked Monteagle meaningly, fixing his eye on Fawkes; but the hint was lost. Guy was determined to stick to his post, and, if need were, to perish in the projected untimely dissolution

In the small hours of the morning of the Fifth of November Guy chanced to open the door of the vault leading out into the street. Immediately he was

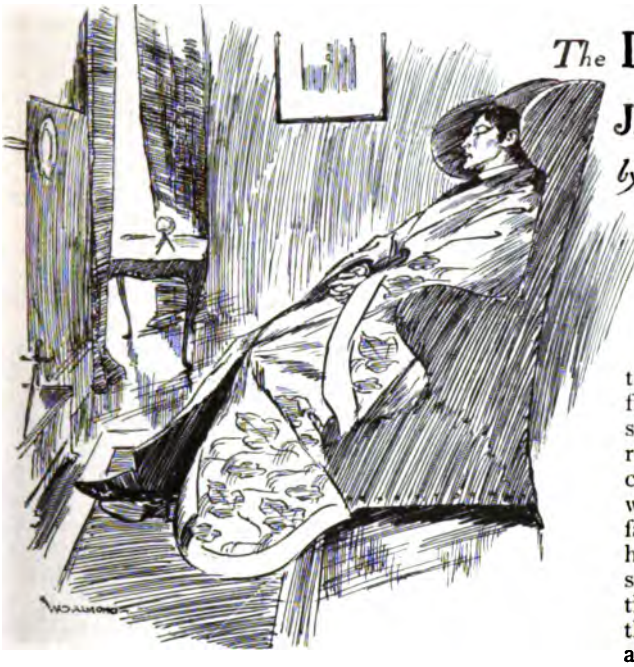
seized by Sir Thomas Knevett, a magistrate of Westminster, who, aided by a party of soldiers, carried the prisoner, booted, cloaked, and spurred, and with tell-tale matches in his pockets, to Whitehall, where at four o'clock the King sat to hear the case.

The subsequent events need not be dwelt on in detail. The other conspirators, after a despairing effort to begin the insurrection in the country, were taken or killed. Their last stand was made at Holbeach Manor, in Staffordshire, where

"REMEMBER, REMEMBER, THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!"
From a Print Published in 1805.

Catesby, Percy, and the two Wrights, after a desperate resistance, were slain. The rest, after prolonged examinations, were executed with every circumstance of brutality in St. Paul's Churchyard on Jan. 30 and 31, 1606. Torture was employed to wring from the conspirators admissions that might implicate the Jesuits. Fawkes, previous to the apprehension of his confederates, was racked to extremity, but without result. How hideous his sufferings must have been is proved by the specimens, still extant, of his signature before and after torture. Against him, although he was not the ringleader, the chief odium of the populace was directed. From the contemporary pamphlet describing the executions this is very clear. "Last of all," it says, "came the great devil of all, Guy Fawkes."

From that time forward, on every succeeding Fifth of November, Guy's memory has been duly celebrated. The festival, in these prosaic days, is not what it was. Formerly two hundred cartloads of fuel would be consumed on the Lincoln's Inn Fields bonfires, while as many as thirty Guys would dangle from thirty gibbets. The butchers of Clare Market, too, used to be specially zealous in celebrating the great deliverance. At Oxford the Fifth used to be the maddest night of the year, but the great town-and-gown fight is now a thing of the past, and a few squibs at most attest undergraduate loyalty. The Church no longer specially observes the day, nor is it now a general holiday, so that the body of citizens pay it but little heed. So long as fireworks are to be had, however, the smaller fry will, in the words of their own ditty, "see no reason why Gunpowder Treason should ever be forgot." To them such forgetfulness would be a sadder treason than all.



The Dream-Gown of the Japanese Ambassador.

by Brander Matthews.

I.

AFTER arranging the Egyptian and Mexican pottery so as to contrast agreeably with the Dutch and the German beer-mugs on the top of the bookcase that ran along one wall of the sitting-room, Cosmo Waynflete went back into the bed-room and took from a half-empty trunk the little cardboard boxes in which he kept the collection of playing-cards and of all manner of outlandish equivalents for these simple instruments of fortune, picked up here and there during his two or three years of dilettante travelling in strange countries. At the same time he brought out a Japanese crystal ball, which he stood upon its silver tripod, placing it on a little table in one of the windows on each side of the fireplace, and there the rays of the westering sun lighted it up at once into translucent loveliness.

The returned wanderer looked out of the window and saw on one side the graceful and vigorous tower of the Madison Square Garden, with its Diana turning in the December wind, while in the other direction he could look down on the frozen paths of Union Square, only a block distant, but as far below him almost as though he was gazing down from a balloon. Then he stepped back into the sitting-room itself, and noted the comfortable furniture and the wood fire crackling in friendly fashion on the hearth, and his own personal belongings scattered here and there as though they were settling themselves for a stay. Having arrived from Europe only that morning, he could not but hold himself lucky to have found these rooms taken for him by the old friend to whom he had announced his return, and with whom he was to eat his Christmas dinner that evening. He had not been on shore for more than six or seven hours; and yet the most of his odds and ends were unpacked and already in place, as though they belonged in this new abode. It was true that he had toiled unceasingly to accomplish this; and as he stood there in his shirt-sleeves admiring the result of his labours, he was conscious also that his muscles were fatigued, and that the easy-chair before the fire opened its arms temptingly.

He went again into the bed-room and took from one of his many trunks a long, loose garment of pale grey silk. Apparently this beautiful robe was intended to serve as a dressing-gown, and as such Cosmo Waynflete utilised it immediately. The ample folds fell softly about him, and the rich silk itself seemed to be soothing to his limbs, so delicate was its fibre and so carefully had it been woven. Around the full skirt there was embroidery of threads of gold, and again on the open and flowing sleeves. With the skilful

[*Copyrighted in U.S.A., 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson, and Bacheller.*]

freedom of Japanese art the pattern of this decoration seemed to suggest the shrubbery about a spring, for there were strange plants with huge leaves broadly outlined by the golden threads, and in the midst of them water was seen bubbling from the earth and lapping gently over the edge of the fountain. As the returned wanderer thrust his arms into this dressing-gown with its symbolic embroidery on the skirt and the sleeves, he remembered distinctly the dismal day when he had bought it in a little curiosity-shop in Nuremberg; and as he fastened across his chest one by one the loops of silken cord to the three coins which served as buttons down the front of the robe, he recalled also the time and the place where he had picked up each of these pieces of gold and silver, one after another. The first of them was a Persian daric, which he had purchased from a dealer on the Grand Canal in Venice; and the second was a Spanish peso struck under Philip II. at Potosi, which he had found in a stall on the embankment of the Quai Voltaire in Paris; and the third was a York shilling, which he had bought from the man who had turned it up in ploughing a field that sloped to the Hudson near Sleepy Hollow.

Having thus wrapped himself in this unusual dressing-gown, with its unexpected buttons of gold and silver, Cosmo Waynflete went back into the front room. He dropped into the arm-chair before the fire. It was with a smile of physical satisfaction that he stretched out his feet to the hickory blaze.

The afternoon was drawing on; and in New York the sun sets early on Christmas Day. The red rays shot into the window almost horizontally, and they filled the crystal globe with a curious light. Cosmo Waynflete lay back in his easy chair, with his Japanese robe about him, and gazed intently at the beautiful ball which seemed like a bubble of air and water. His mind went back to the afternoon in April two years before, when he had found that crystal sphere in a Japanese shop within sight of the incomparable Fugiyama.

II.

As he peered into its transparent depths, with his vision focussed upon the spot of light where the rays of the setting sun touched it into flame, he was but little surprised to discover that he could make out tiny figures in the crystal. For the moment this strange thing seemed to him perfectly natural. And the movements of these little men and women interested him so much that the fixity of his gaze was intensified. And so it was that in a few minutes he saw with no astonishment that he was one of the group himself—he himself in the rich and stately attire of a samurai. From the instant that Cosmo Waynflete discovered himself among the people whom he saw moving before him, as his eyes were fastened on the illuminated dot in the transparent ball, he ceased to see them as little figures, and he accepted them as of the full stature of man. This increase in their size was no more a source of wonderment to him than it had been to discern himself in the midst of them. He accepted both of these marvellous things without question—indeed, with no thought at all that they were in any way peculiar or abnormal. Not only this, but thereafter he seemed to have transferred his personality to the Cosmo Waynflete who was a Japanese samurai, and to have abandoned entirely the Cosmo Waynflete who was an American traveller and who had just returned to New York that Christmas morning. So completely did the Japanese identity dominate that the existence of the American identity was wholly unknown to him. It was as though the American had gone to sleep in New York at the end of the nineteenth century, and had waked a Japanese in Nippon in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

With his sword by his side—a Murimasa blade, likely to bring bad luck to the wearer sooner or later—he had walked from his own house in the quarter of Kioto which is called Yamashina to the quarter which is called Yoshiwara, a place of ill-repute, where dwell women of evil life, and where roysterers and drunkards come by night. He knew that the sacred duty of avenging his master's death had led him to cast off his faithful wife so that he might pretend to riot in debauchery at the Three Sea Shores. The fame of his shameful doings had been spread abroad, and it must soon come to the ears of the man whom he had wished to take unawares. Now he was lying prone in the street, seemingly sunk in a drunken slumber, so that men might see him and carry the news to the treacherous assassin of his beloved master. As he lay there that afternoon, he revolved in his mind the devices he should use to make away with his enemy when the hour might be ripe at last for the accomplishment of his holy revenge. To himself he called the roll of

his fellow-ronins, now biding their time, as he was, and ready always to obey his orders and to follow his lead to the death when at last the sun should rise on the day of vengeance.

So he gave no heed to the scoffs and jeers of those who passed along the street, laughing him to scorn as they beheld him lying there in a stupor from excessive drink at that inordinate hour of the day. And among those who came by at last was a man from Satsuma, who was moved to voice the reproaches of all that saw this sorry sight.

"Is not this Oishi Kura-no-Suké?" said the man from Satsuma, "who was a Councillor of Asano Takumi-no-Kami, and who, not having the heart to avenge his lord, gives himself up to women and wine? See how he lies drunk in the public street! Faithless beast! Fool and craven! Unworthy of the name of a samurai!"

And with that the man from Satsuma trod on him as he lay there and spat upon him, and went away indignantly. The spies of Kôtsuké-no-Suké heard what the man from Satsuma had said, and they saw how he had spurned the prostrate samurai with his foot; and they went their way to report to their master that he need no longer have any fear of the councillors of Asano Takumi-no-Kami. All this the man, lying prone in the dust of the street, noted; and it made his heart glad, for then he made sure that the day was soon coming when he could do his duty at last and take vengeance for the death of his master

---

III.

He lay there longer than he knew, and the twilight settled down at last, and the evening stars came out. And then after a while and by imperceptible degrees, Cosmo Waynflete became conscious that the scene had changed, and that he had changed with it. He was no longer in Japan but in Persia. He was no longer lying like a drunkard in the street of a city, but slumbering like a weary soldier in a little oasis by the side of a spring in the midst of a sandy desert. He was asleep, and his faithful horse was unbridled that it might crop the grass at will.

The air was hot and thick, and the leaves of the slim tree above him were never stirred by a wandering wind. Yet now and again there came from the darkness a faintly fetid odour. The evening wore on and still he slept, until at length in the silence of the night a strange huge creature wormed its way stealthily out of its lair amid the trees, and drew near the sleeping man to devour him fiercely. But the horse neighed vehemently, and beat the ground with his hoofs and waked his master. Then the hideous monster vanished, and the man, aroused from his sleep, saw nothing, although the evil smell still lingered in the sultry atmosphere. He lay down again once more, thinking that for once his steed had given a false alarm. Again the grisly dragon drew nigh, and again the courser notified its rider, and again the man could make out nothing in the darkness of the night; and again he was well-nigh stifled by the foul emanation that trailed in the wake of the misbegotten creature. He rebuked his horse, and laid him down once more.

A third time the dreadful beast approached, and a third time the faithful charger awoke its angry master. But there came the breath of a gentle breeze, so that the man did not fear to fill his lungs; and there was a vague light in the heavens now, so that he could dimly discern his mighty enemy; and at once he girded himself for the fight. The scaly monster came full at him with dripping fangs, its mighty body thrusting forward its huge and hideous head. The man met the attack without fear, and smote the beast full on the crest, but the blow rebounded from its coat of mail.

Then the favourite horse sprang forward and bit the dreadful creature full upon the neck, and tore away the scales, so that its master's sword could pierce the armoured hide. So the man was able to dissever the ghastly neck, and thus slay the monstrous dragon. The blackness of night wrapped him about once more as he fell on his knees and gave thanks for his victory, and the wind died away again.

IV.

Only a few minutes after—so it seemed to him, at least, Cosmo Waynflete became doubtfully aware of another change of time and place—of another transformation of his own being. He knew himself to be alone once more, and even without his trusty charger. Again he found himself groping in the dark. But in a little while there was a faint radiance of light; and at last the moon came out from behind a tower. Then he saw that he was not by the roadside in Japan, or in the desert in Persia, but now in some unknown city of Southern Europe, where the architecture was Hispano-Moresque. By the silver rays

of the moon he was able to make out the beautiful design damascened upon the blade of the sword which he held now in his hand, ready drawn for self-defence.

Then he heard hurried footfalls down the empty street, and a man rushed around the corner, pursued by two others, who had also weapons in their hands. For the moment Cosmo Waynflete was a Spaniard, and to him it was a point of honour to aid the weaker party. He cried to the fugitive to pluck up heart and to withstand the enemy stoutly. But the hunted man fled on, and after him went one of the two pursuers—a tall, thin fellow, with a long black cloak streaming behind him as he ran.

The other of the two, a handsome lad, with fair hair, came to a halt and crossed swords with Cosmo, and soon showed himself to be skilled in the art of fence. So violent was the young fellow's attack that in the ardour of self-defence Cosmo ran the boy through the body before he had time to hold his hand or even to reflect.

The lad toppled over sideways. "Oh! my mother!" he cried; and in a second he was dead. While Cosmo bent over the body hasty footsteps again echoed along the silent thoroughfare. Cosmo peered around the corner, and by the struggling moonbeams he could see that it was the tall, thin fellow in the black coat, who was returning with half a score of retainers, all armed, and some of them bearing torches.

Cosmo turned and fled swiftly, but, being a stranger in the city, he soon lost himself in its tortuous streets. Seeing a light in a window, and observing a vine that trailed from the balcony before it, he climbed up boldly and found himself face to face with a grey-haired lady, whose visage was beautiful and kindly and noble. In a few words he told her his plight and besought sanctuary. She listened to him in silence with exceeding courtesy of manner, as though she were weighing his words before making up her mind. She raised the lamp on her table and let its beams fall on his lineaments. And she still made no answer to his appeal.

There came a glare of torches in the street below and a knocking at the door. Then at last the old lady came to a resolution: she lifted the tapestry at the head of her bed and told him to bestow himself there. No sooner was he hidden than the tall, thin man in the long black coat entered hastily. He greeted the elderly lady as his aunt, and he told her that her son had been set upon by a stranger in the street and had been slain. She gave a great cry and never took her eyes from his face. Then he said that a servant had seen an unknown man climb to the balcony of her house. What if this were the assassin of her son? The blood left her face, and she clutched at the table behind her as she gave orders to have the house searched.

When the room was empty at last, she went to the head of the bed, and bade the man concealed there to come forth and to be gone, but to cover his face, that she might not be forced to know him again. So saying, she dropped on her knees before a crucifix, while he slipped out of the window again, and down to the deserted street.

He sped to the corner, and turned it undiscovered, and breathed a sigh of relief and of regret. He kept on steadily, gliding stealthily along in the shadows until he found himself at the city gate as the bell of the cathedral tolled the hour of midnight.

V.

How it was that he passed through the gate he could not declare with precision, for seemingly a mist had settled about him. Yet a few minutes later he saw that in some fashion he must have got beyond the walls of the town, for he recognised the open country all around. And, oddly enough, he now discovered himself to be astride a bony steed. He could not say what manner of horse it was he was riding, but he felt sure that it was not the faithful charger that had saved his life in Persia once upon a time, in days long gone by as it seemed to him then. He was not in Persia now—of that he was certain; nor in Japan again, nor in the Spanish Peninsula. Where he was he did not know.

In the dead hush of midnight he could hear the barking of a dog on the opposite shore of a dusky and indistinct waste of waters that spread itself far below him. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree; its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. As he approached this fearful tree he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of it, but on looking more narrowly he perceived it was a place where it had been

scathed by lightning and the white wood lay bare. About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and as he drew near he beheld—on the margin of this brook, and in the dark shadow of the grove—something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred a bound stood in the middle of the road. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. Having no relish for this strange midnight companion, Cosmo Waynflete urged on his steed in hopes of leaving the apparition behind; but

SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES BEFORE A CRUCIFIX, WHILE HE SLIPPED OUT OF THE WINDOW.

not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

He demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. And then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and the stranger quickened his horse also to an equal pace. And when the first horseman pulled up, thinking to lag behind, the second did likewise. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground which brought

the figure of his fellow-traveller against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, he was horror-struck to discover the stranger was headless. But his horror was still more increased in observing that the head, which should have rested on the shoulders, was carried before the body on the pommel of the saddle.

The terror of Cosmo Waynflete rose to desperation, and he spurred his steed suddenly in the hope of giving his weird companion the slip. But the headless horseman started full jump with him. His own horse, as though possessed by a demon, plunged headlong down the hill. He could hear, however, the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt the hot breath of the pursuer. When he ventured at last to cast a look behind, he saw the goblin rising in the stirrups, and in the very act of hurling at him the grisly head. He fell out of the saddle to the ground, and the black steed and the goblin rider passed by him like a whirlwind.

VI.

How long he lay there by the roadside stunned and motionless he could not guess, but when he came to himself at last the sun was already high in the heavens. He discovered himself to be reclining on the tall grass of a pleasant graveyard which surrounded a little country church in the outskirts of a pretty little village. It was in the early summer, and the foliage was green over his head as the boughs swayed gently to and fro in the morning breeze. The birds were singing gaily as they flitted about above him; the bees hummed along from flower to flower. At last, so it seemed to him, he had come into a land of peace and quiet, where there was rest and comfort and where no man need go in fear of his life. It was a country where vengeance was not a duty and where midnight combats were not a custom. He found himself smiling as he thought that a grisly dragon and a goblin rider would be equally out of place in this laughing landscape.

Then the bell in the steeple of the little church began to ring merrily, and he rose to his feet in expectation. All of a sudden the knowledge came to him why it was that they were ringing. He wondered then why the coming of the bride was thus delayed. He knew himself to be a lover with life opening brightly before him, and the world seemed to him sweeter than ever before and more beautiful.

Then at last the girl whom he loved with his whole heart and who had promised to marry him appeared in the distance, and he thought he had never seen her look more lovely. As he beheld his bridal party approaching he slipped into the church to await her at the altar. The sunshine fell upon the portal and made a halo about the girl's head as she crossed the threshold.

But even when the bride stood by his side and the clergyman had begun the solemn service of the church the bells kept on, and soon their chiming became a clangour, louder and sharper and more insistent.

VII.

So clamorous and so persistent was the ringing that Cosmo Waynflete was roused at last. He found himself suddenly standing on his feet, with his hand clutching the back of the chair in which he had been sitting before the fire when the rays of the setting sun had touched the crystal ball with flame. The sun had set long ago and the room was dark, for it was lighted now only by the embers of the burnt-out fire; and the electric bell was ringing steadily as though the man outside the door had resolved to waken the Seven Sleepers.

Then Cosmo Waynflete was wide awake again; and he knew where he was once more—not in Japan, not in Persia, not in Lisbon, not in Sleepy Hollow, but here in New York, in his own room, before his own fire. He opened the door at once and admitted his friend, Paul Stuyvesant.

"It isn't dinner-time, is it?" he asked. "I'm not late, am I? The fact is, I've been asleep."

"It is so good of you to confess that," his friend answered laughing; "although the length of time you kept me waiting and ringing might have led me to suspect it. No, you are not late, and it is not dinner-time. I've come around to have another little chat with you before dinner, that's all."

"Take this chair, old man," said Cosmo, as he threw another hickory stick on the fire. Then he lighted the gas and sat down by the side of his friend.

"This chair is comfortable, for a fact," Stuyvesant declared, stretching himself out luxuriously. "No wonder you went to sleep. What did you dream of? Strange places you had seen in your travels or the homely scenes of your native land?"

Waynflete looked at his friend for a moment without answering the question. He was startled as he recalled the extraordinary series of adventures which had

THE SUNSHINE FELL UPON THE PORTAL AND MADE A HALO ABOUT THE GIRL'S HEAD.

fallen to his lot since he had fixed his gaze on the crystal ball. It seemed to him as though he had been whirled through space and through time.

"I suppose every man is always the hero of his own dreams," he began doubtfully.

"Of course," his friend returned; "in sleep our natural and healthy egotism is absolutely unrestrained. It doesn't make any matter where the scene is laid or whether the play is a comedy or a tragedy, the dreamer has always the centre of the stage with the calcium light turned full on him."

"That's just it," Waynflete went on; "this dream of mine makes me feel as if I were an actor, and as if I had been playing many parts one after the other in the

swiftest succession. They are not familiar to me, and yet I confess to a vague feeling of unoriginality. It is as though I were a plagiarist of adventure, if that be a possible supposition. I have just gone through these startling situations myself, and yet I 'm sure that they have all of them happened before, although perhaps not to any one man. Indeed, no one man could have had all these adventures of mine, because I see now that I have been whisked through the centuries and across the hemispheres with a suddenness possible only in dreams. Yet all my experiences seem somehow second-hand, and not really my own."

"Picked up here and there, like your bric-à-brac?" suggested Stuyvesant. "But what are those alluring adventures of yours that stretched through the ages and across the continents?"

Then, knowing how fond his friend was of solving mysteries, and how proud he was of his skill in this art, Cosmo Waynflete narrated his dream as it has been set down in these pages.

When he had made an end, Paul Stuyvesant's first remark was, "I 'm sorry I happened along just then and waked you up before you had time to get married."

His second remark followed half a minute later.

"I see how it was," he said: "you were sitting in this chair and looking at that crystal ball, which focussed the level rays of the setting sun, I suppose? Then it is plain enough—you hypnotised yourself!"

"I've heard that such a thing is possible," responded Cosmo.

"Possible?" Stuyvesant returned. "It is certain! But what is more curious is the new way in which you combined your self-hypnotism with crystal-gazing. You have heard of scrying, I suppose?"

"You mean the practice of looking into a drop of water or a crystal ball, or anything of that sort," said Cosmo, "and of seeing things in it—of seeing people moving about?"

"That 's just what I do mean," his friend returned. "And that 's just what you have been doing. You fixed your gaze on the ball, and so hypnotised yourself; and then, in the intensity of your vision, you were able to see figures in the crystal, with one of which visualised emanations you immediately identified yourself. That 's easy enough, I think. But I don't see what suggested to you your separate experiences. I recognise them, of course——"

"You recognise them?" cried Waynflete in wonder.

"I can tell you where you borrowed every one of your adventures," Stuyvesant replied. "But what I 'd like to know now is what suggested to you just those characters and situations, and not others also stored away in your subconsciousness."

So saying, he began to look about the room.

"My subconsciousness?" repeated Waynflete. "Have I ever been a samurai in my subconsciousness?"

Paul Stuyvesant looked at Cosmo Waynflete for nearly a minute without reply. Then all the answer he made was to say, "That 's a queer dressing-gown you have on."

"It is time I took it off," said the other, suiting the action to the word. "It is a beautiful specimen of weaving, isn't it? I call it the dream-gown of the Japanese ambassador, for although I bought it in a curiosity-shop in Nuremberg, it was once, I really believe, the slumber-robe of an Oriental envoy."

Stuyvesant took the silken garment from his friend's hand.

"Why did the Japanese ambassador sell you his dream-gown in a Nuremberg curiosity shop?" he asked.

"He didn't," Waynflete explained. "I never saw the ambassador, and neither did the old German lady who kept the shop. She told me she bought it from a Japanese acrobat who was out of an engagement and desperately hard up. But she told me also that the acrobat had told her that the garment had belonged to an ambassador, who had given it to him as a reward of his skill, and that he never would have parted with it if he had not been dead-broke."

Stuyvesant held the robe up to the light and inspected the embroidery on the skirt of it.

"Yes," he said at last, "this would account for it, I suppose. This bit here is probably meant to suggest 'the well where the head was washed'—see?"

"I see that those lines may be meant to represent the outline of a spring of water, but I don't see what that has to do with my dream," Waynflete answered.

"Don't you?" Stuyvesant returned. "Then I 'll show you. You had on this silk garment embroidered here with an outline of the well in which was washed the head of Kôtsuké-no-Suké—the man whom the Forty-seven Ronins killed. You know the story?"

"I read it in Japan, but——" began Cosmo.

"You had that story stored away in

your subconsciousness," interrupted his friend. "And when you hynotised yourself by peering into the crystal ball, this embroidery it was which suggested to you to see yourself as the hero of the tale—Oishi Kura-no-Suké, the chief of the Forty-Seven Ronins, the faithful follower who avenged his master by pretending to be vicious and dissipated—just like Brutus and Lorenzaccio—until the enemy was off his guard and open to attack."

"I think I do recall the tale of 'The Forty-seven Ronins,' but only very vaguely," said the hero of the dream. "For all I know I may have had the adventure of Oishi Kura-no-Suké laid on the shelf somewhere in my subconsciousness, as you want me to believe. But how about my Persian dragon and my Iberian noblewoman?"

Paul Stuyvesant was examining the dream-gown of the Japanese ambassador with minute care. Suddenly he said, "Oh!" and then he looked up at Cosmo Waynflete and asked, "What are these buttons? They seem to be old coins."

"They are old coins," the other answered. "It was a fancy of mine to utilise them on that Japanese dressing-gown. They are all different, you see. The first is——"

"Persian, isn't it?" interrupted Stuyvesant.

"Yes," Waynflete explained, "it is a Persian daric. And the second is a Spanish peso, struck at Potosi under Philip II. for use in America. And the third is a York shilling, one of the coins in circulation here in New York at the time of the Revolution. I got that one, in fact, from the farmer who ploughed it up in a field at Tarrytown, near Sunnyside."

"Then there are three of your adventures accounted for, Cosmo, and easily enough," Paul commented with obvious satisfaction at his own explanation. "Just as the embroidery on the silk here suggested to you after you had hypnotised yourself that you were the chief of the Forty-seven Ronins, so this first coin here in turn suggested to you that you were Rustem, the hero of the 'Epic of Kings.' You have read the 'Shah-Nameh'?"

"I remember Firdausi's poem after a fashion only," Cosmo answered. "Was not Rustem a Persian Hercules, so to speak?"

"That's it precisely," the other responded, "and he had seven labours to perform; and you dreamed the third of them, the slaying of the grisly dragon. For my own part I think I should have preferred the fourth of them—the meeting with the lovely enchantress—but that's neither here nor there."

"It seems to me I do recollect something about that fight of Rustem and the strange beast. The faithful horse's name was Rakush, wasn't it?" asked Waynflete.

"If you can recollect the 'Shah-Nameh,'" Stuyvesant pursued, "no doubt you can recall also Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Custom of the Country'? That's where you got the midnight duel in Lisbon and the magnanimous mother, you know."

"No, I didn't know," the other declared.

"Well, you did, for all that," Paul went on. "The situation is taken from one in a drama of Calderon's, and it was much strengthened in the taking. You may not now remember having read the play, but the incident must have been familiar to you or else your subconsciousness couldn't have yielded it up so readily at the suggestion of that Spanish coin, could it?"

"I did read a lot of Elizabethan drama in my senior year at college," admitted Cosmo, "and this piece of Beamont and Fletcher's may have been one of those I read—but I totally fail to recall now what it was all about."

"You won't have the cheek to declare that you don't remember the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' will you?" asked Stuyvesant. "Very obviously it was the adventure of Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman that the York shilling suggested to you."

"I'll admit that I do recollect Irving's story now," the other confessed.

"So the embroidery on the dream-gown gives the first of your strange situations; and the three others were suggested by the coins you have been using as buttons," said Paul Stuyvesant. "There is only one thing now that puzzles me: that is the country church and the noon wedding and the beautiful bride."

And with that he turned over the folds of the silken garment that hung over his arm.

Cosmo Waynflete hesitated a moment, and a blush mantled his cheek. Then he looked his friend in the face and said, "I think I can account for my dreaming about her—I can account for that easily enough."

"So can I," said Paul Stuyvesant, as he held up the photograph of a lovely American girl that he had just found in the pocket of the dream-gown of the Japanese ambassador.

THE SQUALL.

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

While all was glad,
It seemed our birch-tree had,
That August hour, intelligence of death;
For warningly against the eaves she beat
Her body old, lamenting, prophesying,
And the hot breath
Of secret ferny hollows at her feet
Spread out: a toneless sighing.

Then o'er an argent sea,
Distinct unto the farthest reef and isle,
The clouds began to be.
Huge forms 'neath sombre draperies awhile
Made slow uncertain rally;
But as their wills conjoined, and from the north
Their leader rode in lances, O how fair,
Unvested, they stood forth,
In diverse armour, plumed majestically,
Each with his own esquires, a King in air!

They moved, with insolent tread,
And surge of colour that o'erbrimmed the sky,
And trailed from beach to beach:
Massed orange, and mould-green, and close thereby,
Saffron, and graded grey, and raspberry-red,
And purples migratory,
Fanned each in each,
As the long column broke, to seek for glory.

Sudden the thunder!
Upon the roofed verandahs how it rolled!
Once, twice, a thud and flame of doom, that told
New-fallen, nor far away,
Some black destruction on the innocent day.
And little Everard,
Deep in the hammock under, eyes alight
With healthful fear and wonder
The brave do ne'er unlearn,
Clenched his soft hand, and breathing hard,
Smiled up against his father, like a knight
Baptised at Cressy, or at Bannockburn.

A moment gone,
Into our Thessaly, from Acheron,
With imperceptive sorcery, crawled ashore
Odours unnamable: an exhalation
Of men and ships in oozy graves. (Ah, cease,
Derisive nereids, cease:
Be it enough that even ye can pour
From crystal flagons of your ancient peace
So strange obscene libation!)
But with the thunder-peal
Sprang the pure winds; they filleted men's hair,
And freshened rock and grove,
And ridged the smooth Atlantic's copper plain,
And rent a league of distance, to reveal
A sail aslant, astrain,
Still searching for the cove;
And tossing after, panic-stricken,
Another, and a third: white spirits, fain to sicken,
Nor out of natural harm salvation gain.

The self-same hunter winds that drave
The horror down, as faithful-hearted drew
The sad clouds from their carnage, and up-piled
Their rebel gonfalons, or jocund threw
Their cannon in the wave;
And subtly, with a parting whisper, gave
An eve most mild:
A sunset like a prayer, a world all rose and blue.

A good world, as it was,
And as it shall be: clear circumferent space,
Where punctual yet, for worship of their Cause,
The stars came thick in choir.
Sleep had our Everard in her cool embrace,
Else from his cot he hardly need have stooped
To see, and laugh to see, the headland pine
Embossed on changing fire:
For back of it, and cooped
Within a smallest span,
In fury, up and down, and round and round,
The routed leopards of the lightning ran!
Bright, bright inside their dungeon-bars, malign
They ran; and ran till dawn, without a sound.

SOME FAMOUS FIRES.

By J. STEPHEN.

"Run—run for St. Clement's engine!"
TOM HOOD.

THERE is something unholy in the average man's delight in a big blaze—provided that his own property is secure. Perhaps it is owing to frail human love of unsanctified enjoyment that no other spectacular entertainment can compete with a conflagration as a mere "draw"; probably, however, to take a charitable view, it is because the show is generally "for one night only," unless the affair is peculiarly serious. That the exhibition is free, is a point that need not be pressed. Then, too, there is a strange exhilaration in a fire. Everyone's heart beats high at the sight of the engines; everyone vies with his neighbour in pomp of fine language to describe the incidents of the disaster; and as for the fire-reporter to the daily press, he positively outdoes himself in rhetorical pyrotechnics. Long ago, a writer in *Chambers's* described the miseries of the fire-reporter: how he waded knee-deep in water, was drenched full many a time and oft in his quest of information, and finally retired to some cold doorstep to write his glowing periods on an extemporised desk—to wit, the crown of his hat—hardships disagreeable to read of and hard to believe. Haply, however, such cooling influences are necessary to keep the poor scribe's description at something like a just temperature. Otherwise he and his report might be consumed with their own fervour.

Even in the days when the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, with its pomp and circumstance, was not, ere yet the world had seen a Braidwood, a Shaw, or a Simonds, fires afforded a happy theme for penmen. John

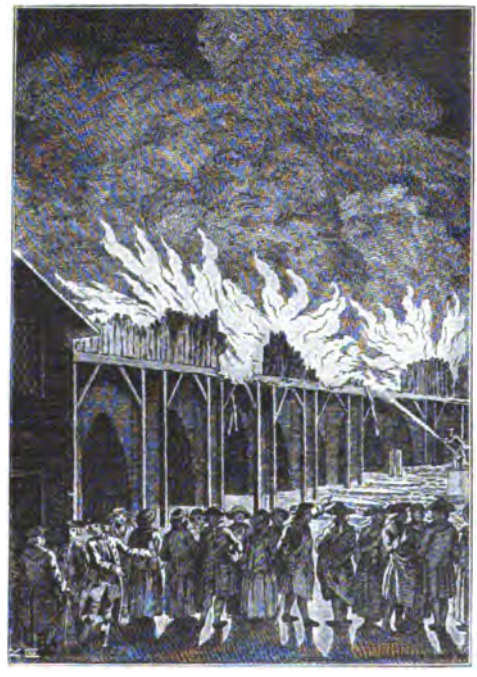
THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666.

LONDON AS IT APPEARED IN THE GREAT FIRE OF 1666.

From the Original Painting in Painter-Stainers' Hall.

Evelyn was swift to chronicle his experiences of the greatest of all London fires, setting down day by day patient and minute notes of that blessing in disguise. A hundred and fourteen years later, when London was sorely threatened but not consumed, Crabbe and Dr. Johnson gazed with interest upon the fiery devastation wrought by the Gordon Rioters, and straightway set down what they saw for the edification of posterity.

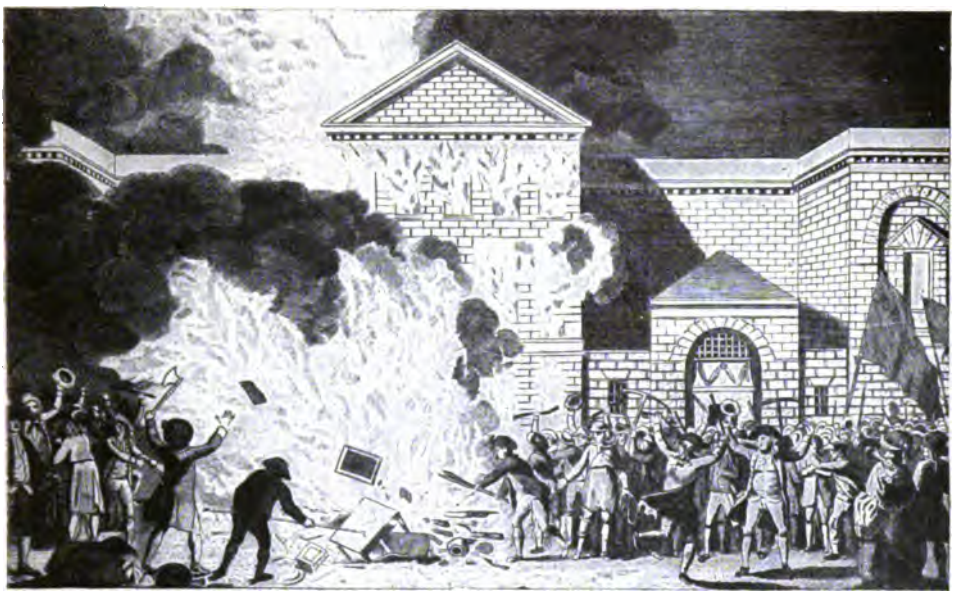
Grim as the No-Popery Riots were, they possessed, like all popular disturbances, their peculiar humours. Most entertaining of all, perhaps, was the burning of Newgate. Between six and seven o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, June 6, 1780, the mob came pouring down Holborn, displaying the flags—one green, with Protestant mottoes, the second dirty blue with a red cross, the third the flag of the Protestant Union. The second flag had been hoisted in Palace Yard by a sailor named Jackson; but Justice Hyde, whose house was presently sacked, sent a troop of horse to dislodge the rioters. "Newgate, ahoy!" cried Jackson, in seaman's phrase, and with this he led the way to the prison. Nor was the movement unpremeditated, for two hours earlier Boswell's "esteemed friend," Mr. Akerman, one of the governors of the jail, had had an unpleasant warning of the coming storm: a friend of a condemned prisoner had had the civility to call and inform him that he should be the one hanged presently.



THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE OF LONDON ON FIRE ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 11, 1758.

The mob was perfectly organised. Like the Sabeans in the Book of Job, the rioters "made out three bands"—one to assail Governor Akerman's door, a second to assault the debtors' ward, while the third arrayed itself against the felons' prison. The ringleader knocked thrice at Mr. Akerman's door, and rang thrice, whereupon the attack was delivered.

The windows of the Governor's house were driven in. Then a chimney-sweeper's boy clambered up and entered, followed by a mad Quaker.



THE RIOTERS OF LONDON FIRING THE NEW JAIL OF NEWGATE, AND BURNING MR. AKERMAN'S FURNITURE, JUNE 6, 1780.

In a few moments these energetic gentlemen were flinging out pictures, furniture, and chattels, which were set fire to in the street. Meanwhile Thomas Haycock, a mad waiter from St. Alban's Tavern, got sticks to burn the house doors, seeing which the household escaped over the roofs. George Sims, a noted tripeman, then swore he would have the gates down, and immediately the mob sent for sledge-hammers and implements from Drury Lane and Long Acre.

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Sims was, however, recognised by a prison official, who bawled through the grating, "All right, George the Tripeman, I shall mark you in particular." This warning did not discourage the besiegers, and smoke." But what struck the poet most was the sight of Lord George Gordon, drawn by the mob in a coach towards Alderman Bull's. Lord George, he relates, seemed to him "a lively

DRURY LANE THEATRE: VIEWED FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE DURING THE CONFLAGRATION ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 24, 1809.

who continued to pile Mr. Akerman's blazing household gods against the gates, a measure which soon had the desired effect; although the turnkeys gallantly strove to push the burning mass down with broomsticks thrust through the hatch and continually dashed water on the pile.

Newgate was now doomed. Mr. Akerman's house was fairly ablaze, the flames spread from it to the fore-lodge and chapel, and so towards the wards of the prison. Crabbe watched the rioters break through the roof and descend through smoke and flame to release the prisoners, three of whom would have been hanged on the following Friday. "Ten or twelve rioters," he relates, "got on the roof to hallo, looking," he says, "like Milton's infernals, amid the lurid flames looking young man and no more." At the end of the sport that "lively young man's" lively followers went off to Bloomsbury Square to burn Lord Mansfield's residence, which they did with exceeding goodwill and thoroughness.

The following day Dr. Johnson walked to Newgate, which was yet glowing, and watched the demolition of the Old Bailey Sessions House by a hundred leisurely ruffians. The good Doctor laments the damage to chapels and the plunder of inoffensive Papists. "But the high sport," he declares, "was to burn the gaols. This was a good rabble trick."

In the *Times* report of the House of Commons debate for Feb. 24, 1809, there occurs a curiously interesting note. A speech by Mr. Secretary Canning relative to the Peninsular War is followed by

four lines in large italics to the following effect—

(*The latter part of this speech was occasionally interrupted by the eagerness of members to look through the windows at the dreadful conflagration of Drury Lane Theatre.*)

An adjournment was proposed, whereupon Lord Temple observed that "when the House reflected on the agitation and loss that must be the consequence of the calamity just communicated to an individual member of that House, he had no doubt it would adjourn." The person referred to immediately rose, and begged leave to make one observation. "Whatever," he said, "may be the measure of individual loss and private calamity which may be the consequence of the case alluded to by my noble friend, I do not think the consideration of such a nature as to call for or justify any interruption of the progress of the important business before the House." After some discussion the debate proceeded, although one honourable gentleman declared that the perturbation of members was such as to call for an adjournment.

Such are the exact details of an old and well-worn story. Everybody knows that the person for whose sake it was proposed to adjourn the sitting was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, lessee and manager of Drury Lane, who was perhaps of all the members the least "perturbed." It is matter of common knowledge, too, than when he arrived on the scene of the disaster and found that nothing could be done, Sheridan went to the Hummums, and from the leads watched his house burn. He was even cool enough to take a little refreshment, and when some busybody reproved his apathy, Sheridan had the ever ready *bon-mot* to offer. "Surely," he asked, "surely a man may take a glass of wine at his own fireside?"

It was on a Friday night, just five months after the burning of Covent Garden Theatre, that Drury Lane shared a similar fate. As the season was Lent, there had been no Friday performance, so the theatre was shut, and in charge of the watchmen and keepers. At a quarter past eleven a light was observed in a second story window. This excited no suspicion, but twenty minutes later the whole upper part of the theatre suddenly burst into

THE CITY OF BRISTOL, OCTOBER 30, 1831.

flame, and in a few minutes more the flames had complete mastery of the building. At two a.m. nothing remained but a fine fragment of the western front and a portion of the opposite end.

At midnight the spectacle of the burning theatre viewed from Blackfriars or Westminster Bridge is said to have far surpassed any of the mimic representations ever witnessed within the walls of Old Drury. At that hour the cupola and the

THE CUSTOM HOUSE ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 12, 1814.

Apollo had fallen, but the shell of the building remained entire. The upper range of windows and the surmounting balustrade which extended along the whole length of the building, rising as they did above all surrounding buildings and strongly outlined against their glowing background, resembled, it is said, an ancient aqueduct. The body of the building was as a huge cauldron of fire from which the flames ascended in one broad sheet. No breath of wind was stirring, so the vast body of flame soared aloft unbroken in a single glowing pyramid. The illumination of the City was a sight to be remembered. St. Paul's stood forth with wonderful brilliancy, and every building of consequence on the north and south sides of the Thames was lighted up with the utmost splendour, while the reflection on the river lent peculiar magnificence to the scene. Not the least remarkable of the picturesque features was the glinting of weird firelight through the colonnade in the river-front of Somerset House. On the Surrey side, too, the illumination of the Shot-tower excited special comment, and these accessories to a grand and terrible picture have been preserved in the Illustration, from a contemporary print, which accompanies the present article.

The fire at Drury Lane was productive not only of artistic, but of literary records. But for this memorable conflagration we should not have possessed those famous *jeux d'esprit* of the witty brothers James and Horace Smith, "The Rejected Addresses." The genesis of that collection of light verse will bear retelling. In the month of August 1812, when the

restoration of the theatre was almost complete, an advertisement appeared in the daily papers announcing that the rebuilding committee were anxious to promote a "free and fair competition" for an address to be spoken at the reopening of the theatre on Oct. 10 of the same year. Among the hundred and twelve addresses received by the secretary, the compositions of the two Smiths had no place. Their idea was wider. Had they entered the competition, their genius would have been restricted to two efforts and one hearing, or possibly no hearing at all. But their little book of imaginary addresses, parodying the styles of living masters, found a wider audience than Old Drury could contain, and a more enduring fame than any opening speech ever spoken from the stage. The parody on Sir Walter Scott has especial significance, for it deals with the destruction of the theatre on that memorable February night of which the history

SUPERINTENDENT BRAIDWOOD,
KILLED AT THE TOOLEY STREET FIRE, JUNE 22, 1861.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, OCTOBER 16, 1834.

has just been recalled. For sensational effect, the authors were pleased to alter the hour of the outbreak from evening to early morning, a license fully justified by the

QUEEN SQUARE, BRISTOL, ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 30, 1831.

access of mock heroic drollery thus attained—

> As Chaos which, by heavenly doom,
> Had slept in everlasting gloom,
> Started with terror and surprise
> When light first flashed upon her eyes;
> So London's sons in night-cap woke,
> In bed-gowns woke her dames,
> For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
> And twice ten thousand voices spoke—
> "The playhouse is in flames!"
> And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
> A fiery tail its lustre lends
> To every window-pane;
> Blushes each spout in Martlet Court
> And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
> And Covent Garden kennels sport
> A bright ensanguined drain.

Among the records of wanton and insensate outrage, of "rabble tricks," in Johnson's phrase, the history of the Bristol Riots of 1831 stands forth as a startling reminder that even in the nineteenth century popular ferocity could parallel the black deeds of a time less ostentatiously humane and civilised. Political clouds loomed on the horizon: Chartist was a dreaded word; but the Bristol "three days" can hardly be considered the result of a genuine revolutionary movement. True, certain ringleaders of the rabble seem to have imagined in some vague way that they were hastening the day of "liberty," but the rioters sought only to destroy for sheer destruction's sake. What they sought to promote they neither knew nor cared. For the most part the mob was utterly contemptible, and but for the extraordinary apathy of the authorities, might have been easily quelled. But while life and property were aimlessly sacrificed, the powers stood by as if stupefied, an inexcusable inaction which afterwards evoked the bitterest reproaches from the Radical Press. It seemed, the progressive papers complained, as though the authorities had conspired to discredit the party of advanced opinion by permitting a rabble of no political significance to commit outrages which should afterwards be laid to the door of those who sought reform by constitutional means.

On the morning of Saturday, Oct. 29, the Recorder, Sir Charles Wetherell, came to Bristol to open a commission for the trial of certain offenders, whose case, the reformers averred, might as well have been heard at the ordinary Sessions. Feeling ran high, the more so that Sir Charles was a man generally detested. Fearing a disturbance, the authorities swore-in special constables, a step they had reason to regret, for these officials in the end did more harm than good. At the Guildhall the populace was restive, and the initial business proceeded amid general inter-

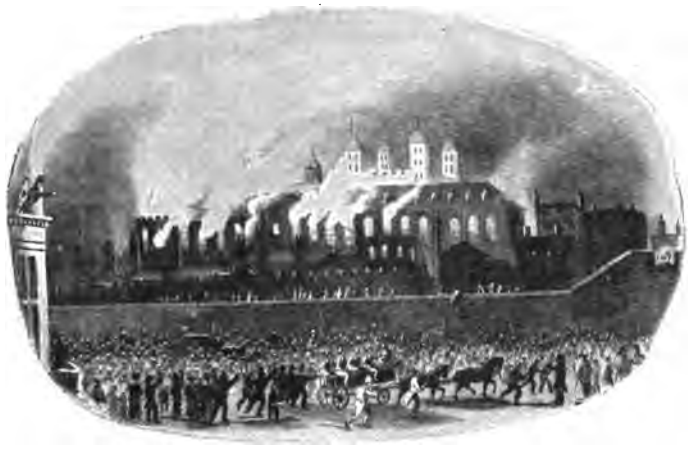
ruption, which swelled to actual disturbance when the Recorder afterwards drove to the Mansion House to banquet with the Corporation. The special constables, mostly young men, further irritated the mob by overmuch zeal, and at length blows were freely exchanged. This was followed by a general attack on the Mansion House, and Sir Charles Wetherell was fain to save his skin by an undignified retreat over the house-tops. Suddenly the cry was raised "To the back," and the mob surged round to the offices behind the Mansion House, where faggots and firewood were stored. For the present, however, the rioters refrained from firing the building, and contented themselves with general looting of the premises. The cellars proved particularly attractive to the mob, which was shortly in unlawful possession of a hundred dozen of wine. Little more actual mischief was done that day, but Saturday closed amidst general drunkenness and disorder.

On Sunday morning, when law-abiding citizens were in church, the mob reassembled in Queen Square. The authorities had plucked up sufficient courage to publish a proclamation warning all rioters to return to their homes, but these gentlemen were not disposed to take the admonition seriously. The unlucky bill-sticker, however, who posted the proclamation they took very seriously indeed, and sent him away badly mauled. A person mounted King William's statue in the square and waved a tri-coloured cap on a pole, shouting to his comrades to behold the cap of liberty. Possibly this exhibition aroused in the minds of the befuddled rioters some recollection of the French Revolution, for a move was presently made towards the jail, which was speedily in their power. A vigorous employment of sledge-hammers soon broke in the prison-doors, and the prisoners, some of them almost nude, at once joined the party of disorder. The Governor's house was sacked and fired; his books were pitched into the New River. The drop and prison-van shared a similar fate. Suddenly a black handkerchief was seen to flutter from the weathercock on the porter's lodge, evidently as a signal for some further action, and almost immediately the cry of Fire! was raised, and

YORK MINSTER, AS IT APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE, MAY 20, 1840.

clouds of smoke began to pour from every part of the building.

The military appeared on the scene, but retreated without rendering any effective service. Then the mob fired the Gloucester



THE TOWER OF LONDON, OCTOBER 30, 1841.

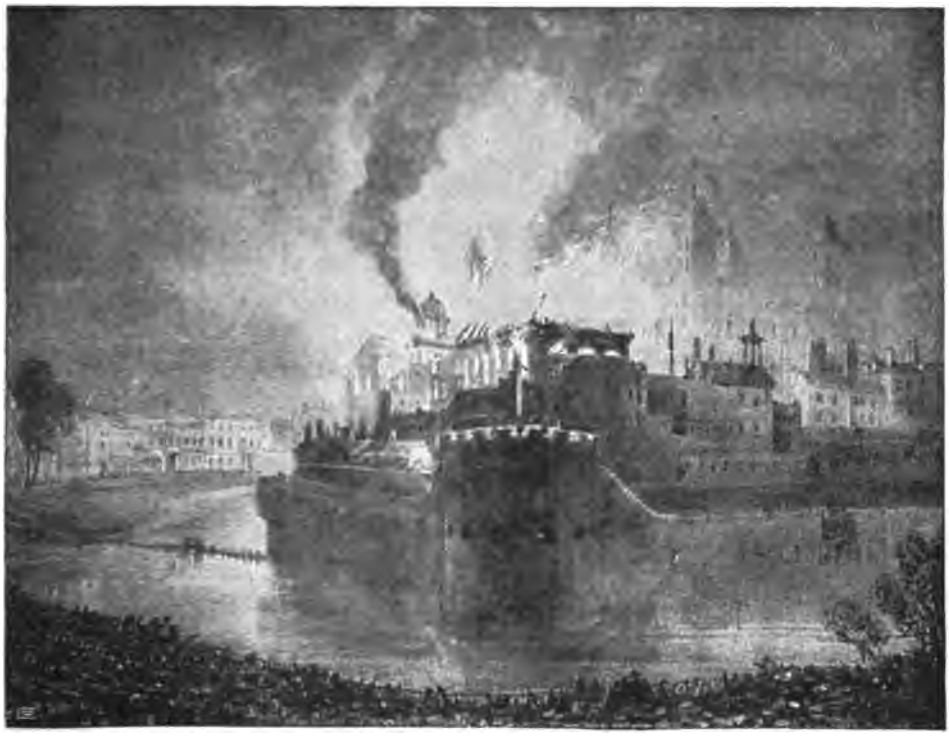
County Jail, the lock-up house at Lawford's Gate, and subsequently set the Bishop's Palace ablaze. Between seven and eight o'clock the rioters revisited the cellars of the Mansion House in Queen's Square, and began rolling out beer and wine. Intoxicated persons could be seen moving about the kitchen and banqueting-room with lighted candles bent on deliberate fire-raising. In an hour and a half the Mansion House was gutted. No fire-engine was at hand, nor was any attempt made to bring one. Every class was seized with apathy.

From that moment Queen Square was doomed. Each dwelling in turn was sacked and fired until the whole mass from the Mansion House was wrapped in flames, which extended to the back buildings in Little King Street. A troop of horse was posted in the square, but received no orders to assume the offensive.

Then befell an extraordinary incident. The contents of fifty puncheons of rum gushed out of a bonded warehouse at the corner of the avenue leading into Queen Square, ran flaming down the street, and set fire to a house at the other end. Some ladies who resided in the house were thus placed in a situation of extreme peril, for their escape was cut off by what resembled a hedge of flame. They were, however, saved by the gallant exertions of a body of sailors, whose activity ultimately preserved the entire row. At this conjuncture the mischief was further spread by a band of rioters so contemptible that the slightest show of force must have defeated its villainy, had the authorities not been wholly sunk in despicable torpor. A few mischievous boys, seizing the precious opportunity for enjoyment, resorted to organised fire-raising. Beginning with a house-to-house visitation, they gave the inmates of each dwelling half-an-hour's notice to quit, and at the expiry of that time coolly set fire to the building, the terrified householders having meanwhile surrendered without resistance to the youthful bravos. In this manner the boys wrecked an entire side of Queen Square, and when that had been swept away they fired another, commencing with the Excise Office. The third site escaped solely through the determined conduct of the occupiers of the corner house, who stoutly defied the young depredators, and with little trouble put them to flight, thus further proving the utter insignificance of the authors of so much mischief. The booty the rioters seized was trifling. On the corpse of one boy who had been sabred by the military was found a curious collection of spoil—a lady's glove, some children's books, and the Custom House keys.

Monday opened with a galloping of Dragoons, who cut down one or two rioters. In the evening the fires were renewed, and the shipping had to be defended, but at eight o'clock the 11th Regiment of Infantry entered the town in considerable force with drums and music, a display that marked the end of the disturbance. It was not before time, for those three days had witnessed the destruction of half Queen Square, part of Princes Street and King Street, the Custom House, the Excise Offices, the Bishop's Palace, three jails, about fifty warehouses and dwelling-houses, four toll-houses, and incalculable private property. The damage was afterwards assessed by a Royal Commission at £68,208. Christopher Davis, a man of respectable position, who took a prominent part in the disturbance, was

hanged along with three companions. These worthies, who could not after the riot satisfactorily account to themselves for their mad conduct, were reduced by the diligence of the city ministers to a properly penitent spirit, and made a very edifying if somewhat unpicturesque end. Happily, we are now spared such grotesque and disgusting exhibitions as the Bristol execution, where brutality and sentimental piety ran riot, and where the mistaken zeal of a few divines converted the scaffold to a pulpit, and wreathed the noose into a saintly halo. It takes a gentleman to die well in public. Chastelar, with Ronsard's Ode to Death upon his lips, may have died a sad pagan, but his end was certainly more "edifying" than that of the Bristol rioters with their fatuous and revolting cant.



DESTRUCTION OF THE SMALL ARMOURY IN THE TOWER OF LONDON ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 30, 1841.

The burning of the two Houses of Parliament on the night of Oct. 16, 1834, afforded London one of the most picturesque and terrible spectacles ever witnessed in that city of great fires. Shortly before seven o'clock on that autumn evening all Westminster was thrown into confusion by the announcement that the Houses of Lords and Commons were on fire; the alarm flew abroad, and in a few minutes thousands were hurrying from all parts of the Metropolis to the scene of the conflagration.

But perhaps the most striking view of the disaster was to be obtained from the river, which was crowded with a multitude of boats bearing eager spectators. Viewed from the water it at first seemed as if nothing could save Westminster Hall. Behind it a bright pillar of clear flame soared skywards, and above this waved a smoke-cloud of brilliant and dazzling white, which would part now and then before the wind and disclose for a moment the lantern and pinnacle of the building. Anxiety for the Hall continued until two o'clock in the morning, at which hour the *Times* in a final note was fain to believe that the historic structure was safe. So, indeed, the event proved, but enough had already been laid in ashes. By half-past seven the House of Lords was gutted; at eight the whole roof of the Commons House fell in; and by eleven that chamber

was reduced to a mere shell. Shortly after twelve the library tower fell inwards with a terrific crash. A blinding burst of flame succeeded, but immediately gave place to a pall of the blackest smoke. When this cleared up it was possible to gain some idea of the devastation accomplished, and the Abbey, which the exertions of the firemen and the military had kept unharmed, loomed weirdly through a long vista of flaming walls; "towering," says the eloquent *Times*, "in melancholy pride over its defaced and shattered neighbours." The House of Peers, with the Robing Rooms and Painted Chamber and many minor divisions, was totally destroyed. The Peers' Library escaped, but the Commons Library was utterly consumed. The residence of the Clerk of the House shared the same fate, but the Speaker's abode suffered only partial damage. Damage to books and papers is said to have been very inconsiderable, owing chiefly to the exertions of the military, who, under the direction of the Premier and other "distinguished characters" (to quote a contemporary report) toiled with Trojan zeal at the task of rescue.

The fire seems to have originated in the overheating of some flues, but at first all sorts of wild rumours were afloat attributing the mishap to incendiaries. Some of the theories did not lack humour, and the *Times* recorded many comical "sayings picked up among the crowd." One cabman remarked to a fare whom he drove to the scene of fire, "Some says it's done by the builders to make a job for themselves, and I did hear, too, as how it was Mr. Hume as set 'em on, 'cause, you see, Sir, the members wouldn't build a new House, though Mr. Hume has axed 'em ever so many times to do it, and told 'em how very uncomfortable he was in the old 'un." Mr. Hume had repeatedly moved for new Parliamentary buildings, and it is written that at the fire a voice in the crowd was heard to cry: "There's Hume's motion carried without a division!"

The burning on Saturday, Oct. 31, 1841, of the grand store-house and small armoury of the Tower of London was an historic fire as interesting as any of those here recounted. Space forbids detailed description; suffice it to say that the fire, which broke out at ten o'clock on the Saturday evening, was not finally extinguished until the Wednesday following. The damage was estimated at about a million sterling. An Illustration is also given of one of the most inconvenient of London fires — the burning of the Custom House, by which business was for a time utterly paralysed, while the actual destruction of books, documents, and property was incalculable, and in many cases irreparable.

"CHANCE," THE FIREMEN'S DOG.

At one time well known in connection with the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, at whose headquarters he attached himself, giving the alarm at all the stations whenever a fire was reported.

A SUFFERING SAINT.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE river was sparkling, the boughs were waving, the bees were humming, warbles fell from the topmost top of the sun-tipped pines and cedars, the warm air was full of the scent of flowers and the laughing of children, and suddenly on all the sweet tranquillity came the harsh clang of a bell, a huge brass dinner-bell.

"Oh, that poor sufferin' saint!" cried Mrs. Mather, running to her window. "I declare ef it ain't too bad! I do' no' how she ever stan's it! There they go, them fellers—I sh'd think they'd be ashamed to death!" And while she was exclaiming, the man in his shirt-sleeves in the opposite dooryard, with a white face and black burning eyes, and a tangle of uncombed hair, went on flourishing his great dinner-bell over his head, ringing it with all his might; and half-a-dozen men, who had just thrown down their tools, were running to answer it. "Come on! Come on!" he shouted with a strange hoarseness and thick articulation. "Come out! Come out! Up with ye! Up with ye!" And then a woman darted out of the house and skipped up on the horse-block, half laughing, half crying, and tossing her apron over her face.

"It's a shame! It's a living shame!" cried Mrs. Mather, eagerly peering behind her sash curtain. "I declare I don't see why Humphrey Lavendar don't fall dead, poor critter! And all them fellers gawking and gaping round. I sh'd think you'd have suthin' better to do 'ith yourself, Tom Brier!" she called.

"Lord, Mis' Mather, 'tain't my fault," said Tom, stopping a moment under the open window to tie his shoe. "She wants us to. She's ast us partic'ler. She says he's got to be humoured w'en he hes the spells, she says. She says it's her cross, an' his'n too. Lord! 'tain't our fault. I've got to go and bid her in now," and he ran off post haste.

"Come now," cried Humphrey, still flourishing his bell about his blazing face. "Hurry up! I ain't no time to waste. Who'll bid her on? Here she is—ain't worth her weight in sawdust—who starts the bidding? Sally Lavendar, five feet five, as old as her tongue an' a little older than her teeth, an' her tongue's hung in the middle an' goes at both ends. Five cents. Jo Burns, your money's burning a hole in yer pocket, go. Do I hear ten? No sort of a wife—ten—ten—ten—fragile, no account creetur. Ten, do you say?—the price of a drink. Yes, she ain't wuth much, but she's wuth that. Speak up, there! Ten, ten; do I hear fifteen? Who bids fifteen for a blamed rag doll? I ain't a takin' ye in—ye know her—ain't one redeemin' trait—temper of the old boy—idle—shif'less—— You biddin', Tom Brier? I'm lettin' her go for w'at she'll fetch, yes I be!

"Fifteen—twenty—goin'—twenty—am I offered twenty-five? By gorry, she won't fetch a quarter! Gone, at twenty—to Tom Brier. An' you can take her now or hev' her later!" And then the woman sprang from the block and ran into the house, as if she could not bear it one moment longer, and the men dispersed, and Humphrey pocketed his twenty cents. "'Tain't enough to fill the jug," he muttered as he went into the house. "Guess I'll hev ter sell her over agin."

"Here, dearie, you take this," said Sally, meeting him with a bowl, into which she had hurriedly poured the contents of a skillet.

"Don't be a-dearying me now," he said. "It ain't a proper thing."

"Well, never mind all that. Just take this. It's beef and barley broth, an' I biled a pepper an' an yingin in it—it's real good an' nourishin'."

"Well," he said, "perhaps I will. You ain't no objec' now in makin' way with me, so I don't suppose you've ben a-tinkerin' it. I'll give some to the cat first, an' ef nothin' happens to her mebbe I'll take it."

"Oh, I wouldn't wait for that," she said, following his restless walk with the

[*Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McClure, Limited.*]

bowl in her hand. "Sip it while it's good an' hot."

"You're altogether too familiar," he said, stopping and drawing himself up, "considerin' who you be. Tom Brier's made a fool of himself—twenty cents for w'at warn't wuth anything. Git out!"

"He's all right," she said cheerfully. "Here, I'll take some of it myself," and when she had taken a few spoonfuls and held up the steaming savoury bowl, he looked at her a moment, and swallowed the rest.

"Yes," he said. "That tastes good.

"HERE, DEARIE, YOU TAKE THIS," SAID SALLY.

You're a master hand at a relish, Sally. But what you doin' here?" he added with a start and a bewildered look. "You're Tom Brier's woman now."

"I guess," she said, "Tom ain't no place for me yet. An' you've got to hev someone to ten' round, and I might es well stop a spell."

"Well—jes' tell he sends for ye."

"Now you sit down an' lemme brile ye this little lamb chop. It's real tender. An' here's a pertater bilin' hot——"

"No, I ain't no call to eat——"

"Ain't hungry?" stepping about briskly. "Yes, you be. An' a mealy pertater with salt an' pepper, and plenty of fresh butter"—and she was preparing it as she spoke, for the table had been laid before the bell-ringing, and the gridiron was on the coals.

"I do' no' 'bout this," he said, as the smoking chop was slipped on the plate before him. "It smells sort o' temptin'," he muttered. "Here, Ponto, you try a bite. No! we mustn't give the children's meat to dogs. You're sure it's all right, Sally?" with a wondering, wistful look.

"Sure's I be of sunrise!" And while he was picking the bone like a famished dog himself, she was tossing a light, large pancake, and covering it with her peach syrup, and following it with another and another, keeping the great cup of cocoa filled all the time beside him. The doctor had said he must be fed and overfed.

Then he leaned forward, his elbows on the table, and stared at the high sunny window where a little jug of buttercups and clover stood, and a bee buzzed and hummed. And his head fell between his hands, and she came and put her arms about it, and brought it forward so that it touched her shoulder. "You're real sleepy," she said. "You jes' go into the bed-room an' lie down an' git a nap, an' I'll cover you up——"

He put out his long arm, pushing her off with the open palm of his hand. "I'd like you to keep your distance," he said, raising his heavy-lidded eyes. "I know about morals, ef you ain't no princerpele!" and he rose and moved majestically to the calico-covered lounge under the window, and threw himself down upon it. "You there agin?" he said presently, as she pulled the curtain across the window over him. "No business here," dropping off to sleep and waking again with a start to murmur, "'Tain't proper," and then lost in some five minutes' vagary of a dream from which he sprang hallooing, with an idea that he was drowning. "Take your han's off'n me!" he roared. "You're a-choking me! I'll hev ye hung for a witch yet!" And then the air was sulphureous with a storm of oaths that curdled the blood of the little woman on the stool at his feet. He—her husband—a church member! She hid her face in her arms, rocking to and fro, the tears overflowing.

"I don't like to see ye cry, Sally. And you know it!" he said, stopping to gaze at her.

"Oh, I—I can't help it!" she exclaimed.

"I sh'd think 'twas me that made ye cry," he said irresolutely. And he added under his breath, "Instid of your own cussedness."

"Where's Polly?" he said presently, after standing a moment and staring into vacancy as if trying to recall his poor wits. "That's what I want to know! Where's Polly?"

"She's well took care of. She's—she's better where she is while you—while you ain't feelin' so well," a little tremulous thrill in the sweetness of the voice.

"I'm pufficklv well! Look at the dinner I've ate. I never felt better in my life. I could take ye down to the river and drownd ye quick es I could a kitten."

"You couldn't drown a kitten, Humphrey."

He made a step towards her. "At least I could," he said, as she looked in his face with the tears still on her own, "ef you belonged to me. But being as you're Tom Brier's now. You're a pretty woman, Sally," he said, after looking at her a moment again. "Ef you hedn't ben so blamed toppin' an' bound to have your own way, I wouldn't 'a' got red of you. You can hev your ch'ice now between Tom Brier an' the river—oh, my head! my head!"

There was a rap on the door, and then a shadow fell through the little passage-way into the bright kitchen.

"Oh, I forgot to bolt the door!" exclaimed Mrs. Lavendar.

"I'll be bound ye did!" cried Humphrey. "Who's this a-comin' into folks' houses 'thout a by-your-leave?"

"It's me, Humphrey, it's—yes—it's me," piped a high thin voice, with something like an escapement midway of its utterance.

"Oh, Mr. Hodge!" exclaimed Sally, wiping a chair that was clean before. "Come right in. Only you'll excuse us—Humphrey isn't quite as well as——"

"Who be you," cried Humphrey, "telling him to set down in my house? An' you ain't welcome here, a-spyin' round, Ivy Hodge, an' you know it!"

"My dear—Humphrey—I—I really think you can't know what—yes, what you 're a-sayin'," said Mr. Hodge blandly, and taking a chair. "A seelec' mon 's welcome—yes—'most anywheres."

"'Ceptin' here," said Humphrey, looking for his stick.

"How?" said Mr. Hodge.

"I said exceptin' here. An' I ain't goin' ter hev you exchangin' looks with that woman, eyther. She don't belong here, no way, thanks be to praise. I 've allus kep' thin's respectable, an' ef you 've come to deal 'ith me as a church-member I don't stand in need of none of your dealin', and so good-day to ye!" And as Mr. Hodge did not go, he strode off himself through the open doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Hodge," exclaimed Sally, breathlessly, "I must go, too—I can't let him off alone——"

"That 's jest it—yes—I may say, jest it," said the select man, with his short, dry cough. "I—I came to see about—yes—about a-removin' of him, as I may say, to the asylum——"

"Oh, no, no, I couldn't have it!" cried Sally, but under her breath. "It would break his heart w'en he come to. He 'll come round all right in a little while. He allus doos. You mustn't think of it. I—I couldn't stan' it myself!"

"But Mis' Lavendar—it ain't—yes—it ain't only you, only you, I may say, an' him. It 's, it 's the community—yes—the community. Nobody 's safe, so to speak—yes—nobody 's safe with a crazy man loose——"

"Oh, he ain't crazy! He 's only jest a little mite outen his head. He never 'd hurt a fly!" she cried, hesitating on the point of one foot, and tying on her bonnet hurried by, a sunbeam slanting through her great brown eyes, lifted in their mild, pitiful appeal. "He won't do nobody a harm as long 's I 'm near, an' I 'm near every minute, an' it 's most time for this spell to be over, an' I must take him his hat—he 'll be so mortified w'en he comes to—an' he 's the best, oh, the best husban' any woman has w'en he 's all himself——"

"There, Mis' Lavendar, don't now, don't get so, as I may say, excited! He 's a-leanin' onto the gate now—yes—quite quiet. Yes, an' you needn't—that is to say, you needn't worry none. I won't do nothin' 'thout your—your co-operation. As lon 's you can—yes—control him——"

"Mostly I can manage," she said, her fingers shaking so she could not tie her bonnet-strings. "He 's really, realiy—oh, he 's fond of me——"

"Yes, I know, yes," said Mr. Hodge, taking up his hat and pouring out the bandanna to mop his face. "But I—don't you—yes—don't you think you would be happier, as you may say—safer, that is—yes—easier every way, ef he was took care of——?"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" suddenly cried the little woman, covering her face with her hands, through which the tears spurted. "I can't bear another word! The dear Lord knows what I 've borne already. W'en I first found it out—an' I couldn't believe it—I thought I was teched myself, but w'en I 'd wake up in the night with his han's at my throat—and the baby, oh, the baby!"

"By gracious!" cried the startled Mr. Hodge. And he would have said "By gracious!" again if he could have made up his mind in season, when she took down her hands, wiped her eyes, and with scarcely a trace of her tears looked out the door and smiled. His exclamation had restored her self-control.

"I shall have to leave you to lock up," she said, turning to Mr. Hodge with a pretty dignity, and as if nothing had been said before. "We was goin' to take a walk together, my husban' an' me."

"Well," said Mr. Hodge when he went into Mrs. Mather's fore-room, a room resplendent with a picture of Captain Mather's three-master, the *Man of Mull*, under full sail and in a gilt frame, and with a portrait of the late Captain himself that looked much as if the figure-head of his schooner might have sat for it, and where the pretty, black-eyed mistress always braided her mats in the afternoons. "Well, I 'm free—yes—free to confess I never, as you may say——"

"You may say jest w'at you please, Mr. Hodge!" cried Mrs. Mather. "An' I 'll say it after you. For ef ever I see a sufferin' saint put upon an' no way to hinder an' enough to make you doubt the ways of God to man——"

"Or—or woman either, as it were—yes," said Mr. Hodge.

"Which is jest w'at I mean! She 's done everythin' she knowed how to keep it from gettin' out. An' w'en he 's right agin she acts jest 's though everybody 'd forgot it. Forgot it! My land! I can look right into their house, an' w'en I see him flourishin' the axe roun' that baby

a-settin' on the floor an' lookin' up an' laughin' into his face till he dropped it, or a-seizin' Sally by the hair of her head an' bendin' her head back, an' she a-lookin' at him with them great still eyes o' hern, patient as a dumb critter's, an' nothin' but a spark of the old love left in the midst of all his fury savin' her from destruction, an' nothin' bein' done——"

"But, Mis' Mather—yes—Mis' Mather—there's nothin' to do. She don't want him took up. An' that's all—yes—that's all the seelec' men are empowered—yes, as I may say—empowered to do. It—yes—it looks to me, Mis' Mather, as if you was—yes—as it were, a-blessin' the Lord more than the seelec' men—yes."

"I do' no' but I be! But I do' no' how the Lord can look Sally Lavendar in the face. There—I've said it!"

"Mis' Mather, I—I shan't, so to say, yes—repeat w'at you've said. It—yes—in one point of view it does credit to your feelin's. But the Lord, he—yes, as you may say—He rules the world His own way—yes."

"I do' no' w'ether He does or not. Humphrey Lavendar ain't the first of His people, on the mother's side, that's ben beside theirselves, an' he wouldn't a' ben the last ef Polly'd ben spared. To look at that dear baby, with her little rosy smilin' face, a squinnyin' up her sweet eyes, laughin' an' showin' her pretty white beads of teeth, an' to think she's got to go through the same thing—wal, ef there's anythin' makes you doubt jestice!"

"There ain't," said Mr. Hodge, taking up his hat and looking into it, lifting out the length of his handkerchief and putting it carefully back, "there—there ain't. I don't want no better—yes—argyment, for another life than the way—yes—the way—Sally Lavendar's bein' trained for it, as you may say. An' ef it ain't the sperit of the Lord that makes her keep that madman from doin' her a mischief, then there ain't no sperit of the Lord. An' there is, Mis' Mather—yes, as you may say—there is!"

Mrs. Mather was silent, the strips of her rug braiding hanging limply over her fingers. "I don't myself," began Mr. Hodge again—"I don't, that is to say, myself, believe in no evil princerple. It's contrary—yes—to my idee of the power of God. Yes. But I ain't never spoke of it before, so to say; as it might be thought—yes—a little—yes—a little irreg'lar in a deacon. But bein' as we was talkin' kind of intimate——"

"You can say jest w'at you like here, Mr. Hodge. It won't never go no further. I'm real pleased to hev you speak your mind," snapped Mrs. Mather.

"Well, then, as I was a-sayin'—yes, a-sayin'—it may seem—yes—it may seem sing'lar, but ef you allow the doctrine of free-will, Mis' Mather, then Humphrey Lavendar's gran'thers are responsible—yes—in one way or another, for his—yes, his spells. But the reason he don't kill the baby w'en he's flourishing his axe, or don't—yes, as you may say—put an end to Sally w'en he's—yes—w'en he's got her by the hair of the head, is that the sperit of the Lord is in him, an' is—yes—is too much for the gran'thers. Yes."

"Mr. Hodge," said Mrs. Mather, leaning forward a little breathlessly, "you are a good man."

"Yes—that is to say," replied Mr. Hodge, growing quite red and plunging for his handkerchief, "I—I try to be."

"You are!" she repeated with emphasis.

But while the select man and the pretty widow were discussing fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, Sally Lavendar was following her husband through the by-paths of the river wood, the viewless feet of fear falling before her and her tired eyes full of horror of she knew not what. At first Humphrey had not seemed to notice her. Then he shouted, "This way now!" and "Come on, come on!" and "I'll lead you a dance!" and then silence; and all the time he maintained his gigantic strides, to keep up with which taxed her running powers. The wild smilax vines tangled her feet, the boughs he parted flew back and hit her face, a snake slipped hissing under her shoe, the briers caught and tore her gown, the thorns scratched her hands and her ankles, and her feet were wet with the boggy places through which they tramped. She took no heed of any of it, all her thought active only to follow her husband and keep him from doing himself a mischief. Sometimes he lingered a moment over a brown, sunlit pool, and she hurried with all her poor strength. Sometimes he wound his way of the wood and threw himself down on the steep brink of the river, where a quick motion, a slipping foot would end all; and she hurried again to sink down gently in the long grass and the nodding daisies beside him, and lay her hand on his arm, and wonder in a blind way at the indifference of sky and water to her trouble. Then it was up again and tramp away. She had no joy of the soft, waning afternoon, whose light she had many a time before thought like that which might shine

across the hills of heaven; she had not seen the blaze of the sunset; she did not feel the coming of the purple, dewy dark, nor hear the wild lamenting of the whip-porwils; and when, near midnight, in the hard cold shining moon, they reached their own door, she had no other sensation than that she must walk on forever.

She lighted the lamp mechanically. The fire in the stove was not all gone, and the broth she had left in the oven was still warm. The doctor had said, she repeated to herself again, that he must be made to eat; she poured him out a bowlful, and he took it ravenously, while she drank a cupful herself. And he ate the custard-pie she put before him, with no idea what it was he ate, his wide and burning eyes red, it seemed, with the fire in his brain. If only she could make him sleep! The doctor had said sleep would be his salvation. But when she had offered him any of the anodynes, it had simply aroused his fury. She had hated to deceive him—but there was no help for it; she slipped a dose into the cocoa, whose own slightly bitter taste disguised it. But just as he had taken the last of the cocoa he saw her putting the vial out of sight. "Don't you come near me with that poison stuff!" he shouted. "I'll pour it down your own throat ef you do. Here! By king! I will anyway!" And with a stride he had seized the vial in one hand and his wife's chin in the other, and in a minute the whole bottleful, and death with it, would have been her portion, for she could not escape the terrific grasp; she could only lift her hand and lay it on his shoulder in the way of an old caress. A shiver ran through him; he trembled at the touch; the vial slipped to the floor. "Here!" he cried, "ain't you the woman I sold to Tom Brier once? What in nation you here for, anyway? Git out o' this, neck and crop!" And he lifted her as if she had been a leaf and sent her flying through the door. Then he shot the bolt home and stalked into the bed-room and tumbled as he was upon the bed.

Sally Lavendar lay on the grass where she had fallen, too tired to pick herself up, too wretched to know that she was tired. It was under the thick-leaved shade of the apple-tree, where no dew fell. Before she could gather what had happened she was asleep,

She woke with a start when she had slept perhaps an hour, full of terror of something unknown which resolved itself almost instantly into something too well known. She was icy cold for half a moment, and then she was burning in a glow of indignation from head to foot. But as she wrung her hands the touch of her wedding-ring controlled her like a talisman. "It isn't him, it isn't him!" she sobbed. "He'd never do it in the world. It's the strings all jangling which ways. And, oh, it does seem so cruel! But I mustn't, I mustn't—an' he so good and gentle an' lovin', w'en he's all there. An' I've said it—though he slay me yet will I trust in him—an' perhaps it's my trial—oh, dear Lord, help me to bear the burden! An' Lord, Lord, be merciful to him!"

She rose after a while, and went tip-toeing round the house; the lamplight streamed from the bed-room window, and, climbing on the trellis, she looked in. Her heart gave a great plunge of joy—there he was on the bed in a deep sleep. She longed to get in, to loosen his necktie, to get his clothes off, and make him comfortable. But the window was fast, and even if she could, it would waken him; and the sleep was too precious. He might wake at last, as he had done before, all right, even if weak to extremity. Her heart yearned over him as a mother's heart yearns over a suffering child. She crept round to the doorstep, and sat there keeping guard. Ponto had gone off on a sheep-raid with Prince Mather. The cat came and curled upon a corner of her gown.

While she sat there the moon went down, red as a burning brand quenched in the river; the shadow folded about her like a garment. All the little house was still as death. The cool and dewy air was soft with the fragrance of the flowers that came to her in faint and honeyed wafts; a drowsy mist of stars hardly disturbed the darkness of the night. There was no sound but the lapping of the river and now and then the village clock that tolled the hour, or the quick wrangle of some neighbour's clock through the open windows. Every once in a while she went round and looked in, and saw Humphrey still sleeping. A light wind came fluttering about her—the dawn had stirred in the night. As she sat upon the low step, not conscious of being tired or sleepy, only conscious of listening, it was all so sweet and still and solemn it seemed as if the night itself were a communion with unknown force; its peace entered into her soul; she felt as though she leaned her head on the breast of her Heavenly Father. A little bird piped beside his nest—a trill answered it. All the unseen world was awake with wild music.

Through the clear dark across the water came the rhythmical rowing of oars; she stole round again in tender fright, but Humphrey was still sleeping. A dream of light rather than light itself had interfused the dusk; it grew with slow pulse, and

"The Lord's ben good to me," said Sally Lavendar. "He's give me a real season of peace."

She waited till Tom Brier came along whistling to his job. She had never talked of her trouble, but she had sometimes

SHE HAD THE DAY, AS THE NIGHT, ALONE TO HERSELF.

swelling till grey was gold and gold was rose and rose was silver-blue, swelling like the prelude to great music, as if day had never been before. Everything was dripping and shaking and sparkling with dew; the bright, light breeze went rioting in the leaves; no one stirred; she had the day, as the night, alone to herself.

asked help of Tom; and he brought a ladder round to the back of the house and held it, and looked the other way while she found her way in at an upper window. Then she slipped down the stairs and closed the bed-room door and noiselessly lighted her fire and set the meat to simmer for his strong, rich broth, and washed

and refreshed herself, and allowed herself a long, sweet slumber on the lounge. She crept by and by into the bed-room, where Humphrey still slept, although stirring now and then, and held a cup of broth to his lips, her arm under his pillow, and he drank it without unclosing his eyes. She gave it to him so twice or thrice during the day, and piece by piece, slowly, and at long intervals; she removed his clothes, and with cautious lifting and tugging of all her poor little strength had him decently in bed; and she took her own morsel of food, and lay down outside and waited. There was peace in her heart. There was even a deep still joy as she thought of the grass growing on the little grave where Polly lay—the child for whom she had feared the father's fate, and whom, while her heart half broke with love and longing, she had been glad to lay away before the trouble could come upon her.

The day went by like the marching of an enemy's army. All the village kept quiet about her door—friends and neighbours knew it was Humphrey's time of slumber now; the children's laughs and cries were far away; even the bees and birds made drowsy music. When far off in the twilight the whipporwils began to sing she laid her own weary head upon the pillow, listened a moment to the deep, calm breathing beside her, and fell asleep.

It was in the dead of the dark that she awoke with two arms around her, and a rough cheek resting on her own—a rough cheek wet with tears. "Wife," whispered Humphrey, "wife! I'm all right. Yes, I be. But I kind o' feel as though I'd been dragged through seven cities, an' ez though you'd had a tug of it too, Sally. Hev I ben abusin' of ye, mother? Was it one of the bad ones?"

And Sally pressed her cheek closer. "There, there," she laughed and cried, "'t warn't nothin' at all to speak of!"

THE LURE.

Whence did the music come, my Dear,
That wooed you into the waiting Night
The song you heard that I could not hear,
The song you followed, my Heart's Delight?

The moon was full, and the sky was clear—
How did you hide from my longing sight?
Into the Dark we vainly peer,
But I looked as vainly into the Light.

Does an echo come to my listening ear
Of music dropped from some far-off height? . . .
Nay, I do but dream, for I did not hear
The song that lured you into the Night.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

His Passport into Hell

by J. J. Armstrong

I DID not trouble to take part in the conversation. When a man is certain of a woman, as I am of Theodora, it is not unpleasing to hear other men talking to her—thinking they are making way with her; while I sit quietly at her feet, knowing that I hold her in my hand. Theodora has a subtle way, without words, of letting a man know that. We are not engaged: there are some women whom to look at is to trust. I never made a mistake of that kind—I can always tell at a glance what a woman is. Now there is Gina Hudson, whom I have known from a child. She was a nice, frank, useful, ordinary girl; I used to call her my little sister, when all at once she turned round, resented the title, and took that wild freak for "the higher education." Higher, indeed! Lower would be the more appropriate term. Girton has been the ruin of her. When I come to think of it, she was always a little uncertain; waiting on you one day, rudely indifferent the next; a most uncomfortable person to have about you. And since this Girton episode she will talk you blue on any mortal subject, argue the brim off your hat, and of all detestable habits, walks with her hands in her pockets! No; give me a womanly woman, one not too sure of her own judgment, one who always receives you with the same glorious smile, whose varying moods are each more charming than the other, full of sweet feminine contradictions, that make her all the more lovable; whose strength lies in her weakness, in her "honest worship of Man, the Superior," as my favourite author says.

The chaff of those boys—wit, I suppose they called it—sounded very dull to my ears. I was sure Theodora must be bored by it. I glanced up; she did not look so. A fresh proof, if one was needed, of the sweetness of her disposition. Gina Hudson would have called them "beastly idiots," and told them to their faces to "go and fool elsewhere." Theodora bent her lovely head to the infliction; and when we were alone she would look up to me with those large, sweet eyes, and say, in her soft bewitching voice, "Ah! those poor, dreadful boys!" Would it not, however, be an act of charity on my part to take her out of all this?

"You will allow me?"

She rested her hand one moment on my proffered arm, and whispered hurriedly: "Sit down again. Mr. Morten is manœuvring to take *your* place. I cannot have anyone else there."

Now Morten was the one of the mob to whom I objected. Older only by some six or seven years than her boy admirers, he yet looked a man of my standing. He was clean shaven, with a square head and a damnable sneer. He was rather popular with men but not a favourite among women. Only Theodora tolerated him; she alone, perhaps, could afford to do so. To others he might have proved a dangerous brute; before her he grovelled.

Theodora dropped her fan over my shoulder and let me touch her fingers for a moment.

"By Jove! those are diamonds!" exclaimed one of the boys.

My goddess had been gracious enough to accept the offering I had humbly made her and to wear it.

"Yes," she returned in her own incomparable voice, "when they flash brilliantly they remind me of——".

"Morten?" queried I sarcastically.

"The donor," returned she softly.

"Brilliants *to* the brilliant I can understand. Had the preposition been *from*, it would not have applied," ventured Morten.

"Unless the mind was minus D plus E," sniggered the witty boy of the mob—a remark wholly wanting in point, and decidedly in bad taste considering my interests at the Cape. Theodora should—but she was speaking.

"Is it the wonderful power hidden in

THEODORA DROPPED HER FAN OVER MY SHOULDER AND LET ME TOUCH HER FINGERS FOR A MOMENT.

these little twinkling stars that fascinates us so?"

"Hidden power has always a fascination for woman. At least a woman who has any grit in her," replied Morten.

"We always look up to those above us," returned Theodora, then added quickly, "No, it is their beauty—their beauty alone. Diamonds, lovely diamonds, I would do anything for you."

There spoke the woman, but Morten broke in—

"You think so. I do not."

She laughed. "*You* do not know me."

What Theodora meant was that I only understood her, and then if that conceited ass Morten did not go on—

"I think I do, better than you know yourself. I would stake that ring, say—to a thousand pounds, that I do."

"A challenge?"

"If you like."

Theodora looked dreamingly over the tips of her feathered fan, and said softly, "I should like to see a cheque for a thousand pounds."

Her fan swept my forehead. "Fetch me a cup of coffee—black. This Mr. Morten exhausts me."

Whenever she really wants anything, Theodora always appeals to me. This broke up the mob, who, on their way to the house, made some very uncalled-for remarks.

"Wonder which of us she will have."

"You stake your soul on it, it won't be a baby like you."

"Nor an old boss like you. At your time, I should think a man might be thankful to take any girl who would be kind enough to have him."

"Patriarchs who pick and choose generally get fooled."

"I would place my money on Morten."

With Theodora in my hand, so to speak, I could afford to listen with equanimity to the jealous promptings of these boys. But I was forgetting I was leaving my helpless darling to be victimised by Morten all this time.

II.

I have always made it a point of being scrupulously fair in my judgment of women. If there has been a doubt I have invariably given it in their favour. It is my habit to eliminate those prejudices on behalf of grace and beauty which are natural to all men, and adjudge them alone from their words and actions.

It is owing to this habit of rigid justice that I feel bound to admit that Gina Hudson came out well as a nurse. Who would have thought it of a Girton girl! Her education was against it, her individuality—everything, in fact; the only way to account for it was by a try back. It was a flash of her old, child-like contrariness. I admit she nursed me well through rheumatic fever, but how unpleasantly! As long as it was a case of giving medicine and smoothing pillows all went well; but as soon as I began to get better she bored me to an intensity that nearly drove me mad. She was immeasurably noisy. Not in the way of banging doors, chinking glasses, rustling skirts; it was her mind that was for ever creating the disturbance, giving me jerks and shocks. She ruled the sick-room with a rod of iron; made me eat against my will; cured me in spite of myself. Whereas a tender, womanly woman would have managed it all without a spark of friction. If she had left it to her mother, I should have been well weeks ago; but the doctor and Gina seemed to have entered into a conspiracy, and Mrs. Hudson and I alike were helpless in their hands. Needless to say that by the time I was convalescent, I was worked up into such a state of irritation that it was all that I could do to be barely civil to her. And all this time I had not once seen Theodora. If there were letters for me, I did not get them. I wondered if she had called. But how could she? She did not know where I was. I never talked of Gina to her. I would not have sullied her pure mind with the crude sayings of that foolish girl.

I had come down for a night to my old friends the Hudsons at Glenwood, and I had been laid up more than two months in their house. What must Theodora be thinking of my silence all this time? I did not like to write; my letters would pass through the hands of that abominable girl Gina. Perhaps she would forbid pens, ink, and paper were I to ask for them. The best way was to get well as fast as I could, then I could go. I opposed Gina no longer.

We were seated in the garden under an old oak. Gina of late had been much less domineering than usual. If it had not been for that intense yearning for Theodora, I could have been moderately happy. As it was, I must accomplish my emancipation somehow.

"When a doctor says there is no further need of his services, it means that the patient——"

"Is in sensible hands," put in Gina, "and can be as well looked after without

supervision as with. I would have fetched you through this illness in half the time, if he would only have allowed how bad you were at first. That is his way: pooh-pooh everything at first; but when once alive to danger he is all there, and works like a brick."

"I thought you were fond of declaring that half the illness in the world is purely imaginary."

"So it is, but not yours. I knew you were ill the moment I saw you." (Preposterous! I had been with Theodora all day, and *she* had said how well I looked.) "I was mad when Dr. Bayley would or could not see it."

"I suppose I ought to thank myself as a new subject for study for all the attention I received at your hands."

She, who generally was so over-ready with her answer, paused.

"Perhaps that was it. I was interested in you as a new subject."

"And the subject rebels against being under the lens any longer. He is returning to town to-morrow." After all the attention I had received from her mother it was decidedly awkward to propose to leave so abruptly, but by humouring Gina's foibles I flatter myself that I turned the tables rather neatly on her.

"Of course I have learnt a good deal during your illness—it would be dishonest to deny it; but it was more from a sentient than a scientific point of view. It was—" Then, with a short laugh: "I think—I don't know what I 'm talking about."

"Now you see, Gina, what all this learning comes to; a really womanly woman has no difficulty in finding graceful words in which to express her sentiments."

"Sentiments! I hate the term."

"It is a most appropriate term as applied to the feelings of a properly brought up young girl. It is only the 'new woman' who unsexes herself by unbecoming knowledge, who——"

"Licks your pretty fool into fits when it comes to any practical work."

"The sympathy of sweet innocence is the healing power man requires from woman; the doctor can supply the rest. A woman whom to look at is to trust."

"If you can judge from looks alone, I fancy you will find yourself landed in Queer Street some of these days."

"No doubt some people do. All have not the gift. I can tell at once, by looking at a woman, whether she can be trusted or not." It was a challenge. I looked Gina straight in the face. Ah! I thought so.

She got up, walked away, came back, took a caterpillar from the collar of my coat, and coolly put it on the ground. Theodora would have screamed at the sight of it. Then she asked abruptly, just as one man might do of another, "Who is she?"

Swallowing my disgust, I thought I would give her a lesson. "A woman who behaves as a woman should; a womanly woman—sweet, gentle, and deferential to her superiors and those of more experience than herself. In fact, all that a woman should be."

"Clever?"

"I am thankful to say, no!"

"I did not say educated."

"She is educated in all the accomplishments necessary to make her a charming woman."

"I have no doubt of that, but——"

"No Greek, no Latin, no mathematics, or other immoral knowledge, thank heaven!"

"I will let the Greek and Latin pass, but rather hard on 'pure mathematics,' surely! With regard to being clever, I will keep my own opinion. Pretty, of course?"

"Pretty? No; but lovely beyond all words."

"How she must fool you!"

Just like a girl, to resort to abuse when beaten in argument; besides, what a betrayal of herself! I returned, "I am not surprised that you should be jealous of her; in fact, I am rather glad. It shows that, notwithstanding all this absurd education, you have still a flickering of womanly grace left which makes you envious of those who walk in the old straight path, hallowed by the tread of a past generation of simple, trustful, lovable women."

"So you think I am jealous of her?" A short laugh. "No, I am sorry for *you*."

It was my turn now to laugh. "I thought Cambridge was to free the emancipated girl from the throes of jealousy—to weld them all into one holy bond of sisterhood — brotherhood, I suppose I ought to say," I added slyly. "Alas! I see the old jealousy of one woman of another is still as strong as ever in the feminine breast. Now men are much more generous one to another."

"It is very funny to hear you say that when it is the championship of our own sex that has brought us under the lash of your critics. As long as we said nasty things of one another, and smiled sweetly in the face of man, man was satisfied. For reasons of the same calibre as those which

THEN SHE ASKED ABRUPTLY, JUST AS ONE MAN MIGHT DO OF ANOTHER, "WHO IS SHE?"

inspired the mediæval priest, he encouraged what he called feminine spite in every way, foreseeing that the hokey-pokey of his infallibility was over when women acknowledge each other as sisters and not as rivals. Why cannot he take his stand as a *man*, and not wish to pose as a god?"

"You talk like a schoolgirl, and about things you don't understand. Where a minority is desirable, there must always be rivalry among the majority."

"In the old days, when a girl was taught to consider herself disgraced if she were not married, it might be so. But the girl—no thanks to the parents—has found

out that she can only bring disgrace on her own head by her own actions, and that she owes it as a duty to herself and to humanity not to do it."

"Duty to herself! Childish rubbish! A woman's duty is to her husband, her children, her parents; she should not be conscious of having any self. It is just these new women, with their analytical minds and over-education, who do all the mischief. Their heads full of learning, they cannot love. Heartless, cold, detestable, they think of nothing but self, self, from morning, noon, to night. Duty to self, indeed! Where is a man to look for love?—to find peace in his household?"

"What a lot of nonsense you do talk about the new woman! As if girls were made different from what they have always been!" said Gina, coming round to the back of my chair. "Men need not fear as long as God curses us poor girls with hearts. Because our eyes have been opened to the knowledge that there is in this world good and evil, and we strive to follow that which is good, we are said to have no heart. No one gives the new girl credit for crushing down the love, the adoration in her heart, rather than help towards the hurt of humanity. Why, our very physical strength is brought up in judgment against us. Why cannot you leave our brains alone, and look only at our hearts? Better, perhaps, leave us alone altogether; we are only a very small minority in that majority you just now mentioned. There are thousands of girls yet with lies on their lips and no shame in their eyes, ready to fool any man to the top of his bent. The heart you want can be found among them, but don't call that kind of thing love."

"If you have quite finished your lecture, I will have a cigarette, and I should think one might calm your excitement."

"Thanks; I do not smoke, any more than I drink."

"I do both."

"I have nothing to say against that."

"I thought men could do nothing right in the new woman's eyes."

"As a child, I remember hearing an old gentleman quote—

> Men have many faults, women only two—
> There's nothing right they say and nothing right they do."

"In these days no man would dare to quote that to the women to whom it would apply, and, thank Heaven! there are still others whose every word and action is charming in the sight of all right-minded men."

She came round to the table, smoothed out the papers, picked up the paper-knife that had rolled under my chair, placed a syphon within reach; then, folding her arms, stood looking down on me, like a young athletic youth.

"So you won't let me help you! Well, I am sorry. I had hoped you would. We new girls of the *amicus Plato sed magis amica veritas* school cannot compete with the Dodos of to-day."

Jealousy again. To call Theodora a Dodo! And what an actress the girl had grown! More than once her words had sounded as if there were actual tears in her voice.

III.

This night, which above all other nights should stand out clear in my memory, is strangely bleared. To-morrow Theodora was to be my bride. Could I ever forget that sweet consent, that unconscious self-betrayal when we met for the first time after my long illness? And to-morrow she would be my wife! I felt almost humbled at my great good fortune. Theodora my wife!

A letter had been put into my hand, but with such visions to dwell on I fancy it was some hours before I opened it.

The room seemed strange; the lamp was in its death-struggles; the fire was out. There would be no wedding to-morrow. JILTED! I should sit out the rest of my life in this room, alone—alone as I had always been. No; I could not; not after—— Live that loveless, lonely life again! What was I doing? Striking the empty air in the cold darkness. I suppose it was sleep that overtook me at last.

IV.

A year ago I was in this same room, a letter in my hand—a letter like the one I now held—a letter from her. Theodora bade me come to her—no, implored. To come to her now—this evening, the eve of her wedding-day with Morten.

Of course, I had no intention of going. She did not understand. I must help her against herself—my poor Theodora. She implored me, the rejected one, to come to her on the eve of her marriage to Morten. Now if Gina Hudson had made the request, I should have known there was some ulterior motive behind it. But my poor, unthinking Theodora! From the days of Eve, where would weak woman be but for man's forgiveness? We can

forgive the woman we love even when she has cruelly wronged us. Perhaps Theodora required a word of counsel, wanted my twenty odd years or so of extra knowledge of life.

Theodora was on the sofa, her face buried in the cushions. The room seemed mockingly familiar. This last year, had it been a dream?

"I have come as you wished."

A convulsive sob was my only answer.

How often I had sat on that sofa, my arm round her soft yielding form, her head upon my breast, her eyes looking up to mine! I was here once more; this was reality, my loneliness a past dream. My head swam, my eyes grew dim. I bent down to take her in my arms; but with the action memory returned, recollection of the great gulf that lay between us. I drew back and said, "Theodora, you have sent for me. What can I do for you?"

"I am so unhappy."

"Why are you unhappy?"

"Forgive me."

"You must first look at me and tell me why you are unhappy."

"I cannot look into *your* face until you say you have forgiven me."

"If I do, you will then tell me why you are unhappy?"

"Yes."

I went across the room, stared out of the window—God knows what I saw. I came back; she was very still. I sat down by her side. "Theodora, I forgive you."

She turned, looked into my eyes for one moment, then flung her arms round my neck, and burst into tears.

"Theodora, this must not be."

She only sobbed more passionately.

Then light came to me. My poor Theodora wanted help. Is it not a woman's privilege not to know her own mind? Does not her changeableness, her varying moods, make her the more lovable? I must make up her mind for her. So as she lay in my arms weeping, I kissed her gently. "You love me?"

Her sobs ceased. "Yes, I have always loved you best."

Then I explained to her, as clearly as her ignorance would allow, how that it was her duty to marry the man she loved best.

"I cannot, I dare not. You don't know what you ask. That challenge. I needed the money so much. I——"

Was a money trouble at the bottom of it all, and she had been too shy to confide in me? "Surely I could have given you all you wanted."

"But you had lost so much. You were in difficulties yourself."

"It is true I have lost money. I am not so rich as Morten, but still, hardly a poor man."

"I am glad to hear that you are not poor. I was afraid that to what I had done that might be added."

"But you are going to undo all that. It is not too late. I can arrange——"

"Hush, hush! Don't ask me. You don't understand. I tell you I cannot; but don't desert me quite. How can I bear it if you do?"

My poor Theodora! She required almost more than my strength could give.

"I don't know how that can be; and, somehow, you hardly seem the same Theodora that I used to know."

"Yes, I am; that's just it. I am the same Theodora who loves, who has always loved you. Alfred, be my friend!" and she bowed her beautiful head to my feet.

There are cases when it would be absolutely brutal to speak the truth to a woman. This was one, so I temporised. What impression I really left on her mind I do not know; but she seemed pacified, struggled even to smile as we said good-bye.

After all, what is a woman's love in comparison with that of a man. Friendship between Theodora and I! When will women learn to cease to offer friendship to men who love them?

V.

I had been back in London a day. How it was I found myself in my old stall I hardly know—force of habit accounts for much that we do. It was not likely that she would be in the old box. This new opera had been played several times this season. She was sure to have seen it. Moreover, I did not intend to look that way. Why should I? With her marriage, the past was over.

This company was certainly not up to the standard of two years ago. Criticisms are so misleading. The modern music is greatly over-rated; *she* always said so, though at the time it was amusing to disagree with her: opposition always enhanced the ineffable beauty of her face. That last chorus was positively out of tune. Indeed, if it were not for the diversion of looking at the audience, I could not have sat the play through. Royalty was there; it would be unloyal not to give them a stare. The Prince and Princess——*She* was there!

I had not looked at the box, but in sweeping the circle with my glasses her face had flashed across my plane. Having come, without being sought, thus within my vision, it was absurd to suppose I was not strong enough to face her. Resentment, of course, would be what would be printed on her face; resentment of my tacit refusal of that proffered friendship. Though, when you come to think of it calmly, after the lapse of two years, why should there not be friendship?

She started with surprise; evidently she had only just seen me, and she sent down a radiant smile of welcome. The past was blotted from her mind; it would be absurd for me to nurse enmity. We leave it to women to cry over spilt milk. The woman's rapture was over; I knew the man was strong enough to assume the same indifference; but was I sure there was even a spark of the old love left? If she had been strong enough to conquer her passion, was it likely that I had not done the same? When a man is certain of his own strength, he need not fear to stumble.

She made room for me in the front of the box. It was amusing to find myself once more in my old favourite corner. It would be an interesting study to contemplate my old self from my present standard of disenchantment.

The old self would take her fan, and watch her curls dance in the air current—would bend over the same book of music, would express approbation or disapprobation by touch of finger; would even rest his hand upon hers. It would be an interesting psychological study—so much the vogue of the day—to see if the present man could realise what was the attraction of all this to the past man. Emotion had prevented the scientific, the really interesting point in these situations, from being studied before. Now there was no danger of emotion on either side.

To show how dispassionate our relations were, I was now able to pay better attention to the opera, and I have no hesitation in saying that that last act was distinctively superior to the ones that went before. For old friendship's sake she allowed me to put her into her carriage.

"Nine on Monday night."

VI.

It is Monday.

Curious how that "Nine on Monday night" has kept ringing in my ears all these days. It had been a casual remark, not directly addressed to me—a sort of afterthought dropped as I closed the door of the brougham. An olive-branch, timidly held out for me to take or leave, as I chose. Leave, I meant it should be. Though all was over, still, when a man has once loved a woman as I loved Theodora, it is—leave it.

It is strange how a year or two's absence from London disorganises your set. I was out of touch with it all. When I came to think over it, it was Theodora who had taken me with her. Could I show myself at the old haunts without her? Though wealthy, I was without friends. I had no one on whom to spend my dollars, no one on whom I could expend my human tenderness. All the pleasure of my life in London I owed to Theodora.

Monday. Where should I go to-night?

First, there was Mrs. Hudson's letter that required an answer. Hudson was from home; but she and Gina would be delighted to welcome me back to England. After all, Gina was not as bad as she painted herself; she was a nice girl before she took up that education craze; she had nursed me well; marriage might bring back something of her old manner. Those of experience always said there was much give and take in married life; well, the take might be disproportionate in this case, but, of course, there were exceptions. Theodora and I might have proved the rule—with Morten she would have much to suffer. My poor, foolish, unhappy Theodora—but this was not writing to Mrs. Hudson. Would she expect me to refer to the past? To write would be extremely awkward: better to go—take them by surprise at dinner; come upon them in the old way. There was time—plenty of time to put up some things and catch the six o'clock train. Heaps of time; there was no use hurrying.

I was glad that was settled. Sooner or later I should have to go down—better to get it over at once. Would Theodora wait alone—did she really expect me? But she had not asked me to come. "Nine on Monday night" had come unintentionally from her lips. Perhaps it was not meant for my ears. She, whose smile alone was a crown—*she* would wait for me!

By George! it was ten minutes to six. I should never catch the train if I had a slow horse. Half-a-crown got the best paces out of that horse. I took my ticket, hurried across the platform, had the gate slammed in my face.

"Next train?"

"Forty minutes to wait."

Confound it all! Just when I had arranged my programme so satisfactorily!

If only those who doubt the active agency of his Satanic Majesty in this present life would go to a certain southern terminus they would have their doubts removed on the spot. Ten minutes' waiting choked me off; besides, what was the good of catching the 6.40? It would be neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. I must dine at a restaurant, and go down by especially wanted, of course, was not forthcoming.

"Send for it? Certainly. Latest edition."

Quarter-past eight. Why did not that man bring the *W. G.*? If he did not look sharp I should miss the half-past. It was too annoying when I had made up my mind to catch that particular train. My bill unpaid, that paper not—— Ah, here was the waiter at last.

"Third edition coming down the street.

SHE LOOKED UP WITH A JOYOUS LITTLE LAUGH, AND STRETCHED OUT HER BARE ARMS.

the one after; that would get me in for coffee. Perhaps it would be a better arrangement. I could take stock of Gina, and think it over during the night.

After all, the dinner I was having was much better than what I should have had at Glenwood; neither Gina nor Mrs. Hudson had a proper idea of how viands should be dressed. So far, having missed that train was a distinct gain. If only I could get a copy of the *Westminster Gazette*. Curious, there was the *Pall Mall* howled all over the town; but the paper I

Sir. Here in a minute. Change for a sovereign? I will fetch it."

Apparently they were coining that change—printing that *W. G.* Half-past eight struck.

Well, there was no good hurrying now. I could only catch a train that would bring me in time for a whisky before bed. But then it did not matter what time I turned up at Glenwood. I was a privileged guest, of course. Had it been to any other house, it would have been impossible. Oh! the third edition!

"Another outrage on Englishmen in Africa!" Serve them right! Should not be any Englishmen in Africa to insult. They certainly can write a leader in the *W. G.*

Query? After an absence of two years, would it not look rather odd to put in an appearance after ten at night? I ought to have telegraphed. Never thought of it. Too late now; their post office would be closed. On second thoughts, it might be best as it is. Mrs. Hudson had said that Gina did not know. Now I ask any unprejudiced man is that likely?

Does she suppose that I am fool enough to believe that she and Gina can sit together day after day, and she not tell her daughter that I had been jilted? No! I know too much of human nature to swallow that. How these women lie—even a good woman like Mrs. Hudson! To be pitied by Gina—the thought was unendurable! She would soon let me know, one way or the other, that she "told me so." She had no discretion with regard to holding her tongue. Or would she prove to me, mathematically, that I was destined to be jilted? Or should I have to listen to the sickening details of her experiences in the hospital?—for that had been her latest freak, all part and parcel of this present unwholesome, feverish desire for change. Gina pity me!—the rejected—the jilted—but the only one really loved by Theodora! Had she not told me so?—begged for my friendship?—that friendship which I was now withholding! Why? For the sake of Gina Hudson's love. Such girls have no love; have not the critics all told us so! There are no wives for us among these new women. Virtuous they may be, but with a devilish virtue that drives a man to prefer the other thing. And this is the girl for whose sake I am to give up the memory of my past love. Past indeed! Whilst Theodora lives love like mine must always be. She has chastened and subdued hers. My poor darling, my Theodora, could not do otherwise. I alone shall be the sufferer.

"Nine on Monday night."

No, not now. I will go back to my chambers. I must have time before I see her again, because I recognise now that I love her as much as I ever did. But she shall never know.

Nine on Monday night.

"Hansom, Sir?"

"Yes."

"Where to?"

Nine boomed out from the clock-tower.

I gave an addresss, it was not that of my chambers. It did not matter; I need not necessarily go in. I should have time to think. I had to give some address, and this one, somehow, came first to my lips.

I would go up the steps; pretend to ring. I would wait till the cab went; then I would walk away.

I found her behind the screen; before the fire, on a white rug, amid a heap of cushions. She was in evening dress, her beautiful arms clasped under her head, her eyes half closed.

I fell on my knees before her—"Theodora!"

She looked up with a joyous little laugh, and stretched out her bare arms.

IF it be a truism in the old cookery-book that it is imperative on one to catch the hare before any culinary operation may be performed upon him, surely in a country in which there are no *wild* stags it must be a logical sequence that one must catch the deer before he is hunted.

Acting on this axiom, we repaired to the historic park of Charlecote, thanking a kind Providence which had provided us not only with a license, but with a receipt for cash paid for anticipated quarry. Still, as we passed over the old Shaksperian stile—which is now only used as an innocent "sell" to an innocent trespasser, and every bar of which gives way under the too confident pressure of the nineteenth century intruder—we could not help remembering that the great William himself was supposed to have crossed it—no doubt straddled it when it was more secure than now, some three hundred years ago.

The memory was more than usually facile in the circumstances under which we visited the classic spot, because there was no sign of man, no sound but the drowsy hum of a sunny afternoon. Not even the church bell gave an indication of where good men lived. We might, indeed, have been in Arden, with the banished Duke and the melancholy Jaques. Had we met Touchstone at the next brake we had not been surprised; had we seen odes to Rosalind pinned on alternate trees, surely our astonishment had been little. Oh! away from the smoke of towns, away from the hum of cities, we were alone with Nature and that great God whose paramount effort Nature is!

On the soft springy turf, among oaks and elms, some of which had seen the foundation-stone of the princely mansion which rose in exquisite beauty before us as we approached the river, wing after wing added by successive ancestors, we walked, and here and there the sound of chaffinches making love or quarrelling—we could scarce tell which, but equally noisy—while rabbits darting out of their holes held converse or engaged in combat; while the nimble squirrel seemed to delight in exhibiting his rich sienna coat amid a hillside of primrose and violet.

It was not very long before we approached a small stream, and here we found a herd of red deer, consisting of some six stags and as many does. Had our new commander-in-chief been present, what a treat he would have enjoyed! On monarch of the forest, a victim of last year's storm, lost in memories of old days years and years ago (don't blame us, sportsmen! the spirit of Shakspere pervades the spot) we hear the sound of hoofs on the turf, and looking towards the nets

DRIVING THE BUCK IN CHARLECOTE PARK.

our approach the stags formed round in a semicircle, and two were deputed to drive the hinds across the stream, which they did, each leaping the small rivulet with a native grace unequalled by any other animal. Meanwhile, rooted to the spot, more, it must be admitted, by curiosity than courage, the stags stood firm; backed by the merry greenwood, what a picture of English scenery, poetry, legend, romance! Shade of Robin Hood and brave King Dick! In a moment we hear the *clack, clack* of antlers, and find that the deputed stags have unfortunately fixed their affections on one hind, and have now engaged in what appears to us serious if not mortal combat. Like many a pugilistic encounter of our day, the fight does not equal the challenge in importance, for after having stood against each other brow to brow, clashing antlers, and subsequently standing up in imitation of gamecocks or as though they were supporters to the coat-of-arms of the ancient family in whose park they were honoured guests, they seemed suddenly to recognise the futility of further forcible argument, and seemingly determined to leave it to the choice of the fair, after the fashion of the so-called higher civilisation of their human brothers.

But by this time business has begun and the huntsmen have entered the park. Nets have been set near the chapel. Standing in an avenue of limes, elms, and oaks, shadowed by the trunk of a fallen we see two magnificent bucks racing along outflanked by two huntsmen at a crafty distance. One of the riders is easily recognised as Will West, the huntsman of the "Squire" of Bentley Manor; a man who is a scion of a family of huntsmen, and in whom the "Squire" places every dependence. Along they come, deftly turning the flank of their fleet quarry. One buck rushes straight into the net, and is an easy prey, but the other runs wide, and makes a fortuitous escape by a gate that a farm labourer has opened, all unconscious of the terrible responsibility which lies for the moment upon him, and following the road and crossing the bridge—surely Roman—dashes into the stream, and, breasting it bravely, only sails down the valley some two miles away.

Now we have them both—lovely creatures—not a hunting phrase, by the way—in crates, so comfortably settled that when we arrive at Bentley Manor they scarcely care to be uncarted into the paddock. We land them safely, however, and they look grand, and are very soon quite at home. A week or two of rest, luxury, and ease, with judicious exercise under the gentle whip of Will West—and it is a gentle one, no one could accuse West of cruelty—and they are fit, well, alert, and eager.

The exercise consists of hurdle-jumping; the hurdles being set up in the paddock, and the bucks being driven towards and over them, until after a few weeks of rehearsal having passed our

friend the buck is ready and willing to fulfil the mission which has given him the privilege of so much indulgence.

The meet is at Bentley Manor, and we are all in good time because we all want to do honour to the "Squire"——

The "Squire"! Does your imagination conjure up before you an old gentleman in a scarlet coat with white hair and neatly trimmed whiskers; with rubicund face exhibiting in its rosy hue a half-century of exposure to the wintry weather? Oh, no, no! I have to introduce you to a tall lady who comes down from her front door attired in full hunting dress of scarlet coat and huntsman's hat, riding skirt and spurred boot; who gave an unassuming but genial welcome to all; who rode about asking each: "Have you breakfasted? No? Go in and help yourself. I think there is some beefsteak-pie and a bird or two. Do go in! Somebody will give you something to drink!"

"Where do we enlarge, Squire?" asks one. She loves to be called "Squire," and if "English Squire" be a synonym for "English hospitality" she richly deserves the title, for a better sportsman (advisedly), a better landlord (advisedly) and a better friend (unadvisedly) could not be found in all the country side.

"We enlarge at Yarnells Hill," says the "Squire," cheerily, and we move on, twelve and a half couple of harriers twinkling here and there. A man scrutinising the pack turns to West and asks where Woodbine is. "There!" answers the kennel huntsman, his eyes glistening with professional pride. "That was her cup the Squire showed me at lunch," the writer remarked. "Yes, Sir, Champion Cup, Peterborough 1893, for best bitch hound not exceeding nineteen inches," replied West, as though he were quoting from a book. "You have other prize hounds there, have you not?" the anxious inquirer asked. "Rather! Look at 'Paragon,' Peterborough '94, and 'Vagabond' there."

There was a good meet, some sixty to eighty mounted of both sexes, with the usual number of drags and vehicles of all descriptions, and a great multitude of foot runners.

We moved slowly away on the appearance of the "Squire" towards Norgrove, a quaint, strange moated grange on the "Squire's" estate of Bentley. Near here the deer-cart (and really from the ladies who surrounded it, it *was* a "deer" cart) arrived, and in a neighbouring meadow the buck was enlarged.

"That's Sir Ronald," said someone. "Where?" asked another, not quite in the know, looking round expectantly.

GIVING THE BUCK THIRTY MINUTES' LAW.

"The buck!" replied the first laughing. Sir Ronald careered round and round the meadow with the lovely springy stride which nothing but Nature can bestow on

NORGROVE.

its best beloved creatures; for, after all, what could be more æsthetically beautiful than a stag or fallow buck in slow motion? Strange to the gathered crowd, the beautiful animal surveys all with that quaint insouciance which seems to belong to his species, and running round and round the paddock or meadow, refuses all gentle hints from the whip to be hunted at all.

At last coming suddenly to a sense of duty, away he goes over the deep, thick-set hedge and makes for the open country beyond; and now begins a weary time of waiting. We have to give the brave "Sir Ronald" half-an-hour's *law*. The meet mingle and talk. The "Squire," on her gallant grey, sits almost motionless, with West near her and the hounds grouping themselves as only animals untaught by the photographer can do. Not very far away are her two charming children, attired *de rigueur* as huntsmen, and attended by their groom, who shows them the way (and, parenthetically, is sometimes shown) and takes care of them generally.

One's eyes during this time are again and again directed toward Norgrove—a strange, weird fascination pervades the place. From our standpoint the water, which is now limited to a pond, gives the effect of the old moat. A dark sky portending rain seems to instil it with a significant dreariness, and the mind easily travels back to a time when, royal as hunting the buck may be, there was still more royal sport; and that kings have been hunted in Warwickshire ere our time, Charles himself, careless as he was, has left on record. He and a few faithful followers made for here after the direful day of Worcester, when the Cavalier hopes were blasted, and England's King was hunted by prick-eared Puritan curs—men, not dogs—men without Woodbine's intelligence, but with lust of gold and the fear of—well, Cromwell, in their hearts. One may fancy the young lad now, son of a fated race, riding for dear life to-night, attended by the faithful few. "Hard, hard, my liege, the old Grange lies but a mile or two beyond." A stride or two—and rest. Over the moat, a hurried dismounting, men forming round, and Charles dashes up the massive staircase with its oak balusters, as massive to-day as then, and wearied, defeated, throws himself on the four-posted bed, to lose all sense of trouble and loss in a profound, well-guarded slumber.

But, hark! Time's up! West is laying hounds on, and, awakened from our reverie, we look round, and see that the

A POSSIBLE FUTURE M.F.H.

county constable, whose dignified stoicism we have more than admired, is now possessed by the spirit of the chase, and

IN FULL CRY.

is careering up the lane to get a good view; while dexterously guiding his unique mount here and there through the group of hunters, a possible future M.F.H., mounted on a well-groomed donkey, dodges about with his long golden curls waving in the breeze, causing broad and good-natured smiles to break over the face of many a keen sportsman even at this critical moment.

Away we go on a good scent, hounds hunting as Lady Gay Spanker delighted to see them—straight across country towards Burrow Hill, over some rasping hedges and one or two ugly ditches, and ever in

THE HUNTSMAN'S HOUSE.

front the scarlet of the "Squire," like an oriflamme. Well may the song say—

Do ye ken the "Squire" with her coat so gay?
She lives at Bentley, not far away,
Where we hope she may live for many a long day,
And we'll all hear her hounds in the morning.

It may be doggerel, but the sentiment is there, and the sentiment is very present with anyone who sees her lead away, riding straight as a die. We have just reached Burrow Hill when Sir Ronald turns due west—this time a point of the compass, not the huntsman—and takes to the road, hounds hunting in line beautifully, till at last he soiled in a thick hedge at Lower Bentley. Hounds were called off, and twenty minutes' law allowed for brave Sir Ronald to recover wind; and on looking round one (and more than one) must genuinely confess that Sir Ronald was not the only one who had wind to recover. Comparing notes, chaffing the stragglers, made the time pass quickly, especially as we had to congratulate the "Squire" on a marvellous escape; for had it not been for her superb grey, and still more superb horsemanship, she must have been killed. At perhaps the most awkward post and rails of the day, the grey's hind feet slipped in the clay in taking off, and he rose perpendicularly. With that expertness and discretion which has earned her her name, the "Squire" sat like a mouse, never touching his mouth. It was touch and go, backwards or forwards; next moment his quarters were in the air, and he had safely landed on the other side.

Again time is up and away we go, "Sir Ronald" taking to the country again fresher than ever, a compliment that cannot be supplied to all the field. A splendid run was the consequence, eight miles across a grand country, till at last his knightship was captured (looking good enough for another) a little beyond Stoke. Some time later the cart came round, and the buck jumped into his crate, as the "Squire" tersely expressed it, "as handily as hounds into their van."

If the hospitality of Bentley is world-renowned and widespread, it certainly does extend to the hunted as well as to the huntsmen. I never saw an animal enjoy a meal so thoroughly in my life as "Sir Ronald" did, when he, after a little persuasion, emerged from his crate, and found himself swarming about his paddock.

There is no necessity at this moment to reiterate Lady Macbeth's hospitable wish, "Now, good digestion wait on appetite." We are simply as hungry as the proverbial hunter, and it is only when our cravings for food are somewhat appeased that we are reminded that we are not in the ordinary dining-room, it having been destroyed in a disastrous fire which broke out one night just after Christmas, and which was actually subdued by the "Squire's" own servants before the engines could be procured from Redditch. Many valuable pictures fell a prey to the flames, but fortunately a Landseer, "Not Caught Yet," valued at £3500, was saved, as it is surmised, by the glass which faced it.

We have seen the "Squire" in the saddle, we have praised her grey hunter "Catherine," we have hunted the buck,

glanced round haunted Norgrove; it now remains to conclude the record of an eventful day by describing her as "host."

Sitting opposite, flanked by her two girls, whose delicately intelligent eyes look into hers, and receive a charming recognition of reciprocal confidence and affection, she talks in that easy, friendly style which denotes the well-bred hostess. There is here no affectation, no assumption. Her stories are racily, pithily told—especially those dealing with Scottish character, narrated with a truth in accent and expression which enhances them with a great and genuine charm.

I most vividly remember one, of her piper in Meull, whom she reproved for inebriety, and who excused himself as only a Highlander could, because, having broken the neck of his bottle of whisky, "he didna' think it respec'able to come into the toon wi' his handkerchief stuck in't," and so he drank the lot.

This and another about the haunted room at Norgrove, which, though let rent free to a man, was vacated next morning, because, as the tenant explained, "ten musicianers came and stood round the bed and sang every song as ever was known." The writer visited the spectral apartment and demanded selections from "The Mikado," but in vain.

It only remains now to add, in the words of the aforementioned song, set to the quickstep of the old Cumberland Regiment, and in which I am sure everyone who has ever visited Bentley will join—

Then here 's to the "Squire," with our heart and soul,
Let 's drink to her health: let 's finish the bowl.
We 'll follow her hounds through fair and through foul
If we want a good hunt in the morning!

HER NAME.

Her eyes—
Are hazel, did you say?
Yes, with the mystic shades
That flit thro' silent glades.

Her voice—
Is 't made for poet's lay?
Ay, as the woodland throng
Make words for mavis' song.

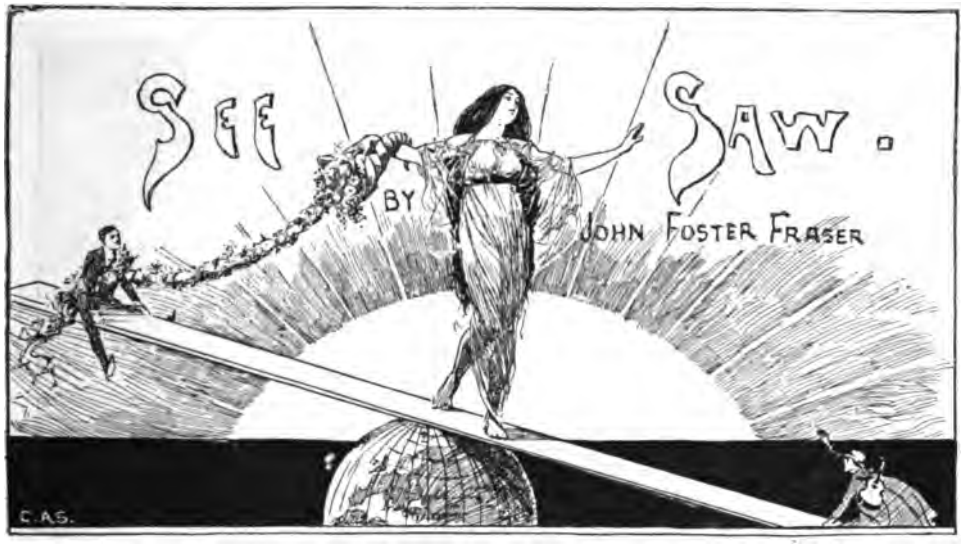
Her lips—
Just tell me what are they?
Petals of carmine bright
Op'ning o'er stamen white.

Her hair—
What colour is it, pray?
'Tis like the sun's last sheen
Lighting the autumn gean.

Her name—
Whisper, I know you may?
Magic as fairy spell!
Heart of mine—shall I tell?

KATHERINE MANN.

My love bound me with a kiss
That I should no longer stay;
When I felt so sweet a bliss
I had less power to part away:
Alas! that women do not know
Kisses make men loth to go.



"WHAT do you say, Mr. Appleton—shall we sit on the balcony?"

"I shall be delighted," I replied, crossing the drawing-room and throwing open the French window.

Mabel Moreton stepped before me and took one of the lounging wicker chairs.

"What a lovely evening it is!" she said, half musing, and leaning back so that the tinted light from within fell softly upon her features.

It was a beautiful night indeed. It was near the end of the season, and the scorching day had given place to a soft, slumbrous twilight. The houses on the other side of Ellesmere Square were in shadow, and a warm odour rose from the trees and the blooms in the garden below. One could hear the roar of the traffic in the thoroughfare beyond. But the square was still, save that now and then the lights of a cab went whisking by.

"Won't you smoke?" Miss Moreton said. "All men like to smoke after dinner, don't they? And I know when you are with father you always have a cigar."

"But——" I began.

"Oh, no buts," she answered with a smile. "I don't want you to talk to me—isn't that a rude confession?—but I want you to smoke your cigar, and I can lean back here and dream. One can always dream when the evening is fine and the moon rises brightly, just as it is doing now from behind those houses. I am an awful castle-in-the-air builder, and this is where I build them."

I felt as though I ought to make a compliment. But I was always a poor hand at saying those things that women are reputed to be fond of hearing. So I simply pulled out my cigarette-case and commenced to smoke.

And I wondered, as I watched the fair woman through the thin blue haze of tobacco, that old Moreton, her father, had made such a friend of me. I was a poor man with, perhaps, not so many shillings in the world as he had tens of pounds. But I had made some interesting discoveries in electrical science, and already my name was beginning to be known, and I heard flattering things said about me. So I accepted the invitations to dinner I often received. It was pleasant to move through beautiful rooms, to talk with men who held high places in the world, and to look at the faces of good women. It was so different from the old days, in which I had only a couple of rooms out at Kilburn, and

when I struggled and failed, and struggled and failed again, and the struggle seemed so hopeless and the future so black. But there was a merry side to those rough days, when Pemberton and I almost starved together and laughed at our distress, and

David Moreton, one of the richest men in London.

He had been friendly to me from the first. He never gave a dinner-party but I was a guest. Sometimes he would say to me, "Philip, my boy, come and feed at

I WATCHED THE FAIR WOMAN THROUGH THE THIN BLUE HAZE OF TOBACCO.

told one another how we would laugh in the days to come, when he was the greatest English composer and I was a scientist of renown.

And then, five years ago, when the turn in the tide came, Pemberton and I somehow drifted apart. What became of him I knew not, but up the ladder I slowly climbed, and to-night I was the guest of

my place to-night. There's nobody but Mab and myself, and you and she always get on well together."

Once I replied, "Such invitations are rather dangerous to a romantic young man like myself."

"Romance! Fudge!" and then he good-naturedly hit me on the shoulder with the broad palm of his hand.

Yet I wondered why he threw us so much together. Was it intentional, or merely that he had a liking for me, having no son of his own? He knew I was poor, and I knew that Mabel was his heiress.

That was where the evil came in. At first I was restrained and awkward in the presence of this woman. But she was always sweet and kind, and gave me confidence. Often a delirious hope would fill my mind. Then I would crush it as the fancy of a fool. It was only when the thought came that some day she would be a wife and be loved by another man that I knew how passionate a place she held in my heart.

But I never gave a sign. It was better to bear the agony of untold love than to tell her all and then never see her again.

And we were now sitting together on a balcony overlooking a London square. She always seemed beautiful in my eyes, and to-night in the dusk she seemed more beautiful than ever. Her long neck and smiling features and the mass of jet black hair were a winning contrast to the soft pink hue of her gown. To have the love of such a woman, what a stimulus to a man!

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Appleton!" she suddenly said, leaning forward so that I could gaze into her countenance.

"I was thinking of an old-fashioned motor which is not thought much of nowadays," I replied.

"Ah! something scientific which wouldn't interest me. But don't you take an interest in other matters besides machinery and wires, and that sort of thing?"

"I take an interest in life."

"And is it very interesting?"

"Very! But it is not always pleasant. When a man knocks about the world till he is thirty-five, being elbowed and elbowing other people, and has to shift for himself, he learns a good many things that only make him sad."

"And sad things are interesting?"

"Yes; the most interesting things in life are the saddest," I added.

Mabel Moreton had not seen much, if any, of the dark side of the world.

She folded her arms, and the smile went from her face. "It's hard to understand," she said, after a pause, "how some people go up and others go down." Then, after another pause, during which I studied the kindly, pained face, she said, "Oh, it's very sad! Lonely evenings and the stillness and the clear moon always do make me sad. So let us talk about something else."

"By all means. There's an admirable article in the *Fortnightly* on 'The Vanity of Female Wishes.'"

"Oh, bosh!"

"As you please. It is a much discussed topic."

"It is a very foolish topic."

"Foolishness is the salt that savours life."

"Is it? I have no experience. I think that I'd better sing to you."

"And forsake the lovely evening?"

"That is most ungracious. Well, we'll stay."

She laughed gently, and I lit another cigarette.

A man walked on the path next to the gardens. When he saw us, he stood for a while looking. Then in the dim light I could see he carried a guitar, and presently he began softly strumming a Venetian song, a lullaby of love. Then he sang with a soft wooing voice that hardly carried to where we were. He was not an ordinary street singer, I knew. There was no bawling or harshness. He sang dreamily, as a man does when leaning over and caressing his mistress.

Perhaps it was the warm sensuous evening, the shadows of early night, and the presence of a beloved woman that was the cause. I felt strangely moved by the song of that unknown man. I rose to bend over the balcony and see something more of him. Mabel too bent forward and put her hand on the balustrade. Somehow I rested my hand on hers. I did not remove it, and she did not draw hers away. There was a tremor of the soul, an indefinable touch of the mystic wand of love that touched both our hearts. It was not probably any love for me that allowed her hand to rest in mine, but the influence of a lovely night and the strains of softened music.

Then the player stopped and trifled with the strings of his instrument while he tuned it anew. He sang again, a merry, light-hearted Southern boat-song. I remembered the song well. In the old days, when the road of life was covered with rough stones, how often in those dim, ill-furnished rooms at Kilburn had I heard——

I clutched the hand of the woman by my side, for suddenly I remembered that voice, at one moment all tears, the next rippling with laughter. It was Pemberton.

Mabel looked at me. Intuitively she knew that a chill had swept over me.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I know that man."

"Know him?" she said, and I saw the look of wonder fill her eyes.

"Yes, I knew him in the old days. He was the only friend I ever had in the world."

"Poor fellow!"

"Poor Pemberton!"

He thought he was singing to rich and happy lovers; singing love-songs that a shilling might be thrown to him!

Blithely, just as in old times, he sang that air. Did it bring any sad memories to him as to the man who was listening?

"I must speak to him, if only to show I have not forgotten," I said to the woman.

I think she returned the pressure of my hand when I left her to cross the heavy carpeted drawing-room floor and descend the broad staircase to the hall.

The butler came forward to open the door.

"You need not trouble," I said, and then I passed out.

The man was still singing with that gleeful *abandon* I knew so well.

He saw me, and as I crossed the roadway he stopped, thinking I had brought him a gratuity.

There were blue spectacles shading his eyes, but I could recognise him, despite the disguise. His clothes were shabby, and he was wearing an old straw hat. I think he was thinner.

"Pemberton!" I muttered huskily, holding out my hand.

I could not see his eyes, but he gave a start.

"Don't you remember me?" I added.

He hesitated for a moment, and then he said, "Hardly—you've altered so much."

"And you——"

"Yes; I've altered more than you have." There was a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"I'm sorry, old man, but can't I help you?" I asked.

He did not answer me, but said, "So I have been singing to you and—and your wife?"

HE SANG AGAIN, A MERRY, LIGHT-HEARTED SOUTHERN BOAT-SONG.

"No."

"The woman who is to be your wife?"

"No."

Neither of us knew what to say. I was afraid he might think I was patronising, and if anything of the old Pemberton remained he would resent any suggestion of that sort.

"For goodness' sake, take off those glasses," I blurted out.

He removed them, and I could see by the flicker of the lamp near which we stood that sorrow had settled on his cheek, and that the light of joy had gone from his eyes.

"Ah!" I sighed.

"Life's a regular see-saw, Appleton, isn't it?" he said.

"And your chance never came," I inquired.

"No, not it. The world is not so ready as I thought it once was to recognise genius." He laughed dryly, as though forcing himself. "When you started soaring ahead, I somehow drifted back. I got into very low water, and when the water was very low, why, it was too late to come to you. So here I am—a wandering minstrel, eh? singing love-songs to happy gentlemen who lean over balconies with fair ladies."

He tried to laugh again, but the laugh cracked, and he turned away.

"For God's sake, Pemberton, let me help you! Give me your address, or, if you would rather, let me give you mine, for I am only dining here to-night. Something better can be managed than this life of strolling the streets. Here, take this sovereign till to-morrow, and come and see me."

Pemberton drew back. "None of that," he said. "You're rich, no doubt, but don't insult me with—with charity."

"It's not charity; it's only paying you back in part some of the sovereigns I used to have from you."

"It was different. We were equal then, and when I hadn't a sovereign, well, you had."

"And that's the case now," I said.

"With a difference."

"But I insist," I pleaded. "The old ties of friendship are not to be broken in this way. I have every right and you have no right to refuse."

"Look here, Appleton," he said—and his voice was as soft as a woman's—"I'm a failure. I'm no more able to earn money than ever I was. I've learned that, and I've had far more experience than you. You couldn't take me among your friends, and I—well, how could I live on your—your kindness? No, Phil, I know life as well as you do by this time, and when a man's down he's got to stop down. I'm not going to grumble at my lot. I suppose it's all right, and I'm glad you've gone up. That's all right, too. Good-bye!"

He put out his hand.

"This is foolishness," I exclaimed. "You must not go in this way."

"Appleton, don't let us quarrel. You were my friend, you are my friend, I believe, and we've to part. I am firm."

"And I will not allow you to go," I said, taking hold of his arm.

He gave a violent wrench and was free.

"For God's sake stop, man!" I demanded.

"No, I can never see you again. I am all right as it is; to often see you would only bring grief. Good-bye, and let us part friends."

"Well, as old friends let us meet sometimes, just as we did long ago."

"No, we must never meet. Good-bye."

"Is this irrevocable?" I asked.

"Irrevocable!"

"Well, then, good-bye."

"Good-bye!"

For a moment we held one another with a tight grip, and looked into one another's face. Then Pemberton turned, and with bowed head walked away into the gloom.

My eyes were blinded with salt tears as I crossed the road and entered the house.

Mabel met me on the staircase.

"Father has not yet finished his letter-writing," she said, "so I think we had better go into the drawing-room."

I followed her without a word.

In the light she turned and looked at me. "What is it?" she said with pity. "What is it?"

I tried to hide the pain I felt.

"The meeting with that old friend of mine," I explained, "has brought back unpleasant memories."

"Is he poor?"

"Very poor, and he refused to let me help him. Yet I don't wonder, for I can understand."

I sat down at the edge of a lounge, and Mabel sank back in a saddle-bag chair and glanced at me curiously.

"Miss Moreton," I said, "that was the best chum I ever had in the world. We were friends because we struggled together. He is poorer now than ever he was, and prouder than ever he was. Perhaps, Miss Moreton, you, who have never known a wish ungratified, cannot realise

the pride of a poor man. The pride of the wealthy is nothing to the pride of the poor, broken-down being who remembers other days. Poverty is a curse!"

"A curse!"

"Yes, for it is the one thing that holds

cushion as I felt my love for this woman again seize hold of me with an overpowering grasp.

"But that remark hardly applies to yourself, Mr. Appleton," she said, "for I have often heard you declare you were poor."

I CLASPED MAB IN MY ARMS.

back an ambitious man from the realisation of his desires."

I did not mean to say what I had just said, but as I spoke the words I fixed my gaze upon the large, loving eyes of Mabel Moreton. Her glance fell, and a blush swept over her face.

I nervously played with the tassel of a

"I was thinking of myself when I made it."

"How?"

"I cannot explain."

I rose and crossed the room to look at a Corot. I had looked at it twenty times before, but it seemed the only thing I could do to escape from my own burning

feelings and the glance of this woman of my love.

Mabel stood by the edge of the piano watching me.

I wanted to tell her my passion, but I dared not.

"Mr. Appleton," she said, after a long pause, "will you tell me whether you have ever known me to act foolishly?"

I was surprised at the question, and could only murmur, "Never."

She was agitated; her bosom rose and fell quickly, and her words came hurriedly.

"Have you ever known me do anything that you conceived to be unwomanly?"

"Never; but why do you——"

"Will you sit down on the lounge again?"

She toyed with her fan, and then she said, "Will you tell me, Mr. Appleton, what ambition you have that you are afraid will never be realised?"

"Afraid, Miss Moreton!"

"I said afraid. Will you tell me—tell me as a friend?"

There was sweetness in her words, and although her lips trembled there was a smile.

I was confused. I knew not what was her meaning, and I repeated, "I cannot."

"May I make a guess?"

"You would never guess correctly."

"But may I guess?"

"If you wish."

"Then"—and tears sprang into her eyes as she tried to laugh—"now don't think me foolish, but have I got anything to do with it?"

I jumped to my feet and, stepping close to her, said, "Everything!"

I felt dazed, and could hardly realise what it all signified. I knew, however, that this woman was looking into my face with a look of love.

"Miss Moreton," I said, "I have no right to take an unfair advantage."

I spoke slowly and with difficulty.

"Yes!" she said.

"I am a poor man."

"That depends upon what you mean by poverty."

"I have only my brain, my skill, my——"

I could say no further, for all the world glistened with a thousand lights, and I clasped Mab in my arms, held her to me with the tightness of hot passion, and covered her tear-stained cheek with kisses.

"Oh, woman!" I murmured; "at last, at last!"

"Has it been for long?" she asked.

"Ever since I knew you. But I never—never dared give a sign."

"But you gave me many?"

"No, my love, not one."

"Yes," she persisted, clinging close to me, "many! You were always very distant to me, and you have never, never once paid me a compliment."

"And was that a sign of love?"

"It was a sign with you. But you were so proud——"

"It was not pride."

"Then what was it, my king?"

I did not answer, but put my hand on her shoulder and led her out on the balcony again, where we stood and saw the dancing lights of hurrying vehicles and the shadow of the moon among the rustling trees.

"I wonder where poor Pemberton is?" I said. "He was a fine fellow. To-night he is the unhappiest man in all London."

"And you?"

I bowed, and pressed my lips to the fair hand which was placed in mine.

THE ENGINE-DRIVER TALKS.

A GRASS-GREEN MEMORY.

By HAROLD MACFARLANE.

AS I walked through the mead I happened upon a gate—one sometimes does when walking through a mead. The gate was five-barred and a whitened gate, and writ upon it in letters funereal was the legend—

BEWARE OF THE TRAINS.

As a stranger in the land, it was not to be expected that I should have heard of the line, but I had some glimmering sort of idea that the letters J.G.N. and L.E., Cent., were not altogether unfamiliar to me, and after long cogitation and inspection of the mossy permanent-way, I bethought me that at last I had come across the John o' Groats, Northampton, and Land's End, Central.

From what I saw of the line, I judged that it was about as long as its name, and also that it will take about ten years in the ordinary course before the inhabitants at the northern and southern intended termini hear that there is in existence a railway dedicated to them, though centuries of miles lie between them and it.

Lost in thought, I was unaware of the flight of time, but eventually my reverie was broken into by a distant rumbling sound which, it occurred to me, could be only due to two possible causes—an engine in pain or a bull in anger.

A minute or two elapsed, and the engine appeared from round a distant curve; it was not exactly an express; indeed, it would not have shown to advantage in a race to the North. To give accurately an idea of its rate of progression, I may say that the man who walked by its side and now and again made a dash up the bank of the cutting after a more than ordinary fine mushroom, had no difficulty in keeping up with his charge.

I watched the funeral for some little time unobserved, but presently the practised eye of the engineer perceived me. With his hands in his pockets he stood in the centre of the track to gaze at me, until he was gently pushed in the back by the advancing tornado, which hint he acted upon and stepped on one side.

About half a minute later the steps up to the cab were level with my friend; he mounted them, and for a moment disappeared. Next a head appeared round the corner of the cab, and I was once more the object of his inspection. He disappeared again, and from the engine whistle came a lugubrious toot.

The head appeared and disappeared several times, and each disappearance was followed by the toot funereal during the couple of minutes which elapsed before the train drew up level with me, and my friend—we were quite old acquaintances by now—and I were face to face.

"Hello!" he said.

I could not gainsay him.

"Hello!" I replied.

"Hear me coming along?" he queried.

I affirmatised.

"Was 'most afraid at first that you were a soo'cide," he continued.

I assured him that he had no cause for anxiety.

"I get ten shillings for laying information at the police office," he said reflectively.

I felt that the man was disappointed with me.

"I never run over 'em if I can pull her up in time. It's not lawful." It was evident from his tone that he was in favour of a short act legalising that form of manslaughter.

By this time he was sitting on the top rail with me, while the train, with the brakes half on and about half a pound of steam in the boiler of the engine, sedately meandered along a slight but favourable gradient.

"I had a soo'cide a year next Michaelmas, but it came to nothing." He spoke in hopeless fashion. "The man was a born idjiut, or he'd never have laid down on a bit of the straight track along which I could see him for yards."

"What did I do?" He always repeated my queries—query, to gain time? "What did I do? Well, I was in a hurry that day, and this is what I did. I ran along in front of her"—and he nodded towards the receding train—"yanked the soo'cide

WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS HE STOOD IN THE CENTRE OF THE TRACK TO GAZE AT ME.

off the line, and jumped on again as she cavorted past."

"That was smart," said I.

"That *was* smart," said he.

I put a question.

"Run into anything? Not she—she's a Christian."

This was most satisfactory hearing.

"She's got no fire to speak of, and there's a little gradient." He appeared sorry he had belittled the gradient, for he promptly added, "A nacky gradient, too, that will pull her up before she gets into the station."

He whistled a few bars of "Rule Britannia," interspersed with fragments of other popular melodies. It was a most pleasant afternoon.

"A rummy thing once happened to"—I saw him sizing me up as he spoke, and I appreciated the compliment when he finished the sentence with—"a friend of mine. He was a driver, a regular smart chap too. Know the Great Leedem Valley line?" he queried irrelevantly.

He appeared pleased when I answered in the negative.

"Well, then, you don't know how badly it was laid a few years ago."

The man spoke a great truth.

"It was a black, foggy night"—he made a half pause, but I gave him no cause for alarm—"a night on which you couldn't 'a 'seen a quart-pot a foot from your nose": I accepted the quart-pot idea without a wink, and he boomed ahead gaily—"and my friend Bill, you know, went hustling along as though he had the Irish mail behind him. Now the line was that bad that Dick was 'urled from side to side of his cabin as though he were a parched pea over a hot fire."

I never murmured when Bill became Dick: doubtless he was named William Richard—a delightful combination.

"Well, the oss'lation was that dreadful that ole Joe simply had to hang on by hands, feet, and eyebrows; and in the midst of his troubles, what should 'eave in sight but a danger-signal. He thought it mighty curious, but he put the brakes full on, and cut off steam, and soon pulled her up. He waited five minutes, and then tooted, but the anathematised signal still kept against him. Now, 'Arry was late already, so was a bit rusty, so you might say, so he yanked on the whistle and let her zip. Well, he had a good head of steam on, and all I know is that he was stone deaf next morning. Was he keeped there all night? He was that, and you well ask why"—I hadn't, but let that pass—"well, believe me, when morning broke and the fog cleared, he found himself staring at a red bottle with a light behind it that was stuck in a druggist's window in the market-place at Slumpington, andifycudon'tbelieveme, ask the four drivers of the four other engines that, with Fred's, stood in a blooming semi-circle that blankety night round the same dashed jar. Watjerthinko'that?"

I thought a good deal, but it would have been hardly polite to have expressed my thoughts in words, so I merely said that William Richard Joseph Henry Frederick had a very peculiar experience.

He said it was decidedly odd; but it was not exactly "decidedly" that he said.

"Didn't want a lift, did you?" he queried.

When I had a month to spare, I said I would accompany him on a journey from one end of his line to the far-away—six miles away—other; but I put it more diplomatically than that.

"Eh! but that London and Great Eastern do annoy me," he said with a sigh. "They slip a carriage at the Junction once a day from the London train which I am supposed to run in connection with. Well, Mister, I'm a married man, and it's convenient to my wife to have my dinner ready at 'alf past twelve; and for the last six years I've eat my potatoes cold just because that Hellangeehee won't start their up-express at 9.7 instead of 9.30, though I've told them times without number what will happen if they persist in disregarding my request. Yesterday it did happen. The express was mor'n two minutes late, so I stand on my dignity and runs an empty home, and I does it again to-day. I tell you I'll let them know who's who and what's what!"

He humped himself from off the bar.

"Fine evening," said he, and then the eagle-eyed one saw what I had seen for some time. "Bless me!" he ejaculated, "if the distant signal hasn't been and undid itself."

The warning arm was indeed in the position which indicates that there is a train on the line.

"I must see about that," said he. "Good evening, Mister." And he went.

It was a perfect evening, with a beautiful yellow, red, and purple sunset, and silhouetted against the same I see my engine-driver as he swarmed up the post, and with a piece of twine fixed the signal at "line clear." I keep his memory as green as he evidently imagined me to be.

'Tis a grass-green memory.

MR. ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH AT ELMWOOD.

THOUGH Elmwood lies but three and a half miles from Ramsgate and no more than a mile from Bleak House, there is little of the fretting life of Thanet to be heard or seen from the "pulpit" of its well wooded gardens. Rest is the note which the secluded old house seems to strike—rest and silence, and the rustle of leaves and the note of birds and the ripple of lapping waters.

"We come down here," said Mr. Harmsworth as we strolled through leafy paths and over refreshingly green lawns, "when my wife and I wish for rest. It is the silence of the place which makes one so attached to it. We might be a hundred miles from anywhere rather than five hundred yards from the North Foreland. At night, you may stand out here for hours and scarcely hear the distant rumble of a wheel. But come into the 'pulpit' and I will show you the sea."

The "pulpit" is built in the marrow of the hedge. Time has played strange tricks with its mouldering stones, and many a "sermon" lies crumbling in the loam below. But it enables you to look over the high barrier of palisade and bramble away to the now golden downs of Kent and to the Channel sparkling with summer glory and white with the sails of ships. Yonder, too, is Kingsgate Castle, and a little to the right of it there stands up the great tower wherefrom the Foreland light gives welcome reckoning to skippers the hulls of whose ships lie hidden by the horizon. Ten miles out at sea you "make" the light, as the man in the lantern-tower will tell you. And what tripper bound for the Georgian piers of Ramsgate beyond has not turned a moment from his basin to exclaim upon the heavings and rollings of outrageous fortune begotten of the broken waves of the Foreland!

"We are five hundred yards from the sea," says Mr. Harmsworth, indicating to me the sandy little bay which lies below Kingsgate Castle. "When I first came here I thought I would have salt water brought up every morning for the baths. But the gardeners took a different view. They used to keep a supply of seaweed at the Lodge, and just pump up fresh water from the well, putting a little weed in for the sake of local colour. It was some weeks before it dawned upon me that the bracing-up process was a little slow."

Though the "pulpit" of Elmwood commands the sea, it commands no congregation. Swine in a neighbouring farmyard, an old man exhorting a cow to tread the straight and narrow way, are unmoved by platitudes delivered from this rostrum. We adjourned from it to wend our way, through mazy paths and in the

shade of great cypress-trees, to the fish-pond. This is Mr. Harmsworth's particular plaything—a sinuous, shaded, rippling lake hidden in the very heart of the plantations, and so well stocked with fish that a seven-pound trout has been espied there by an angler of commonplace imagination. All round this lake you will observe at regular intervals the camp-stool of the fisherman, with the dangling rod and the full box of cigarettes. An angler's house, in truth, where the "latest" rods are bundled together in every corner, and flies carpet the floors of the bungalow, and hooks haunt the nervous guest until he wonders if he must sleep upon them.

To this bungalow, Mr. Harmsworth's study in fact, connected by telephone with his offices eighty miles away, we crossed by way of several tennis-lawns and orchid houses, buildings and kennels full of friendly Irish terriers. Near to it is the alligator-house, where you may, with the aid of a long pole and patience, induce a too curious baby alligator to show his teeth for your inspection. Mr. Harmsworth, who loves all things which swim, went down upon his hands and knees at once and began to dig in the mud that I might benefit by the exposition.

"It's heart-breaking work," he said, "inducing alligators to acclimatise themselves. Even this hot weather is not hot enough to induce them to bask. I brought them from Florida, and so far they do well when they are under glass and mud. Unfortunately, the weather which suits them has killed my poor Arctic dog Yougor. He was born on the *Windward*, his parents forming part of a Samoyede pack purchased for Mr. Jackson by our Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Although he was received in the best society here, he could not stand an English summer. And so we buried him. But, look, there is one of the baby alligators. If you put your finger in the water he will snap it off for you."

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH AT ELMWOOD.

It was a pleasant invitation, but having no desire to leave at Elmwood a finger as

a memento, I contented myself with a narrow inspection of the alligator's teeth, and thereafter passed with my host through a pleasant meadow to the doors of the châlet, wherein so many momentous affairs are settled, and the business of journals innumerable is conducted.

Until this time it was difficult for me to believe that I really was the guest of the most remarkable journalist and newspaper proprietor of our times. Rather I seemed to be in the company of a boy just down from Oxford — of a boy concerned with boyish pleasures and boyish hobbies; of one to whom the busy world outside was a world unknown; of an athlete and sportsman, better occupied with racquet or reel than with paper and pen.

MRS. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

And I could well understand — when subsequently Mrs. Harmsworth greeted me in the drawing-room—how strangers at Elmwood have told my pretty and youthful hostess that they have come to "see her mamma." Strolling with Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, and watching him throw tennis-balls for the dogs to retrieve, or casting a fly with nicety upon the most difficult places of the lake, I accepted at once the story of the author who in Tudor Street one day handed him a manuscript with the injunction, "None of your impertinence, young man. Just take that to Mr. Harmsworth at once." The extraordinary youthfulness characterising this *ménage* is the most surprising feature of it. My host romping with his dogs; my hostess on her cycle, or pulling her hunter over stiff fences in yon meadow—they have just left school, surely! A negative scarce convinces me — the impression remains.

But here we are at the bungalow, a building in the Norwegian style, carpeted with many fine skins of Polar bear and fox, amply supplied with ponderous volumes, and so full of papers that you sit at your peril. When we had cleared two armchairs and the smoke was finding its way to the ceiling, I began to look about me a little more closely, observing first a great slate covered with many hieroglyphics, and divided, so to speak, into compartments, each devoted to one of Mr. Harmsworth's many ventures. And this turned us to talk of business, though my "victim" would, I could see, have preferred very much to talk of fishing.

Personally, save and except for its utility as a business factor, Mr. Harmsworth detests the word success. "The more I see of success the better I like failure," he remarked. "How many earnest, brainy men one meets, men of splendid head and heart, who lack the small combination of fortune or wits that brings money and reputation. What people call success is a poor standard by which to judge any man. Taken as a whole successful men are persons to keep clear of. It is so rarely that one meets vast strength, real modesty, humour and heart so magnificently combined as in the case of Cecil Rhodes, or Lincoln, or Gladstone. I have for my sins been thrown so much in contact with the successful man type, the pushing politician, the swaggering millionaire, and the posing author that I loathe a 'success' of any kind. Opportunity largely makes the man, and the poor creature should remember the fact.

"Oh," continued he, "don't speak of great big sums of money and the delusion called 'success.' People often think that I start new papers because I am of miserly instincts and thirst to count up gold. A humorous view truly. As a matter of fact, I produce newspapers because that is the business of my life. We must all have a business or become loafers, you know. I take the keenest interest in newspaper enterprise, and my ambitions are, naturally,

to produce more papers than anyone else. Seeing that our united circulations are nearing seven millions a week, I may claim to have done that."

"Seven millions a week!" I exclaimed, and then I fell to thinking of *Punch's* navvy, who declared that Dizzy's six millions were a mere flea-bite.

"Yes," said Mr. Harmsworth; "I don't suppose there has ever been anything so rapid as our progress since newspapers had a history, for our business is barely eight years old. We have but begun, so to speak. My best friends tell me that luck has been our secret—of that, of course, I am not the one to speak."

"Does luck sell seven million papers a week?" I asked.

"A good many think that it does," said he; "but somehow they find, when they put it to the test, that just one or two things more are needed. Opportunity, the help of clever men, work, for instance—might not they count?"

"You have worked hard, of course?"

"I have worked very hard. My whole career has been work since first I edited a newspaper—and that was in my sixteenth year."

"One of your own papers?"

"Oh, no. My first venture was to edit *Youth* for Sir William Ingram. It was the old story—the Bar on one side, the spur of authorship on the other. Most journalists, I need not say, begin at the Bar; a few stop there, but it is not at the Bar where they sell law. Though my father was a most able barrister, the sacred flame never troubled me. Common law seemed to me worthy of its name. I did not burn to do nothing for ten years that I might earn an incompetency for my old age. And so I edited a newspaper, and, by and by, after contributions of mine had been accepted (and rejected) by a good many editors, I thought that I would have a paper of my own. I was about twenty then, and by the time I was twenty-three I was well on my way toward selling a million papers a week. Somehow, I knew from the first just what people wanted to read—at least, that is a fair assumption, I think. We have never discontinued a journal, and our papers now number eighteen."

"And you interest yourself in them all?"

"Certainly; I see the various editors from time to time; they spend a day with me here, and we interchange our views by letter every day. As for my new paper, the *Daily Mail*, I have a private telephone as you see, and I can talk with my editor in Carmelite Street from any room at Elmwood. When guests are dining with me, we have the London news as a *bonne bouche* after dinner. It was over the telephone that the first tidings of Mr. Jackson's meeting with Dr. Nansen came to me.

Mr. Harmsworth is truly eloquent when speaking of this, one of the great dreams of his life. You have only to watch the animation of the boyish face, the meaning gesture which throws the characteristic flaxen curl from his forehead, to understand how free from any sordid motive, how deep-seated and how *English* is this abiding ambition of his. To plant the British flag upon the top of the Earth—that is his quaint way of putting it. Of cost he has no thought; but he is set upon the intention, and all who know him will hope much from that tremendous determination which is the backbone of his success."

"I rejoice in Dr. Nansen's triumph," he said to me; "and I am sure that Mr. Jackson rejoices in it too. In some way, of course, it is a vindication of our theory that Franz Josef Land is the centre whence all attempts to reach the Pole henceforth will be made. I was impressed with Mr. Jackson's exposition of that theory from the start, and I am sure that if any man in Europe is well qualified for the work it is he. By next year he may have done much to break even Dr. Nansen's magnificent record. It would be absurd for me to say that he will absolutely reach the Pole, but I have the largest confidence in him; and, in his own words, he means to stop out there until he has succeeded in making still more valuable geographical discoveries than he has already achieved. And that reminds me—here is a capital drawing of both Jackson and Nansen by Mr. Herbert Ward, of Congo fame. When we go inside I will show you a photo of Elmwood, Mr. Jackson's Arctic home. It is a cosy place, named after this house and only six hundred odd miles from the Pole itself, and the *Windward* carried there this year a heavy cargo for the comfort of all my men. She will go out to him again next year with more stores. Possibly by then we shall hear that Mr. Jackson has some great news for us; but, of course, we know what he has to face, and do not indulge in any foolish dreams."

It was a modest opinion, though it could not hide the enthusiasm which has begotten this great enterprise. Mr. Harmsworth talks of Arctic work as he talks of

all else—frankly, informatively, with no sense of the didactic or the egotistical. You know that you are conversing with one of the most remarkable men of the age, and yet no word comes from him which will permit you to express the fact. In business he says "we," unconscious of the fact that his intellect, and his intellect alone, has directed this masterly and unique fabric of success. At Elmwood, his thoughts are all for others—for their

ELMWOOD, ST. PETER'S, KENT, THE SEAT OF MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

enjoyment, their pleasure. There is scarce a subject upon which he could not speak before an assembly of experts, yet his opinions are put forward with hesitation and apologetically. And you do not fail to see that he is a man strong in friendships and affection, whose resting thoughts are ever turned toward home and all that home means to so indefatigable a worker.

I found Mr. Harmsworth, indeed, very unwilling to speak of business affairs at all. When he did do so he dismissed the whole subject as one to be written in a few sentences. "My progress, or whatever you choose to call it," said he, "is to be attributed, I think, to good fortune, to hard work, to a knowledge of that which the public likes to read, to the help of my most able brothers and a loyal and enthusiastic band of workers, and to the fact that I have got rid of all literary fallacies. We spend more money on men, machinery, and organisation than most of our friends. Then again I never run a man's work because this or that clique is log-rolling it, but simply because it is work for which my readers ask. I don't say that I despise 'names' — far from it!—but I am sure that many a big reputation nowadays is the result of mere diligent paragraphing, and that such a reputation will not stand the test of a weekly paper—will not, that is to say, satisfy that large public which devours serials so greedily. I am guided by a man's work, and by his work only. I care nothing for that which his friends write about him."

With the expression of this emphatic

opinion, we closed the subject and strolled back to the house itself, a pretty, wide-spread, old house, dating back in portions to Edward VI., to which Mr. Harmsworth has added fine stables and a billiard-room which must be quite the best in Thanet. Here, as elsewhere, the tone is that of rest and quiet and comfort. A dining-room in black oak, fashioned not unlike a famous room in Holyrood Palace, is full of quaint corners and suggestions of homeliness. You find in the pretty drawing-room—speaking of the unfailing taste of your hostess—the original editions of Dickens, Meredith, and Thackeray, and you are reminded of your host's enthusiasm and of the very valuable relics which here prove his devotion to the great Boz. Upstairs books are everywhere; and cunning contrivances for your comfort, and telephones innumerable, and green spreading palms to rest your eyes, and softly shaded lamps to induce that terrible habit of reading

IN THE GARDEN AT ELMWOOD.

in bed. The billiard-room itself contains an organ in addition to its pretty little yacht piano. You note that the table is superbly carved in oak, and that the owner thereof cares nothing for the game, since he soothes you with melodies from "The Geisha" and other classics while you "knock the balls about." A most pleasing performance, this rapid flow of melody, now English, now French, now Spanish, a little bit of Wagner, a little bit of Sullivan, a bar or two from the "Dies Iræ," changed upon the instant to a rattling galop from "The Shop Girl." And yet the maker of the music has never been taught a scale in his life, and does not know—on paper—the upper C from the cavernous and deeply scored bass.

And so we descend to the hall again—the rare old prints grinning everywhere from the panelled walls—and through the open windows we hear the merry voices of the Oxford "boys" at tennis, and observe that pretty dell of the lawn wherein our girlish hostess is busy with the tea-cups. A pleasant vista this of latticed window and trailing clematis and old gnarled trees and soft green grasses—and yonder, guarded by oak and cypress, the lake, red with the setting sun.

"Come," says Mr. Harmsworth, "do let me play a set of tennis; I haven't touched a racquet to-day!"

I had not the heart to dissent from a proposition so pleasing, and joined the festive group. I asked myself again if this were indeed a 'Varsity lad, or the most successful and amazing editor of our age, whose career is but beginning.

A SONG.

Wild roses hidden in the hedge
Surrender to the lips of June;
White lilies cloistered in the sedge
Permit the kisses of the moon.

And O! my heart desires your love
As never June desires a rose,
And never the pale moon above
Such passion for a lily knows:

And yet your love I vainly seek;
Unto my love no love replies;
No blush gives answer in your cheek,
No passion lightens in your eyes.

Ardent as June I watch and wait;
Pale as the moon I pace your sky
O Lady! be compassionate;
Kiss me and love me, or I die!

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

A TALE of A
GALLANT KNIGHT
There lived a knight gallant & brave,
Who posed as a fair womans slave.
He strolled out one night
To see if he might
Catch a glimpse of his sweet Anna Rave

So they levered him up with some trees.

"WHEN THE CARDINAL RETURNS," SAID MARTIN, "HE WILL FIND THE BIRD FLOWN."

See "Stories of British Battles: Poitiers."

STORIES OF BRITISH BATTLES.

II.—THE CARDINAL'S WARD: A TALE OF POITIERS.

By J. D. SYMON.

IN his pavilion among the vines of Maupertuis the Black Prince sat alone with Sir John Chandos. The Knight had begun to troll his merriest stave, but had perforce to leave it half unsung, for his master, though he had called for the song, refused to catch the note of revelry.

"Enough, Sir John, enough!" he cried with some petulance, pushing the untasted wine-cup from him, and flinging himself upon a couch. "I am in no mood for song to-night."

"Truly, Sir," Chandos answered, "our case is none of the mirthfullest, yet it were well that our followers should be kept in heart. Outnumbered we may be, and in sore default of victual, but it were well that our misgiving did not appear. Wherefore, I say, make what cheer thou canst; as is the Prince's courage so will be that of his host."

"Sing, then, Sir John, an you list," the Prince returned, "and cozen our poor supperless wights bivouacked among the hedgerows yonder." And at the bidding Chandos sang again, but Edward refused to listen, and tossed from side to side upon the couch.

"Hark!" cried Chandos, his ditty ended. "Hearken, Sir, already they catch our mood," and bending his head towards the tent-door he listened to snatches of song that began to echo from the English lines. "They will fight the better to-morrow that they sing to-night," he added. "Truly, song medicines all woe, even that of love."

"Love!" the Prince exclaimed sharply, raising himself on his elbow. "Wherefore speak you to me of love, Sir John?"

"In truth, Sir, I know not. Yet on the eve of battle love is wont to be much in a soldier's thoughts. Come, my liege, let us together pledge some fair lady——"

"As you will," the Prince answered moodily, suffering Chandos to fill him a goblet. "Do thou name her. To-night I remember none."

"I mind me," replied Sir John, fixing a keen glance on the Black Prince, "not many days agone, when we took the castle of Romorantin, there was one whom Walter de Mowbray delivered from the firing of that hold, a lady whose bright eyes——"

"Slew Sir John Chandos!" interrupted Edward in some excitement, which he strove to conceal. "Nay, that was a feat indeed! Come, I will pledge her with all my heart. But her name—her name, Sir John? It slips my memory."

"Heaven forgive thee the lie," said Sir John in his heart. Aloud he added, "Her name, Sir, is the Lady Héloïse de Saint-Yrieix——"

"Héloïse de Saint-Yrieix!" Edward cried. "I recall somewhat of her grace," and at the words he pledged her in a generous draught. The wine seemed to chase away the clouds that hung about the Prince's spirit. "And does yon lady, Sir John," he resumed cheerily, "follow with our other prisoners?"

"Nay, Sir. The Lady Héloïse is ward of the Cardinal of Périgord, who hath sent from Poitiers, where he now lies, to have her restored to him. Fearing to detain one whom the Church protects, I yielded her without fee or ransom."

Edward sprang to his feet muttering a curse, but, checking himself suddenly, he sat down and replied in a careless tone—

"You did well, Sir John. The Church's gear may ill be trifled with; yet, at our present pinch, the lady might have availed us much in treating for peace."

"Peace!" Chandos thundered. "Who speaks of peace? Was it not this afternoon that you, my liege, seeing how sorely we are beset and outnumbered by the Frenchmen, cried sturdily: 'In the name of God let us now study how we may fight with them at our advantage?' How comes this turn?"

Laying his fingers on Chandos' too vehement lips, the Prince replied: "'Twixt

noon and sunset a man may learn much. Or ere we supped I had a secret missive from this same Cardinal Talleyrand de Périgord, who, it seems, hath been sent by the Pope to arrange terms of peace betwixt King John and ourselves. He bids us stay our hand until he has had speech of both parties. On the morrow he will be here. Our case, methinks, is more desperate than we surmised. Yet," he added, observing how Chandos' brows gathered, "I am very loth to yield. The terms will assuredly be hard. Now, had we still held Héloïse——"

A sudden trembling of the pavilion hangings checked the Prince's speech. "Ha, eavesdroppers!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on Chandos' arm. "Come."

Together they rushed from the tent, the hangings of which, to their surprise, still trembled. Peering through the gloom the Prince and the Knight at length discovered on the ground a grovelling figure entangled in the guide-ropes of the pavilion. They shook the intruder free in no gentle fashion, and dragged him within, where he stood swaying drunkenly from side to side, blinking stupidly the while at the taper.

"Good Sirs," he cried thickly, "have mercy on my humility, which did but trip on your exalted tent-ropes as I came from shriving a poor sick spearman of your company."

"'Tis but a drunken friar!" cried Chandos, with a laugh of relief, "scarce worth the Provost-Marshal's hemp. Howbeit, my liege, an you say the word, I shall call the guard—though, as you have said, it is ill trifling with the Church!"

"Even so, Chandos. Do but see his humility beyond the camp in peace; he is too drunk to have understood aught," the Prince whispered. "Yet stay, he may as well pay his footing. Hark ye, Sirrah, you poor brethren can play the jongleur rarely when you list. Art too far gone to sing a match with Sir John Chandos?"

"Yea, my Lord, I fear so; but another cup of sack would assuredly restore me," replied the friar, eyeing the table.

"Here, then," cried the Prince, filling him a cup. "And now, sit you there and sing. Chandos could not fit our mood to-night; see if thou hast better fortune."

The mendicant gulped down the wine and took the place Edward pointed out. Then drawing a little crowth from the folds of his frock he tuned it, rocking from side to side as he did so more tipsily than ever, for the Prince had been generous with the sack.

"Now what will my lord please to hear?" he queried. "I know well the merry ballad of 'The Prince and the Churchman's Daughter.'"

"How now, Sirrah!" Edward flashed out. "What is this?" But Chandos parried the Prince's irritation by a jest.

"'The Churchman's Daughter'! Fy, fy, Sir Priest!" cried Sir John, "that smacks of treason or the impossible."

"Of neither, Sir," hiccoughed the minstrel. "Pardon me; your wine reversed my words. I should have said, 'The Church and the Prince's daughter.'"

"Nay, that sounds too dull," objected Chandos.

"Then I can descant on the former theme an it please you," continued the tipsy wag, who, at a signal from the Prince, touched his crowth with some skill and struck up a ditty which for impudent drollery had been hard to match even in those free days.

"Chandos, thou art beaten!" Edward cried with shaking sides. "This knave's song hath taught me to forget my care for a space, as thine could not. Here, Sirrah," he cried, "are two crowns for thy pains. Thou hast the gift for psalmody. I hope to hear thee another day. And now go, but 'ware the tent-ropes as thou wouldst the Provost's."

The Friar clutched the money, and with a lurching obeisance quitted the tent. For a few yards he reeled and staggered, but the moment he felt himself buried in the darkness he abandoned his tipsy gait and held forward through the English lines with firm footsteps, giving the password at every post. Reaching a retired spot, he found a horse tethered to a tree. On the ground lay a cuirass, a steel cap, and a sword. The Friar, slipping off his frock, which he flung over his holster, deftly armed himself, then springing to the saddle he rode off at a round pace in the direction of Poitiers, two little leagues away.

Half an hour's riding brought him to a wayside inn, where he gave his horse to a yawning ostler, and turned aside to a little private door half concealed by an angle of the wall. He tapped once, the postern flew silently open, and the Friar passing swiftly within ascended a narrow winding stair to a landing on the first storey. A door confronted him. He knocked, and was bidden enter.

Beside a cheerful wood fire in the apartment sat a grave man of five and fifty. As

his visitor entered he scarcely looked up from the papers he was examining to return a formal greeting to the Friar's deep reverence. But his nervous fingers betrayed the eagerness he was fain to conceal.

"Well," he queried sharply, after he had bidden his guest be seated, "what tidings?"

"Better than your Eminence dreamed."

"The Prince is willing to surrender?"

"My Lord Cardinal, far from it."

"Then how can your tidings be good? Will Prince Edward's counsellors advise him to yield?"

"They will not. Chandos is furious at the thought."

"Then my mission is hopeless. You know, my friend, on my success in this enterprise I depend to make my peace with the Holy See for what we both wot of. Now all is lost." Talleyrand groaned and bowed his head on his hands.

"My Lord," the Friar interposed, "the matter is not yet arrived at that pinch."

"Nay, it is too soon to despond. But the Prince is stubborn——"

"In this case, my Lord, Providence has found means for you to bend him like a reed——"

"How say you? And the means?"

"The Prince's passions."

"I do not understand. Explain."

"First, my Lord, your written assurance of my bishopric—so long overdue."

Talleyrand shrugged his shoulders, wrote a few lines, and handed them to his companion. "Now?" he queried.

"The Prince loves your ward."

"Loves Héloïse — my niece!" the Cardinal exclaimed as a succession of emotions chased each other across his countenance. "But have you assurance of this?"

"I have both heard and seen that which none could mistake. They whispered it in the English camp while the Lady de Saint-Yrieix was for a brief space captive there. To-night I——"

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed Talleyrand, "I am satisfied; for you are no bungler, Aymer, though at Crecy you let slip—but no matter, you saved your skin, for which I am grateful. And now leave me to ponder your news—we shall see what it will effect—to-morrow."

II.

All the next day truce was kept between the English and the French, while Talleyrand moved between the hosts, striving to negotiate terms of peace. As that Sunday drew to a close two young English knights, using the liberty granted to the troops on both sides, rode forth, as it were to observe the dealing of their enemies.

"What think you, Walter?" said the elder, when they were well out of earshot, "will the Prince accept the Cardinal's terms?"

"Before Chandos and ourselves he is very vehement in denial, Martin," the younger answered, "but I fear his heart inclines the other way. The terms, indeed, are too hard—that the Prince and a hundred knights should yield themselves prisoners. The Prince could scarce consent to this dishonour, but there is that in the business which mislikes me sorely."

"How say you?" queried the other.

"Listen. On the Cardinal's last visit an hour agone, the Prince rode with him a little space. They passed me close, by yonder hedgerow, where I was taking note of certain barricades our men have raised since morning. Screened by the thicket I went unnoticed, and perforce had to hear their say as they halted for a moment to converse. Quoth the Cardinal: 'But this, concerning as it does the fair fame of my house, must be encompassed honourably?' 'Assuredly,' replied the Prince, whose voice shook strangely, 'one of my chaplains will attend——' 'Nay,' said the Cardinal, 'I myself and none other.' And so they passed on and I heard no more. What make ye of those words, Martin?"

"But little, in good sooth; yet it would seem the Prince meditates some secret treaty. How think you, Walter?"

"Two hours hence I may have more to say," De Mowbray answered. "It irks me to bid thee be a tale-bearer, but the honour of England is at stake, so ride thou back to the camp and confer secretly with Sir John Chandos touching what I have told thee. Meanwhile I fare onwards on a sweeter errand."

The other horseman smiled. "Heaven speed thy wooing, Walter," he cried; "may it be as sweet as was my own when I won your sister. But these are troublous times for dalliance, so let not love blunt thy soldier's caution."

The companions parted, and De Mowbray rode at an easy pace in the direction of Poitiers, beguiling the way with scraps of trouvère song. When dusk had well gathered he halted, and, tethering his horse in a coppice, made his way on

AT LENGTH KING JOHN YIELDED HIMSELF.

foot to a house that stood secluded within a high-walled garden. Nimbly clambering over the wall, he found himself in a shady alley, where he stood for a moment listening intently. Satisfied that there was no alarm, he moved to an opening among the shrubs, through which the house was dimly visible, and drawing flint and steel from his pouch he struck them together with a tap so light as to be almost inaudible, yet so deft that the obedient sparks flew out in a little golden shower.

A few seconds later a cloaked and muffled figure glided down the avenue, and for Mowbray the dusky garden became a shining Paradise.

"But, my beloved," he said at length, "your cheeks are wet; what mean these tears?"

"My Walter," answered the girl, "ask me not, but bid me farewell and go!"

De Mowbray started. "What is this?" he gasped; "you do but jest."

"Nay, Walter, we part this night for ever. My uncle has been here. Ere midnight he comes to take me hence."

"He cannot take thee where I may not follow!" De Mowbray answered hotly.

"Nay, but he can, beloved. He comes to place me in a husband's arms."

"And you, my Héloïse, you consent!"

"Consent I do not; but how shall I withstand the Cardinal's urgency? Moreover, beloved, it is a sacrifice; it is for the good of the State, and to save sad bloodshed, he tells me. Thus we suffer in a good cause."

"Nay, Héloïse, an evil cause, I fear me. But this may not be. Come, beloved, let us flee together. These walls are not so high——"

"That may be," the girl answered, "but there is pursuit. Even now they miss me. I have outstayed my time. You are already in peril. Go—go—I pray thee, Walter."

"Stay!" De Mowbray whispered; "who is thy bridegroom, Héloïse?"

"In truth I know not. 'It is a worthy match,' my uncle says. Worthy!" she repeated scornfully. "Oh, Heaven!"

"Héloïse," Walter protested, "I will save thee yet! At what hour do they bear thee hence?"

"An hour before midnight—to the Chapel of St. Ambrose."

"Then fear nothing, but go boldly. I would save thee were it even at the altar. Thou knowest my signet-ring, beloved. On whose hand soever thou notest it know him for thy deliverer. Him trust, him follow."

"Whithersoever he will," the girl promised, "save"—she added with gaiety—"save to the altar."

"Nay, even to wedlock itself," Walter pursued. "Now to the house, sweetheart, and make what cheer thou canst lest the unknown find a tearful bride."

A moment later Héloïse tremulously disengaged herself and fled to the house, while Walter, departing as he had come, got to horse with speed and spared not his charger until he was again within the English lines.

There the first to greet him was his brother-in-law.

"Martin," said Walter in a hoarse undertone, "wilt ride with me at midnight on a mad adventure?"

"Choose you another time, brother. Enough mad pranks are afoot to-night already for both of us. Listen, you and I and Chandos are under strict orders to attend the Prince an hour before midnight on a secret emprise. Methinks it is the signing of that luckless peace!"

"Methinks the devil is busy!" Walter exclaimed passionately. "We are betrayed, every knight of us. Oh, the hearts of princes! But there is yet time. Go, call Chandos, and I will show you a thing ye wot not of. An I can, I will save England's honour and Prince Edward's, and frustrate this wily Cardinal!"

Howbeit, for all that the knights laid their heads together, the Cardinal had his way; for at dead of night, by the dim altar lights of St. Ambrose's Chapel, he wedded Héloïse to a knight in full panoply of sable armour. Scarce was the ceremony ended when a trumpet in the English lines sounded an alarm.

"My Lord," said the Cardinal, "it were well that you returned speedily to save any chance movement of your troops. To-morrow we may conclude the peace at our leisure. That done, you are welcome at your bride's retreat, whither I bear her now."

Therewith the mysterious company separated. "Thou wert bravely confident, Héloïse," the Cardinal exclaimed as he swung his niece to the saddle. "Take my benison, child; thou hast done nobly for France, and for our house!"

"Yet," Héloïse answered archly, "I would my groom had raised his visor."

"No matter," said the Cardinal gallantly, "he will kiss thee to-morrow."

"There is no forecasting to-morrow," sighed the girl.

Just at the moment the Cardinal's horse plunged heavily. As he drew rein sharply the churchman shuddered and muttered to himself a fervent *Absit omen!*

III.

The morning mists still lay upon the ground when Talleyrand de. Périgord returned to the camp at Maupertuis to receive the Prince's submission. Edward, looking strangely fierce and haggard, rode a little way through the lines to meet his Eminence. As the Prince passed a camp fire where a knot of footmen had prepared a scanty meal, he observed an unarmed knight about his own age seated by the blazing embers. He paused and accosted him with a stern "Ha! De Mowbray. I owe you somewhat. Bear in mind that you and the others are still under arrest until I take order with you further."

Walter sprang up, saluted his chief, and when the latter had passed, sat down again by the fire to watch with strained curiosity the meeting of the ambassador and the English leader.

Talleyrand greeted the Prince with enthusiasm. "Now that I have done my part, my Lord, it but remains for you to——"

The Cardinal paused suddenly, chilled by Edward's icy bearing.

"It remains for me," said Edward, "to send you back to King John with this message, that to his terms we can make no assent."

"But, my son," the Cardinal rejoined in a lower tone, that no bystander might hear, "remember your troth, pledged but yesternight in the Chapel of St. Ambrose. Héloïse was, as you know, the price of your submission."

"Cardinal," Edward replied slowly and bitterly, "surely your wits are wandering. It irked me sore yesternight to play thee false, for I loved thy ward with true knightly honour——"

"Play me false!" interrupted Talleyrand. "Nay, verily, Prince, it is thou who art distraught. Last night, I swear, I wedded Héloïse to thee——"

Edward's face grew livid with passion. "To one in my armour, belike," he broke in; "but enough said, my Lord Cardinal. Last night some dozen of my knights, dreading a treaty of peace, detained me prisoner in my tent. But the villain who wore my harness shall die the death. Assuredly it had been he—he is of a size with me to a finger-breadth——" Edward checked himself. "We have been tricked, my Lord; so the less said the better. Your scheme has failed. Speak louder now, that these may hear us. Are there no lighter terms than these?"

Talleyrand fought down his chagrin. Then he cried aloud: "Sir, do what ye can, there is no remedy but to abide the battle, for I can find none accord in the French King."

"The same is our intent," replied Edward, "and all our people. God help the right!"

As the two parted with formal courtesies a foot-soldier came up to the fire where Walter still sat.

"'Tis a good disguise, Martin," De Mowbray said in an undertone. "I scarce knew you, Sir Knight. How fared your mission?"

"So well," Martin answered, stretching his hands to the blaze and looking over his shoulder at Talleyrand, "that when the Cardinal returns he will find the bird flown. Your lady is safe at Chatelleraut."

"My thanks, brother, but we are still in sore disgrace for last night's work, and likely to be in sorer. Assuredly if we survive this day we shall all belong to the Provost-Marshal. Haste thee to thy harness, for it will not do to be found in this disguise. Here comes the Prince."

Martin retreated, unrecognised, as Edward approached Mowbray.

"Sirrah," he cried, "did we not need every lance this day thou shouldst hang within the hour. One thing, however, may save thee. Take me the French King," he added tauntingly, "and I forgive thee."

"At least I can die as befits a soldier," thought Mowbray, as he went to don his mail, for now the trumpets were sounding to arms. "To-night not one of this handful will be alive, but Héloïse may hear some tale of valorous doing. Sweetheart, farewell!"

Then began that most stubborn fight, where fortune once more brought the unexpected to pass. All day the Prince, courageous and cruel as a lion, took great pleasure to fight and chase his enemies, and from his side Sir John Chandos never parted. One thing angered him sorely, for he heard that the Cardinal's men were in the field against him, which pertained not to the right order of arms, for Churchmen that treat of peace ought not to fight for either party. And when Walter de Mowbray, after a stout contest, slew one of these combatants, the Prince came up, and looking steadfastly at the corpse, exclaimed, "So, thou wilt sing no more scurril ditties or play eavesdropper!" Then, calling two squires and three archers, he charged them straitly: "Sirs, take the body of this knight on a targe and present him from me to the Cardinal

of Périgord, and say how I salute him by that token!"

Thereafter Walter de Mowbray rode not with them, and the Prince feared greatly he was slain, for when he saw that the victory was his, his heart relented towards them that had foiled the Cardinal. Nevertheless, when King John of France yielded himself and was brought to the Prince's pavilion and many knights clamoured noisily each that he had taken the King with his own hands, one like De Mowbray was among the rivals. But then had he no satisfaction, for two lords drove off the brawling throng. Howbeit the Prince, courteously entreating King John that he would point out him who had been honoured to take him, as it deeply concerned the Prince's grace to know, the King acknowledged a young knight in full armour whose cognisance was that of the Mowbrays.

And afterwards, as they sat at meat in the pavilion, the Prince, having served King John with his own hands, came to De Mowbray and said—

"Methinks, Sir Walter, that although you alone among my knights could wear my armour and pass for me, you had found it a cumbrous wedding-garment. And yet," he added with a sigh, "had I myself worn it at St. Ambrose's Chapel it had cumbered me sorer."

And as the Prince with a smile passed to other guests, Walter knew that he need no longer fear the Provost-Marshal.

WHEN THE GORSE IS IN FLOWER.

By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

STEVE stood in the doorway shading his eyes as he looked across the garden and down the sweep of the Cadger's Road. It was a long road, and lay like a brown ribbon on the velvet of the turf, the light and shade from the pines giving it a crumpled appearance, as if it had been folded in the hand before it was cast down on the green.

Through the pines came the red glow of the sunset, blinding Steve's eye so that he could scarcely see beyond the copse that cast its shadow over the cottage.

But his thoughts were not of the sunset. They sang with the burn that tinkled through the pines and travelled down the road, where a patch of dark green blazing in gold showed the gorse in blossom. A fine content was on his face, and his eyes were bright, and his cheeks ruddy like those of the fisher-lads in the village beyond the road.

Seeing the gorse the content passed into his thoughts. "She aye wushed tae be wed when the gorse wis i' flooer," he said to himself. And he went into the garden and loitered about the paths, stopping now and again to spell out the name written in tiny leaves among the flowers.

"Katherine, Katherine," they called to him; and "Katherine, Katherine," he laughed back at them, for all the world like a happy young lover. But, to be sure, a man cannot be expected to remember his age when he stands on the threshold of his wedding-day.

While he lingered the light fell away from flower and tree and died among the shadows. The wind smote him sharply, and a sudden rain bit his face. Shivering, he turned and went into the cottage.

The sight of a red peat-fire heartened him, and he looked proudly round the kitchen.

He had raddled the floor, and the bright bricks framed a hearth newly stoned with blue; the walls were freshly washed; the window was maidenly in white chintz. Over the mantel the saucepan-lids blinked at their own brightness; and there seemed to be a posy in every jug on the dresser.

He was scarcely willing to step on the floor, so proud he was of the place he had made ready for his bride. Surely Katherine or any other woman would be well content to be mistress of such a house.

But Katherine hadn't spoken when he had brought her to see her future home; remaining silent even when he had bidden her spell her name in the mustard and cress among the flowers.

She was a good girl, he remembered, and had won his heart by her merry ways, though she had become grave enough of

late. Steve thought she must be trying to match her twenty with his fifty years, and though he swung away from the thought he loved her the more for her serious moods. But in the village they whispered that Kate had never looked up since Jamie Swankie left Skyrle two years ago.

It was quite two years now since she had lost her merry heart. Then she had fallen ill, and finally had had to go into the infirmary. It was while she was lying unable to work that Steve had made his offer. She had answered him kindly, only bargaining to keep the wedding till the gorse was in flower. And now the gorse had spread a cloth of gold all along the Cadger's Road, and to-morrow was the wedding-day.

That night Steve could not sleep for the storm that roared around the cottage. It beat and beat, as though it would batter his hopes about his ears.

All the night he lay listening to the roar of the wind and to the burn whose singing had changed into a sullen moan. And by this he knew that it must be swollen into a flood. Well, the cottage was tight and snug, only he could have wished that Katherine might have seen it in the sunshine. Decked with rainy banners, even to his partial eyes it would have a cheerless air.

But when he rose the next day the sun was up, and the singing of birds hushed the moaning of the burn.

You could not have told that the storm had come near the Cadger's Road unless you looked at the flowers broken on their stems, and the name in the beds all blotted and blurred by the beating of the rain.

And when the afternoon came, and Steve took his way along the road to Skyrle, he did not see that the gorse was torn and ragged, the fresh gold trailing tattered edges. He had eyes only for the smiling sky over him, and he was glad with the gladness of the sun and the laughter of the south wind. But when he came to the highway he saw before him a fair field of sea, and the sun glistening on white sails that had blossomed since the night.

"Yon boat 's makkin' for harbour, and ere she 's i' port bonnie Kate will be ma wife," he said to himself.

And the words were like the singing of many birds.

The hours that followed were wrapped in a misty memory, through which he saw dimly Kate's white face, and heard the voice of the minister: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

At last it was over; but the afternoon was well on when they set out for the Cadger's Road, Katherine on Steve's arm with a face like the face of the dead.

Feeling the ground under him, Steve pulled himself together and forgot his bashfulness for Katherine's sake.

He bade her look over the water, that, like the fields around them, was gay with the flaunting spring; and he told her of the boat that had come into harbour that day.

"Ay, theer wull likely be a heap adae doon at the shore," he said, "but you and me wull be weel content ben the hoose, eh, Sweetlips?" for that was the lover's name he had given her.

The love in his eyes spoke too, but she made no answer. Only he felt her hand tremble on his arm.

Thinking she was shy, Steve walked on, talking blithely to cover her silence. He told her of the things he had bought for her, and of the plans he had arranged to make her welcome; and, listening, a ray of warmth crept to her heart, melting it. Before the cottage came in sight she had softened towards him; and the house made her better satisfied with herself as Steve's wife. But, for all that, restlessness drove her out of doors, and when Steve would have walked with her she begged him to let her go alone.

He would have done more than that to please her, but his eyes were sad as she trailed her steps along the Cadger's Road. When she reached the bend in the road he turned resolutely into the garden to tidy it. He worked with a will, thinking of the cauliflowers he would plant, and the sunflowers—since Katherine had a fancy for yellow. And, a background to his thoughts, the burn moaned among the pines.

The sun set and the gloaming gathered, and Katherine was still away.

"She 's surely callin' for 'Lizbeth Mathers," he said to himself; and he went into the house to wait for her.

The light of a candle kept the secret of the dainty kitchen; and Steve, laughing at himself for an old fool, lighted a second candle and put it in the window to guide Kate through the mirk.

Then he stirred the peat till its red eye glowed, and he swung the kettle on its hook in readiness for supper.

He sat with a friendly eye on the two plates and two cups he had set on the table, and the sight of them soothed his

impatience with a sense of Katherine's return.

At last he went to the door and looked out, bending forward for the sound of her footfall on the road. But the only sounds were the sob of the wind in the pines and the moan of the swollen burn.

He lighted a lantern and hung it in the porch, but another hour passed, and he was still alone.

"Ill has surely befallen the lassie," he said anxiously; and he stepped into the garden calling, "Katherine, Katherine!"

STEVE GRIPPED THE BRANCH OF A TREE, HIS HEART HARDENING.

The leaves echoed "Katherine, Katherine!" but so softly he did not hear them as he hurried past.

The mile between the cottage and the nearest house was a long and weary one to Steve; but it was doubly long and doubly weary when he trod it again, and still without his wife. He struck into the wood to shorten the distance; and where the thick pines made a deeper night he stopped suddenly. That was Katherine's

voice, though it was strange and trembling. She was in trouble, and his heart sank. Her words rooted him to the ground.

"Ay, I lost the road two hours syne. . . . You needna hae sought me, Jamie. I'm Steve's wife the noo. You micht hae kenned——"

"I kenned naething, Katie. The boat won in this forenoon."

"You maun leave me, Jamie. I pray you to leave me—I'm no greetin'. . . . It is ma merriage day, you ken——"

"An' weel micht you greet, ma woman. Steve's an auld carle tae merry wi' a young lass."

Steve gripped the branch of a tree, his heart hardening.

"He telled me he loved me and he wad cherish me," she said. Then her voice rang with a desperate pain. "But, oh, my God, you telled me the same twa year syne!"

Steve's face changed as he heard her. He knew the man with her was Jamie Swankie; and his heart leaped in triumph, for Jamie had come too late.

But the passionate cry in Katherine's voice frightened him, and the drops grew thick on his forehead.

Jamie was silent, but she was sobbing; and Steve's heart melted with pity for her. A lusty youth spoke in Jamie's silence, and told Steve he was an old man and not the husband for Katherine. And the truth set its teeth in his triumph.

When he turned away from them his face was the face of a man of seventy. His limbs went headlong and stumbling; the night was dark, and he was a blind man groping in a pathless wood. But he tottered on, telling himself he must hasten to the cottage that his wife might not arrive at home unwelcomed.

"But I doot 'tis Jamie's welcome she wull miss the nicht," he said bitterly.

He could not tell in which direction he was going, but he went forward, guided by the moaning of the burn. At last he reached the bank and stood hesitating. He would follow the water to the Cadger's Road.

While he hesitated the ground broke from under him and he fell, catching his foot in a root that stretched bare from the earth. A second's sharp pain, then he was in the water gasping and plunging. For a moment he was dazed, then he lifted himself, but groaning he fell back, his foot twisted under him. The faintness that followed was like death; but he flung off the horror of the thought. His blood was hot in him, and youth was strong for all his fifty years. The water was not deep; sitting up his head was above the current, but the bank was high and steep and slippery. He lifted an arm to feel if he might pull himself up by branch or root, and his fingers closed on a bunch of gorse. He loosed his hold and his arm dropped back with torn and bleeding palm.

The pain of the thorns drove sharper spikes into his heart, for the gorse reminded him that it was his marriage night.

"She aye wushed tae be wed when the gorse wis i' flooer," he muttered; and memory buzzed, a stinging thing, about the blossoms. Katherine was his wife, and the gorse was in flower, but his marriage-bed was as cold as the bed of the brook in which he lay.

A numbness was creeping over him, and the swirl of the water confused and deafened his mind. The cold spread to his heart, dulling the pain of his lost happiness; it rose to his brain, numbing the consciousness of his peril.

Through a mist he saw Katherine's white face. He heard again the minister's voice: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

"My God! that's no true!" he cried, rousing. "Else wad I be content tae dee that Katherine micht be happy wi' Jamie."

A wave of unconsciousness passed over him, but he fought against it, struggling once more to rise to his feet. The water had cramped his limbs; only an instinct kept his head raised above the current.

The night thickened, and the trees closed him in from the sky, but, hanging like a blossom on a bough, one star gazed down upon him. He cleared his throat to shout for help—Jamie and Katherine might hear him if he called; but instead of shouting he locked his lips. It was better to lie there and die than to live to ruin the life of the woman he loved.

And while the cold put its grip about his body he heard feet drawing near, and the voice of a woman's weeping.

The sound gave Steve a chill that was colder than the chill of the water. "Katherine, Katherine," he whispered; but his voice was lower than the voices of the flowers in the garden.

Her steps were coming nearer. Another moment and she would be close beside him . . .

There was an instant's awful struggle in his mind—it would be easy to make her hear him—but above the struggle he heard

the minister's voice, "Many waters cannot quench love . . ." He put out his hand and tightened his fingers round the gorse till the pain struck through the numbness of his despair. And so grasping the sharpness of death he held his peace, waiting till she should pass and leave him to his fate.

Her voice came clearly to him; it seemed to belong to the moaning of the water. She must be quite close now; he could even distinguish the words that threaded her sobs.

"Gin Steve wis heer I wadna be sae feared."

The words set his heart galloping. Katherine was frightened; she needed him. She called for him—and not for Jamie!

"Sweetlips," he cried hoarsely, "dinna be feared. I'm heer, doon i' the bed o' the burn. Haud your hand an' help me tae rise."

"KNEEL DOON AN' PIT OOT YOUR HAND, AN' I'LL MAYBE WIN TO."

Katherine gave a sharp cry. She stumbled to the bank, and hung over the stream, her eyes cleaving the darkness.

"Steve, Steve, is 't you?" she called, and he thought he could hear her heart beat.

"Ay, lass, I hae twisted ma foot. But kneel doon an' pit oot your hand, an' I'll maybe win up."

A minute later he was lying on the bank, Katherine holding his head and kissing the life into his lips.

"Ma ain lad," she sobbed. "Oh, Steve, what ails you? You're no tae dee, Steve!"

The touch of her lips sent the blood through his veins and roused him to consciousness. He wondered vaguely at her grief.

"I doot I'm tae dee, Sweetlips," he groaned.

"Na, na, Steve; I cannot live wantin' you," she cried. "Wull I rin tae Lizbeth Mathers? Wull I cry for help?"

"Theer's Jamie, lassie," he said hoarsely. "Your true luve——"

"Na, na," she interrupted passionately. "Ma true luve is yoursel', Steve, an' no' Jamie ava. He wis merried tae a stranger lassie a year syne, when the gorse wis i' flooer."

Steve lifted his head, and his laugh silenced the moan of the burn.

"Sweetlips," he cried, "the gorse is i' flooer the noo!"

"FISHING FOR JACK."

The English Illustrated Magazine

Christmas Number, 1896.

FLEECHY.

By LEWIS TORRE.

WE had a variety of card games in the little up-country station of Chin-kin. When there were two in headquarters we played piquet; three, whist with a dummy; four, whist; five or six, poker; seven, loo, or some other variety of skittles.

And seven was the gross European population. No ladies.

Chin-kin prided itself on its poker play. It honestly and consistently fleeced every stranger who sat down with it. So that in time Chin-kin acquired a reputation.

Inspecting officers entered the station with apprehension, for at the poker-table Chin-kin respected no man, not even a Brigade-Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel with Civil Medical Administration.

A man from Chin-kin, Mokely, went down to Rangoon on leave. He joined a poker-table.

"Ever played this game before?" inquired a Brigade-Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel in a superior manner.

"A little," replied Mokely, with a dangerous humility that conceals conscious superiority.

"Where?"

"At Chin-kin."

The table sat tight with one accord, and Mokely got no satisfaction.

They of Chin-kin heard the tale with complacency. High play, hard play, fast play, and straight play, that was their game, and they knew it, and in their heart of hearts would have challenged the world.

Then Fleechy arrived and they discovered that they were amateurs, the merest *dilettanti*. His name was Giovanni Felice, but we soon learnt to call him Fleechy, and felt ourselves to be linguists.

In after years, when we were asked whether we knew Italian, we would reply: "A little; but rather out of practice, you know." Then we would mention Felice, calling him Fleechy; and we would hum, in an abstracted, casual manner: "Son felice, son beato"; and our reputation was secure.

He came up with an expedition in 1886. He had intended to proceed as far as the ruby mines, but having sprained or, as he himself expressed it, "strangulated" his ankle, he decided to remain at Chin-kin.

And he proceeded to make money.

When I say make money I mean it. He had the faculty of creating business; he would have created a flourishing business in the salt-bush; he could have made his pile in a ghetto.

He was sixty and fat and gouty. He had considerable difficulty in signing his name. And in small matters he was selfish with the highly developed selfishness of old age. But he spent his money like a gentleman and among gentlemen, and in course of time we learnt to like him, to admire him—even to revere him.

HE WAS SIXTY AND FAT AND GOUTY.

When first I saw Fleechy, he was seated on the verandah of the little hut which served us for a club-house. He had been much impressed by the temerity of a young civilian who had consigned a Major-General to a hotter place than Upper Burma.

"'E only twenty years old, an' e' tell-a ze General, 'Go to ze devil.' 'E will rise, that youngster, I assure you. 'E say to ze General, 'Go to ze devil.' My Goth! I tell you 'e will-a rise!"

"Cheeky young swine!" growled our Colonel. "Oughter been kicked."

Fleechy resumed tranquilly—

"I ascend in ze transport steamaire. All ze Tommies 'e sleepin' on deck. Such a crowd-a Tommies you never see! Same like hairings in ze sea. One Tommie, 'e say, 'Jack, take your blooming-a feet out-a my mouth.' Heh! heh! heh!"

His wheezy old laugh set us all in a good temper.

"When I comin' down ze gangway to go ashore, a leetly Madrassee boy get in my way. Very leetly, only four years old, so black you nevaire see. 'E got no clothes on, except a tin heart, stamped 'Hepps' Cocoa.' So I jomp to one side for not to step on 'im, an' so I strangulate my ankle. That is why I stop at Chin-kin."

Our feeling towards Fleechy was at first a somewhat contemptuous toleration. He was really too illiterate for anything, and his stories—well, for an old man, decidedly advanced. But his mind, a blank as regards book learning, was an encyclopædia as regards human nature.

"W'at for you yong men to marry for good looks, for lov?" he asked cynically one evening "You should-a marry for monnaie. Zat is ze important. Zat is ze principal. By Goth, w'at is-a looks? 'Ansome or not 'ansome. It is all ze same, after a week. It comes *toujours ros bif*, an' you not find it amusing. I assure you. I done it myself."

We used to laugh at this sort of thing, being young men. A young man's soul deserts him for a space, and only comes home again when the home is swept and garnished. It is rare for a man to see the home-coming of a man's soul. It is usually a woman who sees this phenomenon. But they who have seen it say that the man's face is as if he had met Jehovah on Mount Sinai; and that they are afraid to look on it.

The Colonel was the first to discover that Fleechy wore a mask.

One evening, on our little verandah, we spoke of women; good women and bad women—bad for preference, as there were more stories about them. Fleechy dogmatised with the usual coarse cynicism he affected.

"I know all 'bout it," he said peremptorily; "I marry five times. First I marry a young wife of my own country, of Italie. She die. Then I marry a French woman, wiz monnaie, and then I go to Japan an' marry a Japanese. Then I marry Eskimo."

"What?"

"Eskimo, I tellin' you. She come from Kamtchatka. I go to Vladivostock for to mek-a contract wiz ze Roosian Gouvernment. Not so bad, your Eskimo, but dirty. Now I marry a Burmese girl."

"You were very lucky to survive all these women," the Colonel observed, falling in with Fleechy's vein.

"But they are not dead!" exclaimed Fleechy. "I 'ave not 'ear zhat zhey die. Except my yong wife of Italie. She die. She die forty years ago. I never forget my yong wife of Italie, nevaire. You yong men should-a marry."

"There are no heiresses about here," the Colonel observed.

Fleechy's voice changed suddenly, and he spoke the thoughts that he had hidden for forty years.

"Marry for lov," he said fiercely, almost growling. "Marry for lov. *Nevaire* marry for monnaie. My yong wife of Italie."

His voice broke, and his seamy, wrinkled old face twitched. He rose and went into the card-room. In a few moments we heard his cracked, strenuous voice—

"Com 'long an' play pokaire. W'at for to waste ze evening talkin'?"

The mask was on again; but it had once been dropped, and we did not forget it.

There could be no doubt that Fleechy towered head and shoulders above us at the card-table. We had talent, he had genius. He could have reduced us all to beggary in a week, and no man knew it better than himself. He learned our methods in five minutes. After we had gambled with him for a week our play was reduced to a feeble and frequently unsuccessful imitation of his. We imitated the magnificent audacity of his bluffs, but we could not imitate the marvellous shrewdness which inspired them. We imitated that inscrutable face, but the glassy stare, the steady hand, the voice that was never so unperturbed as when a year's pay lay on the turn of the cards; the diffidence which inspired us weaker players with confidence until we had backed our hands for ten times their value—these were beyond and above us. We could only imitate, not initiate. We had not the secret of his play simply because we had not the secret "per esser Felice." That was all the difference, and it sufficed us all. All, that is to say, except Mokely, who was a fool.

When Mokely lost at cards he attributed it to ill-luck. When he won he attributed it to his skill. So he never learnt anything. Mokely was one of those men whom it is customary to describe as a "dam good sort." He was big, and red, and noisy; he drank more than we did, but then, as he himself said, he was a bigger man and could hold more. His wife, who was in delicate health, lived in England, on the interest of six thousand pounds; her own property, but not settled on her in any way. Our Colonel knew

her, and on the rare occasions on which her name was mentioned, he would speak of her as of a woman who deserved worship of all good men. How she ever came to marry Mokely—well, these are life's little ironies.

Some of us had found out, accidentally, that small remittances arrived to Mokely's address. The discovery was purely accidental. There had been an official inquiry into some post office accounts, and we had been asked, demi-officially, to render assistance in unravelling the complications. So that we saw some names and addresses, and we knew that Mokely was sponging on his wife, and that he was a cur. But it

"I GO IN CHINA WAR TO MEKKA PHOTOGRAPHIE."

was customary to call Mokely a "dam good sort."

One evening we sat at our usual recreation. Mokely was inspecting an outpost fifty miles away, and we hardly imagined that he was likely to return that evening. The game proceeded lazily; and we conversed leisurely when not engrossed by our cards. The Colonel complained that he had discovered some rascality in the Commissariat.

"I wish I could lay hands on a real honest sergeant," he said somewhat hopelessly.

"Huh!" Fleechy grunted. "Wat you want wiz a honest man? Honestity is dam fine thing, but it must to be intelligent, or it ruin you."

One of us questioned—

"Would you rather employ a rascal than an honest man?"

Fleechy's reply was emphatic, and founded on experience.

"Yes," he said. "Give me a rascal, and 'e will mek monnaie for me. Give me a honest man, an' 'e will ruin me."

"Don't you get cheated?"

"No man cheat me twice—*nevaire*. If a man cheat me once, it is shame to him that he is a rascal. Bot if a man cheat me twice, it is shame to me that I am a fool."

"But you can't always be worrying your men," the Colonel objected.

"No, you cannot worry Tommee Atkins, or you get a bullet in your back ze next battle. I tellin' you zese Tommies, 'e is somethin terreebl. Wen I a yong man, I go in China War to mekka photographie. We fightin' at Taku. Ze cannons an' balls come somethin' terrifique. I go right in front wiz my camera, and one Tommie, he say, 'Shoot-a ze bloody photographer!' I turn-a roun', an' I say, 'If you shoot-a me it will be ze devil to play.' I tell you 'e never shoot me, or I not be 'ere playin' pokaire."

"Play up, Fleechy; it 's your bet," one of us interrupted impatiently.

"Oh, I run away. I nevaire bet. I got nossing in my hand. No—wait a beet. I go a hundred better zan ze Colonel."

We threw down our cards simultaneously. Fleechy chuckled.

"I tole you I got nossing. Look at my cards. I bluff you. You yong men call yourself pokaire! Give me ze pool."

A moment later—

"I got news for you, Torre."

"Yes, old man; what is it?"

"American heiress. She is globe-trotter, lookin' for a 'usbin'. Comin' up to-morrow steamaire."

"What 's that got to do with me?"

"She heiress, I tellin' you. Got eighty thousand dollars a year. And what a 'ansome. 'E got a moustache."

"The lady has a moustache?"

"Yes. 'E got a moustache. But wat ze odds for a moustache? You marry her, and in a week you not care if she 'ave a barbe a foot long."

"A barbe?"

"Yes, a barbe—a beard, a whisker. You can peek it out wiz ze—what you call tongs, *n'est ce pas?*"

"Oh, go on, Fleechy; we are not so dead broke as all that."

"Your bet, Fleechy."

"I bet five rupees."

"See you at five," said another.

"He 's seen yer, Signor!"

We groaned at the Colonel's pun.

"What you makka noise for?" Fleechy inquired.

"I said, Signor, that he had seen yer."

Felice shrieked with delight.

"*Ho, ho! hola! Monsieur le Colonel, il a fait un calembour.* Wat you call a pan."

"Not a pan, a pun."

"Pan or pun. It is all ze same. It is a *calembour*."

"I raise it a hundred," remarked the Colonel.

Fleechy was still laughing.

"O got nossing in my hand, I assure you. But I so delighted wiz ze pan of Monsieur le Colonel, I go a thousand better."

MOKELY CLATTERED INTO THE ROOM.

We threw down our cards. We were not fools to be taken in by this sort of thing.

"Heh, heh, heh!" Felice shrieked again gleefully as he showed us his cards. "I tole you I got nossing! Why you not believe me? I bluff you, bee-utiful. *Son felice, son beato,*" he broke into a song from his favourite opera, as we handed him the pool.

It was always so with Felice. When he intended to win he treated us like so many children, and he won. Sometimes he would teach us, but not often, for he knew that it is as impossible to teach a man to be a good gambler as to teach him to be a poet or a composer.

"Coraggio, gentlemen! W'at for to be afraid?" he would say encouragingly when we drew back from one of his inscrutable audacities. And it was noteworthy that when he dropped his mask and spoke thus he invariably lost. Those who know poker will know that it is a game in which to tell a lie in such a way as to make your opponent think you are telling the truth, or conversely, to tell the truth in such a way as to make your opponent think you are telling a lie, is of the essence of the game, and is counted honourable.

Poker is an honourable game, in which the best liar wins.

Therefore Fleechy won; honourably, because he had the strongest backing of moral courage. Most of us have not sufficient courage to tell a good straight lie, or, indeed, to commit any manly sort of sin. But to return to the evening on which the Mokely incident occurred.

We heard the patter of hoofs; then we heard Mokely shouting for his groom; then Mokely clattered into the room, spurs jingling.

"Hi! stand me a drink, somebody!" he shouted, a broad smile on his red face.

"Heh, heh!" old Fleechy wheezed in a paroxysm of delight. "Com 'long, old boy. What a jolly! Let's all to stand him drinks and mek 'im 'toxicate, eh? dronk, eh? Then we rook him at pokaire. Heh, heh, heh!" his wheezy old laugh slowly choked itself out.

"Make me drunk?" contemptuously. "I'd like to see you. Come on, room for a little one," and Mokely elbowed his way into our circle.

The hands were already dealt, five cards to each player, before Mokely entered the room. But he wished to begin at once, and took the next five cards from the pack.

My own hand was worthless, and I set myself to observing the other players. Fleechy on my left was scowling at his cards, frowning as if in perplexity. His little eyes shone under his shaggy grey eyebrows. His face told us nothing we could make use of. Mokely picked up his cards, looked at them, and laid them down again at once. Then he looked round to see which of the players intended to stand against him. He picked up his cards again, and looked at them with an affectation of indifference; the affectation was sufficiently patent to all of us. Mokely was no actor. We saw he held an unusually good hand, and everyone stood out except Fleechy.

Fleechy was also behaving in an unusual manner. His custom was to glance at his cards, and then to observe his opponents' faces. But on this occasion he kept his eyes fixed on his cards, and appeared to vacillate.

"Are you raising the pool, Fleechy?"

"Yes. I raise it five rupees."

"What are you doing, Mokely?"

"I'll come in at five rupees."

"Now," I asked—I was dealing—"do you want any cards?"

"No" from Fleechy.

HE JUMPED TO HIS FEET, UPSETTING THE TABLE AS IF BY A CLUMSY ACCIDENT.

"No" from Mokely.

"Oho!" said the Colonel. "Two pat hands. Now for a fight."

Mokely made the first bet, tentatively.

"I bet ten rupees."

Fleechy raised his eyes for the first time. He looked steadily at Mokely. The mask was off.

"You better not play," he said quietly.

The on-lookers knew at once that Fleechy meant what he said. But Mokely had a brilliant hand, and his judgment was upset.

"Why shouldn't I play, old stick-in-the-mud?"

"Because you will lose."

"You don't bluff me, you old fox! Will you raise my bet?"

Fleechy shrugged his shoulders.

"I 'ave warn you. I go a thousand better. Will you see that?"

Mokely almost leaped off his chair with exultation. Then the onlookers knew that Mokely must have a practically invincible hand, and they pitied Fleechy.

"Ten thousand better!" shouted Mokely.

"I make it twenty thousand," Fleechy continued calmly.

"Thirty"—from Mokely.

"Forty"—from Fleechy.

"Fifty"—from Mokely.

"Sixty"—from Fleechy.

"Seventy"—from Mokely.

Then the Colonel interrupted.

"Mokely, you're not in my regiment, and I 've no business to interfere; but you know you can't afford to pay that if you lose."

Mokely blazed.

"What do you mean, Sir? I *can* afford to pay. I tell you I *can*! Do you wish to insinuate——"

"Never mind, never mind; I apologise. Go on," replied the Colonel; but if ever I saw an unhappy man I saw one then in the Colonel when he realised that Mokely was staking his wife's little fortune.

"Can't you stop it?" he whispered to me in agony.

"I object to this," one of the players said. "Our rule is that the pool shall not be raised more than one thousand rupees at a time. These bets go for nothing."

Mokely laughed an ugly sneering laugh.

"Oh, you want to save me, do you? I 'm not going to be stopped by any man, let alone a dam civilian. I tell you I can pay if I lose, and I also tell you that I am going to win."

Then the player who had remonstrated had an inspiration. He pretended to lose his temper, and jumped to his feet, upsetting the table as if by a clumsy accident. Ash-trays, cards, glasses, counters were spilt on to the floor. But Fleechy and Mokely had snatched up their cards from the table and sat there, facing each other, ready to continue the betting.

"Eighty thousand," said Fleechy.

"Ninety," from Mokely.

"Ninety-five," from Fleechy.

"One hundred thousand," from Mokely.

Fleechy was never so calm in his life. He smiled an innocent smile.

"W'at a charming! A lakh of rupees? W'y, you will be rich man, eh? if you win? Eh? I see you at wan hunder' thousand rupees. Wat you got?"

"Straight flush," Mokely's voice trembled with triumph.

Fleechy smiled his placid innocent smile.

"Yes, w'at a jolly! W'at is your highest card?"

"King."

"Oh, I also 'ave straight flush, 'eaded by the ace."

He laid down his cards—slowly, one by one. The ace of hearts, the king of hearts, the queen of hearts, the knave of hearts, the ten of hearts. We leaned over the table to look at this marvellous combination.

But Mokely had left.

The Colonel gnawed his moustache. He would get into trouble himself over this, but he did not think of that. It was Mokely's wife he thought of.

"Good God, he 's ruined!" he said half involuntarily.

"W'at you say? Mokely is ruined? W'y he bet if he cannot pay?"

"He can pay—he can just pay and no more, but it will take all his wife's fortune to do it."

Fleechy pondered for a moment. Then he growled like a tiger.

"Ze r-r-r-ascal! Ze dam r-r-rascal! To gamble his wife's monnaie."

"He 'll have to leave the Service. He 's over head and ears in debt," the Colonel added.

Fleechy pondered a moment longer. Then he leaned over towards me. He whispered—

"Say it was a joke. Tell Mokely we make joke wiz him. Tell 'im we 'ear your horse comin' up and we arrange the cards so that you get a straight flush. All for fun, so as to see ze betting."

"Then you will lose your money," the Colonel said.

"I WAS JUST GOING TO SHOOT MYSELF. NOW, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO SHOOT YOU."

"Damn ze monnaie! Go and tell him as I tell you. Tell him we mek joke wiz him. Queek! By Goth! look smart or you be too late."

I screwed up my courage and followed Mokely out.

"Mokely!" I called out into the dark.

No answer.

I walked down to where his horse was tethered. I can only tell you what I saw.

Mokely was pretending to tighten the girths. But the flap of his revolver-pocket was undone, and the revolver was half-way out.

"Mokely, it was all a joke."

He made no answer, but he ceased hauling at the girths.

"We arranged the cards so that they might fall that way. We were all in it."

"By God!" he replied savagely, "I was just going to shoot myself. *Now*, I've a good mind to shoot you."

He returned to the card-room. We sat in silence while he heaped on us all the foulest language he had gathered in his not over-clean life.

And Fleechy? Fleechy, who was being abused as pickpocket, adventurer, sweeping of a Neapolitan gutter, offspring of—Fleechy sat there unmoved, with a calm smile on his face. His level strong eyes regarded the young man as a father might regard an angry, petulant child.

"All-a right, my dear boy. We say nossing more about it."

"You old blackguard, but I will say more about it. Do you hear me, Sir"—he turned to the Colonel—"I'll publish it in every mess in India."

Fleechy's reply came back stern and strong.

"I 'ave given you one lesson—not to stand against me, is it not? Now I warn you a second time. You will go home, and you will say *nossing* more about it." He added gently, as by an afterthought: "For your wife's sake."

Mokely's eyes met Fleechy's, and the torrent of abuse died upon his lips.

The old man nodded and smiled. He continued gently, kindly—

"For your yong wife's sake, eh, my dear boy?"

One swift, shamefaced glance round the company, and Mokely understood. He turned on his heel and walked away in silence, humbled. For the first time in his life he had felt an impulse to hero-worship. And, although Fleechy was hardly the man whom most people would select as a type of the hero, there seems, nevertheless, some hope that Mokely will, under the guidance of old Fleechy, one day gain a right to be considered a "dam good sort." There is even a prospect of his soul coming home to stay.

CLARE made up her mind that she would go. Her clear, precise mind reviewed the points of the situation at once. She would never have taken advantage of their relationship to have approached the old man in any way, but he had chosen to recognise the relationship, had sought her out, had invited her, and there was no sacrifice of independence. The question of expense, of necessity a first consideration to Clare, settled itself satisfactorily. She would require two new dresses, and she would spend ten pounds on them; the railway fare, third class, would be fifty shillings, and as much more would be required for gratuities to servants. Against this serious expenditure of fifteen pounds she set off a month's free maintenance, a few possibilities of advantage to herself, and a visit to a man who, from what she had heard, would interest her very much. For the last six months Clare had made three pounds a week, and lived on rather less than half that. Yes, she decided that she was justified in the expenditure.

The invitation came on a large square sheet of hand-made paper, folded and sealed with care; a few adhering grains showed that the writing had been dried with sand. The stamp was impressed, not adhesive. Clare answered it on the note-paper that is called Silurian, licked the flap of the envelope, and licked the stamp. This she did with a kind of savage exultation, remembering that her mother had told her that his Lordship considered this a beastly practice. "That will show him what's coming to him," she said to herself grimly.

She did not mean to be idle during her stay at Gayes, so she took with her her typewriter. She also took one hundred Turkish cigarettes and a bicycle. Work sometimes made her excitable and nervous. Generally a cigarette would quiet her. When it failed she would take to the bicycle and play physical exhaustion against mental. She had great energy.

Eva Sands called at Clare's little flat while she was packing.

"Where are you going to?"

"I don't think I can tell you, because it would sound so snobbish."

"That's nonsense!"

"My father was a tailor, and he went bankrupt. It wasn't the poor dear's fault. He was cheated, and his health failed. Still, I am the daughter of a bankrupt tailor."

"You've told me that before, and if you tell it me again that will be really snobbish."

"Good—and true. I only said it to counterbalance, but I shouldn't have said it. Tell the truth, but don't shout. Well, then, I am going to stop at Gayes—Lord Murrage's country place."

"I've heard about him."

"Who hasn't?"

"He's very old, but not decayed."

"He's rather mad, but in a way that interests me. I'm some sort of a relation, and he found me out and asked me to come. Oh, I shall illuminate him! I shall be there for a month if we like each other."

"He's certain to like you, Clare, and it's splendid. Any new dresses?"

"Oh, my dear! one peach-coloured silk for the evening, lovely enough to comfort the dying. You *must* see—of a cheapness perfectly inconceivable. And you remember that old white *ingénue* sort of thing? Well, I've——"

Half an hour of chiffons. Then Eva Sands went to rehearsal, and Clare Tollison finished packing. And then Clare had dinner, and her little maid tidied everything up, and departed to the house of her mother's brother-in-law. "And, of course, if aunt had lived 'e 'd 'ave been my uncle, but aunt being dead you can't press it." Finally, the night-porter came up to take the luggage down, and Clare gave the porter her final instructions, and drove to the station and took the North mail.

She arrived at seven in the morning. She was on the instant, it seemed to her, in a swirl of servants. It was difficult for her to divest herself of long-standing luggage responsibilities; and they were snatched from her. Her head danced. She was on green morocco, and the yellow-painted panels bore armorial wonders. She stamped her foot and said aloud, though in a whisper, "I will *not* be frightened by servants." Poor girl! Her hair was not at its best, there was grit in her eyes, and she had only slept for half an hour. Such was her absence of mind, or her unconscious memory of past four-wheelers, that as the carriage stopped she opened the door. Then she knew she should not have done it. Heavens, what steps! So wide! Nothing to which to hold! Clare Tollison—what an unspeakable name!

There was an old man standing now at the top of the steps. He had thick white hair, shaggy eyebrows, dark blazing eyes, a clean-shaven face, and well-cut riding-breeches. His heels came together with a click, and he bent low over her hand. "My dear lady—my dear Clare—how kind and sweet of you to come! Welcome to your uncle's house."

II.

For the present, Clare was the only visitor at Gayes. A suite of three rooms on the first floor was assigned to her. The housekeeper, Mrs. Bender, informed, tended, and comforted her, and yet appeared to respect her. With Mrs. Bender, Clare talked freely. When your host is a man who will not use gummed envelopes and says blandly, "I do not recognise these Hanoverians," one may be excused for wanting a little preparation. And yet Clare found out from Mrs. Bender but little that was of much assistance. Some shock was saved, perhaps. But Lord Murrage was not to be known indirectly and through a third person. You had to wade through him yourself.

On her arrival, Clare breakfasted alone in her own sitting-room. Then she rested until luncheon. "I shall give you until luncheon to recover from the fatigue of your journey," Lord Murrage had said. "Then I hope to have the pleasure of some long conversation with you."

In spite of the suavity of his words, Lord Murrage frightened her a little. The multitude of servants frightened her. The many rooms perplexed her. What she had seen so far made her shirk that contest between the new and the old to which she had gladly accepted the invitation. She was as a warrior who, armed with sword and dagger, the weapons to which he is used, finds his foe; but between them runs the broad river, deep and icy cold, and the foe has engines and catapults. She had the London interests known to their latest phase, and could echo the last catchword of the smarter Bohemia, and she felt that it availed nothing. London is but a province to the magnificently provincial. She was clever, too, but she felt that cleverness, especially conversational

cleverness, would be suspected rather than revered.

Rest and a cigarette helped her to regain a little of her self-confidence. She put on a dress so well made that it was an armour to her self-respect. Her hair was exquisitely done by a pleasant maid. As she entered the room, Lord Murrage looked at her with respect and with approval. He smiled; he had a singularly charming smile. At that Clare felt better. He inquired punctiliously after her health. She was sure that she was well? She had quite recovered from her fatiguing journey?

"Yes, I am quite well." Then, playing simplicity boldly, "And only a little frightened."

"I am sorry, believe me, very sorry, that you should be frightened, my dear Clare. Why is it?"

"I come from a little flat in London; this house is so large. And I am rather afraid of you, too."

"Pray consider me as your uncle—for we are indeed kin—and your very humble servant." He raised her hand to his lips. "And do not be afraid of me." Clare spoke quickly; Lord Murrage spoke slowly, even to the verge of pomposity.

Luncheon was a very simple affair, served in quite a little panelled room.

During most of the time there was no servant in the room, and Lord Murrage seemed inclined to talk intimately. He told with feeling how he had lost his beloved wife and some time afterwards his two sons—fine fellows, both of whom died for their country. "I have had some friends, of course, but none of my own family until I found you. Though in reality but distantly related, you are my nearest kin."

"Am I? In what way?"

"My father's youngest sister went off with a fiddler, married him, and nearly broke my father's heart. I am sorry I can give you no better origin, but it is from her you are descended—from her and that fiddling fellow Torrone."

"Torrone? The great composer?"

"He may have called himself that for all I know. He was a fiddler—mountebank—adventurer."

"You do not care for music, then?"

"On the contrary, I love music. I conceive that every man of a proper sentiment must love music. I always have at Gayes a small band of musicians in my pay; you will hear them to-night at dinner. But, of course, I should not dream of playing upon any instrument myself. Musicians are necessary and so are cooks, and I rank them together. I distinguish between music and musicians. I like good cooking, but I should not therefore kiss the kitchen-maid."

Then Clare took courage. "In London nowadays great musicians take a very high position. Some of them seem to be almost worshipped."

"So I have heard," he said. "Some of the people about here imitate London nowadays in that and other respects. I do not. I suppose it to be a question of taste. But stay, I must not offend with my poor opinions. Possibly you yourself——"

"I delight in music, but I neither play nor sing."

"Charming, charming! It is as it should be. You can go into society as yourself, and be received for yourself—for your delightful company, not for your acquired accomplishments."

During the remainder of luncheon he showed not one eccentricity. He made Clare tell him a good deal about herself. He received the bankrupt tailor without a shudder, and the bold chaperonless journalist without a sigh. Possibly he had known these things before.

After luncheon, Clare, again courageous, said that she should like to "go for a spin on her bike." He heard her—of course he heard her—but he replied: "Of course, my dear Clare, I should be delighted to walk with you in the park. It is a good idea. Some of the views there, they tell me, are beautiful—especially the stretch of country southward. It is a pity that you have missed seeing the chestnuts at their best."

Presently Clare found herself, without one more word about her bicycle, walking in the park with her host. The sun shone; the air was soft and warm; it was a beautiful afternoon.

As they returned a young man met them and raised his hat. Lord Murrage returned the salute.

"That is a very handsome man," said Clare. "Who is he?"

"I really don't know; but I will ask, if he interests you." He called a gardener who was at work near. "Who is that?" he asked.

"That is Mr. Smith, my Lord."

"Oh, yes; what Smith? I mean, does he belong to the house?"

"He is Mr. Whitworth Smith, the leader of your Lordship's musicians."

WE DINE IN GREAT STATE.

"Thanks. Of course. I had forgotten."

Later in the afternoon Clare went to her own sitting-room to smoke a cigarette and write a letter before dressing for dinner. The cigarettes were gone, and neither her maid nor Mrs. Bender could tell her what had become of them.

III.

(Extracts from certain letters from Miss Clare Tollison to Miss Eva Sands.)

"I shall illuminate him." Yes, those were the vulgar words I used to you about my dear uncle. I who speak—made in dirty London—too young to know anything—daughter of a bankrupt tailor—living in a poky flat, furnished with a lot of flimsy, twopenny-halfpenny so-called art things, I was going to illuminate Lord Murrage. I have not been at Gayes twenty-four hours, but I have been here long enough to repent those words. He has illuminated me.

He is a handsome old man, old enough to be my grandfather, but he has a fine presence, carries himself well, and looks full of life and energy. He has treated me with the utmost kindness and delicacy and respect, and I was going to illuminate him—a man of that age, position, and knowledge!

My notion was that I should shock him with my truthful, anti-snobbish attitude, my independence, my bicycle, my cigarettes. I thought that he would begin to argue, that I should deluge him with common sense, and that I should get the best of it. I do not know whether he was shocked. His manner is so good that he did not show it, at any rate. He never imagined that I could intentionally give offence, and to spare me pain would not let me see that I had given offence at all. I do not say that his views are right and mine wrong. Of course, I am just as much right as I was when I was in London. But I am sure it would be wrong for me to press those views here; it would be discourteous, impertinent. I shall not ride my bicycle while I am here, and I shall not smoke. Such things seemed all right in London; here they seem blasphemous.

Oh, my dear Eva, I know what you'll tell me. You will say that I have given up my independence and my common sense—that I have dropped out of the movement. That is not so really. It is only that for the time I have fallen madly in love with antiquity.

I expect that the stories you have heard about him are quite ill-founded. It was you, was it not, who thought him rather mad? After meeting him, I doubt if one even has a right to consider him eccentric. He chooses to think it dirty to lick envelopes and stamps; well, it *is* dirty. Only we are always in a hurry (which he never is), and so have got used to it. There is something to be said for most of his old-fashioned ideas, and he never carries them out where it would be evidence of vanity or false taste to do so; for instance, his dress is scrupulously modern, just like any other man's clothes. He is reputed to have said that he did not recognise the Hanoverians. I asked him about that, and he was most ready to explain. "I own," he said, "that as a private person and as a student of history, I hold the same opinions as my grandfather and great-grandfather; but I am a patriot first and a private person afterwards, and for that reason I would never give a moment of my time nor a halfpenny of my money to any attempt to dispute the present succession. Had I lived during the reign of the first two Georges I might have spoken differently." He is by no means a visionary. I find that he is considered here to be a capital landlord—as the born aristocrat almost always is and few others ever are. You remember Mr. Stead on this.

He would not be called intellectual—hideous word!—in our circle. He cares nothing for conversational cleverness; I should say, would never try to gain an end by talking that could be attained by action. He has not the remotest touch of the artistic temperament, and values but little that we should value. But he has higher principle, more conscientiousness, finer feeling, more solidity. But what I notice most is the complete absence of struggle. My dear, it is balm to this Londoner—positive balm and rest and a fortnight-at-the-seaside—to come across a man who is not trying to do something he cannot do, nor to be anything that he cannot be.

He has his prejudices. He dislikes performers. I am afraid both of us come under that category. He ranks all musicians with cooks, and calls them fiddlers. It is strange, because he has a decent, gentlemanly taste for music, and a correct ear. In fact, he has his own string band always here, and they play all through dinner when he is alone. To-night they played a minuet as we came into the

dining-hall, but after that nothing more. We lunched in a friendly way and in a little room, but we dine in great state—we two in a dining-hall that would seat a hundred, with the musicians in their gallery above us. The hall is

MR. WHITWORTH SMITH.

panelled with black oak, gilded in places; there are some fine portraits; the whole was lit with candles. The band is quite good. The leader is a Mr. Whitworth Smith. Do you know anything of him by any chance? He has a wonderfully poetical appearance, though he is slightly under-sized. But, my dear, how he did stare down at me to-night! It is possible that my uncle's prejudice against musicians dates from his father's time, when there was a *mésalliance* with Luigi Torrone, the composer. I am descended from that *mésalliance*, by the way, *viâ* a few other *mésalliances*. Moreover, I am his Lordship's nearest living relation, he tells me. Does that suggest anything to you? I wish it did not to me.

I could spend a long time in describing the house, the gardens, and the park, if I were not too tired. I was travelling all last night. Dear Eva, do write me a nice letter, and tell me all the news.

* * * *

A letter from you at last! I was glad to get it, Eva, though you do say some rather bitter and unkind things. You write, "If you're not going to use your bike, you might lend it to someone a shade less baronial than yourself." I would lend you my bicycle with pleasure—I hate that word "bike"—but the plain fact is that I do not know where it is. I saw it put on the luggage-cart at the station on my arrival. Since then I have asked several times, but nobody seems to know anything about it, and I do not like to keep on bothering. However, it must turn up sooner or later, and then I will gladly forward it to you. You tell me next to nothing about yourself. It is silly to say that I seem to care only for antiquities, and you won't bother me with news of a person who really does want to do something and be something. And I must have described my uncle very badly, if you think of him as "the average provincial *plus* some nice furniture, a few affectations, and a rather mean kind of disloyalty." However, you tell me to write again and not to mind chaff. So perhaps I have taken this too seriously.

Well, I can give you my news in a very few words. I am in trouble. It's mostly my own fault. I mentioned, I think, a Mr. Whitworth Smith, the musician, who stared at me. The musicians do not live in the house, but in a cottage in the park. Now, whenever I walked in the park, I found that Mr. Smith always met me, and I began to doubt whether he did not meet me on purpose. So to test this, the other day, when I saw him coming, I dropped, as if by accident, a white rose that I was

wearing. That same night at dinner I looked up at the musicians' gallery. He was staring at me as usual, and he was wearing that white rose in his buttonhole. Did you ever hear such impertinence? I was so angry with him for having misunderstood me that I blushed crimson, and he saw it, and must have misunderstood the blush. On the next day I met him in the park again. I at once went up to him and spoke, asking him if he would be good enough to put one of Luigi Torrone's quartets on his programme. He said, most respectfully, that he knew the music to which I referred, and would be delighted to carry out my wishes. That is absolutely all that was said. I was delighted, for if what I feared had happened, he would have certainly taken advantage of the occasion. That is why I spoke to him—I wanted to make sure. Also, I love Torrone's music, and wanted to hear that quartet again. But though it has gone all right so far, I 'm troubled. Perhaps, as my uncle's guest, I should not have spoken to Mr. Smith. And it was a mistake to drop that rose. And I cannot help thinking what Mr. Smith must think of me.

There have been people stopping in the house, but they leave to-morrow—a bishop and his belongings—all dull. There have been a couple of dinners of tremendous formality, where dozens of local magnates bored each other. I am learning to ride a real live horse, and getting on well at it. My uncle is too perfectly charming to me. Do write.

* * * *

It's all over. I am coming home. I send just this scrap to give you the bare facts.

To-night Lord Murrage and I dined together alone. As we entered the dining-hall, they were playing the Torrone quartet. Before I knew what had happened the music was stopped in the middle of a phrase, and the musicians left the gallery.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

Lord Murrage laughed. "Nothing serious. They appear to have forgotten that I do not allow certain things to be played."

"I am fond of Torrone's music myself, and it was I who asked Mr. Smith to play it. The fault is mine."

"The queen can do no wrong. We will dismiss the ministers—they are of no importance—and talk of other things."

I DROPPED, AS IF BY ACCIDENT, A WHITE ROSE I WAS WEARING.

"Ah! I cannot leave it like that. It is not their fault, but mine. I did not know. You had told me that your dislike of the musician did not extend to the music."

"But Torrone—have you forgotten?"

"I am descended from him."

He seemed a little taken back. Then he said, "You are quite right, my dear Clare, and I am sorry. To-morrow you shall hear the Torrone quartet." But to-

morrow the London express will provide my music.

I had no sooner got into the drawing-room than a note was brought me from Mr. Whitworth Smith. He wrote that he knew his adoration of me was hopeless, but he adored me and desired to face the world with me. He gravely feared that his valuable appointment as leader of the band here was lost to him in consequence of that adoration. I scribbled in pencil at the foot of the letter, "Mr. Smith's valuable appointment is perfectly safe. Lord Murrage did not understand that Miss Tollison had ordered the music, but this has been explained. The rest of Mr. Smith's letter is a mistake that must not be repeated." I put that in an envelope, sent it to him, and felt glorious. A most unpleasant little man!

I had no sooner sent the letter than Lord Murrage came in. He began: "Clare, I have asked you to call me your uncle. As a matter of fact, you know, I am not your uncle, but a cousin—a distant cousin."

"Yes," I said.

And then, my dear, without one further word of warning he proposed to me. He praised me—praised everything about me; most bitterly regretted that he had not known me long before.

I refused him, of course. I do not love him, and I am rather afraid of him. But I do like him very much, and I was as kind as I could be. I said that I should leave to-morrow.

He took the refusal beautifully and sadly. "At least," he said, "let me keep then the old relationship and its privileges." I thought he would kiss me, but he didn't; he gave me a present—such diamonds!

Reason and prejudice, old and new, art and aristocracy, may be strong enough, but they do not seem to make things happier. There is one laughs equally at all, one thing indomitable. Oh, Eva, I wish I were in love! It seems so beautiful.

By the time you receive this I shall be in London. Come to see me.

IMPRESSIONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By MELTON PRIOR.

MY recent visit to Constantinople naturally brought back memories of that city as I saw it years ago, first when war was brewing, and next when a stupendous conflict was actually in progress. The habitual aspect of the Turkish capital, in my experience, is not serene. The other day, its atmosphere was laden with battle, murder, and sudden death—an uncomfortable atmosphere to breathe, even in the nostrils of the old war-artist who scents the slaughter afar off. It reminded me of 1876, when I paid my first visit to the Bosphorus, and when it was hoped that Lord Salisbury's mission would stave off the threatened catastrophe. At that time the attitude of the Moslem population towards the foreigner was anything but agreeable. The Softa, a sort of theological student who conducts himself with that freedom which used to distinguish our medical students in the days of Mr. Bob Sawyer—I am told that medical students now are mild and unoffensive devotees of science, and that the police have quite forgotten what manner of young men the champions of Guy's and St. Bartholomew's used to be—I say, the Softa in 1876 made himself unpleasantly conspicuous. In the recent troubles he has held aloof, I understand, from the work of massacre—an act of self-denial which has considerably surprised me. Twenty years ago it was his custom of an evening to go about with a flambeau, which was brandished in the faces of the foreign spectators, and accompanied by broad hints of the horrible chastisement which he would have the greatest pleasure in inflicting upon them presently.

At that time I was staying with my wife at Misseri's Hotel in Pera, a hostelry which has since disappeared. We had no idea of the danger of showing our Christian countenances to the populace; but it was forced upon us one day when we were driving through Pera towards Galata. An evil-looking Turk suddenly thrust his head in at the carriage window, and spat right in my wife's face. This alarmed her very much; but it was child's

play to the experience which befell me a night or two later. It was New Year's Eve, and I proposed to one of the English correspondents, Mr. Dow, that we should take a walk through Stamboul to see the popular festivities. We were proceeding quietly enough, when, I suppose, my ultra-Occidental appearance attracted the attention of a fanatic, who turned and spat at me. Without reflection I slashed him across the face with my stick. "Good God!" cried Dow. "Fly for your life!" It was not a moment too soon, for a crowd had already gathered, shouting "Death to the Giaours!" I do not profess to be a runner, but I did a bit of sprinting on that occasion which would not have disgraced the Oxford and Cambridge sports. Talk of Mr. Price's flight down the mountain, pursued by his wife's avenging sprite in the clock-case! I threw that performance into an ignominious shade! Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to make for the Galata police-station, and never felt so happy in my life as when I was well inside the door. The officials looked very grave, and kept me there till there was no sign of the crowd. I did not reach my hotel till two in the morning, and found my wife in a very agitated state. I question whether husbands who return home at two in the morning are always welcomed with the effusion that greeted me. After that, I was careful not to take walks in Stamboul for the purpose of viewing the manners and customs of the amiable Moslem. The alarm at Misseri's was so great that a serious consultation was held as to the expediency of barricading the hotel.

Well, that was in 1876, and two years later I was again in Constantinople. The interval had been made historic by the Russo-Turkish War. I had followed the fortunes of the Turks, and after recovering from a sharp attack of dysentery at Schumla, I had gone to Varna, on my way to the capital. About that time, the Egyptian troops had bolted in some engagement: they were then the sort of stuff that poor Baker Pasha led into the Soudan a few years afterwards; and in a café at Varna I had rather rashly expressed the opinion that they were all cowards, from the bugler boy to Prince Hassan. Unluckily, this notable personage chanced to be sitting at the next table, and he at once rebutted my opinion with some heat, at the same time expressing a sinister interest in my personal welfare.

Next morning I prepared to go on board the Austrian Lloyds steamer; but on the jetty I was confronted by two soldiers, who crossed their bayonets in front of me.

"What does this mean?" I said to Yanko, my Polish dragoman.

"I don't know," he replied; "but they won't let you pass to the steamer."

"Try them with a couple of medjidehs," I suggested. The sight of the money disturbed them considerably. They fidgetted for some moments, and at last blurted out that they had their instructions from an officer who was then on the ship.

"Arrest me and take me to him," I demanded.

This upset them still more, but at last I was conducted on board, and there, sure enough, was the officer, who eyed me with great resentment, and, putting his hand on my shoulder, said, "*Haidi git!*" which, in plain English, means "Get out of this!"

I turned to the captain of the steamer, who stood by, and claimed the protection of the Austrian flag.

"This man has no right to detain me," I said. "My passports are perfectly in order, and he has no papers for my arrest."

It was a lucky shot: the officer looked confused, for he had no warrant whatever. The whole affair was plainly got up to show Prince Hassan's delicate appreciation of my frankness on the previous night.

"Mr. Prior is a passenger on this ship," said the captain, "and I will not allow him to be forced ashore."

"Then *haidi git* yourself!" I shouted to the officer, who accepted the situation with a very bad grace, and retired amidst the subdued mirth of the bystanders.

I did not tell him that my passports, including the *teskeret*, or military permit, had been accidentally left at Schumla, and that if he insisted on inspecting them I should be at his mercy!

When I arrived at Constantinople I wrote to Mr. Coningsby, then correspondent of the *Times* at Schumla, and asked him to forward my passports. Armed with these I waited on Safvet Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and complained of the attempt to arrest me at Varna. Safvet was the politest Oriental you ever saw. He listened to my narrative with a gentle expression of pained surprise, not at what I had undergone, but at the wholly mistaken idea in my mind that anybody had ever contemplated such an outrage. As I grew eloquent, he shook his head in that mild, demurring way characteristic of the better class of official Turk, and offered me another cigarette.

Prince Hassan could not have intended to do me any injury. Nobody in Turkey was ever injured. There were a good many foreign visitors who, for some reason intelligible only to Allah, imagined that something or other was always being done to their detriment. I was one of them, and I had the delusion very badly, so badly, indeed, that simply to humour an infidel whom Allah had visited with a slight mental aberration as a punishment for the errors of his religion, Safvet Pasha decided to grant me a special firman, in the hope that this would dissipate my strange imaginings and restore me to comparative sanity.

With this document I returned to Varna, and, as luck would have it, the first person I saw on landing was my aggressive officer. I could not resist the temptation to show him the special firman, and inquire, "Is *that* good enough for you?"

One curious detail of this episode has been omitted so far, because it hangs upon another story. I had fallen out with the British Consul at Rustchuk. There was an alarm that the Russians were going to bombard the town, and the Consul, to the amazement of the English residents, hauled down the British flag and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. I called at his office, remarked that his action had caused great surprise, and requested him to restore our flag. He replied curtly that he had acted on his own responsibility, and that the matter did not concern me. I said that if he would not pull down the American flag I would do it myself; and as he would not budge, I mounted to the roof, lowered the flag, and cut the lanyard. Then I sent a telegram to the British Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Henry Layard, on behalf of the Englishmen at Rustchuk, asking whether it were true that there was no British Consul there, and if it were not, why the American flag should float over the Consulate instead of the Union Jack. Back came a peremptory message from Sir Henry, ordering the Consul to hoist the British flag at once. This was done when a small boy had clambered up the flagstaff to secure the loose end of the severed lanyard. It was not in human nature that the Consul should love me; and when I went to the Consulate at Varna after the scene with Prince Hassan, and, by an odd coincidence, found installed there my friend from Rustchuk, I was not astonished when this singular representative of his country amiably observed, "What! You expect *me* to protect you! I decline to give you any assistance whatever!"

I must confess that the official Turk was not always so obliging as Safvet Pasha. There was a censorship at Schumla: three estimable gentlemen sat in a bureau and inspected the letters and sketches of the correspondents. I delivered my pictures regularly into their hands; they gazed at me with a sort of affable wonder that Allah should permit any of his creatures to perform such work as mine; the pictures were put into an envelope stamped with the official seal, and sent to England. All went well until I received a letter from the *Illustrated London News* one morning which surprised me not a little. None of my sketches had reached the office of that journal for six weeks. What had become of me? Was I alive or dead, or converted to the Moslem faith and a holy distrust of the Giaours and their strange abominations? This was not exactly the tenour of the letter; but its purport was equally disconcerting.

I knew perfectly well that the sketches had been stopped by the censorship, and that the three Fates in fezes would politely disclaim all knowledge of them. So I prepared half-a-dozen pictures of atrocities I had witnessed, and marched with them to the bureau. There are still people in England, I have heard, who believe that the Bulgarian atrocities were invented. I should like to show them an old sketch-book, full of the horrors which were commonplaces in those days to the artists and correspondents who followed in the wake of Turkish strategy.

The three censors sat at their table and smiled innocently when I appeared. After the usual courtesies I produced my atrocities. Their faces grew very long.

"We can't send these, Mr. Prior; they are not true."

"They are perfectly true," I retorted, "and you know it."

"They are lies, and we absolutely refuse to send them."

"Very well; I shall take them to Varna and despatch them by steamer."

The three faces were black.

"We shall put you under arrest, Mr. Prior."

"What! For telling the truth! A pretty story that would make for the English papers!"

"Anyway they shall not go," said one of the censors, losing his Oriental equanimity and striking the table.

I struck the table too. "Anyway, they *shall* go, if I have to take them to England myself. Do you think I don't know you

have stolen my sketches for several weeks?"

It was funny to see six palms suddenly extended in deprecating concert.

"Oh, come," I said, "the game is perfectly plain. If you persist in stealing my sketches, I shall make it hot for your atrocities. Look here—let us strike a bargain. When I find that any sketches are missing for a single week, I shall send these drawings to England."

"We cannot consent to any such arrangement."

"Good. Then I shall not send these pictures"—here there was a momentary look of relief in the censorious physiognomy—"*but I shall send others ten times worse!*"

That was decisive. The Fates gave in, and I never had occasion to complain again. I venture to regard this incident as a significant illustration of the wholesome policy of coercing the Turk.

If Constantinople is not altered in twenty years, there is a considerable difference in the method of getting there. Formerly the journey took five days and thirteen hours, and involved many changes. Now you take a train at Ostend, and reach your destination in three days without changing once. The route is not perfect by any means. The railway from Belgrade to Constantinople was not constructed on the principle of saving distance. It wanders over the intervening plain in the most distracting manner; and you can travel with just as much expedition from Sofia. Baron Hirsch, who made the Belgrade line, had, I am told, a great antipathy to bridges, possibly because they would have shortened the journey.

Installed at the Pera Palace Hotel, my first inquiry was after my old friend Abdullah, one of the best of men and photographers. I thought of Abdullah because he is an Armenian, and I was anxious to know whether anything had happened to him in the massacres which had startled the world some three weeks before my arrival. Abdullah, I was told, had disappeared; probably he had been murdered or deported: nobody knew what had become of him. I mention this as an illustration of the curious uncertainty which possessed the public mind, for, as a matter of fact, Abdullah was alive and well, and when I called at his shop, he was the first person to greet me. The only foundation for the assumption that he was among the victims lay in the circumstance that he had been seen at the police-station at Galata. For an Armenian to call at the police-station was tantamount in the general view to his arrest and destruction.

CONFERENCE OF THE AMBASSADORS AT THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY, THERAPIA.
Facsimile of a Sketch by Mr. Melton Prior.

I paid an early visit to Consul Wrench, whom I had known in the old days, and whose kind hand, alas! I shall never clasp again. Many were the games of whist we played at Misseri's Hotel in '76, when Baker Pasha was also of the company. One of Wrench's peculiarities was that he never offered you cigarettes in the pleasant Eastern way. The Turk is never neglectful of this formality, even though he may be meditating your assassination. Wrench's cigarette-box stood on the table; if you did not help yourself, he did not repair the omission, but went on smoking calmly. One day I rallied him about this habit.

"Wrench, you are the most impolite man I ever saw."

"Why?"

"You don't offer cigarettes to your friends. Where's your Oriental polish? What's the good of being Consul here all these years when you have not learned the alphabet of Turkish diplomacy?"

"Prior," he said, blinking at me gravely through the smoke, "you are the cheekiest specimen of a Heaven-forsaken war-artist I have ever come across!"

I treasure the compliment! There will never be another from that genial spirit. The last time I saw him was on Galata Bridge one Friday morning. We made an appointment for the following day, but he was not well enough to keep it. On Sunday he was still confined to his room, and on the Monday I left for England, little thinking that the next news I should have of my old friend would be the news of his death.

A fine old public servant if there ever was one! He had held his post at Constantinople for thirty years, and, in the extravagance of their generosity, the authorities at home had made him C.M.G. Possibly, had he lived another thirty years, they might have made him K.C.M.G. in a fit of hasty promotion!

From Consul Wrench I learned something of the stirring time during the massacres. The Consulate was crowded with Armenian fugitives in such a dense and immovable mass that the officials who wanted to go out were compelled to leave by the window. I came into direct touch with this excitement at the trial of the Armenian prisoners, which furnished me with another example of the extreme sensitiveness of the Turkish officials to the business of the pencil. Part of the time I stood in the doorway of the court, till the Public Prosecutor graciously beckoned me to a chair. Good, easy man, he did not know at first what I was about; but when he discovered that the war-artist was at it again, he shook his fatalistic head and demanded my book. This, in a way, was gratifying; it seemed to suggest that there were awful legends of Melton Prior in the archives of the censors. If I could only be bowstrung now, or sent floating gracefully down the Bosphorus in a sack! While I meditated this glorious conclusion of an ill-spent career, the Public Prosecutor shook his head most vigorously over the tell-tale pages.

"I cannot allow this," he remarked at last. "At all events, I must detain your book, and show it to the President of the Court."

"Indeed," I said, with a vision of the volume lying on the President's drawing-room table for an indefinite period as one of the books which no Turkish gentleman's harem should be without. "Perhaps I had better say that I have an astonishing memory of every object I commit to paper. That sketch-book, my dear sir, is of no particular value to me. I have got its contents set down in the book and volume of my brain. Pray don't hurry the President of the Court; but if I do not get those sketches back by to-morrow I shall reproduce them all the same. So you may as well give me permission to resume my sketching in the morning."

He looked rather blank at this, but finally intimated that the permission would be granted. I went away triumphant, confident that I had repeated my victory over the three censors of Schumla. This time, however, I had reckoned without the astuteness of the Turk. Next morning, when I arrived at the Court, I found that my permit had been given to the *Daily Graphic* artist! This was the Public Prosecutor's revenge. May Allah reward him!

I visited the iron and brass foundry where the bombs used by the Armenians who attacked the Ottoman Bank were manufactured. The father of the two conspirators who actually made these missiles was arrested; the sons escaped. Of the wholesale butchery I heard many accounts which practically confirmed the stories already familiar to the English reader. The authorities were fully aware of the conspiracy, and, instead of taking steps to nip it in the bud, they armed the populace to massacre the Armenian population as soon as the first bomb exploded. To crush the plot was simply to seize a handful of men; to let them have their way was to enjoy the opportunity of

slaughtering several thousands of innocent people. This was so characteristic of Turkish statecraft that it cannot surprise anybody who is acquainted with the Ottoman system of government. The complicity of the police was attested by numbers of eye-witnesses who told me they had seen both ends of a street guarded by the zaptiehs, while the mob broke into the houses and murdered the inmates. I had from the mouth of a Turkish Minister the admission that verbal instructions were given to the police to encourage and supervise the massacres. To call this the suppression of "a rising" is the grim irony which is among the literary graces of the Sultan and his clerks. The actual killing of Armenians before the eyes of the foreign residents was a considerable business: how many victims met their death by drowning in the Bosphorus nobody was able to compute, but I was struck by the general repugnance at the hotel to a fish diet, although the fish at that time were said to be remarkably fine.

The impression of all my informants, an impression fortified by my own observation, was that the danger most to be dreaded for some time to come lies in the attitude of the troops. You had only to look at the patrols slouching along with their rifles hung loosely over their shoulders, greeting every foreigner with angry glances which said, "You are responsible for this extra duty of ours; it is you we have to protect at the loss of our sleep and our leisure"; you had only to take stock of this seething discontent to understand that when the Sultan said he could not answer for his soldiers, he was indulging in one of his prophetic pleasantries. There will be serious trouble with these gentry before long, unless all the omens are misleading.

The Palace troops are the flower of the Turkish army, the marines in particular offering a remarkably fine spectacle. The Sultan's military band of eighty performers is not surpassed in Europe. Abdul Hamid leads a life of retirement, a political necessity which does not interfere with his amusements. Once a week, his visit to the Mosque, a laborious journey of some eighty yards, provides the spectator with an admirable entertainment. The card of the British Embassy admits you to a pavilion where, as the Sultan's guest, you are handsomely refreshed with tea, coffee, sweets, and cigarettes—the eternal cigarettes, without which the whole machinery of Turkish administration would cease to act. If Abdul Hamid knew that a visitor had lacked a cigarette, I believe he would take to his bed, and refuse to exercise that subtle humanity for which his régime is so justly renowned. Once upon a time the Commander of the Faithful used to ride a white horse to the Mosque; that became too fatiguing, and he took to a carriage, which was driven slowly back to the Palace while the Ministers walked on either side. Sometimes, however—such is the impetuosity of the Sultan's nature—he drives himself back in a park phaeton at so fiery a pace that the unfortunate Ministers have to run, clutching one another by the coat-tails, for it is their duty to reach the Palace steps in time to receive their gracious master when he alights. Should they be too late, there would be, I presume, a very peremptory redistribution of salaries; so the Ministers have to engage in athletic exercise, quite unsuited to their mode of life, in order to preserve their hard-earned emoluments and perquisites.

All this is in accordance with tradition; but I noticed with surprise that the Turkish ladies are not so fastidious as of yore in concealing their faces from the gaze of the infidel. The old *yashmak* which used to hide the features, leaving only the eyes to play havoc with susceptible Europeans, has been superseded by a thin white gauze veil, which permits you to see a frequently provocative smile. Evidently, the New Woman is asserting herself even at Constantinople. European petticoats testify everywhere to the influence of Occidental ideas. I was startled one day when a lady fell off a donkey with a grievous disarrangement of her drapery; but that did not discompose her in the least, for she left her petticoats to the mercy of sportive chance, and devoted herself to the adjustment of her veil!

Still, there are few changes in Byzantium. The muezzin's cheerful note is heard five times a day. In Stamboul and Galata time has stood still, though fires have cleared out many of the old buildings. The chief object of the Turkish firemen, when there is a blaze, is to pull down the structure on either side of it—a system which makes a pretty clean sweep of house property. I saw the same old beggars, with their eternal cry of "Backsheesh!" Not a dog had changed a hair. The Constantinople dogs are symbolic of the Turkish Empire. They run in packs like Kurds; each pack has its own territory, and any stray reveller who wanders into the wrong preserve is promptly mauled by

the rightful owners. You may spend a morning at your hotel-window watching the barbaric disputes of the Sultan's canine tribes, which are about as amenable to general discipline as his Bashi-Bazouks.

I have left to the last my impressions of the diplomatic colony in the august persons of the Ambassadors. To Sir Philip Currie, who was First Secretary of the British Embassy in 1876, I owe one of the richest jests in all my experience. When we walked in the Embassy Gardens at Therapia, after dinner, and with his unaffected courtesy he drew my attention to the magnificent view of the Bosphorus, opening into the Black Sea, I had an allegorical sketch of this, in my mind's eye, of the British Ambassador steadily confronting the armament of Russia on the horizon. It was a subject for the pencil of Tenniel. When the north wind blows, there is always a large fleet of vessels from the Black Sea streaming through the narrow neck of the Bosphorus; and on this particular evening I saw a great mass of white sails bending towards the strait. So much for the picturesque; now comes the joke.

The Ambassadors always meet at the house of Baron Calice, the Austrian representative, who is the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps. Most courteous of men, the Baron was good enough to allow me to make a sketch of the conference-room. First, I was ushered into a small apartment, bleakly furnished, offering no object of excitement to the sketcher. Then the Baron conducted me to a magnificent reception-room, sumptuously appointed, with a portrait of an Austrian Archduke over the mantelpiece, to which my host drew my particular attention. I sat down to make my drawing, and he sat beside me, pointing to the places usually occupied by the various Ambassadors. Here Sir Philip Currie was wont to rest his elbow; there M. Cambon habitually struck an impressive attitude. I was deeply interested, and worked away with a will. Presently, the Baron begged me to excuse him, as he had business elsewhere. A magnificent footman visited my solitude with a delectable tray of tea and the insinuating alcohol which—tell it not to Sir Wilfrid—commonly accompanies that beverage in the East. This delicate attention I owed to the Baroness Calice, and I toiled on with renewed energy. The room seemed more magnificent than ever, the Archduke more imposing. I could hear the Ambassadors discussing the situation, and I saw the Concert of Europe behind every chair! I pictured the grateful emotions of the readers of the *Illustrated London News* when they saw this sketch of the veritable place where the diplomatists, who manage the Turk, draw up their paper fiats.

Next day the drawing was posted, and, calling on Sir Philip Currie, I expressed my extreme gratification that I had enjoyed such a privilege. He burst into a roar of laughter.

"That isn't the conference-room at all!" he said, when this strange outburst had subsided.

"Ye gods!" I exclaimed. "Where is it then?"

"It is the little room you go into first."

"What! The room with the trumpery table and a second-hand desk?"

"That's it," said Sir Philip; and he roared again.

"Then why in the name of——"

"I don't know, unless the Baron wanted his best drawing-room to figure in the *Illustrated London News*!"

"Jupiter! That's why he pointed out the blessed Archduke!"

Here Sir Philip shrieked again; and I, Melton Prior, war-artist, caught by the infection, shrieked too at my own discomfiture. I can only hope, as I write these lines, that my readers who have been suitably impressed by the picture of the Baron's drawing-room will accept these shrieks as full recompense for my unwitting deception.

Youth is the careful gardener's name,
And with the ruthless pruning knife
He toils that Youth again may flame
The branch that lacks the sap of life.
To bind the broken stem and graft—
Such is the gardener's sacred craft.

A BRAND OF DISCORD.

By THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HENNIKER.

I.

THERE was something moving and very piteous in the contrast between the gorgeous flush of the spring sunset and the monotonous squalor of the streets which the brief glory warmed and illumined. Little casements usually dim and grimy shone carmine and rose, wet flagstones gleamed like the paving of a golden city, haggard faces caught something of the fleeting effulgence, and appeared for the moment as transfigured as their sordid surroundings.

"One is thankful that they should see something so beautiful now and then. It is better for them than listening to many sermons," said a man to his companion.

The two were walking slowly down a long grey East-End street, the full resplendence of the round red sun irradiating their eyes—eyes which had shone indeed almost as brightly for some hours past.

"But it lasts such a little time," said the woman, with a tinge of sadness.

"So we who are so happy must try and give up most of our lives to bring a more lasting light into theirs," he answered. And the two—she was almost as tall as he—smiled at each other with perfect confidence and a joy that no words could tell.

"When your brother died, and your circumstances changed so much, people used to ask me if you would not give up the work here. But I told them"—and there was a proud ring in her voice—"that you were not one of those who plough a little corner of the field, and, growing tired at midday, leave all the rest unfurrowed."

"Dear," he said, "you think, and I pray Heaven you always may, far too much good of me. I have often wondered with a feeling of self-reproach how much of the little I have been able to do here was owing to your constant presence and your unfaltering sympathy. When I should have been thinking only of the sorrows of those whom I tried to help, I used to try and guess when I should next see you, and wonder if you would come soon up the dark dirty stairs, bringing light into the sordid room, if you would walk home with me down the long stifling street when the day was over; even—here's a confession for you—what you would wear: your little straw hat which made you look such a child, or the more sober grey bonnet! I used to repeat over to myself your sayings of the previous day when I was reading by a sick bed, to wish to be kind to wearisome and disappointing people, only because it pleased you, not, I fear, for their own sakes. Oh, what a humbug I was and am, Molly!"

"No, no," she answered, "never that. And I, too, like to think how our friendship began; how it has been consecrated. We have seen such unutterable sadness together, you and I, Maurice! We have heard such terrible things. We have had such disappointments, such happiness too. We understand so much about the horrors of physical pain, we have found so much that is beautiful and hopeful in what seemed most outwardly degraded. And through it all we have learnt to know one another as so very few husbands and wives can ever do before they marry."

Her deep eyes shone through happy tears as they met his.

They had reached the end of the long street as the red glow was beginning to fade. The tram, with its thin horses, stood at the entrance to the underground railway station, and was being disburdened of its passengers—tired working people most of them, with here and there a voyager of a more leisured class. They passed down the stone steps into the station, and got into a second-class compartment. Half-an-hour's travelling in a stifling atmosphere brought them to Sloane Square Station, when the young lady rose, shook out her grey alpaca skirts, and gave her hand to her companion.

"Mayn't I come home with you now just for a few minutes?" said her friend.

"I think I must break the news to Aunt Jane by myself. She will be rather—well—overcome when she hears I am to leave her. You know I always assured her that I should never marry anybody!"

He watched her stately figure and gracefully poised head as she walked down the platform, turning just once to smile at him at the corner. Ten minutes' walk brought her to a small red-brick house in a square where the almond blossoms were bursting into flower. She ran up the stairs into a drawing-room to find an old lady nodding over a book of sermons.

TO FIND AN OLD LADY NODDING OVER A BOOK OF SERMONS.

"Dear Aunt Jenny, you mustn't be cross with me!"

The old lady patted her niece's slim hand with her mittened one, and smiled all over a face which was a network of wrinkles.

"I couldn't help it, Aunt Jenny. I *did*, I know I did, say I would never marry—but Maurice Burnell has asked me!"

"Lord Wokingham?"

"Yes! I can't think of him by that name. Don't cry, dear Aunt Jenny; *of course* you shall come and live with us, if you like."

"I am not quite so silly as all that, my dear," and the old lady mopped her eyes and rocked herself up and down in her chair. "But if you *were* to marry at all I know of no one to whom I could trust you better than to him. He *is* a reliable sort of man—not like the ordinary young men whom one hears such odd and disagreeable stories about."

"I should think *not*!" said Molly with fervour.

II.

The engagement of Lord Wokingham and the beautiful Miss Fontanier was the subject of much comment for at least a week after it was announced. A few carping people, mothers of plain daughters, and men who had been themselves rejected and disillusioned, sneered a little over it.

"That accounts for old Maurice's philanthropy, and all that prowling about round the slums," said one.

"I never believed he'd stick to his costermongers and scavengers when he came into his money. But I suppose you can carry on a flirtation if you're so disposed as well in a three pair back or a workhouse dormitory as when you're racin'or dancin'," remarked another.

The two people thus discussed would have cared very little what anybody said or thought; or sneered at. They did not give up the society of their street Arabs or their costermonger friends, because they were happiest of all in each other's company; but on most mornings of this lovely spring they found time to stroll out or to sit together in one of the parks, discussing a future which seemed all golden, and a past full of tender thoughts and hopes. They were walking one day down the pathway which leads past Stanhope Gate, and rows of trim flower-beds which were brilliant with yellow, white, and rose-pink tulips.

"You are rather absent, do you know, Maurice?" said his betrothed. "I twice asked you the same question, and you went on looking vaguely at the tulips, and saying nothing. What are you meditating about?"

Wokingham stopped suddenly in his walk, and changed colour a little.

"I have something I want very much to

ask you"—and he grew a shade redder as he spoke—"a confession to make to you, Molly——"

"A confession? Well, it can't be of a very tragic nature anyhow." Her smile faded as she noted the gravity of his eyes.

"'Tragic' is perhaps hardly the word; but it is difficult to tell you, all the same, though you are so different from most women—so much more generous, so far more experienced and large-hearted."

She looked inquiringly at him, and it was her turn to flush ever so little.

"Yes, Maurice?"

He drew in his breath quickly, and walked on more rapidly.

"You are, as I said, broader-minded than most women, Molly. But yet it isn't very easy to explain to you. You see you have chosen to put me on a pinnacle above other men. Why, God only knows! For a man may care very genuinely to alleviate the sufferings of his fellows, and yet, alas! have been, perhaps, not very much, if at all, better morally than they."

He glanced quickly at the woman beside him, and even in that moment of agitation he observed how like the rose-pink of the tulips beside them was the lovely flush upon her cheek.

"Some ten years ago, when I was in the diplomatic service," he continued, looking away from her, "I became much attached to a young Austrian woman—don't please think it was a case of an ordinary vulgar *liaison*, for I really cared for her—and, odd as it may sound, respected her."

"Respected?" Molly's voice sounded a little hard, and the pink-tulip flush had faded, leaving her cheek very white.

"You don't need that I should tell you," he continued, speaking louder and more hurriedly, "after all you have known of life, that there is as much difference almost between women who are branded as belonging to a particular class as between those whom we meet at our friends' houses. This one was, till an acquaintance of mine met her, a good woman. I oughtn't to say that, by the way, because she was always good; anyhow, she was refined and gentle and very faithful to me. I should have married her, only I knew my mother would have been miserable."

There was a lengthened pause as the two walked on towards the Marble Arch, the soft air blowing a scent of moist earth and spring flowers into their faces. At last Molly spoke.

"I do not know why you think it

TO SIT TOGETHER IN ONE OF THE PARKS, DISCUSSING A FUTURE WHICH SEEMED ALL GOLDEN.

necessary to tell me all this, Maurice. I have given you my whole heart, and I trust you—all in all. I don't expect a man's life to have been, as a rule, like a woman's. If the one whom I marry really sorrows over any wrong that he has done in the past, and loves me profoundly in the present, I should never reproach him."

"My darling!" said the man. "It is because you are so true and good that you can afford to be pitying and generous and forgiving. But I had a special reason for telling you about this episode, which has caused me—you believe it, dear?—many a regret, much self-reproach. The woman of whom I speak——"

"Oh, just say once first of all that you didn't ever care for her as you do now for me!" Molly interrupted him with a jealous outburst of very human feeling.

"Not as I do for you—no. I never have loved or shall love any woman as I do you. But I have not quite done. She, poor Louise, died nearly five years ago, when her little boy was born."

"Poor little fellow! Where is he? Oh, Maurice, did he die too?"

"No."

"Where is he—tell me!"

"He lives in London, with a nurse who was good to his mother during her illness."

"You see him?"

"Yes, whenever I can." Wokingham looked straight and earnestly at his companion. "He is a very dear little fellow," he added simply.

"Is he like—like you?"

"No, he has yellow hair. His mother was fair."

Two tears had welled over from Molly's eyes, and fallen upon her green cloth coat. "*Please* don't talk about him, or her, any more, Maurice! I never thought I was jealous, but I am, I am! I hate to think of that little boy, and of your having cared so much once for anyone else. It makes me sick at heart, and angry, and wicked."

Long years afterwards, when spring came and pink tulips burst into bloom, Molly used to wonder at the odd stab of pain which the first sight of those flowers would sometimes give her. Then she would remember why it was, and smile—and a curious tenderness would dawn in her eyes. For she had grown wiser when those days came. . . .

Wokingham smiled half sadly.

"Ah, I see, it is no use my saying what I meant to say," and he sighed. "I had thought of asking my most dear and generous friend if she would do something for me that would seem natural to a woman with a noble soul like hers to do. Molly! could you not be very sweet and good to me? Would it be possible for you to let me bring little Cyril to our home, and to be kind to him for my unworthy sake?"

There was a pleading in his voice such as she had never before heard—not even on the day when he had asked her to be his wife.

"How can you? how can you?" she cried. "It is not fair—it is too much to ask! It isn't only what Aunt Jane—and—and people would say. I might get over that, for I am not conventional, as some women are. But to be always reminded of

"BUT YOU CAN'T REGRET WHAT IS PAST WITH A TENTH OF THE BITTERNESS THAT I DO."

her, to see *her* face, *her* yellow hair, in that child—no, no! once for all, no!"

"I will never ask you again," said Lord Wokingham, speaking very low. And he added, "I understand, of course, what you must feel, but you can't regret what is past with a tenth of the bitterness that I do."

They had reached the Marble Arch, and come half-way back again by this time. Molly's cheeks burned pink, and she walked silently on, looking straight ahead of her, and scarcely ever at her companion. At the corner of Albert Gate she hailed a hansom.

"Say you forgive me, Molly!"

"Of course I will try," she whispered, and she drove away with her proud little head in the air, deeming it among the impossible things that she might need forgiveness as much, or even more, than he.

III.

Lord and Lady Wokingham had been married now for some months past. To say that Molly's fairest hopes had not found the entire fulfilment which she had expected would have perhaps hardly described her state of mind, for each day brought her further knowledge of the many lovable and rare qualities that were her husband's, and to her he had never yet once failed in tenderness, courtesy, and devotion. Yet there were moments in which a shadow, a gathering of vague clouds, a feeling that was somewhat akin to disappointment and disillusion, seemed to invade her paradise. Though he never hinted so much in words, Molly was aware that she was to him no longer the ideal woman. She had been weighed and found wanting—ever so little. She might be still beautiful, bright and companionable, but she was not quite the "sweet benediction," "the lovely soul formed to be blest and bless," which he had desired. Now and then, when Maurice would come in looking graver and sadder than was his custom, she guessed where he had been, but almost always forbore to put her thoughts into words. Once, indeed, when he had seemed unusually careworn, and she saw that there were unshed tears shining in his eyes, she went up to him, laid her hand tenderly on his shoulder, and said—

"You are very worried about something, darling Maurice; won't you tell me about it?"

"It wouldn't interest you," he answered quickly. "Little Cyril has been very ill, but the doctor says he is out of danger now."

He shook her hand gently off his arm, rose, and went silently away into his own room, leaving her remorseful, tearful, but obstinate in her resolve. As time went on, she felt a curious desire to see with her own eyes this poor unconscious little

THE LITTLE BOY WAS VERY SMALL FOR HIS YEARS, AND STILL WORE FROCKS.

brand of discord; and knowing where he lived, she went out at about the time when she imagined that he would return from his walk. Just as a neighbouring church clock struck one, two figures—those of a stout woman with a broad, red, but not unpleasing face, and that of a child whose hand she held—came round the street corner. The little boy was very small for his years, and still wore frocks and yellow hair falling over his shoulders. Molly's eye noted with a pang how blue and cold his thin legs looked above his socks.

"He ought, of course, to wear warm stockings," she found herself thinking. "And what a hideous, vulgar-looking little coat he has got!" So her thoughts ran on. As the pair neared a house which had "Apartments to Let" inscribed on a card in the window, the child let go the nurse's hand and ran towards the steps.

"Let me ring, let me ring, Nanna!" he cried. Then he suddenly slipped on the

greasy pavement and fell, grazing his poor thin knees, and screaming loudly.

"You naughty boy, Master Cyril—that's what you are! Always on the fidget! Why can't you walk along quiet, as you ought to do? Now you won't have no paints out to-day—no, that you sha'n't—going and messing your frock and cutting yourself like that!"

The nurse lifted up the small prostrate figure and dragged him rather roughly, if not unkindly, up the steps. Molly felt half inclined to cry herself.

"Now he won't have his paints all day, poor little man!" she thought. As she walked home she tried very hard to drive the matter from her mind. But a day or two afterwards she found herself at about the same hour once more in the dull Belgravian street. The clock struck one, then the quarter, but there was no sign of the child and his nurse. Molly hesitated—then mounted the step of the house which she had seen them enter, and rang the bell. It was answered by a neatly dressed maid.

"Is Master Cyril"—Molly caught her breath for a moment—"at home?"

"Yes, Ma'am." The maid looked with surprise at the tall and beautiful lady. "What name shall I say, Ma'am?"

"Say a friend of Master Cyril's papa has come to see him," and Lady Wokingham followed the servant up the narrow staircase. She was shown into a fair-sized room, but it struck her at once how oppressive was the atmosphere and how gloomy and unhomelike its furniture. The little boy and his nurse were sitting at their dinner. He was very pale, and looked as if he had been crying. Before him was a plate of extremely underdone mutton.

The nurse rose, curtseying.

"He's been a very naughty boy, I'm sorry to say, Ma'am, and won't eat his dinner——"

"Nasty red meat!" said the child, pushing away his plate.

"For shame, Master Cyril, when lots of pore children don't get no mutton, nor bread neither! Well, boys who won't eat good meat gets no pudding, you know that!"

The child rubbed his eyes with his tiny fingers, and began to cry again.

"I want father's horse and cart," he sobbed. "It's in the cupboard, and you won't take it out, though you said you would!"

"He don't deserve no toys, Ma'am," said the nurse, still standing up respectfully. "He's that fidgety and obstinate, he is——"

"I've got the 'eadache," said the child, still whimpering, "a bad 'eadache, Nanna."

"Let him have his toys," said Molly, trembling a little, and laying her soft hand on the hot little yellow head below her. She did not believe that the nurse meant to be unkind, but she saw that she was stupid and uneducated.

"He do spoil his nice toys so, Ma'am; and he messes 'imself up so with paints. I let him play trams and horses, don't you, Cyril? with my old cotton reels when 'e's not a bad boy. But it ain't often 'e's as good as he should be."

"I think his papa would like him to have his toys," said Lady Wokingham, gently. "Well, good-bye, Cyril, I will come and see you again, and bring you a large box of soldiers."

The child climbed up on to her knees, and rested his soft golden head on her shoulder. The beautiful lady bent over him and kissed him again.

"Stay and play trams now," said the child.

"Darling, I am afraid I can't; but I'll come again soon—very soon."

When she had passed out into the street she heard a loud tapping at the glass, and, raising her eyes, she saw Cyril, supported by his nurse, looking through the dim panes, and waving his hand to her. He seemed such a forlorn little figure, in his old-fashioned holland blouse—so lonely in that gloomy lodging with that stupid and rough woman. And it was she—she, Molly—who was keeping happiness, and perhaps health and strength, away from him. Sick at heart, she hurried away down the street.

"How pale you look, Molly!" said her husband, as they sat together at luncheon. "You have been overtiring yourself, and you're eating nothing." To his surprise, his wife burst into tears.

"Forgive me, Maurice; I feel idiotic and hysterical. I suppose I *am* overdone. Oh, do you want to come to the Russian Embassy to-night? And don't forget we dine with the Ramsays. I shall go and lie down now, and have a rest all the afternoon."

IV.

For many years after a certain leaden, overcast November afternoon had become merely a distant memory, Lady Wokingham could hardly repress a nervous start at the sight of the entrance of a servant bearing an orange envelope on a tray.

On that past, dusky day alluded to, she had come in very tired, after some four hours of hard work in the East-End in a yellow fog. Lord Wokingham was away hunting in the North, and she had come to London alone for a fortnight. As she sat by her tea-table, with its silver glittering in the firelight, and a shaded lamp throwing a pink light on her tired face, she reviewed the past day with some dissatisfaction. Was there not some hypocrisy, or at best unreality, in her so-called philanthropy? She recalled the warning that she had given a rough and slovenly woman as to her neglect of her children — the platitudes that she had addressed to another upon the rare virtues of forgiveness and charity and long-suffering. What would these people think of her if they could see her in this luxurious and beautiful dwelling, knowing that she was withholding the same joys of home from a little delicate child who had never wronged her? Just as she was finding the oppression of such thoughts almost unbearable, a servant came in with a telegram and some letters. She carelessly tore open the former, and then it seemed as if someone had struck her a heavy blow between the eyes, as if the room had grown black as pitch, as if every object—floor, table, and lamps—were rocking and reeling wildly about her.

The message was from a cousin of Lord Wokingham, who had sent it in the hope that it might reach his wife before the evening papers were brought in to her. She did not faint, or scream, or weep, but, clasping the arms of her chair, sat motionless after the footman had left the room. She saw it all in her mind's eye—everything that had happened a few hours ago in that Yorkshire ploughed field, under the murky November sky. The tall, straggling brown hedge, the broad blind ditch with its heaped-up bed of decaying leaves, the gallant horse lying with his broken back beside it, the motionless

SHE REVIEWED THE PAST DAY WITH SOME DISSATISFACTION.

scarlet-coated figure. Then down the street came the hoarse voices of the men selling evening papers. "Spe-cial! Special! Terrible haccident on the Brighton line—special! Sudden death of a peer in the 'unting-field! Special!" Lady Wokingham held up her little trembling hands to her ears and rushed from the drawing-room upstairs to her own room. She flung herself on her knees, but she could not cry. And her brain went on working, working, as if it was doing the task of hours in a few moments. He was dead—Maurice was dead, and she had not really ever made him quite happy. She had been what the outside world called a devoted wife; but that one thing, that *one* thing that he had asked for, that he had most craved, she had not given him. Many a lonely soul kneeling this day beside his or her dead feels as she did. That is the chief bitterness of these farewells. It is always the remembrance of the one or two things withheld that haunts us, while we forget the treasures of love and sympathy that we bestowed with such fullness of joy.

Molly used to wonder afterwards why, having survived that crushing agony of sudden pain, she had not fallen dead when that other later news came. "La joie fait peur," and perhaps the second shock might have left her mentally unhinged with gladness had not other feelings, thoughts which demanded prompt action, crowded into her brain and saved her. She had knelt an hour or more by her bedside when she heard a loud knocking at her door. Mechanically she rose to open it and to find her Aunt Jane, with bonnet awry, and velvet cloak put on as no dressmaker ever intended it to be worn, crying, smiling, and speechless. Behind her was Wokingham's cousin, also pale and overcome. Aunt Jane folded Molly in her arms, and then they told her the wonderful news. "It was one of those strange, wicked, unaccountable rumours that get into our papers," said the old lady, crying as she spoke. "Dearest, Maurice was not dead—he had had a fall and a shaking, and someone had carried off this terrible false report of his death." But Molly never heard all they told her, for she fainted away at the kind old woman's feet.

* * * *

The following day saw one of those strange changes not uncommon in the English atmosphere. The fog had dispersed, the sun glittered in the rain-pools, the sparrows chirped loudly on the sills, and Molly, with a strange light shining through her beautiful eyes, came running quickly down the steps.

"His Lordship will be coming home by the four ten," she said to the butler. Then she stepped into her little brougham and drove away till she came to a modest street in Belgravia and the carriage pulled up before a small house. The blinds were down, and a horrible shudder ran through her as she noticed that. Had anything happened? Was Cyril ill? He had had bronchitis badly some weeks ago. Was he——

"O God!" she cried half aloud, "let me only expiate my fault! Let me not give of what costs me nothing to show my never-ending gratitude! Let it not be too late!"

The face of the maid at the door reassured her. Lady Wokingham opened the door of the brougham herself and sprang out.

"Is Master Cyril in?" She was surprised at the tremor in her own voice.

The maid put on a lugubrious air.

"Mrs. Potter is a keeping of 'im in, Ma'am, since the sad noos come yesterday. Mr. Spink, 'is Lordship's siliciter, were 'ere and brought it."

Molly ran past the maid, up the narrow stair into the stuffy sitting-room, gloomier than ever with the blinds down. The nurse, Mrs. Potter, had put on a subdued air of grief together with a shabby black merino dress. She was sitting at a table contemplating, not reading, a volume of sermons open in front of her. Cyril was opposite her, his thin legs dangling from his high chair, his pale face blurred with tears. Round his little brown holland sleeve his nurse had tied a frayed black silk handkerchief. She considered toys inappropriate to the present mournful situation, so a torn book of coloured sacred prints had alone been brought out for his delectation.

"Nurse—Cyril—it isn't true! it isn't a word of it true!" The beautiful lady went down on her knees by the child, and held out her arms. Her shining eyes seemed to light up the dim room.

"Father is not dead, only a very little bit hurt! He 's coming back to us, Cyril!"

The nurse drew back in surprise, and began to cry, but could find nothing more original and impressive to remark than—

"Oh, Ma'am, you don't say so! Well, I never! And I was just about orderin' 'im a black soot and a curled-cloth overcoat; I was, Ma'am, indeed. O Lor', I never *did!* Just fancy! O Lor'!"

"Put his walking things on, Nurse, *at*

once!" said Lady Wokingham. "He is coming with me. You'll like to go in a carriage with me, won't you, Cyril? And to see father?"

The child drew back, puzzled and tearful.

"They said—Mr. Spink and Nanna said—father wouldn't come ever any more."

"But he will, he will, dear little man! Put his things on quickly, as quickly as you can, Nanna."

The nurse was half startled, half pleased, by Lady Wokingham's pretty, imperious manner. She and Molly together dressed Cyril in his best coat and hat, and the worthy and tearful Potter stood waving a red hand and a large black-bordered handkerchief to him from the window as he drove away, drawn by the prancing bay horses.

"Where are we going?" said the child, drawing closer to his new friend, and resting his head against her shoulder.

"Home," answered Molly, smiling down upon him, "and father's coming—and Nanna will presently too."

On her arrival at the door, the grey-haired butler came towards Molly with a broad and benevolent smile on his face.

"His Lordship's here already, my Lady," said he. "He came quite unexpected by the eight five from home, and he's in the library."

As he spoke the old servant turned an astonished gaze on the golden-haired child who held Lady Wokingham's hand so tightly in his.

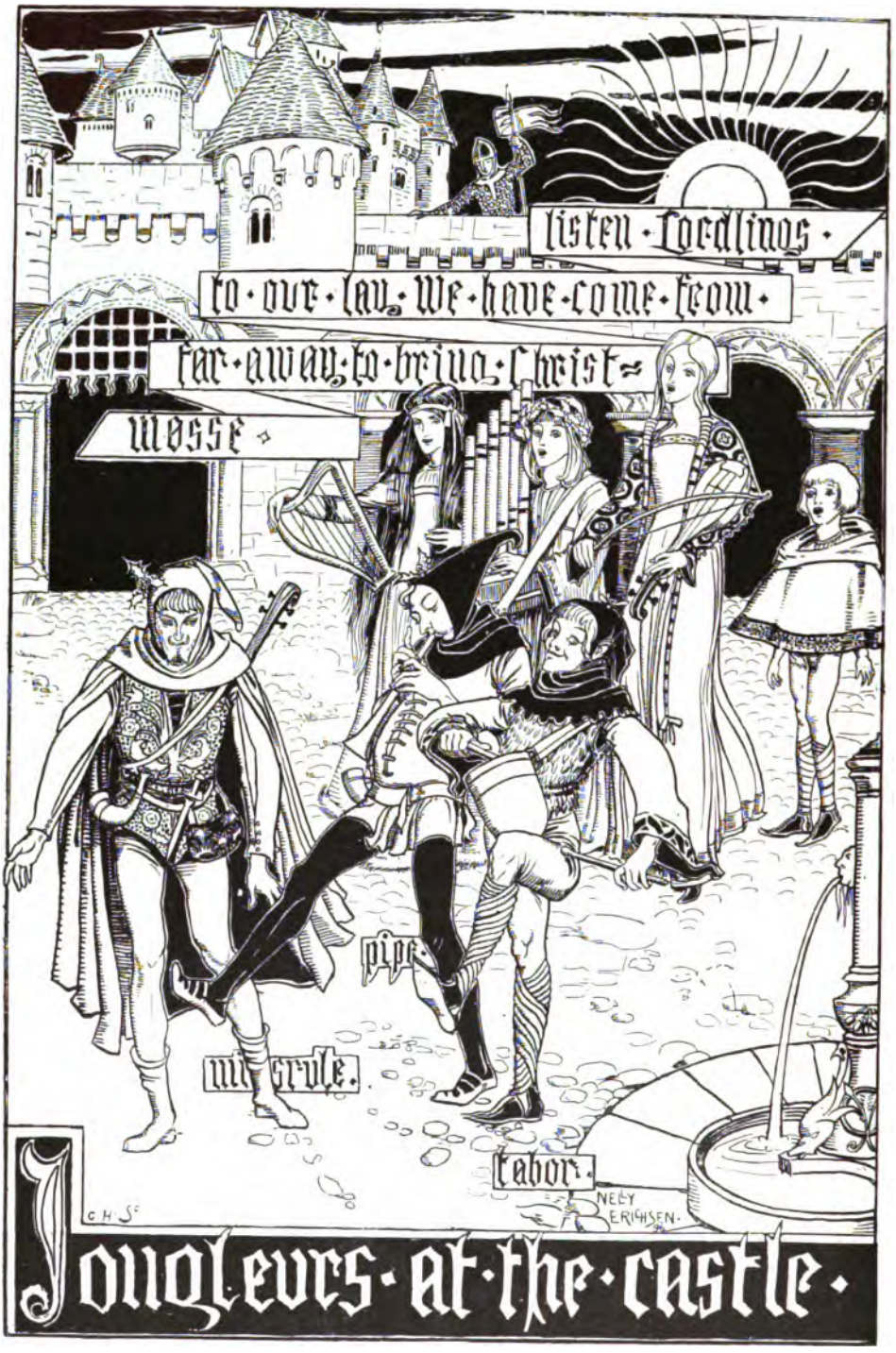
Molly almost flew across the polished oak boards. Then she laid her hand on the library door, and threw her other arm round the boy. She bent down, a radiant smile playing over her face, that was, nevertheless, deathly pale.

"Dear father's in there, Cyril. We shall surprise him, sha'n't we, going in together? Won't he be pleased when he sees us?"

"Won't he be pleased!" echoed the child delightedly in his clear, high voice. Then he suddenly dropped it a tone lower. "What is your name?" said he suddenly. "Nanna said she 'spected you was Lady Wokingham; shall I say that?"

Molly lifted him up into her arms and drew aside a heavy red curtain. She spoke almost in a whisper, and kissed him very tenderly.

"Don't you think you might call me 'Mother'?" was what she said. And the two went through the door together.


listen · lordlings ·
to · our · lay. We · have · come · from ·
far · away · to · bring · Christ ≈
Wosse ·
pipe
tabor.
NELLY ERICHSEN.
Jougleurs · at · the · castle ·

OUR GREAT NAVAL HERO.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NELSON.

By CLARK RUSSELL.

"I Will be a Hero."

PICTURES of the life of Nelson fall into groups at this period of his career. I am of those who do not place much faith in the traditionary stories told of him. You read that he said to his grandmother when she expressed wonder that fear did not drive him home, "Fear never came near him." He robbed a pear-tree, not because he desired the fruit, but because his youthful comrades were afraid to begin. Such yarns might be told of anybody. His biographers carried their enthusiasm too far, and tried to find something remarkable and even preternatural in the most commonplace sayings and in the most insignificant actions of the lad. The old novelists had this trick. When they brought their heroes into the world they contrived that something amazing attended them—a comet, a dream.

It is said that Nelson was but indifferently educated as a lad. But how much knowledge is a boy of twelve going to carry to sea with him? I knew one who went to sea at the age of thirteen, and all the Latin and Greek he possessed went irrecoverably overboard the first night down Channel. This will be found true of most lads who go to sea, where they cease to read books because no books are there, and where all is hard work, high seas, and the occasional blessed relief of a spell below.

Nelson, as we have seen, returned from his voyage from the West Indies with a hatred for the Navy. "It was many weeks," he says, "before I got in the least reconciled to a man-of-war, so deep was the prejudice rooted; and what pains were taken to instil this erroneous principle in a young mind!" Captain Suckling was no doubt astonished at first; he would then be much amused at the little chap's forecastle scorn of the noblest of all the callings. There is a picture to be made here by depicting Nelson as one of the crew of the cutter and the decked long-boat of the *Triumph*. By this means he became an adroit pilot in the navigation of the Thames and Medway. He says that the two boats went as far as the North Foreland. No doubt young Nelson was put to heaving the lead. Suckling seems to have been cordially desirous that the lad should turn out a good sailor and an efficient officer; in fact, he had sanctioned the boy's going in the boats on condition that, to quote Nelson's words, "he attended to his navigation." An old-world scene of river and Channel rises in a vision before the mind's eye when one thinks of Nelson in that long-boat sounding through the Nore, through the Oaze Deep, past the dangerous Girdler, then slanting away south for Margate Sand until the great shoulder of the Foreland is abreast and the green waters of the Channel sparkle to the Downs. How quaint to our eyes would be the ships of all sorts heeling from the breeze! Yonder a cutter with a pennon as long as her hawser; nearer, an English East Indiaman with high poop and stooping bows, and a grin of artillery in her weather-worn sides. Observe as she leans that her bottom is unsheathed; the bright copper that was to shed a glare as of sunset upon the brine that creams along her side to windward and that added a delicate grace to the taller, shapelier, and statelier fabrics of later years, is seldom to be heard of in the merchant service at this date. Mark that round shape; she is floating past Nelson's boat under wings of canvas stretched by yards as square as those of a thousand-ton ship of to-day. Her burthen is one hundred and eighty tons; she is a snow bound to Lisbon. Passengers are on board of her, and the women come to the side to look at Nelson's boat as their little ship floats past. Not very many years before, such another craft as this carried the famous Henry Fielding across seas to his grave.

The navigation of the mouths of the Thames and Mersey was heavily charged with peril of a dark night, when the

lanterns were few, if any, and when they certainly did not sparkle as they now do. To Henry Taylor, an old sea-captain of North Shields, do we owe the first floating light that warned the mariner to beware of that deadliest of shoals, the Goodwin Sands. Even when Nelson had achieved greatness, and was lying in his frigate off Deal watching the French, the seaboard was almost lampless. Small wonder that those should have been the days of ambling in sailing ships. In these times the first anxiety of the commander is to sight the familiar light. Then there was no light to make ; so a man hove his ship to if he was at all doubtful, mixed a second glass of grog, lighted a pipe, and smoked with philosophic submission to the maritime conditions of the period. One objection the Trinity House raised to beaconing the Goodwin Sands was curious. The Brethren were of opinion "That a light would be of advantage to privateers who might be so audacious as to attempt to cut vessels out of the Downs, for it would direct them through the Gull-stream." How frivolous and contemptible, interpreted by the experiences of after years, are the objections urged against progress!

In this manner was Nelson employed until an application from the Royal Society induced the Government to equip and despatch a couple of vessels on a Polar voyage. The ships were the *Racehorse*, Captain Phipps, and the *Carcass*, in charge of Captain Lutwidge. Nelson at his own urgent request was entered as a midshipman on board the *Carcass*. He was probably haunted by curious imaginations of the North Pole and the North-West Passage. The mariner still continues to look for the North Pole, and it may be that before these lines are published he will have found it. The benefit of its discovery to mankind, however, the sailor has never yet attempted to explain. From the roasting suns of the West Indies to the white and death-like silence of the Northern heights was a wide range nicely calculated to test the condition of a delicate young man. It seems to have done Nelson no harm. The voyage certainly enlarged his experiences as a sailor. They tell of him here that he wandered over the ice armed with a gun in pursuit of a Polar bear, and when he was called to account for his rashness he answered, "Please, Sir, I wanted the skin for my father." There is nothing in this. The young fellow's foolhardiness merely signified youth. It was not a characteristic. Possibly the anecdote is untrue—the invention of early idolaters who have crowded his story with melodramatic imaginations.

A voyage, however, into the bitter parallels which were penetrated by the two ships would certainly tend to harden a lad's power of endurance. The *Carcass* was a bomb, as they called it, a lubberly, motherly creation of the yards of those days; something about three times as long as she was broad, with full buttocks, and the run of an apple, and bows so square that, as old seamen used to say, they would drive an empty bottle a mile ahead with them. That the ships were equipped as later expeditions have been will not be supposed. We do not hear of preserved provisions in those days, although canned meats were certainly in use at sea early in this century. If Nelson was glad to go on this voyage, he was doubtless equally glad to return. The cabin accommodation must have been horrible: the hatches on for warmth, and the air below-decks in consequence pestilential: for the conundrum of ventilating a ship had not yet been solved. In the "Sketch" Nelson communicated to M'Arthur, he gives us a faint glimpse of his life in the far North: "When the boats were fitting out to quit the two ships blocked up in the ice, I exerted myself to have the command of a four-oared cutter raised upon, which was given me, with twelve men; and I prided myself in fancying I could navigate her better than any boat in the ship."

The two ships returned to England and paid off in October 1773, on the 28th of which month one Mr. Kee, a Navy agent, received the following letter, delivered by young Nelson in person: "Mr. Bentham's Compliments to Mr. Kee; he understands he is Agent to Mr. Surridge, the Master of the *Seahorse*, should be obliged to him for a recommendation in favour of Horatio Nelson, a young lad, nephew to Captain Suckling, who is going in that ship. The Master is a necessary man for a young lad to be introduced to, therefore Mr. Bentham will be obliged to Mr. Kee for a Letter. The ships wait only for the Commodore's despatches." Nelson was not yet fifteen years of age. His character is shown in his resolution to thrust forward. Not many other young fellows of his years in the Royal Navy would have rolled so swift and nimble an eye over the Service as did young Nelson for opportunities, and the first that offered he seized. He tells us: "I found that a Squadron was fitting out for the

East Indies; and nothing less than such a distant voyage could in the least satisfy my desire of maritime knowledge." As a consequence of Mr. Bentham's compliments to Mr. Kee young Nelson was rated midshipman in his Britannic Majesty's ship *Seahorse*, of twenty guns, commanded by Captain George Farmer; and he tells us that in this ship he visited almost every part of the East Indies, "from Bengal to Bussorah." We have no record that I am acquainted with, beyond Nelson's own bald statement, of his life, actions, and service at this period. The squadron was in command of Commodore Sir Edward Hughes, of whose kindness to him Nelson speaks gratefully. The climate of the East Indies proved too much: he fell ill, and Sir Edward sent him to England as midshipman in the *Dolphin*, of twenty guns, commanded by Captain James Pigot, whose kindness, Nelson himself tells us, at that time saved his life.

NELSON WANDERED OVER THE ICE ARMED WITH A GUN IN PURSUIT OF A POLAR BEAR.

If his earliest biographers are to be trusted, his ill-health during the passage home induced deep depression of mind. He thought of himself as a plain country clergyman's son, a constant sufferer from ill-health, without influence to help him onwards. This might very well be: so ardent and enthusiastic a temperament as Nelson's would know many moods and be

YOUNG NELSON COUNTING THE CONVOY.

visited by many impulses. It is not hard to figure the poor young fellow leaning over the side of the *Dolphin*, his eyes heedlessly following the foam-bells and the wreaths of cloud which swarmed through the blue brine to the white furrow at the rudder. If his health should force him to quit the ocean, what was he to do? But it is told of him by Clarke and M'Arthur that after many fits of crushing despondency, his heart delivered itself of its burden of gloom by help of this sort: "I felt impressed with an idea that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long, gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden flow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my King and country as my patrons. My mind exulted in the idea. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!" I confess that a good deal of this sounds very much as if it had been dictated by Lady Hamilton to Harrison. "I will be a hero"! There were few midshipmen in the Service who did not want to be heroes, and whether they confided in Providence or not, they were always ready to cover themselves with glory. It is asserted, however, that Nelson would often afterwards declare to his friend Hardy that from that hour there was suspended before his mind's eye a radiant orb that courted him onward to renown.

It will not be thought that Nelson at this time was entirely without interest; for Captain Suckling was now Comptroller of the Navy, and his influence was considerable. One seems to find this in Nelson's own statement that "This ship [the *Dolphin*] was paid off at Woolwich on the 24th of September, 1776. On the 26th I received an order from Sir James Douglas, who commanded at Portsmouth, to act as Lieutenant of the *Worcester*, 64, Captain Mark Robinson, who was ordered to Gibraltar with a Convoy. In this ship I was at sea with Convoys till April 2nd, 1777, and in very bad weather; but although my age might have been sufficient cause for not entrusting me with the charge of a watch, yet Captain Robinson used to say 'he felt as easy when I was upon deck as any officer in the ship.'"

There was never a duty more thankless to the naval officer than that of convoying. His responsibilities were extremely heavy, and the insensibility of the merchant masters profoundly irritating. Ships of all sizes and different rigs would go away down Channel in a huddle convoyed—in other words, protected—by perhaps a line-of-battle-ship and frigates; but the strength of the men-of-war would depend upon the number of merchantmen they had to look after. It is difficult in this age to realise the audacity of the privateersman and the pirate in former years. These were gentry who, getting news of the sailing of a rich convoy, say for the West Indies, or, some of them, to the East, would hover upon the skirts of the crowd and cut one or another off, as a thief might sneak the loitering sheep of a flock. But in war-time a sterner danger was to be apprehended in the apparition of a squadron of the enemy's ships. The merchantmen then had to stagger off as best they could, leaving the men-of-war to engage the foe and cover their retreat or escape. No severer trial to the temper did the naval officer experience than the obligation of keeping a large body of merchantmen within the circle of the horizon. Some would have a nimbler keel than others; some were very dull sailers. While the courses of some of the ships ahead might be dipping in bland contempt of the signals of the men-of-war, nothing but the royals and top-gallant sails of others would be visible astern. This might be very well in the day; but when the darkness closed in with squalls of wind, hardening perhaps into dirty weather, what was the naval officer to do? Happy was the commander who brought the whole of his sheep, black and white, to their destination.

Nelson must have speedily got sick of this work. Some fine sea pieces it doubtless presented. Think of a little timberman out of the Gulf of Honduras climbing up the horizon with dingy canvas and reeking head-boards, and sailing into the midst of a convoy of a hundred sail with frigates and other war-vessels protecting them. The swarthy fellows leaning over her side might imagine that the skipper had lost his reckoning, and had sailed them into some vast, noble river of commerce full of ships. This is among the vanished sights of the world. In war-time will there be convoying in this age of steam? In any case the naval commander will not labour under the same difficulties which drew the language of irritation and often of profanity from the mouths of his predecessors. The propeller will keep the steam-ships together, and the liner of twenty knots will slow down to accommodate the tardy keel of the tramp of ten.

When young Nelson returned to England he passed his examination at the Navy Office as lieutenant. His commission was dated April 1777. He wrote to his brother William jokingly: "I passed my Degree as Master of Arts on the 9th instant." A copy of this "Passing Certificate" from the Record in the Tower is printed by Sir Harris Nicolas. Its quaintness would alone make it interesting--

LIEUTENANT'S CERTIFICATES. JUNE 1762. MAY 1777.

"In pursuance &c., of the 5th April, 1777, we have examined Mr. Horatio Nelson, who by certificate appears to be more than twenty years of age, and find he has gone to sea more than six years in the Ships and Qualities undermentioned (viz.)—

Raisonable ..	Mid.	0	5	0	1
Tryumph ..	Captain's Servant ..	1	2	0	2
,, ..	Mid.	0	10	1	5
Carcass ..	Mid.	0	5	3	0
Triumph ..	Captain's Servant ..	0	0	1	5
Seahorse ..	Mid.	0	5	2	6
,, ..	Able	1	7	1	6
,, ..	Mid.	0	4	3	2
Dolphin ..	Mid.	0	6	3	6
		6	3	1	6

"He produceth journals kept by himself in the *Carcass*, *Seahorse*, *Dolphin*, and *Worcester*, and certificates from Captains Suckling, Lutwidge, Farmer, Pigott, and Robinson, of his diligence, &c.; he can splice, knot, reef a sail, &c., and is qualified to do the duty of an Able seaman and Midshipman. Dated the 9th April 1777. M.S., Captain John Campbell, Captain Abraham North."

When he went "up" for his examination Nelson is said to have entered the room in a very nervous state of mind. Nothing could be more likely; but the examination and the examiners were by all the measurement of the Poles asunder not so stiff, harsh, needlessly oppressive as they now are. In this age an examination is a lofty hurdle designed to arrest the passage of the ingenuous youth of this country into independence and a profession. As an example of the tyranny of certain professional examiners I may state this of my own certain knowledge: the examiner asked a young man who was "trying for" the Army a question in history. It was correctly answered. "Are you sure you are right? Are you sure you are right?" cries the examiner hotly, with the hope of forcing him into a blunder. Could anything be more unfair? Nelson began nervously, but answered the questions correctly, and presently with spirit. Captain Suckling was present. He seems to have sat a silent spectator. When the ordeal was ended, he rose and introduced the youth to the examiners as his nephew. "Why did not you tell us this before?" was asked. "Because," was the answer, "I did not wish the youngster to be favoured. I felt convinced that he would pass a good examination, and, gentlemen, you see I have not been disappointed."

Next day Nelson was appointed to the *Lowestoffe*, Captain William Locker. "A fine frigate of thirty-two guns," writes Nelson joyously to his brother William; "so I am now left in the world to shift for myself, which I hope I shall do so as to bring credit to myself and friends." His association with Captain Locker was the greatest stroke of good fortune that could have befallen him. Throughout his life he was never weary of recalling his obligations to Locker. This gallant officer had distinguished himself while first lieutenant of the *Experiment* by boarding and taking the French *Télémaque*. He had served under Hawke. His fine qualities, his genial nature are eloquent of the man in the kindly, round, large-eyed face that looks at you from his print. "In this ship," says Nelson, speaking of the *Lowestoffe*, "I went to Jamaica, but even a frigate was not sufficiently active for my mind, and I got into a schooner, tender to the *Lowestoffe*." This schooner was called the *Little Lucy*, after a daughter of Captain Locker. In her Nelson went piloting, amid the intricacies of the Keys, to the north of San Domingo. I find but one noticeable incident in relation to his connection with the *Lowestoffe*. The ship fell in with an American letter of marque. It was blowing fresh, and a high sea was running The first lieutenant was ordered to go on board her. A boat was lowered, but the sea was so hollow that the lieutenant returned to the frigate professing his inability to get alongside the prize. Locker, much irritated, cried out, "Have I no officer in the ship who can board the prize?" The master ran to the gangway. Nelson stopped him. "It is my turn now," said he, "and if I come back it is yours." The story goes that a strong heave of sea carried Nelson and his boat's crew right over the American. He contrived to board her at last. Years afterwards he communicated this anecdote to the editors of the *Naval Chronicle*. He wrote with pardonable self-complacency. "This little incident," he says, "has often occurred to my mind; and I know it is my disposition that difficulties and danger do but increase my desire of attempting them"—a statement which of itself, unsupported by the facts and acts of his life, must sufficiently refute the absurd opinion held by one or two that he was

"IT IS MY TURN NOW," SAID HE, "AND IF I COME BACK IT IS YOURS."

very wary and cautious, and without the brilliant dash and spirit which fascinated his contemporaries to hear of and charms us still to read about.

Nothing noticeable is to be found in Nelson's service under Sir Peter Parker. But he was shortly to enter a scene of excitement to himself, though the reader finds his doings a little colourless. He was about twenty years of age when he was appointed to the command of the *Badger*, a small brig of war. From her he passed into the *Hinchinbroke*. Whilst he was at sea news reached him of Count d'Estaing's attempting an attack on Jamaica with a very large fleet and army from Martinique. The rumour proved false. Whilst Jamaica was filled with alarms, however, the batteries of Port Royal were entrusted to the command of Nelson. He says proudly, "I need not say as the defence of this place was the key to the Port of the whole Naval force, the Town of Kingston and Spanish Town, it was the most important post in the whole island."

He is described at this period as having been very negligent in his dress. Perhaps he was always so. At this time he presented a figure that might have passed as an aforemast hand. One cannot wonder at this. He was drenched with the sea. He had sucked at her nipple till his blood ran in brine. He was blunt in speech, of a sailorly frankness of manner. At a little later date Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., met and described him as the merest boy of a captain he had ever beheld. His dress, he said, was worthy of attention. His lank and powdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length; and the grotesque appearance of the whole was heightened by the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat. The Prince stared at him. Never before had he met so singular a sailor. Lord Hood then introduced Nelson to the Prince, who was speedily captivated by his tact and conversation and by the enthusiasm which coloured and glowed in his references to his profession. The naval officer in those days seems to have enjoyed a wide license in the matter of dress. A story is told of Commodore Thompson. Clothed in a purser's duck frock and a common straw hat he passed in his boat under the stern of the flag-ship. The Admiral (Jervis) viewed the Commodore with amazement. He then hailed the boat. "Barge ahoy! Go and assist in towing that transport!" This rebuke may not have been relished. It was, however, understood. The Commodore, singing out in the language of the salt, "Ay, ay, Sir!" headed his barge for the transport and helped to tow her.

The expedition to St. Juan's formed an exciting period to Nelson. But the narrative is a little dull to readers. The St. Juan expedition was most unfortunately planned; the climate was intolerable; the time, chosen with wonderful infelicity, was the rainy season; the seat of war was a bed of mud. Men fell dead and were loathsome with corruption before their comrades had trudged out of sight of them. Nelson was nearly stung to death by a serpent. He barely escaped being poisoned through drinking at an impure spring. They ran short of food, and made broth by boiling monkeys. This delicacy was too much for Nelson's stomach. One glimpse of the manly brutes simmering in the coppers capsized him then and lastingly so far as that particular sort of soup was concerned. He toiled, however, with noble effort, undertook work without any obligation to do so, captured a battery at the head of a few seamen, and was rewarded by Sir Peter Parker's offering him the command of the *Janus*, forty-four guns. A reward indeed to a man nearly dead of dysentery and fatigue!

He returned to Jamaica, where the ship then was, but so ill that he was unable to move. He was conveyed on shore in his cot to the lodging-house of a black nurse called Cuba Cornwallis. Sir Peter Parker took him to his own home and nursed him as if he had been his son, but to no purpose. There was no physic for the young man but the climate of England, and accordingly he sailed on September 4 in the *Lion*. On his arrival in this country he went to Bath, and was treated by Dr. Woodward, a well-known physician of that time. It seems that in addition to his other ailments Nelson was afflicted with the gout. Writing to Captain Locker from Bath in January 1781, he says: "I have been so ill since I have been here that I was obliged to be carried to and from bed with the most excruciating tortures, but, thank God, I am now upon the mending hand. I am physicked three times a day, drink the waters three times, and bathe every other night, besides not drinking wine, which I think the worst of all." Quite recently I was looking at the lodgings in which Nelson lay ill. They are in Pierrepont Street, and the house was kept by one Mr. Spry. Always a gloomy street I should think, falling into decay in this age, though in it when at Bath dwelt

the Lord Chesterfield who was called by Johnson "a lord amongst wits, and a wit amongst lords." Dr. Woodward found Nelson a very good patient. In February 1781 he was better, and had regained the use of his limbs except his left arm, which lay down his side as though it were paralysed. A pleasant story told on the authority of Clarke and M'Arthur is related of the physician who attended him. The doctor made a small charge. Nelson, surprised by the extreme moderateness of his fees, desired to increase them, on which Woodward said, "Pray, Captain Nelson, allow me to follow what I consider to be my professional duty. Your illness, Sir, has been brought on by serving your King and country, and, believe me, I love both too well to be able to receive any more."

PINCH AND THE POORHOUSE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE cabin was empty, except for a couple of wooden stools and a straw shake-down in the corner. The May sunshine came brilliantly through the open door. Outside was a triangular grass-plot, the corners pointing each to a grassy lane. A thorn-tree in full flower was in the midst of the grass-plot, and below it was a holy well, hooded in stone. A few rags on the thorn-tree spoke of the water's powers of healing. It was a pleasant spot.

"There was always somethin' goin' on," said its owner, "some wan passin' by, if it was only a child ladin' a goat."

He sat now on one of the stools, and looked regretfully at his lost kingdom. He was a simple-faced old man, with a much younger expression than the urchin who confronted him on another stool, and who was engaged with much gusto in making a meal of a raw onion and dry bread. There was a dog also present—a grey, wire-haired terrier, who lay in the sun and blinked in lazy comfort.

"You 'll change your mind, Misther Bryan," said the urchin, "an' ate a taste wid me?"

"I haven't the desire, Owney boy, an' 'tis well I haven't. The young should ate hearty, an' you've little enough there for yourself."

"You 're kindly welcome, all the same, Misther Bryan."

He was a shock-headed urchin, with a pale, peaked face under his close thatch of red hair. He had a club foot, which kept him from joining the games of the other boys, and he was sensitive on the score of it. No doubt that explained the queer friendship between him and old Johnny Bryan. The two were without kith and kin also, and in their loneliness they were glad of each other.

"They say," said the lad, looking sideways from his bread and onion, "that there's the finest of aitin' an' drinkin' in the place you're going to—mate every day, lashin's an' lavin's of it, an' porther an' whisky, if the doctor ordhers it, everything, except tobacky, that you could want."

The old man sighed heavily.

"There's many a thing I 'll want. I 'll want the tree out there, an' the well an' the mountains, an' the birds, an' the pleasant word wid them that passes up an' down. Why, look here, Owney! 'twas never lonely wid the door open there, an' you never knowin' when a foot 'ud come by. I'm glad you're to have it, Owney, but I'll want to see it sore in the place I'm goin' to. None of my name ever went there before me, an' it's bitter hard, for I gev' the labour o' my youth to the country that gives me only the House for my old age."

He looked down at his hands, swollen and deformed with rheumatism, and sighed again. The boy looked at him with a tentative air.

"We might go on as we're goin', Misther Bryan—you wid the house, and me wid frightening the crows? 'Tis your house that's in it, and 'tis fair I should take my part; sixpence a day's not much, but we

might live on it. You've a aisy mouth to fill, Misther Bryan, and then may be you'd get the relief afther all."

"It wouldn't do, Owney," said the old fellow sadly. "Sixpence a day is little enough to live on yourself, and spare a crust for Pinch. You won't let Pinch want, Owney?"

"No fear; me an' Pinch'll fare alike. Look at him now, the ould villain of the world, waggin' his tail as if he understood. He'll fret afther you, Misther Bryan."

"He won't get much divarsion out o' me," said Owney, looking down at his club foot; "there's nayther tatterin' nor tearin' in me like other boys o' my age; but I'll be kind to Pinch, never fear."

"He comes of a great ould stock, Owney. His mother was of the stock o' Rattler, his father had the blood o' Finn MacCool and Dublin Boy. Many was th' offer I refused for ould Pinch, an' I'll go bail himself here is worth a hatful o'

HE WAS A SIMPLE-FACED OLD MAN, WITH A MUCH YOUNGER EXPRESSION THAN THE URCHIN WHO CONFRONTED HIM ON ANOTHER STOOL.

"Not for long, Owney. Now his father, ould Pinch, 'ud have broken his heart. He was the faithfullest dog I ever knew. Not but what young Pinch is the very moral of him. But he's young, an' th' affections are not set in him. Besides, he's fond of you, Owney boy, an' it's more natural for him to belong to you. Young dogs is terrible fond of divarsion. I daresay he thinks me an ould slow-coach, eh, Pinch?"

The dog had stood up on hearing himself discussed, and had gravely put his head on his old master's knee.

money. I wouldn't be surprised now if he was worth five goold guineas."

"Sound man, Pinch!" said the boy admiringly.

"'Tis not to every gossoon I'd tell it, afraid he'd be for turnin' the poor baste into money. But I don't think it o' you, Owney agra."

"You needn't, Misther Bryan. Five guineas is a power o' money to be inside a dog's skin, but I'll keep it by me, Misther Bryan. I've a fancy for Pinch. Other dogs is too fond o' barkin' at me. They don't like the quare foot of me."

There was the sound of a steam-whistle in the distance.

"One o'clock!" said the old fellow. "It's time to be off, Owney, boy. Well. I'll be on the road before you get home, You'll take Pinch wid you, an' I'll lock the door an' lave the kay under the stone. I'll wait for the cool o' the evenin' before I ramble off."

The boy turned round from the door with anxiety in his expressive face.

"You're sure it's right about the little house, Misther Bryan?"

"It's all right, my son. Father Keogh drew up the paper for me, an' there's no gettin' out of it. No one could meddle wid you barrin' myself, an' no one 's likely to thry, for there 's none o' my name livin'. Listen, Owney dear, before you go. You're sure you tould no wan?"

"Unless the crows. They're the only people I've a chance of spakin' to from mornin' till night."

"I'd like it to be a saycret till I go. I'd be sorry to have to say good-bye to anywan, an' I on my way to the poor-house."

"Well, good-bye, Misther Bryan. I'll be in the first visitin' day to see you. Keep up your heart, man. I'm tould it's a rale elegant place."

He went off with a rather unwilling dog at his heels, and the old man, after watching the pair out of sight, re-entered the cottage. He resumed his seat on the stool, and mused with his head on his breast while the hours of the afternoon passed by. He had tried everything before he had come to entering the poorhouse. He had dragged himself on his poor twisted rheumatic limbs to one farmer after another for whom he had worked. But there was no place for him. He was as useless as a log and an eyesore in any farm-yard; so, when his last chance had failed, he had made over to the boy the little cabin which had been his and his father's before him, and made up his mind to enter the "House." He had a queer pleasure in his gift to Owney.

"'Tis a quiet sort o' place, Owney dear," he had said, "where you may be alone the len'th of a summer's day, an' if there 's company about you don't want, sure you've only to lock your door an' put the kay in your pocket, an' there you are."

"True for you, Misther Bryan," said Owney, "an' I'm not denyin' that I'll be as happy as a king wid a little house to meself. I was always bothered afeard I'd have to go back to the village, weary on it!"

When Owney came home in the cool of the evening the house was empty. Pinch went about restlessly, whining and sniffing, while his new master sat on a stool regarding him with a melancholy look. After a time Owney made his fire of twigs and boiled some water for his tea, and, after a frugal meal honestly shared with Pinch, the two went to bed together. It was lonely in the little cabin at night without old Bryan.

A couple of days later the old man was creeping about in the sunny courtyard of the Union. A few other helpless old people crawled up and down like flies on a sunny window-pane after the first touch of frost. They had made advances to him, but as yet he had not responded. He was too sick at heart with the degradation which had come upon him.

He thought of his little cabin in a misty way. He could see it there in the sun with the white butterflies flitting about the doorway, and the daisies in the grass, and the well-water so cool and dark. The sunshine would be streaming in at the little window and climbing the wall by his bed. Owney and Pinch would be in Farmer O'Reilly's Ten Acres scaring the crows, and under them the wide, free country, and in the distance the hills. The tears came thickly into the old fellow's bleared eyes. If only he might be there once more, a free man and self-respecting!

There was a good deal of traffic through the courtyard. Tradesmen's carts drove in, and ladies on their way to visit the sick in the hospital passed by, and well-dressed people with business at the master's house or the clerk's office. That was the master himself going about so busily—a young, sprucely dressed man, florid and pleasant-looking.

Able-bodied paupers bustled about to and from the various workshops. Old Bryan wondered what kept them there. He had no idea of the pauper taint in the blood which makes the workhouse home. He expressed his wonder to another old man who sat on a bench tapping the ground with his crutch.

"A many o' them were born in it," he replied, "an' more was brought up in it. I can see it 's bitter to you, dacint man, as it was to me till I got used to it. But man, woman, or child, brought up to it, they never want to get out of it."

A sturdy fellow went by with a coffin on his shoulder. Old Bryan looked after him half-enviously. He would not be sorry to exchange whatever days of shameful ease were left to him for a resting-place in

that narrow house. The old fellow who had spoken to him nudged him again.

"Sit by me, good man," he said, "an' I 'll read you what 's on the paper."

He had taken a newspaper from his pocket, and was unfolding it with pride.

"What's this?" he asked quickly. "Where does the dog come from?"

Old Bryan stood up and touched his cap humbly.

"If you plase, Sir, 'tis a little bit of a pup I rared meself. I never thought the

"WHY, PINCH, PINCH!" SAID THE OLD FELLOW, "WHERE DID YOU COME FROM AT ALL?"

It was a fortnight old, but that did not make its contents less precious.

At that moment a little grey dog, dusty and footsore, limped in at the gate behind a butcher's cart. He ran here and there about the courtyard with his sharp little nose to the ground, and presently he gave a yelp of joy. The scent led him straight to the bench on which old Bryan sat blinking in the sun. He sprang on to the old man's knee and began licking his face furiously, his whole little body trembling with excitement.

"Why, Pinch, Pinch!" said the old fellow. "Where did you come from at all, you ould rogue? An' the tracks o' me two days ould!"

The dog and the man were still hugging each other when the workhouse-master came that way.

crature 'ud have the wit to find me, nor the heart to follow me. I'm sure I beg your pardon, Sir; the dog doesn't know it isn't a place for his sort. If you'd let him stay a day or two, Sir, there's a boy that's a good master to him 'ull be comin' after him."

He was holding Pinch in his arms and looking at the master with an appeal which went to the kindly heart of the man.

"H'm!" he said, putting a finger under Pinch's grey-bearded chin. "He looks a well-bred one!"

Pinch wriggled round his little head and licked the master's hand.

"You see he knows I like dogs," the master said, looking pleased. "Where did you get him, my friend?"

"I had his father before him, Sir. He

comes of a fine ould, ancient family, rale blood-stock, Sir. If ye take an intherest in Irish terriers I could rattle over his pedigree for you, Sir."

"Well, my man, were you thinking of keeping the dog with you?"

"I never thought 'twould be allowed, Sir," said old Bryan with an eager flush. Then his face fell. "An' perhaps 'twould be unnatural, too, to keep a lively young crature like him shut up between walls."

"Never mind that, my friend," said the master, smiling. "He looks as if he'd be very happy with you. I'm sure if you asked him he'd say he'd like to stay. He's a good ratter, eh?"

"The best from here to Cape Clear."

"I thought so. Well, I don't think the ratepayers would object. The place is getting overrun with rats. Keep him from killing the cats—that's all."

The whole world had changed for old Bryan. Why, with Pinch for a companion even the workhouse would be home-like. The only thing was his scruple about keeping Pinch with him.

"Well," he said at last, "I'll give him his choice when the boy comes. If he chooses Owney, well, Owney let it be. I can't say fairer nor that."

Owney came a few days later, looking paler than ever with his grief and anxiety about Pinch. When he found that the dog was safe his relief was great. Pinch received him affably, but there was evidently a great distinction in his mind between the boy and his old master.

"Don't be talkin' of chices, Misther Bryan," said Owney, looking hungrily, however, at Pinch. "He med his chice when he followed you. He'd have bruk his heart wid me. An', besides"—with an affectation of lightness—"I don't care about Pinch. I'm goin' to get a little cat o' me own. I'm all as wan as promised her. She's a blind-eyed little cat wid a quare foot like meself. Now, look here, Misther Bryan, that dog's a dale better off for divarsion here thin wid me. What's flyin' after crows to a dog of his breed?"

"'Deed then I believe you," said old Bryan. "'Tis wondherful how he's made himself at home. Every wan's so civil-spoke to him, from the master down to the littlest child in the House. 'Tis surprisin' how much good nature is in the cratures. An' the cats even lets on to be frightened of him, an' pelts up a three to give him a scamander after them. An' look here, Owney boy, as a rattin' dog he is onsurpassed. It 'ud break the heart of a cat wid any spirit in her to see the execution he does."

"You'll be feelin' yourself at home now you've Pinch, Misther Bryan?"

"Well, I'm resigned, Owney. But whin I go—it isn't likely I'd last out a young dog like Pinch—I'd like you to take him out of it. I wouldn't like Pinch to be a poorhouse dog. D'ye know, Owney, I'm a bit surprised at him makin' himself so much at home, so I am, Pinch!" stroking the dog's little hard head, "'tis different wid them that has to come here agin their will. But I never thought wan of your breedin' 'ud take kindly to the poorhouse."

THE PARDON OF GUSTAVE MAJANO.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

PERSONS.

GUSTAVE MAJANO (*a Cuban Rebel*). | JUAN (*a Sergeant in the Spanish Line*).
SABINE (*the Wife of* GUSTAVE).

The SCENE *is a cell in the Spanish fortress of Pinar del Rio, Cuba. A small room, with walls of stone and a barred window, through which the bayonet of a Spanish patrol is seen at intervals. There is a bench against the left wall, and a chair and two stools in the centre of the apartment. A candle in an iron stick burns upon the table. The time is October* 1, 1896; *the hour ten o'clock at night. When the curtain rises* GUSTAVE MAJANO *is seen sleeping upon the bench, left.* JUAN, *the Sergeant, enters by the door, right. He carries a tray, upon which supper is set.*

JUAN (*placing the supper upon the table*). Hola! little Colonel, I have brought your supper—a bottle of white wine and a plate of soup. What, you do not hear me? (*He goes over and looks at the sleeping man.*) Holy Mother, he sleeps like a stuck pig—and they are to shoot him at midnight. (*Touching* MAJANO *on the shoulder.*) Wake up, little Colonel, wake up and eat. You go to get your breakfast in Purgatory—do you not understand? Saint Paul! all the soup in Spain will not wake him to-night. And to-morrow—bah! these dogs will sleep through the Judgment, and afterwards. (*Turning away to the table.*) If I could sleep like that—upon a dollar a day! It is necessary to be a rebel dog to do that—a rebel dog with two hours for your affairs; two little hours between you and the after. Jesus! that is courage!

MAJANO (*starting up from his sleep suddenly and calling*). Inez, Inez! What time is it? You hear me? (*He looks round him and shudders.*)

JUAN (*to himself*). Oh, ah—he thinks of the woman again. Always "Inez, Inez!" Sapristi! he must cry well to-morrow if she is to hear him.

MAJANO (*wearily*). You spoke to me, Sergeant?

JUAN. I said your supper was ready, Colonel. There it is, a flask of white wine and a cup of soup. Saint Paul! you must have friends upstairs to get white wine. The others—they get a mouthful of lead and the water of the ditch. Piff! pouf! boum!—you have seen a man fall when the bullet strikes him? No—but I forget. (*Aside.*) He will have a cuadrilla all to himself just now—a grand corrida—and no——.

MAJANO (*interrupting*). What time is it, Sergeant?

JUAN (*shrugging his shoulders*). How—you think that I carry a watch? Bien! you flatter me. Ha, ha! I shall tell that in the camp. A watch—you will not find one between here and Baracoa!

MAJANO. But you know the time—do not think of me, Sergeant; I remember well what midnight brings. I am prepared for that.

JUAN (*delicately*). If it should be eleven o'clock, Colonel?

MAJANO (*rising*). In that case, I have an hour to live.

JUAN (*delightedly*). But if it should not be more than ten o'clock, Colonel—what would you say then. Have you not two hours—two hours for your supper and your cigarros, and your flask of white wine. Valgame Dios! I know well what I say. Listen, there is the clock. Count it for yourself. (*They both listen while the clock strikes ten.*)

MAJANO (*with a sigh*). It is ten o'clock as you say. I thank you for an hour more of life, friend. They are punctual, I suppose?

JUAN. Corriente! my Colonel, they are as punctual as kings.

MAJANO (*contemptuously*). As kings—the Spaniards! Say, rather, that they have made punctuality the politeness of thieves. (*He sits upon the stool by the table.*)

JUAN (*puzzled*). Oh! ah, that is possible, Colonel. Yet I—pish!—I am a Spaniard! and they give me two reals a day to shoot Cubans. What should I know of politics when there are women left to kiss and houses to sack, and rebels to—to——

MAJANO. You are a good philosopher, Juan. You meant to say—and rebels to be killed! Why should you, indeed? Give me rather a little of the wine and say that another rebel will be shot at midnight.

JUAN (*pouring out the wine*). St. John! You can talk about it like that, Colonel?

MAJANO. And why not? Would you have me babble a rosary? Have I not played my part? Does the clown put on the bells again when the theatre is empty? And I am the clown, Juan. The bells will never ring again for me.

HOLA! LITTLE COLONEL, I HAVE BROUGHT YOUR SUPPER—A BOTTLE OF WHITE WINE AND A PLATE OF SOUP.

JUAN. Who knows? You may have friends, Colonel. As for me, I am ready to die for my country when the time comes — and the place. Holy God! I prefer that the place should be my bed. But you—Dios, you care nothing, and you have a wife and child in Havana. Oh! I know, excellency; I have heard you call "Inez" while you sleep, and I have said she will come to-day, to-morrow. Who knows? She may be knocking at the gate now, this Madame Inez.

MAJANO (*to himself*). Would to God she were! And yet, and yet—— (*To* JUAN.) You drink wine, my friend?

JUAN. I—Colonel—oh, ah.

(MAJANO *pushes the bottle towards* JUAN. *The man stands holding it doubtfully.*)

MAJANO. Well, do you not drink?

JUAN. If I drink—and yet, Colonel—you see—that is to say, I am not shot at midnight.

MAJANO (*starting*). Of course, you do well to remind me of that. Yet I have need of you, Sergeant, and of your help.

JUAN (*drawing back*). You would tempt me, Colonel?

MAJANO. Certainly; I would tempt you to bring me pen, ink, and paper.

(JUAN *takes a long pull at the bottle, and puts it down with a bang upon the table.*)

JUAN. Pens and ink! Oh, ah! you want to write to your wife in Havana—to Madame Inez.

MAJANO (*quickly*). I want pen, ink, and paper. Look, my friend, here is a coin; you see the colour of it; that would buy you cigarros for many a day, would it not? Very well, if you will help me to-night that coin shall be yours when they come for me.

JUAN (*dubiously*). You are sure that you do not tempt me, Colonel?

MAJANO. I—tempt you! Holy Virgin! to what should I tempt you? Has not your Spanish assassin left a garrison in this place; is not this cell watched by a dozen eyes? Get me the things, and you shall see how far I tempt you. But, of course, if you do not want the money——

JUAN. If I do not want the money! God of my life, you shall have all the ink in Cuba. (*He goes quickly to the door.*) It was a gold piece I saw, Colonel.

MAJANO. Certainly, but it will become silver, just now—if you do not hasten.

JUAN. And the others will steal it from your clothes when you lie in the—— Christi! what robbers they are! (*Exit hurriedly.*)

MAJANO (*lighting a cigarette. The clock in the courtyard strikes half-past ten. He paces the cell*). An hour yet until they send the priest! God! it is hard for a man to tell himself that he has seen the sun for the last time, that to-morrow he will sleep—sleep as I must sleep. And for what? To bring colour to a woman's face and brightness to her eyes; to say to her, you asked me and I obeyed; to live a little hour of content, and then—to sleep. (*He paces the room again.*) And she—she leaves me to die, while the mother of my child begs pardon for me on her knees. A week, a month—she will forget my name; and the child—God! they will bring the child to play upon my grave!

Enter JUAN *with pens, ink, and paper. He sets them upon the table with a great display.*

JUAN. Hola! Excellency, there are your pens and ink. Now you shall write to your wife. (MAJANO *starts.*) Did I not tell you that I am an honest man? Saint Paul! there is enough ink here to write a holy book, and when your letter is done, I will carry it to Havana myself. It was a gold piece, Excellency?

MAJANO (*sitting upon the stool*). Certainly, it was a gold piece.

JUAN (*nodding his head*). And you are ready for the letter.

MAJANO (*writing one word upon the paper and addressing it*). The letter is there. Deliver it to-morrow morning to the address I have written, and you shall have the gold piece when the priest comes. (*He folds and hands it.*)

JUAN (*surprised*). Vaya!—you jest, Excellency. (*He reads the address.*) And Madame Inez does not live in Havana! Oh, ah! (*He nods his head cunningly.*) Then there is no letter to another?

MAJANO (*taking a pen and paper in his hands. Aside*). To another—to the woman who teaches my child to lisp the name of the Spaniard. (*Aloud.*) You think that there is a second letter, Juan?

JUAN. I think, Colonel—Saint Paul! I think nothing. (*With a silly laugh.*) It is your Excellency's affair—yet some would——

MAJANO. *Would*, my friend?

JUAN (*shrugging his shoulders*). God knows, Excellency.

MAJANO (*putting the pen down*). You are right, Sergeant; God knows.

(*His head falls upon his arms, and he rests wearily. A quarter to eleven is struck in the court outside.*)

JUAN (*to himself*). A quarter to eleven, and at half-past the priest. Jesus! how he will sleep presently! (*He goes to the table and takes up the flask, saying kindly*): There is a little wine yet in the bottle, Excellency. Come, they must not say that Gustave Majano went to the wall like a whipped dog. Saint John! you who have been a scourge to them since the war began, will you show a white face now? And there is an hour yet, Colonel. Body of God! many things may happen in an hour!

MAJANO (*half hearing*). An hour yet—an hour until—you will take the letter, Juan?

JUAN. The sun shall not be up an hour before Madame Inez has read it. And the other—to your wife, when that is written——

MAJANO. I write nothing, Juan.

JUAN (*puzzled*). You write nothing, oh, ah!—in that case (*he laughs awkwardly*)—in that case, Colonel——

(MAJANO *does not hear him, and appears to be dozing.* JUAN *stands watching him; then he finishes the wine slowly.*)

JUAN (*smacking his lips, aside*). Bien!—and the poor devil will never miss it! (*Aloud.*) You wish to sleep, Colonel. (MAJANO *does not answer.*) Oh, I see that you do. (*To himself.*) And they come for him in an hour—to give him the draught—piff, pouf, boum—and then no more waking, no more Madame Inez—pish! no more Madame Inez, who writes no letter, and has forgotten him already. Saint John! what an eggshell is this woman's love that we take in our hands to treasure. A little prettiness, a little fondling, so—and then crunch, and the pieces cut us, and we whine and weep, and she—bah!—she is putting the pieces together for

SHE HOLDS IT A MOMENT IN HER HAND, AND THEN LETS IT FLUTTER TO THE GROUND.

another. Saint John! give me the hunt upon the hills with the little girls screaming, and the red cock crowing on the houses, and the loot for my pockets and the dead men for couches. That is the love for me—ojala! (*He finishes the wine. Eleven o'clock is struck.*)

JUAN (*bending over* MAJANO). Eleven—and he sleeps still—Christi!

(*A knock upon the door.*)

JUAN. Hola! who knocks? They cannot have come for him already. If it should be Madame Inez, or the priest. Corriente! it must be the priest—to tell him the way to purgatory. Oh, ah! these priests, who stand in the valley to say there is the hill you must climb. Holy God! if they would climb themselves!

(*The knock is repeated.*)

JUAN (*crossing the room*). I am coming, holy father; there is time enough yet; don't fear to catch cold; you will hear things to warm you presently. (*He opens the door.*)

Enter SABINE, *the wife of* MAJANO. *She wears a black mantilla, and her face is veiled.*

JUAN (*locking the door after her. Aside*). So it is not the holy father—bien!—he will confess to this one more quickly. (*Aloud.*) The Colonel sleeps, Señora. He has been asking for you all the evening.

SABINE (*looking at her husband but not waking him*). For me?

JUAN (*with an ugly grimace*). Certainly, it is "Inez, Inez!" all the day. And he has written to you. Oh, you come in time to save me a journey. I have the letter here.

(*He gives her the letter. She holds it a moment in her hand, and then lets it flutter to the ground, while she clings to the table for support.*)

JUAN. How? You do not read it, Madame Inez.

SABINE (*covering her face with her hands*). Is it not for me, Señor.

JUAN (*snatching the letter from the floor*). Not for you, Señora—oh, ah!—certainly; you say well, it is not for you—fool that I am. You see, he was writing it, that other—oh! he will write it, Señora. You have my word for it, he will write it directly. (*Aside.*) Mother of God! that I should dance to a tune like that!

(SABINE *sits upon the stool facing* MAJANO. *She looks at him intently while he sleeps.* JUAN *puts the letter in his pocket and watches her.*)

LETTING HER REST UPON THE STOOL, WITH HER HEAD BURIED IN HER HANDS, HE BEGINS TO PACE THE ROOM.

JUAN (*after a pause*). You wish to wake the Colonel, Señora?

SABINE. I wish to speak to him—I am his wife, God help me!

JUAN (*hesitatingly*). You know that—pardon, Señora—I would say you have heard what the Court Martial has ordered. (*In a hushed voice.*) God make you strong, dear lady! They come for him in half an hour.

SABINE (*bursting into tears*). I know, I know!

JUAN (*shrugs his shoulders. Aside*). When a woman weeps—bah! war is not for women, nor tears. Oh! I shall cut a pretty figure presently. (*Aloud.*) Señora, you would speak to the Colonel alone? Very well; I have business in the barracks. I shall stand in the court until you call me. At half-past eleven the priest comes. They have told you that, Señora?

SABINE. I know all, Sergeant.

JUAN. Christi! you shall have courage, then. Who can say? A pardon may come yet. Take heart, dear lady—and see, our voices wake him. (JUAN *goes to door.* MAJANO *wakes suddenly and stands up.*)

MAJANO. Have they come, Juan?

JUAN (*in a low voice*). Oh, certainly! I have business in the barracks. (*He goes out quickly.*)

SABINE (*kneeling at his side*). It is I—Sabine—your wife, have you no word for me?

MAJANO (*drawing back*). You, Sabine, here at Pinar del Rio? My God! what a dream!

SABINE. It is no dream, Gustave. Oh! I know all, and I am here to tell you that I forgive—God help me!—I forgive and love you still. Do you fear to touch my hands? Oh, do not shun me, for I bring you life and liberty.

(*She clings to him, and he rises, holding one of her hands.*)

MAJANO. Sabine, what do you say? You bring me liberty?

SABINE. I bring you the pardon of General Weyler. My husband, will you not thank me for that? Nay, I know all; and the letter which you wrote to her I have held in my hands. Yet for me there was no word. Oh God! my heart is breaking!

MAJANO. Sabine, Sabine, what are you saying? Are you not my wife, the mother of my child? Oh, you do not understand—you do not understand!

(*He holds her hands and raises her up.*)

SABINE. Gustave, is it so difficult for a woman to understand that she has lost her husband's love; that henceforth there is to be no chain of their affection between them; that her words are spoken to deaf ears; that all the hopes of him she loves lie beyond her home? Is it difficult for her to know that never more will she harvest his trust, his confidence, never more be taken to his arms as the one who alone can comfort him, weeping because he weeps, or glad because he is glad. Oh, I have known it since the day when trouble came to my country, and you—you forgot me that you might enjoy those dreams of liberty which have brought you to this end—or would have brought you, but for the pardon which I carry, and which I have abased myself, you will never know how much, to beg for you. My husband, is it too difficult to understand that?

(*She bursts into tears again.* MAJANO *holds her in his arms for a moment, then, letting her rest upon the stool, with her head buried in her hands, he begins to pace the room.*)

MAJANO. Sabine, you speak to me of the day when you lost my love. Let me ask in turn, how could I give my love to one who mocked my country's claims, and was content because the Spaniard humbled her. You say that the chain of our affection no longer binds us—but where shall it find strength other than the strength of our desires and our hopes. And how shall you blame me if, asking of you that sympathy and courage which a woman only can breathe into the heart of a man, I found no answer? Many a day I waited for that, Sabine, waited to hear some word of yours which should have been a watchword to me in this hour of trial. God knows, I thought an end must come to your love of the Spaniard; that the day could not be distant when your eyes would be open to the sufferings of those around us. Do I wait for that day still, or is it that your coming here to-night?—nay, that cannot be, since you have knelt to the murderer, as you tell me. Oh, my wife, how shall I take my freedom from such hands?

SABINE (*earnestly*). Gustave, you will take your liberty for the sake of our child. Do you forget little Barbara, she who asks me every morning if God will not give you back to her? Is it not for her sake that I begged you, on my knees, to leave Cuba and find a new home where you could live for her, if not for me? Is it not for her that I offer you liberty now, even when I know all, and have heard the name of another upon your lips——

MAJANO (*quickly*). Ay, truly, my wife; you have heard the name of another upon my lips—but of whom? Do you think that love of woman led me from my home; the vulgar passion which quickens men's hearts and burns their souls, until only a little ash of their own selves remains. Nay, you know it was not so. Say rather that I, who for thirty years had plodded my way in the swamps of selfishness and of intellectual death, heard at last from a woman's lips the call which sent me to the hills. Was not hers the voice which said, "Your country is your home, and those who fight the Spaniard are your children?" Little Barbara calls for me—God! that I might hold her in my arms again!—yet the children of our dead, the wives of those who have shed their blood to give us freedom: shall we be deaf to their cries? Nay, Sabine, I live only with the sword in my hand, and with that sword still uplifted it would be happiness to die. Another's name is on my lips; may it be ever there while she who bears it can inspire me to forget myself that I may hear the children's voices.

SABINE (*angrily*). You think of her still—at this hour, Gustave! You can taunt me still with that name when I hold your pardon in my hands (*she shows a paper*), and have but to put it in the flame of that candle to take back the life I purchased at such cost. Oh, better that I had never come to wake you from your sleep; better, better, God pity me! that my child were taught never more to utter your name, that we two together learned to live without the love which you can never give us.

MAJANO (*restraining his emotion with difficulty*). Better that, Sabine, than dishonour to him whose love you seek. What brought me to this prison where at midnight—if your pardon be burnt—the Spanish assassin will shoot me as a rebel? Was it not the sure knowledge that Cuba will be freed only by the blood of her sons? And if they release me now, whither shall I turn my steps? To the home where the smoke of war is not seen and the Spaniard is triumphant, or to the hills whereon the banner of my country has been set up never to fall again?

SABINE (*fearfully*). You would return there—oh! that is not to be. Listen, Gustave. When I heard that you were defeated at Alvarez and brought here a prisoner I knew too well what the Court Martial would do; I knew that my word alone could save you from the only sentence which the General pronounces. That night I left my home to come to Pinar del Rio, where they told me all: how that you had become the instrument of Inez d'Arphe and had taken up arms at her bidding. They said that Maceo had no greater zealot, no one so quick to foresee or to act. I heard of your new-found energy and remembered the old days at home, when to sleep was a task to you, and all your daily work was to sit in our garden by the sea. Do you wonder if I asked myself, how has this woman so changed him? by what spell has she awakened this zeal and this energy? what power is hers that is denied to me?——

THIS IS HOW I ANSWER HIS PARDON.

MAJANO. Sabine, I will answer that. The woman changed me because she taught me to look for life beyond the little island of my own needs; her spell is the witchery of the words "man may"; her power is the power to teach us that "man must." Who shall say, when the history of this war is written and the Spaniard is driven into the sea, that the harvest we reap is not the harvest of the seed sown by Inez d'Arphe?

SABINE (*scornfully*). When the harvest is reaped!—ay, when that day comes, my husband, who will be left in Cuba to garner it? Does Liberty make the face of the land naked and leave orphans for her sentinels? Holy Mother of God! I cannot talk of these things; they burn my heart, they torture me. And you! do you never hear the cry of the child ring louder in your ears than the woman's voice? Oh! I know that you must! Gustave, I know that you loved her!

MAJANO (*tenderly*). God be my witness, I loved her more than anything on earth.

SABINE. And will be content now, for her sake, to accept the conditions of this pardon?

MAJANO (*quickly*). Conditions! There are conditions then!

SABINE (*pleading*). Gustave, for the child's sake. Have I not been on my knees to the General—have I not abased myself, I, whose father was the friend of princes? Will you not, in turn, remember only that little Barbara waits for you at home?

MAJANO. I remember that; tell me the conditions, my wife!

SABINE. That you leave Cuba within four and twenty hours, and—and—how shall I tell you?

MAJANO (*impatiently*). Yes—yes. And then?

SABINE. It was the General's doing; he knows well the influence of Inez d'Arphe; he asks that you, in return for your liberty, shall deliver up the letters which she has written to you. Gustave, you will do this!

MAJANO (*scornfully*). The General asks that? You are sure it was the General, Sabine?

SABINE (*confusedly*). Have I not told you?—is it not for the child's sake?—she who will lie warm on your heart when you return to her presently? Gustave, you will sign the paper—you will not refuse me. The Holy Mother hear me! I kneel to you, my husband. Oh! if death should come, and your hand be stilled and your voice for ever silent, who will lead the little one then, who will comfort her, who will help a broken-hearted woman? Nay, let us find a new home together, where, forgetting all that has clouded our lives, we may live and work for the child and for her future.

TELL THEM I AM READY.

MAJANO. Sabine, you swear that the General stipulated for the papers of Madame Inez?

SABINE (*still on her knees, and with great emotion*). I—I—swear it.

MAJANO (*deliberately*). Then this is how I anwer his pardon.

(*He snatches the paper from her hand and thrusts it into the flame of the candle.*)

SABINE (*clutching at his arm wildly*). No, no! for God's sake, Gustave! I lied to you; it was not the General's condition. He asks nothing. I would have saved you from her. Oh, God! What shall I do—what shall I do?

(*She falls insensible upon the floor. He stands terror-struck watching her. The paper is entirely consumed by the candle.*)

MAJANO (*in a dazed way*). She lied to me—she, my wife—to save me from the woman! God! the ashes of my life lie there—the ashes of my life!

(*The clock strikes a quarter to twelve. A muffled drum is heard without.* JUAN *enters quickly, carrying a torch in his hand.*)

JUAN. Colonel, they wait for you——

MAJANO (*kneeling at his wife's side*). The mother of my child!—the mother of my child! (*He rises and draws himself up.*) Tell them I am ready.

(*Curtain.*)

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

TWO men were sitting on a wooden seat and staring out over the Humber. Their point of vantage is one well known at Hull, for there is a flagstaff there and many seats, and one can spy the whole river and New Holland at the other side, and the vessels and tugs going up and down on the swift tide betwixt the Spurn and Goole.

Suddenly one of the men pointed with his finger at a vessel hanging in the stream.

"You see that barque, Bill?" he said.

"Well, and what of her, Ben?"

"Why, this," said Ben solemnly—"But first, where does she hail from?"

"I should say she's a Nova Scotian," said Bill "It's hobvious."

Ben nodded.

"She was built at Halifax, and she's come to Hull, and it's my opinion she'll end in Hell. And from Hull, Hell, and Halifax good Lord deliver us!"

"And what for?" asked Bill.

"She's owned by a widow woman," said Ben earnestly, "wot never had no luck—not with her husband nor nothing. I knowed her out there, and she's always in black, and comes aboard, and it's agin' the rights of things for her to do that same, and give the crew the hump with such a black send off."

Bill snorted.

"You're as full of superstitious rot, Ben, as a cat. You believe in Lapland witches, and in Finns, and in Flying Dutchmen, and in every foolishness as ever got sailormen laughed at ashore."

"And why not—why not?" asked Ben gloomily. "I tell you I've seed the Flying Dutchman; and as to Finns, in my last ship, her as I skinned out of here, there was a Finn, and if he was sulky the wind was foul, and if he was pleased it was fair."

Bill, who was a cockney, cured in New York, gave a snort, and pulled a plug of black cavendish out of the breast-pocket of his monkey-jacket.

"Mebbe he wanted to get there, matey," he said. "Now suppose you was just dyin' for a chew, and I kind of offered you this yer plug; you'd smile, wouldn't you? And then, if I said, 'No, you don't!' and planted it again in my pocket, you'd look mighty sick, wouldn't you?"

Ben turned and stared at him.

"What are you getting at, with all this foolishness about terbacker? What's that to do with Finns?"

"Why, this," said his mate. "What I'm saying, and if you'll just dry up and listen, you'll see, is this. That it wouldn't be your bloomin' smile or your sick looks as'd make me give it or not give it, but my givin' it or not givin' it as would make you look sick or not."

Ben shook his head at this laborious logic.

"Well, and what the blazes has all this rigmarole about a chew to do with Finns and wind?" he asked pityingly.

"Can't you see as how the Finn might, just as well as any hother man, look black with a contrary breeze, and pleased when it was fair?" Bill retorted.

But Ben shook his head again.

"It ain't no argument," he said, "for as I told you when he turned sulky, the wind changed. I could bring you ten men, not to speak of a cook, as would take their oath to it in any court of law. And I wasn't guffing, anyhow, about Finns or any other kind of Dutchmen, nor of Dagos, but of a widder woman in black coming to see a ship out of dock."

Bill looked rather mollified as Ben did not insist on the Finns.

"Well, I'm with you there," he said; "but then women is bad luck anyway, black or white. I was yarnin' with a 'bus conductor the other day, and he says, 'What's coming to the women I don't know. They won't put their 'and to a thing the same as their mothers, and some thinks they can drive a 'bus.' That's what he said, and it stands to reason a 'bus conductor should know a lot about women. And this one is mighty popular, too."

Ben nodded.

"Women's all very well ashore, in their place," he said earnestly. "But even there what call have they to own ships? Does it seem natural for a woman to own ships? No, it doesn't, of course. Let a woman be the wife of a captain if she likes——"

"I knowed a captain's wife what did for him proper," said Bill. "He sailed before the mast afterwards, and many's the time I've heard him spin us a cuffer about it."

Ben reached out his hand and coolly extracted the plug of tobacco from Bill's coat, and having torn off a huge chunk with his teeth, returned it.

"And what was the yarn?" he asked, as his eyes followed the barque, which had started the talk, round the point below the town.

"Well," said Bill, "he was skipper of a cargo-boat wot sailed to the Baltic, and he owned up to him and the mates getting a good deal of stealage, one way or another. But the chief thing he and others hung on to for getting more than his pay, was what he called the gold-mine of Kertch Bar ——"

Ben shook his head.

"That won't do," he said, "for I know better than that. Kertch ain't in the Baltic."

"Where is it then?" asked Bill defiantly.

"It's in the Black Sea or thereabouts," answered Ben vaguely.

"Black Sea or Baltic is all the same to me," said Bill, "as I've never sailed in neither and never will, if I knows it. But I'm telling you. He called it the Kertch Bar Gold-Mine, and 'ow they did 'ave the owners was just a treat. For you see it was just this way. If I don't know Kertch, why, I may be wrong in small particulars; but the chief thing about it is its beastliness and its bar. And the way that bar shifted was a fair miracle. Trainer, that was his name, the name of this 'ere skipper. He said that, accordin' to what the owners thought of it, the bar walked from this side or that, and just plumped itself down in the fairway. And the pore harbour people, they was worked to death, so they said, with surveyin' 'ere and surveyin' there and shiftin' buoys. But it was no manner o' use, and out of three vessels as came in one was sure to get stuck, and then it was telegraphin' 'ome to say as she'd took the ground and must be lightened. And out comes lighters, and they works, and then tugs, and they pulls, and presently they 'eaves 'er off and fills 'er up again. Sometimes a skipper would be that unlucky as to get stuck twice running, and the owners picks out the vessels with the least draught. But that was no manner o' use, for as Trainer said, and laughed when 'e said it, the bar was that treacherous as to rise up in the night and shove a two-by-four scantling high and dry. And, as you may guess, this 'ere Kertch Bar got a bloomin' bad name; and if it hadn't been that they 'ad to go, the owners would have seen Kertch further first. And some did, but the rest stuck there just the same.

"And Trainer told us one night how ten skippers was ashore drinking, 'e with 'em, and they got to talkin'.

"'I dars'n't do it this trip,' says one. And a pilot as belonged to Kertch give him a liquor. And bimeby some men as owned the lighters came in, and then some o' the 'arbour authorities. The

"'I DARE IF YOU DARE,' SAYS ONE."

drink went off like hot cakes, and one took to daring the other.

"'I dare if you dare,' says one.

"'You'll blow the gaff,' says another. 'Don't kill the goose what lays the golden heggs.'

"But after a drink or two more the careful ones was guffin' about the times they had been caught by the bar.

"'Seven times I done it,' says one. And a pilot wot talked good English he said the one as'd done it most was the skipper of a Swansea boat, who'd been on nineteen times.

"'And good biz, too,' yells out another. 'I know him. A good careful hofficer, so his owners say, but a bit unlucky at Kertch. And he's fair rotten with money for a man of his sort.'

"And that night afore they'd done they was ready for hanything. Next morning there was nine vessels 'ard and fast in the sand, and the telegraphs was working, and nine lots of howners was cussin' their luck, and the shippin' papers had lots to say about the wicked kind of hanchorage there was at Kertch. And all the bloomin' time it was the coolest kind of put-up job as you ever see.

"And that was the time as Trainer got left. And I'll tell you how it was. He 'ad to take the money for that time and the time before, and he shoves it into a henvelope and sends it to his wife. It was full heighty pounds; if I don't misrember, it was heighty-two pound ten; and 'e didn't care about keeping it by 'im, for 'e was apt to go ashore and get blind, as is the way with 'em when no one's by. And fat and jolly and laughin' he gets on board and goes off with his height-knot iron box 'ome. But when he reached Hull—yes, this yer very port—he looks very sick. This was 'ow it happened.

"Trainer's wife was a thin, worrying woman, and that narvous with his carryin' on, and the wind blowin'—for all women, as you know, thinks it blows 'ard all the world hover at the same time—that she couldn't stand so much rhino in the 'ouse at once. She thought as burglars from all parts of the country would smell it and come down 'er little back street and crawl in and get it out of her mattress. So she takes it out o' there and sews it in her dress, and then she thinks she'll fall down in a fit and be robbed at a 'ospital, or that a fire would break out special and burn up the bloomin' neighbourhood. And at last, with sitting up awake all night watching her gown 'anging behind 'er locked door, she got that scared that she ups and hoffs down to the howners' office; and, going right up to the very 'ead boss, whom she runs agin in the alleyway, she says as 'ow she's Mrs. Trainer.

"'And what do you want, Mrs. Trainer?' says 'e, perlite enough.

"Then she lets him 'ave it, and hinformation fair runs out of 'er. She tells 'im about the money as Trainer 'ad sent, and she arsked him to keep it for her.

"'Where did it come from?' says the howner.

"'From Kertch, Sir—at least, I think so, but it's in the letter.'

"She 'ands it over just as she picked it out of her gown.

"'And 'ow much?' says he, laughing, thinking, I guess, that a ten-pound note wouldn't make him nervous.

"'Heighty pound hodd,' says she. And never till hafterward did she remember 'ow 'e jumped.

"''Heighty pound! Why, that's a lot of money,' says he. And then, saying, 'Excuse me just one moment,' 'e goes out.

"He come back agin in five minutes, laughin', but still serious.

"'We'll take care of it for you, Mrs. Trainer,' says he, 'but I should 'ave thought as 'ow you'd have been used to gettin' money from your 'usband by this.'

"That was 'is trap, and the silly woman goes right into it like a sheep. And never knowed it till afterwards.

"'Oh, yes, Sir,' she says smiling, 'but not so much as this.'

"'Then how much does he usually send from Kertch?' asks he, laughing again.

"'Oh, never much more than fifteen or twenty,' says she. 'And that's enough to make a lone woman nervous of losing it.'

"'Yes,' said 'e, showing his teeth; 'it's not nice bein' robbed. But we'll see no one but the owner gets this,' says 'e. And then she goes out, thanking 'im profuse, and tells all 'er neighbours wot a nice kind man 'e is.

"But I guess 'e 'ad gone out and 'ad a talk with another bloomin' nice kind man. And they just whacked it to her proper, and then went on to find hout 'ow it was that Trainer got so much rhino over his pay. For they knew that private trade wasn't nothing out there, and they didn't reckon Trainer had been speckylatin' in Kertch town lots.

"And Trainer, who was comin' 'ome, 'uggin 'imself about that lump of stealage, never thought so much as once of what a fool 'e 'ad bin to send it to her, just sayin', 'Keep it till I get back.' Many a time I've 'eard 'im say he could go out and

bang 'is nut on the steam winch or a bollard to think that six words more in his letter would have done it, and 'e'd still 'ave been gettin' gold out of Kertch. But them words was never wrote, and when he gets into Hull River, afore he docks the howner comes on board.

"'Bad luck again this time, Captain?' say 'e, cheerful like.

"And Trainer touches 'is 'at.

"'Yes, Sir, we was very hunfortunate again so far; but we got off without no damage, not a strain,' says he. 'And it's I that would be glad never to see Kertch again.'

"Going into the cabin they sits down.

"'And is it so very bad?' asks the owner, innocent. 'And what is the reason of the bar shiftin' so?'

"'Hask me another, Sir,' says Trainer, 'if you'll excuse my saying so, Sir. But going in and out of Kertch it's guess work to the best of pilots. And what them pilots don't know ain't worth knowin'.'

"With that he winks to himself, and as he told us, 'e felt that clever 'e could 'ave split with laughin'.

"'It's a bloomin' nasty trade,' says the owner, kind of sighin'.

"'It is that,' says Trainer. And seeing the man so soft and sweet, it just catches 'old of him that 'e might get a rise of a couple of pound a month.

"'It is that,' says he, sighin' too, 'a bloomin' nasty trade, Sir. And very trying is the Black Sea at times. It's not like the Mediterranean, where a man can live cheap and well.'

"'Why no,' says 'e, careless. 'Then you don't find it a savin' trade any more than us?'

"'Saving!' says Trainer, kind of sorrowful. 'It takes all a man's pay to find 'im in clothes. I ain't saved two-pound-ten in a year.'

"And with that the bloomin' howner, a big, tall man, said Trainer, just rises off his seat and stares Trainer in the face like a judge.

"'Then, Mr. Trainer,' says 'e, in a voice like a lower topsail goin' out of the bolt ropes, ''Ow did you make that hextra heighty pounds as you sent to your wife?' says he.

"And with that Trainer says the stuffin' was clean knocked out of 'im, and he felt like a hempty sack with nothing in it. He just sat down.

"'What do you mean, Sir?' says he.

"But the owner walked round to him.

"'I means that money you sent 'ome from Kertch,' says he; 'and afore you go ashore I means to 'ave the truth out of you.'

"He pulls Trainer's own letter out of 'is pocket, which the wife had give 'im with the posh, and spread it out before him.

"'Hexplain,' says he very stern.

"And at that Trainer give right in, though afterwards he grinds 'is teeth at not thinkin' of a good tale. He could 'ave said it was a legacy from a dead haunt or huncle, or 'ave pitched somethin' to the man to shut 'im up. But 'e couldn't think, and could only cuss 'is wife, poor woman! 'E looks up at the howner standing there grinning.

"'The truth or the polis,' said 'e.

"''Ow did you get it?' asks Trainer. And 'e told him.

"'But the question is 'ow did *you* get it?' says the owner.

"'It was give me,' says Trainer, pluckin' up.

"'Who give it you?' says the howner.

"'The lighterage folks at Kertch,' says 'e kind of silly.

"'Oho!' says the howner, and 'e sits down by Trainer. 'Now, Mr. Trainer,' says 'e more kind, 'there may be nothin' in this, and I may be mistook; but if you don't make a clean breast of it all I'll give you in charge; for that there 's somethin' in this that I ought to know, that I'm sure, and know I will—yes, if I 'ave to go to Kertch and work it up myself.'

"'Do you mean it?' says Trainer foolish-like, and with that he give way and let it hout.

"'But first,' says 'e, 'you won't prosecute? Because if you're goin' to do that I'll say nothing.'

"And the howner says, 'No, not if you'll tell the Bible truth.'

"'Well,' says 'e, and 'e says when 'e began 'e could 'ardly 'elp laughin', 'in the first place there ain't nothin' wrong with Kertch Bar.'

"'What do you mean?' says the howner.

"'I means just what I says,' answers Trainer, stubborn, 'there ain't nothin' wrong with the bar. As a bar it's all right, and no worse than other bars, and better a deal than some. It's a good steady bar——'

"'And don't shift?' asks the owner.

"'Not more than in reason,' says Trainer, 'and according to a gale or the time of year just like any hother bar.'

"'Then why did you get on it?' says the howner.

"'It was the pilots,' says Trainer, 'and the 'arbour folks, and hus. It was a put-up

"'ʻOW DID YOU MAKE THAT HEXTRA HEIGHTY POUNDS AS YOU SENT TO YOUR WIFE?'"

job, that's what it was. And what we paid the tugs and the lighters and the pilots they give us commission on it. And that's the gospel truth, Sir.'

"And the howner chap was that surprised he reached up for a glass in the rack and took a drink of spirrits neat.

"'Well, I'm hanged!' says 'e, 'and for years we've bin payin' for double lighterage and for hextra towage and all sorts of bloomin' things. Who started this 'ere racket?'

"'It was started afore my time,' says Trainer, rather sulky again. 'When I got there it was in full swing. And if you give me away as 'aving told you my life's not worth as much as a loose bit of brasswork in a Danube port. That's what it ain't. For they calls it the Kertch Bar Gold-Mine, and gammons to 'old shares in it.'

"'I'll not give you away,' says the howner, stern enough; 'but I reckon you don't sail no more vessels in which I 'ave any hinterest.'

"And though Trainer felt sick at that, 'e knew 'e ought to be jugged for conspiracy, as the hother told 'im. So it was a let-off just to get the sack, even if jobs were tough gettin'. And that was the bust up of that racket. I guess Trainer took it out of 'is wife, for 'e owned that she went to live with 'er mother for a month when he got 'ome.

"But 'e got no more vessels to command, for when it came out 'ow the Kertch Bar business 'ad been worked, the men that was sacked gave Trainer the worst kind of a name. And gradual he came down again to sail before the mast. That's what a woman did for 'im."

"It warn't her fault," said Ben—"not hers at all. It was him that was to blame. What kind of a man is it to give a woman money to keep?"

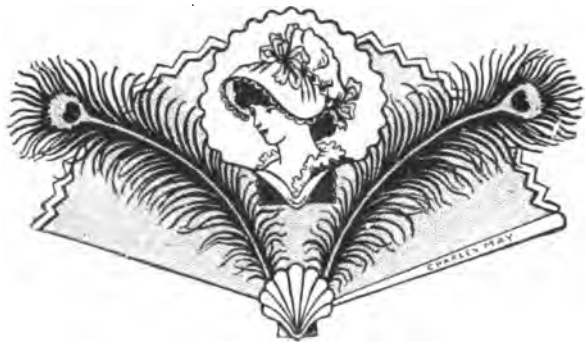
"Well, I can't keep none myself," owned Bill; "or else I wouldn't be lookin' for a ship. If I could find a woman wot would keep it and make it last longer, I'd take 'er on."

"Not you," said Ben. "A sailorman ain't got no more business to be married till he swallows the anchor than a woman has to own a ship. And as for that barque that's just gone out, you mark me, she'll be lost."

"All along of the widder in black?" asked Bill.

"All along of her," replied Ben stubbornly.

And they went up town.



A CORNER OF THE KAILYARD

IN WHICH IS TOLD THE ROMANTIC STORY OF FIVIE CASTLE.

By R. S. LOVEDAY.

ASSIDUOUSLY as the Kailyard is being cultivated—the produce is largely for foreign export — there are certain little corners of it left to wallow in rank luxuriance for lack of a gardener. Mr. Crockett, like Sir Walter, insists on hovering about the Borders, specially annexing Galloway; Ian Maclaren holds a brief for picturesque Perthshire; Mr. Barrie is the laird of Forfarshire—and Thrums; and Mr. William Black half anticipated them all by working round the west coast from Glasgow to Cape Wrath. But the north-east corner of Scotland has been left alone; and this is all the more curious in view of the fact that, as the land of the Queen, it is more talked about abroad than any other part of the country save the capital. But the novelists or idyllists (which you will), like the Roman legions long before them, cannot be got to cross the Grampians. Perhaps that is the very reason why the Queen dotes on Deeside.

You may perchance argue that, after all, one patch of the Kailyard is pretty much like another; and yet the very fact that scarcely one inhabitant of this north-east corner of it has tried to turn his native glens to account in the gentle art of story-making marks out the people there as being quite different from their neighbours. And, indeed, they are. There you will find the concentrated Scot—hard-headed, self-sufficient, intensely clannish, permeated to his very marrow with the idea of getting on, and for that very reason a trifle unimaginative. If he had had a little more imagination he would have turned it to as good account financially as Mr. Barrie and the reverend idyllists; but he has not seized the opportunity. True, George MacDonald, who is a native of that part of the world, anticipated the latter-day idyllists long ago in "David Elginbrod" and "Robert Falconer"; but he wrote at a time before the world went mad over Scots village life, and at the best he is a dreamer of dreams too universal to be pinned down to the Kailyard. Only one Aberdeenshire idyll has been written by a native—namely, "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk." It is extraordinarily realistic, but for that very reason it can never become widely known, for its phonographic reproduction of the wild Doric spoken in those parts makes it a closed book to all save the natives, by whom it is cherished next to the Bible itself. The Aberdonian has left the foreigner to picture his shire. Thus Mr. Black betook himself and his Briseis on a recent occasion to Deeside; Mr. Bram Stoker, who is an Irishman, described a north-east village in "The Watter's Mou'"; while a Forfarshire man recently told the thrilling story of the Keiths who fought and bled for Frederick the Great.

But there is no lack of romance in the north-east. A North country Crockett could thrill you with many a story of the gay Gordons, including the mad Lord George (in whose career Dickens saw such possibilities) and his namesake, Lord Byron. Then there are the Burnetts (reaching their greatest notoriety in the mysterious "Plotter") and the Farquharsons, on whose estate the standard of revolt was raised on behalf of the Stuarts. The county, in fact, teems with stories.

The scenery misleads you; much of it is not inspiring. If you follow the coast line from the Granite City you will be struck by the bleak, treeless aspect of it all. Halfway up you might see possibilities, as Johnson himself saw, in Slains Castle, the home of the Earl of Erroll, who, as Colonel of the Blues, is familiar to every Englishman. From the windows of this castle perched on the rock Dr. Johnson would have been content to leave Fleet Street for a while to view "the terrific grandeur of the tempestuous ocean" which two centuries before had dashed one of the Armada caracks to atoms at the base. Further north still rise the ruins of Inverugie Castle, which sheltered the Pretender James, who landed at Peterhead, and where the lonely Lady Marischal sighed and dreamed of the days when she should put on a bridal gown—"that day

our King comes owre the water." But taken as a whole it is a bleak, drear patch of the Kailyard, where the beauties of nature will not aid the imagination.

And yet there is an oasis even here—a beautiful valley, running from the centre of the shire, formed by the river Ythan. Every lover of old Izaak knows the Ythan.

Photo by Mr. Mackie, Brechin.

FYVIE CASTLE.

To-day it has its attractions for him in salmon and pike and trout. But there was a time when it yielded pearls as well. Early in the seventeenth century the Provost of Aberdeen got hold of a very beautiful specimen, and came to London to give it to the King; to-day it has its place in the crown of England. Thus it was no poetical license that the gentle Drummond of Hawthornden indulged in when he mourned a friend who had died there in the lines—

> Aithen, thy pearly coronet let fall
> Clad in sad robes, about thy temples set
> The weeping cypress or the noble jet.

The valley grows more beautiful the further you ascend. On the south bank you will find the grounds of Haddo House, the ancestral home of the Governor-General of Canada; and further up, on a rocky eminence overlooking the ravine down which the river courses, stands all that remains of the ruined house of Gight, the ancestral home of Lord Byron's mother. It was in a proud yet melancholy mood he sang of it as standing like a—

> Lofty mind
> Worn but unstooping to the baser crowd,
> All tenantless save to the crannying wind,
> Or holding dark communion with the cloud
> Banners on high, and battles passed below.

Happily the wind cannot cranny Fyvie Castle, which is still further up the stream, standing within a beautiful bend of the river. Fyvie remains intact, the most wonderful specimen of old Scots baronial architecture, the centre of many legends, the home of many a romance. Bacon, discoursing on building, is believed to have referred to it. In any case its story takes you right back to the days of the Bruce, who made it one of his royal residences. At that time Fyvie was a place of importance, a burgh under direct royal patronage. Eight hundred years ago a noble priory reared its head there under the paternal care of the Abbot of Aberbrothock, whom Southey immortalised. Edward I. of England put up in the fortress of Fyvie when he made his great progress to the North exactly six hundred years ago, and the leading points in its long history occur, curiously enough, at points separated almost exactly by a century or two.

The castle afterwards came into the hands of the Lindsays, who were related to the Bruces. In 1395 Lady Lindsay, left alone in the keep, was most ungallantly attacked by a force headed by her nephew. But she managed to hold him at bay, and he was defeated completely by her husband. From the Lindsays it passed into the hands of the Prestons (for bravery on the field of Otterburn), and then to the Meldrums, who held it for two centuries till 1596, when Alexander Seton, Chancellor of Scotland, came into possession. He was a remarkable man, and came of an ancient family, now represented by the Earl of Eglinton, while his sister became the mother of the founder of the Duke of Abercorn's house. Seton himself was tutor to Charles I., and had honours heaped on him by the Crown. The King first made him Lord Fyvie and then Earl of Dunfermline; and his devotion to the Stuarts became so exaggerated in his family as to bring them ultimately to ruin. It made his son Charles give shelter in 1644 to the dare-devil Marquis of Montrose, who left the castle to fight a

battle with the Covenanting General, the Marquis of Argyll, hard by. Happily for Lord Fyvie, "King Campbell," as leal loyalists still nickname the Argyll, was ignominiously beaten. Then the fourth and last Lord Fyvie espoused the cause of the Pretender, and fought at Killiecrankie. The only thanks he got was sentence of outlawry and the forfeiture of his title, so that there is no Earl of Dunfermline to-day. He died two hundred years ago (1694), like so many other Royalists, at St. Germains. The Crown seized his estates, selling them thirty years later to the Earl of Aberdeen, who had married the grandniece of Lady Fyvie, and who bestowed the estate on his son, the Scots lawyer, Lord Rockville. Even then, however, Fyvie had not got rid of its Jacobitism, for Lord Rockville's mother was the sister of the far-famed Lord Lewis Gordon, as she proudly told the Duke of Cumberland when his Grace passed through the woods of Fyvie to crush Prince Charlie at Culloden.

But Fyvie Castle is enshrined in the popular imagination not by reason of its stately dames and daring knights, but on account of a lovelorn serving man and a miller's daughter. Tennyson had an eye for the poetic possibilities of millers' daughters, but he was anticipated long, long ago by the bard who piped the melancholy story of this maiden in the pathetic ballad "Mill o' Tifty's Annie." Everybody in the North countrie knows her sad story. Mothers tell it to their little children, and the children never forget it; nay, some of them can reel it off from memory, although it numbers more than two hundred lines. It would make the kernel of a capital novel, but almost the only person who has made use of it in fiction was a local playactor, who turned it into a very mediocre melodrama.

Andrew Lammie was trumpeter to the third Lord Fyvie, the brother of him who died at St. Germains. His manly form thrilled the bosoms of all the village maidens, among them Mill o' Tifty's Annie. Her real name was quite unromantic, merely Agnes Smith; but her father, the miller, could trace his ancestry to a bold bailie of the town of Aberdeen, and the hauteur which is the essential of all true bailies sank into his soul, and he grew exceeding wroth when he heard about this troubadour of a trumpeter, who "had the airt to gain the hairt o' Mill o' Tifty's Annie." At last Andrew had to go to Edinburgh town, and he bade her a fond farewell at the trysting-place on the Bridge of Skeugh. It was a melancholy parting. The trumpeter whispered in her ear as they clasped each other heart to heart on the crazy old bridge—

> It 's true and constant I will be,
> As I am Andrew Lammie;
> I 'll never kiss a woman's mou'
> Till I come back to Fyvie.

But the maiden was not to be comforted; she had a foreboding of evil—

> For ever, noo, I bid adieu
> To thee, my Andrew Lammie;
> Ere ye come back I will be laid
> In the green kirkyaird o' Fyvie.

She feared her father, and with good cause, for when Andrew mounted the castle wall—where you still see him carved in stone—and blew his blast, the maiden

Photo by Mr. Mackie, Brechin.

MILL O' TIFTY.

was taunted by her family and bid to listen to the lowing of her cow. Nay, more—

> Her cruel father straik her sair,
> As also did her mither;
> Her sisters mocked her late and ear',
> But wae be to her brither!

Her brither strak her wondrous sore,
Baith cruel strokes and many,
And brak her back at the ha' door
For likin' Andrew Lammie.

And so "her tender hairt wi' grief did brak; she died for Andrew Lammie," and all the village fell weeping, while Lord Fyvie himself "wrung his hands," and swore that love had cut down the fairest maid that ever bloomed in Fyvie. The hapless Lammie was in a terrible state when he returned from Edinburgh town. He hied him to her grave and wept bitterly; and tradition hath it that he never got over the blow, though it was years before he followed his Annie. But the villagers marked the grave with a stone,

Photo by Mr. Mackie, Brechin.

THE GRAVE OF ANNIE.

which has more than once been renewed, whereon you read above a melancholy array of skull, cross-bones, mattocks, and hour-glass—

HEIR LYES AGN
ES SMITH WHO
DEPARTIT THE
19 OF JANVARI
1673

In 1869 an Ionic cross was raised by public subscription to mark the spot where she lies in the beautiful green kirkyaird. But she had not lived in vain, for perhaps many a father has taken to heart the moral of the ballad which ends thus—

Ye parents grave wha children have,
In guidin' them be canny;
Tak' kindly tent lest ye repent—
Remember Tifty's Annie!

Fyvie has not been very happy in its love affairs, for another serving-man, the footman of the exiled Lord Fyvie, returned after his master's death, and by means of a weird love philtre—to wit, "the tempting cheese of Fyvie"—got a lady of rank to run off with him, and then brought her to beggary. Tradition and legendary lore, in fact, invest Fyvie with a touch of doom. A famous prophecy, for instance, tells that a male heir will never be born inside the castle until three stones are found. Only two have been got, and one of these weeps perpetually, so much so that its tears fill a bowl sometimes. This curse was pronounced because the stones had been part of Church lands rifled by the Reformers. Strange to say, no male heir has been born in the castle for centuries. The curse might have been expected to be lifted in view of the fact that the last laird, Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, was a pious Papist.

Yet withal Fyvie is a very charming spot, an ideal castle. Above it rise the fine old towers, called after its successive owners, the old Seton tower in the centre above the entrance, where you are struck by the massive iron door. Above the doorway is the famous "murder hole," from which unwelcome visitors of old could be crushed while seeking admission.

For long people believed that the base of one tower was a secret room, to be entered only from the charter-room above by a hidden passage; and that another secret passage led from this hiding-place to the river; all of which recalls how the daring Rassendyll escaped from Zenda. But this "secret room" is really solid masonry. Inside the house an imposing staircase, four and twenty feet wide, runs gradually up to the roof at such a gentle angle that one might drive up a coach. And in many a corner there are corkscrew stairs and strange passages and wonderful nooks and corners. The grounds—or "policies" in the language of the Kailyard—are exceedingly beautiful. You wander up an avenue of splendid beeches, with a lovely lake on one side and a curling-pond on the other; and amid the trees the grand old castle stands out in all the glory of its red sandstone, defying time and circumstance. Its present owner also has his touch of romance. A member of an old Aberdeenshire family, he made his fortune in America, and returned some years ago to his native shire to possess himself of the splendid embattled keep which links our day, prosaic and pushing, with the stormy times of romance that will not return to us.

"MEDITATION."

MONSIEUR PAUL.

By FRANCES FORBES ROBERTSON.

I.

JEANNE sat on the edge of her narrow little bed, and with a side look at the maid exclaimed, "Ah, but certainly I shall not marry Monsieur Paul."

She had a face oddly expressive of the woman and the child commingled, of youthful inconsequence and reflective womanhood, to whom knowledge of right and wrong had come so early that the understanding was reached before the senses, and evil could not thrive through want of soil.

"You 'll do it when the time comes, Mademoiselle," the serving-woman answered indifferently. She had certainly heard the statement before.

"That 's what everyone says. I begin to think it will come true, though I do nothing but explain that I simply won't."

"You made the mistake by once saying you would."

"Only once. Won't all the other times count—all the times I have said no? How I dislike him! Have you ever noticed his ears? They are like mushrooms."

The little rebel was interrupted by the noisy entrance of her sister, who bounded unceremoniously into the room. "Another present!" she explained.

Jeanne flushed as a pleased child. "Quick, quick, give it to me," she said. "Oh! the string. Goodness gracious, Adèle, haven't you any scissors!"

"You like the presents if you don't like the wedding," returned the good Adèle, slowly producing scissors which were attached to a black tape slung under her apron.

"Ah! that's it—I simply adore the presents! Look! it 's a fan—an ostrich-feather fan. I shall be stuck up. Marie, don't you wish you were going to be married?"

"Yes," pronounced the younger sister deliberately.

"Never mind, when I am married I shall give you a fan. Ah! when I am married I shall do nothing but give you all lovely things. Adèle, think of every nonsense you would like best in the world, and they shall be yours." She sat again on the bed and dangled her legs. The colour crept into her sweet little countenance in shy pleasure, as the wizen, shrivelled maid and the little sister, in school-room pinafore, stood staring at her with envious appetite of age and youth for the things she was describing to them so gaily—things she promised should be theirs.

"And what will Monsieur Paul say to all that?" queried Adèle at last with a heavy sigh of renunciation.

Jeanne shot a look of scorn. "You 're always talking of Monsieur Paul. Can't we have a chat about things without bringing him in? What has he to do with it?"

"A good deal, I should think," said Marie.

"You know perfectly well I am not going to marry Monsieur Paul."

"I don't see how you are to get married and give us presents unless you do," her sister continued.

"I know, I know. I suppose it will be difficult, only there 's no reason why we shouldn't talk about it all the same."

"Perhaps a fairy will bring you a Prince down the chimney just at the last moment."

"No, there are no fairies."

"Well, then, your guardian angel."

"There are no guardian angels."

"Mademoiselle!" murmured the good Adèle, in remonstrance.

"There are no guardian angels," she repeated under her breath.

* * * *

She stood twirling her thumbs before her much respected parent, and listening eagerly to his pompous oration, as one trying to catch a reasonable argument to convince herself against herself. He must certainly be very clever, because everyone said so. Moreover, he was her papa: one's papa was always clever.

"You understand, my child," he finished, "that we must know best as to who is the proper person for you to marry—and this good young man——"

"Is he good?" she interrupted.

"If by goodness you mean does he go to Mass every day, is he priest-ridden, or in the hands of those dogs the Jesuits—certainly not!"

"Perhaps his father wouldn't let him go to church—we might sympathise on that."

"I think not," the deputy laughed grossly. She ignored the interruption.

"They say he is very bad?"

"And what has that to do with a young girl?"

"If he is to be my husband?"

"You'll make him good."

"I hate him!" she said deliberately.

"Your religion should teach you a more Christian sentiment."

"You told me Christianity was glorified superstition."

The deputy looked oddly at his offspring for a moment, and then said, "The marriage will take place this day week," and turned to his bureau with obvious impatience to get to pressing work. There was nothing pressing to be done, only a sad little letter from a sad little person to be answered or ignored; but Jeanne respected the affairs of a deputy. She stood watching his broad back a moment, then, in a conciliatory tone, remarked, "The presents are very beautiful."

"Very," he returned. "I am surprised you are not more grateful." He tore the note he held in his hand and threw it in the paper-basket.

Jeanne stole away; she was unconvinced, but her father as deputy was a wonderful man. Long ago he had kept a grocery stores—that was long ago; no one mentioned it now: Monsieur Paul would despise a grocery stall. After all, the wife of a grocer might be a very happy person, especially if the grocer had nice ears.

* * * *

"Ah! bonjour, petite Jeanne! So you are going to be married quite soon. Little mother is out?"

"Little mother is always out, and I am going to be a Carmelite."

"Ah, you droll child! A Carmelite, and trying on your wedding gown! You look very charming."

"I don't think I do; but I love it! Isn't it soft? You would look sweet in it—better than I, with your golden hair. Monsieur Paul would think so."

"Monsieur Paul didn't think so."

"Do you know Monsieur Paul?"

"Yes."

"Very well?"

"Very well."

"Surely he thinks you lovely?"

"He did."

"Why didn't you marry him?"

"Ah, you enfant terrible, because you are going to marry him!"

"Then if I didn't marry him, you might?"

"No, no; I am of long ago. He would find someone else—he doesn't care for me any more. I am old—old. And then, it's all over!"

"Why?"

"Ah! there are no 'whys' about that sort of thing."

"You have tears in your eyes!"

"Nonsense; it's the cold. It's cold to-day!"

"Mademoiselle, is Monsieur Paul very bad?"

"Not much worse than most men."

"I shall not marry him."

"You are ridiculous."

"Decidedly I shall not marry him," the girl repeated.

The daintily dressed visitor remained silent for a moment, then exclaimed, in a sudden flash of uncontrollable emotion: "Who are you to refuse? Who are you to throw away what we have prayed for? You, child, to criticise the man—the man we have worshipped, and given all, all. Marry him, and thank God if he loves you for a week!"

"Why do you say 'we'?"

"I don't know what I say! There, good-bye—I am sorry—it makes me angry—you are such a child. Give my love to the little mother, and don't tell Monsieur Paul I came."

* * * *

She took off her wedding dress slowly, watching herself in the glass with a look of regret at relinquishing the beautiful white gown, then she slipped on her green silk—the *robe de jeune fille*—still short enough to show the little feet beneath. She shook herself into it with a half laugh; a moment after she caught the sound of Adèle's voice talking to the concierge below. Adèle was going out. She'd talk there another ten minutes: the two women's voices arose from the courtyard to her room. She gave a quick look at the presents which were scattered about her on every available chair. On the dressing-table there was a silk purse full of gold: her uncle had given her five hundred francs to buy what she liked. She had a hundred francs in the pocket of the dress she had put on; everybody gave one money when one was to be married. She would slip out with Adèle; Adèle couldn't refuse, because she was going to be married so soon. She put on her hat, a large hat

that shaded her sweet face, then picked up the little purse with a sudden quick movement. "Marie!" she cried. "I say, Marie, I'm going out!"

"What for?" queried Marie from the dining-room.

"For fun."

"Adèle won't have you."

"I don't care."

"I shall try on your wedding dress while you're out."

"I forbid you."

"Phew!"

"I say, Marie!"

"Yes."

"Good-bye."

"Oh, good-bye!"

"Marie!"

"Well?"

"You can try on my dress if you like. There goes Adèle—Adèle, Adèle, wait for me! Good-bye, Marie!"

* * * *

Adèle protested in vain at Jeanne's determination to accompany her on her rounds. "I mean to come," persisted the girl.

"Madame thinks I prejudice you against Monsieur Paul," murmured the woman in excuse; "she does not like us being together."

"It doesn't matter, Adèle; I have quite settled that nothing will make me marry Monsieur Paul!"

"Ah, Mademoiselle! how you will go on! People will believe you in the end, and—and——"

"And what?"

"I heard Monsieur say that if you persisted they would shut you up for a week or two."

"I don't mind."

"In St. Anne's," persisted the woman.

"It's not true!"

"He said it would bring you to your senses."

"They can't prove I am mad."

"That's not necessary"

Jeanne turned a little pale. "Do you think they would do it, Adèle?" she said in a low voice. The maid pursed up her lips for a moment. There was the fascination of horror about the notion which is irresistible to the mind of the domestic. The importance of warning her young mistress against such a possible evil sent the good woman's blood tingling with odd satisfaction.

"I do," she said emphatically; but Jeanne had answered the question for herself equally in the affirmative, though with less sensation. She hummed a little tune in deliberating on it. Adèle's sense of the seriousness of the situation was upset. Jeanne was simply a child; yet the fact remained that Monsieur and Madame would shut her up if she did not yield. The proposed son-in-law was rich, and the good woman had some reason to guess that the deputy's affairs were seriously embarrassed.

"I am going into Notre-Dame," the girl said irrelevantly.

"Chère demoiselle, it's impossible. I have so many commissions to make—enough for an hour, at least."

"Come back and fetch me, then," answered Jeanne, and slipped away across the road and through the swing door. The servant hesitated a moment, then hurried on.

* * * *

She stepped from the warm sunlight into the cool of the shadowy cathedral, hesitating on the threshold as a person unused to the solemn silence and dim light. A priest was hurrying down the aisle: he had a round pink face and wore spectacles, which caught the light and glistened. He seemed to be looking everywhere at once, flashing about in the manner of a search-light, for repentant sinners, she thought, and wished, with some drollness, that he might go and look for Monsieur Paul.

She stole up the aisle quickly, the mystery of the place falling upon her and enhancing a mood already pregnant with a moral determination. The vast cathedral seemed to be giving her sanctuary. Sanctuary from what? She would not admit to herself that, after all, her parents were those of whom she was most afraid. It was from Monsieur Paul—surely only from Monsieur Paul. Her parents threatened to shut her up in a lunatic asylum; but then it was all about Monsieur Paul!—the good-looking profligate rose visually before her mind with extended ears and look of Satan. She glanced up at the rich painted window in the deep setting of the Gothic mullions, and stood fascinated by the gleaming colour and the quaint allegorical design: a green-feathered angel with an immense halo was carrying a child over a stormy sea, the waves of which were symmetrically pointed. She gazed up with something of the expression of a child peering at the plates of a fairy-book, with a wakening belief in the gnomes and wonders represented. "There are no guardian angels," she repeated to herself. Then a side door swung open, a flood of sunlight made a path before her, and two

women in black stood talking, one holding the door with her hand. "The boat train leaves at 6.10. Of course, I shall see them off." The words reached Jeanne, and she glanced back to the guardian angel; the angel seemed to be looking at her. She stole out of the church as quietly as she had come in, and disappeared among the throng of busy Parisians passing to and fro.

* * * *

An hour later the good Adèle returned to the church to pick up her young mistress. She made her way to the Chapel of St. Joseph, and, placing her errand-basket on the ground, knelt down to inform the household saint that she was in need of the "sou," that she would burn a fat candle in his honour for three days if he would arrange a speedy betterment of her affairs. The prayer was short and business-like; she arose to her feet with a sense of *tant pis* for St. Joseph if he did not grant her petition. She peered about for Jeanne, at first lazily, then with a quick, penetrative look, hurrying silently from little chapel to little chapel.

* * * *

"Why did you put her in this room?" the German said quietly.

"What was I to do? I had no other. She begged me to take her. A fellow-passenger had assured her she would find comfortable lodging with me. You don't all pay so well that I can afford to lose a lodger."

"We don't," answered the man simply, and turned his eyes again on the tossing figure of the little French girl. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"If she dies, there'll be a fuss about your putting her in here after poor Holland was hardly out. They are very particular about scarlet fever."

"She paid in advance," the woman said, in kind of mitigation of her fault.

The German was silent for some moments. The grim humour in the idea of this poor little stranger's honesty being rewarded by such reckless hospitality held his imagination. He saw the fiends of infection hidden in the dilapidated walls, clinging to the drab window-curtains and rising up from the worn carpet to noiselessly leap on the unconscious traveller who strayed into their den. Would death come and finish their work? And this poor, wretched woman, who slaved all day for the wherewithal to live, who cheated and robbed her wealthier lodgers and shared her bread with the poorer ones, who got drunk now and then just not to feel quite so low, yet who worked, worked, worked all the same, inebriate or sober, robbing or giving in charity—the poor labouring woman *par excellence*, would she be had up before the magistrate and harried and insulted and censured by the silk-hatted, busy, swollen heads in authority? Well, the world was an odd place!

"What's a body to do?" she broke in snappishly on his meditations, so that they were brought abruptly to a standstill. He turned them into the channel of extrication. Something must be done, and immediately.

"The Sisters of Mercy!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pondering. "Why, they are practically at our door. Of course, she's a Catholic! I'll go at once for you."

The woman hesitated. "She talks a good deal about Monsieur Paul. Perhaps, they being nuns——".

The fever-stricken girl rose up suddenly, propping herself on her elbow, and stared at them. They hoped it was a glimmer of consciousness, and waited.

"But why didn't you marry Monsieur Paul?" she said to the bedraggled, gaunt woman. The man dropped his eyes.

"They are human beings, I suppose, if they are nuns, and if they are not—be damned!" he said in the meekest of tones, and walked downstairs and out into the street towards the tall, faceless brick building not a couple of hundred yards off.

II.

She stood in the hall of the Archbishop's house. The place was big, and she felt frightened; the servant who had opened the door had disappeared, leaving her quite alone; then a little old man came suddenly upon her and eyed her queerly, as one used to take the measure of a visitor before admitting him further into the hallowed precincts of his master's halls. She faltered out the Cardinal's name, and he snapped that his Eminence was engaged. Anger speedily replaced her fear. She had not asked to visit the Cardinal: the Cardinal had sent for her. "I have an appointment," she said, and her little French head tossed significantly.

"What name?" he demanded with ill-concealed suspicion. She caught the look. English people were certainly detestable, she reflected, and with perfect gravity said—

"Jeanne-Marie." The little old man shook his head and walked away.

When she was in the presence of the

Cardinal, the sense of fear took hold of her again. What would he think of her sending up plain "Jeanne-Marie"? She wasn't going to tell her name to that inquisitive sparrow downstairs. Yes, he was just like a sparrow—that horrid little man! Anyhow, she was with the Cardinal now. What ought she to call him? He looked like the prints of kings in Marie's history-book at home. He had a wonderful long train. He must feel very superior. Well, never mind! She had on her big hat, which was quite grand too. He hadn't said a word all the time she had been thinking; it seemed a very long time—she supposed it wasn't, or he would have said something. She stammered "*Mon père!*" and then hesitated as he smiled at her.

It was a formidable thing to have a live Cardinal smiling at her and to feel she had lost her tongue. She had certainly used the wrong title! Still he remained silent.

"I really don't know what to call you," she murmured confusedly. "It would frighten me to say 'Eminence.' *Ce moineau que vous avez en bas* called you that. I have never said 'Eminence'—it would frighten me . . . but I will say it if I ought, only I sha'n't get any further."

He smiled again. Ah! he had a charming smile.

"You shall call me 'Father.' . . . Come, what can I do for you? Why did you want to see me?"

"I did not want to see you at all," she answered deliberately, and her lips puckered up into a pout.

His Eminence's eyes twinkled. "True enough; I wanted to see you. Come, sit down. I have written to your father, you know."

She turned pale. "That won't be very much use," she said, "because I really can't marry Monsieur Paul."

"You shall not marry Monsieur Paul; only we must try and persuade your people to send you some money, or to—in fact, to come to some arrangement."

She opened her eyes wide.

"I don't think they have much money, you know. My stepmother's dresses are very expensive. I am afraid they won't send any."

"But, my dear child, they can't leave you to starve. Something must be done."

"I wish to be a Carmelite."

"I know, I know—nevertheless, such a step cannot be taken in a hurry. The good Reverend Mother who was kind enough to take you into the convent tells me that you know hardly anything of your religion. You have not made your first communion. It is not possible to think of such a thing at present. You know the good God does not call all to such a vocation. Those who take upon themselves such a life of self-abnegation do so after mature and deep deliberation. Submission of will is necessary, and a strong natural inclination for a spiritual life." He spoke in a conventional monotone, leaning back in his high-backed chair, his elbows on the arms, and his white, tapering fingers meeting before him. She grew frightened again, and this time her large hat did not console her: she did not catch the gist of his speech. A lump rose in her throat. It was not her habit to cry, so she gulped the lump down.

"Would you mind repeating that over again?" she said.

The Archbishop did not repeat his oration, but looked at her oddly for a moment. "Jeanne-Marie," he exclaimed, "you must listen when I talk to you." His voice was more human now and gentle, so that she suddenly felt that she loved the great big Cardinal. It was nice of him to say "Jeanne-Marie." She had been sitting on the edge of the chair; she sat back now and put her head a little bit on one side. "Oh!" she said, "how nice! Let's just talk like this."

* * * *

The good Sisters at the convent who had received Jeanne from the squalid lodging-house, nursed her through weeks of convalescence, and had besought the Cardinal to take an interest in the "unhappy child," now set to teaching her the catechism, just as they were teaching it to the little children. She was deplorably ignorant, they affirmed to his Eminence, who proposed to instruct her once a week in the deeper questions of the Church's teachings. It had been suggested by his secretary that she should be sent to one of the Jesuit fathers for this instruction—"his Eminence was too kind." The Cardinal smiled and stood looking at the prelate in silence for some moments.

"They'd fight to the bitter end," he said at last.

"Fight!" echoed the scandalised secretary.

"Why, yes, good Father, she'd set them all by the ears; she doesn't hesitate to put me in my place sometimes."

"Surely, your Eminence——"

"And yet," he continued, ignoring the interruption, "this wayward child—brought up amidst freethinking, Atheism, and

immorality, taught nothing of our blessed religion, unprotected by the Holy Sacraments—retains within her soul the most precious faith."

"Faith?"

"The faith we all need so much and have so little of—the faith of believing

"I REALLY CAN'T MARRY MONSIEUR PAUL."

that practice and theory must be one, under whatever circumstances—— Ah!" he finished, noting the blank look of the priest, "there are some souls we like to think the Almighty has particularly given into our own charge."

His Eminence's secretary was an austere and good priest, whose constant anxiety was lest the world of Catholics should not profit by the numerous indulgences, special prayers, confraternities, and other side exits established by the Holy Church to save their souls. He had an interview with Jeanne on these weighty subjects, and she succeeded in understanding nothing at all of what he said. He ended by presenting her with a little rosary of the dead, which he assured her possessed every special blessing that could be bestowed upon it — that this special rosary said on a special day in a special church would obtain certain relief for the suffering souls in Purgatory.

"Won't it do if I say the prayers without the beads?" she asked.

"No," he answered, with the solemnity of a judge. "You understand there are special indulgences attached to this rosary through its having been especially blessed." She did not understand, and took the gift reluctantly as the old man hastened away.

"But I don't want it," she explained to the Cardinal, leaning her head on her hand and looking into his eyes with indomitable determination.

"Why?" he asked, handling the little black rosary.

"Perhaps you 'll be angry!"

"That might be very good for you."

"I think not," she said, and disconcerted him with a look of anticipatory pain.

"Come," he said, "why don't you want the rosary?"

She became meditative.

"Why," she answered slowly, "you know one day at the convent they were praying for the souls in Purgatory, and I thought suddenly that if Monsieur Paul were there it wouldn't benefit him to be let out too soon; and then I thought—I thought that it must be the same for all the rest."

"You are a shameless little heretic!"

The Archbishop moved to his seat, and she noticed that a sad expression replaced the one of amusement. For two or three moments he said nothing.

"Tell me, Father," she questioned eagerly. "What is it? I don't mind, anyhow."

"I have received a letter from your home," he answered, without raising his head.

"*Tiens!* Is that all?"

"It isn't a very nice letter."

She sat down in a chair, and took off her hat. She had never taken off her hat before, and he realised how agitated she really was through all her heroic effort at disconcern. He noticed the irrepressible brown curls, and the little white parting that separated them, the way they nestled down round the pink of the tiny ear; and the man of him recoiled from reading her the shameless letter he had received from her natural protectors. He read it over again before handing it her.

"Our daughter," it ran pompously, "who is our daughter no more, left her home but a few days before the one fixed for her marriage with a gentleman of honour and position. For three weeks we heard nothing of her whereabouts or movements. You explain that she is now under your protection — since April 30th. Where was she before? 'Ill in a strange lodging-house.' That reads quite well, but not well enough for the parents this heartless child has dishonoured. To take her back would be to insult her young sister and create a scandal among all our friends. As to portioning her, we consider she has entirely forfeited all rights to such a claim. Under your Eminence's distinguished patronage she will, no doubt, be able to earn a living, and perhaps become an honest girl."

"Let me see it," said Jeanne, and he handed it to her. She read it slowly through.

"They needn't have said quite all that, need they? Of course, it was annoying for Monsieur Paul, and they haven't any money to send me; but you mustn't mind," she said, noticing his look of pain. "I've got you, haven't I?" And she put her hand on his. The tears started to the Cardinal's eyes. She was such a little thing, so young!

"Poor child!" he answered gently.

* * * *

"Jeanne-Marie, you must do something. The Little Sisters you are with can't afford to keep you; they can hardly afford to keep themselves."

She closed the book in her hand with a bang. "What shall I do?"

"That 's the difficulty—you are absolutely incapable of doing anything."

"Oh, dear! but if you say I must——"

"Well, that 's what I hope. If we can make you understand that you must, perhaps you will try—try and be like everyone else——"

"I want to be a nun," she said deliberately.

"You can't be a nun to make your living, you know."

She flushed to the roots of her hair. "It is not that." Then she turned to the window and remained silent for several moments, a sweet serious look rising from the depths of her child-like eyes. "I should like to be like you," she murmured—"really good," she added solemnly, so that the great Churchman had to laugh. They discussed further the question of her taking a place. On her next visit she received somewhat dolefully the news that an excellent situation had been procured. "They are charming people," he explained; "you ought to get on very well, and it might lead to other things. You have simply to teach several children French. It will be quite simple."

"I have never taught," she demurred.

"I know," he answered, "but you must try."

The lessons led to nothing, however. Jeanne-Marie was discharged after three months. She had been discovered one morning sitting on the table, a copy-book improvised into a crown upon her head, and the little ones on their knees before her, reciting some odd formula in English. No one had succeeded in discovering from these children what the game had been: all that could be drawn from them was the remarkable statement that they played it regularly at lessons. Playing regularly at lessons struck the good parents as hardly what they employed a French governess for, and she was regretfully discharged. The children cried, but their companion had to go.

The Cardinal was very distressed.

"What can I do with you?" he complained. "Don't you know that London is over-crammed with young people out of places—that such lessons are most difficult to get—that they are all fighting, these several millions of people about us, for work—for work," he reiterated bitterly; "many for bread."

"I wish to be a Carmelite," she said; then noticing that this remark had no effect, she went on, "I am very sorry. I thought in London everyone was rich. You seem so rich!" she cast a look at his gorgeous robes. "Are there really many who want bread? You *do* look rich; but perhaps you 're not," she added tentatively. "We might sell a lot of those things; don't you think so? It would be rather nice." She contemplated for a moment the furniture around her, then exclaimed suddenly, "Let 's have a sale here and a feast. Oh, it would be like in the olden times!" She stood up, and a flush of radiant excitement illuminated her young countenance. "Let us give a great, great feast, you and I, to all the poor."

Was he a dreamer, the Cardinal? Did the spirit of the young novice of long ago come to him now amidst the pomp and grandeur of his palace? Did his own youth hold the heart-strings of the world-wise man for a brief moment? Could he tear off the Prince's robes of the Governing Church, and as the Christ of Galilee go out and minister to His poor, that he sat quite still and seemed to forget his little pupil? He raised his eyes at last and smiled. "It would be a fairy-tale feast if we succeeded in feeding them all. We might sell the whole palace, you know, and it wouldn't go very far, little Carmelite!"

"She wants to sell me up," he explained some days later to the good secretary. "What do you think of that? I tried to point the moral of her own indolence by describing the want of the masses, and she took up the cudgels for the masses against me. She has determined to become a nun," he added after a moment.

"I am glad," said the secretary.

Incongruously enough, the Cardinal was displeased. "She is so young," he said desperately.

"That is hardly a disqualification."

"I know, I know—but I doubt her vocation. It 's the dream of a child. What mightn't she do in the world with her indomitable courage?"

"She is heretically inclined, she is safer immured," said the old man quite solemnly, turning an inquisitorial eye on his Eminence. His Eminence laughed, which enhanced the gravity of his companion's demeanour. "Nonsense!" the Cardinal said, "she 's ignorant, and she likes to understand. You make her swallow things whole and then object that she chokes, my good father."

"The Holy Church never chokes."

The Archbishop made no answer to this solemn assurance. "She is not strong enough," he went on. "She never complains, but I have seen it. The shock of leaving her home was so much greater than any of us have realised. She was so grateful she never thought of complaining. She loved her little sister too. She can hardly speak of her without tears in her eyes. I have watched the hope die out of her child's face, and seen the brave, trustful strength rise like a purifying tide over the wastes of despair. Poor little girl! And yet what an inconsequent child-thing she is! Can you see her in the long rough draperies of the habit?"

"She may not stay."

"She will stay," he answered, then strode out into the large reception-room to give audience to the never-ending claimants on his time, his influence, and his charity. He looked wearily into their submissive eyes, and thrust his ring to be kissed with a quick, almost rough movement. The little rebel would never be among them. She would never suggest again that they should sell the palace to feed the poor. "A bazaar—you want my name. Well, you know, there are so many. For the poor? No; to buy candelabra for the N—— Mission? You want to get candelabra and curtains for the sacristy door. I never give my name for bazaars, you know. Well, Father Stanislaus, how 's

the building? Another two thousand pounds wanted to put on a steeple? The Duke has subscribed two thousand already? Don't build a steeple. Ah, you must have a steeple? It's an ugly thing, you know—insignificant——"

A little old lady given to charitable works caught the word and could not grasp its meaning relative to steeples. Steeples had always struck her as most important erections. "What do you think his Eminence meant?" she asked her next-door neighbour. Her next-door neighbour didn't know.

At home she sought out the word in the dictionary, and found, "Insignificant: destitute of meaning." "Why, yes," meditated the little lady; "what a lot of things there are in the world that are important and yet destitute of meaning!"

* * * *

Six months, and she received the habit. The little girl rebel had entered one of the strictest orders that Christendom has founded for the worship of God by women. The young face looked out from the white swathing and heavy veil with the same quiet, restful expression. The austere life failed to mature the child-woman. She went about the strange duties of night vigils, long penances, and the making of the Holy Wafer for consecration with the perfect simplicity and cheerfulness of a worldling busying over household responsibilities. She sought out with strange persistence the hardest work to do, and went through it all so gaily that the paler, frailer sisters clung to her company for the sunshine she brought them.

The Prioress, who was something of a scribe, wrote to the Cardinal—

"We sometimes think that it is all a wonderful play to her which she is acting, as little children do with such determined seriousness. Nothing seems to daunt her courage, and we try her to the limit. The only favour she has asked was to be allowed to tend the flowers in the garden. Under her care they have thrived wonderfully. The odd child talks to them when we are not noticing. She says that each is planted in honour of a saint; but in questioning her we find that they are alternately dedicated to your Eminence and St. Francis of Assisi. She knows the life of the great St. Francis by heart, and has a will to preach to the birds, I think."

"She can preach to men," he mused. Recollection made his suave face pucker up into a smile. Had they been right in letting this child enter such an order? The solemn countenance of his secretary appeared at the door in kind of answer to his question. Why, yes; the good father was quite certain.

* * * *

"The Cardinal is here. He wishes to see you."

The look of pleasure that leapt into the girl's face faded as she divined the anxiety latent beneath the Prioress's calm demeanour.

"What is it?" she questioned eagerly.

"The Cardinal will explain."

"Is it Monsieur Paul?" she asked, and all the light died from her face.

The Prioress did not answer.

"But I am safe here," Jeanne continued hurriedly. "They cannot take me away. Ah! you will not let them take me? Why, of course, how absurd of me!—you say it is the Cardinal. He won't let him. But I don't understand—why? Ah! you will keep me, won't you? You will keep me?"

"No one can take you, little daughter, against your will. Come, the Cardinal is waiting."

Nearly two years had passed since Jeanne had seen her good friend and counsellor, and now, as she looked into his eyes, recollections of the old days spent with him came back to her, and it seemed it was only yesterday that they had sat side by side and plodded through the books of instruction, chatting at intervals about all the foolish things that had come uppermost in her head. How good, indeed, he had been to her!

To him she appeared a little more formal, a little more of the woman. There was something of an added dignity in her bearing—yet, withal, she was wholly the Jeanne-Marie of his adopted pupil—still the child under the heavy draperies of the Carmelite habit, and he realised how difficult his mission would be, the mission he had taken upon himself out of a sudden sense of pity for the strange, pale-faced foreigner who seemed to combine in his composition impossible extremes of weakness and strength, levity and pure aspirations.

Monsieur Paul de Mancelle, on hearing of the flight of the girl to whom, in a few days, he was to be married, had at first remained obstinately incredulous, declaring that she would return; but as the days wore away and no news of her was received, he departed suddenly for a tour through Italy, enjoying, his friends declared, a mood alternating between violent anger and sullen despair. He came back, however, to his native city, apparently heart-whole, at a moment when the deputy's

financial affairs were at an irretrievably low level and bankruptcy imminent. The discarded lover interposed, and, at a great personal sacrifice, re-established the fallen financier's honour. On hearing the news that Mdlle. Jeanne was entering a convent he had declared he was indifferent. "She might become a nun or what she would, he did not care." Six months later he left Paris for London, and sought out the Cardinal. After several visits he had succeeded in extorting a promise from the great prelate to obtain him an interview on the grounds of a right; the Church herself recognised the right of the lover to whom the girl's word had been given.

"My child," said the Cardinal gently, "I have obtained for you, from the Reverend Prioress, permission to speak with Monsieur Paul de Mancelle. I have done this, which will seem to you unpardonable, because I know you to be brave and strong, because I want you before taking the solemn vows which will tie you for ever to this holy life to be quite, quite sure that what you choose is God Almighty's will of you; but even more than that, a sense of justice towards another soul. Ah, my child, do not shrink! He is one of God's, too. He only claims a hearing. Your word was once given to him. Of him personally you have never asked it back."

"I will ask him," she answered proudly. All the colour faded from her face. "You are right."

"I cannot advise you, my child," continued the Cardinal, "because I want you of your own free will to choose."

"Choose? There is no question of choice!" The little novice's voice was unrecognisable.

"Every day we have to choose," he said sadly, "not only between right and wrong, virtue and sin, the wide path and the narrow; but the greatest of all trials, of all human difficulties, the choice of the cross roads when we are ignorant of the way. God helps us when we seek Him then; but do not think we have found Him when inclination weighs too much in the scale!"

"I do not know what you mean," she answered despairingly. "I do not know what you mean. Why won't you speak out? It's insupportable! You have gone over to them then. I did not think I should have to bear that—but it's not true. Ah! it's not true—this is a terrible dream. What is it? Surely I have not lost you, too—I loved you so—I thought you almost divine. That was foolish of me, wasn't it?" Her fingers tightened over the crucifix on her rosary, and there was a silence. "What is it you want me to do?" she said at last. "Of course I'll see this demon if you wish it."

* * * *

A few minutes, and she was behind the grating which separated her from the visitors' parlour. Her veil was down, and the fair-bearded man, with weary eyes and sensitive dilating nostrils, caught nothing of the countenance he had longed for eighteen months to see. Only the sweet little voice reached his anxious ears and made the blood course quickly through his veins in passionate rage at his powerlessness to break away these hideous bars and take the human girl from this awful, inhuman prison-house.

"Can I not even see you?" he said pleadingly.

"It is against our rules, Monsieur Paul." She remembered his ears, and was glad she could not see him. "You have something to say to me," she continued coldly.

"I have nothing to say. I have come to take you away."

"There are bars, Monsieur."

"But you will come?"

"I shall not come!"

"You fled from home because you were afraid of me; I have driven you to this; I shall save you from it."

"You are entirely mistaken, Monsieur; I have always desired to be a nun. I was afraid of you, and I ought to have apologised to you for going away in such a hurry; but really, you were all so insupportable, it was impossible for me to consider politeness. But my vocation has nothing to do with you."

"You are happy, then?"

"Perfectly."

"I have no right to say anything if you are happy. Marie hoped you would come back. She is not very happy, poor child. They are very poor now, you know. I did what I could."

"My father was bankrupt, then?"

"No; we averted that."

"You saved him?"

"Mademoiselle!"

"You saved him?"

"It was nothing."

"How much did you pay for him?"

"You would not understand figures. I was saying——"

"Will you tell me?"

"I cannot quite remember. They want to marry her, it seems."

"Marie?"

SHE HAD PLANTED THE LILIES FOR FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND FLAGS FOR THE CARDINAL.

"Yes, she is like you in that; only, poor little thing, she cries instead of running away. Her proposed husband is fat, and drinks—I thought she might come and live with us. She thought so too. We might have found her someone more suitable. She is too young to marry just now; but what can we do? There is no one to protect her from her step-mother. She's an appalling woman, your step-mother. I shouldn't be surprised if she turned the child out one day."

The curtain was drawn hurriedly across the grating, and Monsieur de Mancelle found himself alone. A sickness crept over him as he realised that the long-desired interview was over—that he had said nothing that mattered—that the little girl he had loved so recklessly he had lost for ever.

* * * *

Jeanne stood before the Cardinal, and the child of her seemed to be gone for ever. "I will marry Monsieur Paul," she said; "only take me away quickly, lest I shall regret—lest I should be weak." She took off the rosary that hung at her side, and lovingly laid it on the table, holding for a moment in her hand the heavy crucifix. "I thought I had given Him everything," she said softly; "I did not know I had given nothing." Then she turned and looked out of the narrow window which gave a view of stretching green grass and beyond a formal bed of white lilies and purple *fleurs-de-lis*. She had planted the lilies for Francis of Assisi and flags for the Cardinal. Two Sisters were standing discussing the flowers—they were talking of her—she guessed they were talking of her out there in the sunny garden; she moved her eyes away and met the gaze of the Cardinal.

"*C'est assommant! Mais enfin vous comprenez:* I shall marry Monsieur Paul!"

THE BEAU OF MODERN BABYLON.

By X.

HAPPENING to mention the subject of young men's luxury to a distinguished member of the class I am about to describe—a man who has never allowed his attachment to himself to waver for a single instant since he came into a large property—I asked him if he would permit me to converse with him soul to soul, and to publish the salient points of our colloquy, that the British population, which is engaged in making both ends meet, might gain some notion of the life of a fellow-subject to whom the meeting of any two ends, except those of his cravat, was a matter of no importance. The suggestion quite took the fancy of my friend, who is generally called "Johnnie" in the set of rich young pleasure-hunters to which he belongs.

"Well," he said, in a dialect which I translate, "I think the dinner I gave early in the year will be hard to beat. They had been talking of a Yankee war, the Jameson business, and that sort of thing, don't-y'-know, and somehow a bet was made between four of us as to who would give the dinner that would best denote the loyalty of the giver. Covers were to be laid for eight, and the final decision as to the winner was to be left to a quartet of ladies, who were all to be present at each of the four dinners. The other fellows spent mints of money in such things as wines of 1837, the year of the Queen's accession, cognac of 1819, the date of the Queen's birth. One of them obtained some brandy of 1698, which had been bricked up in a bin in Paris since the French Revolution. Another obtained food of some sort from every one of the colonies and dependencies of the Crown. We had three months to prepare, and there was plenty of time to make all needful arrangements by using the cable. One feature of this particular dinner was the cabbage of the cocoanut palm cooked in cream. One tree had to be cut down for each dish of the vegetable. 'Calcutta hump' was admired; but this repast, as a whole, was not deemed a success. My preparations did not cost nearly so much as the others, as I gave an order for a dinner the cost of which did not

amount to more than £7 or £7 10s. per head. Music was extra. The point that gained me the votes of the ladies, who were all associated with the dramatic profession, was an idea which I carried out with their aid. Asking their permission to present them with a dinner-dress each for the occasion, and leaving them to choose their own attire—at a *modiste's* of the highest repute—I simply requested them to include in their adornment a suggestion of the national colours, and to be so good as to wear a small apparatus which I had had prepared by a musical instrument maker in consultation with a leading electrical engineer. Here it is."

Opening a drawer in his Louis XV. escritoire, Johnnie handed me an instrument in the shape of a new moon, padded with fine washleather, pierced with holes, and with a crimson silken flap in some way connected with the interior.

"Put it on," said Johnnie.

I did so by tying the new moon round the back of my waist.

"Sit down," said my host, "and bend forward."

I obeyed, and as I sat down and bent forward the apron or flap of the apparatus was pulled tight; and, setting in motion the interior machinery, the notes of the National Anthem were heard to float softly but clearly through the room.

"That," said this modern Alcibiades, "won me my bet. Four ladies sitting down at once, produced an impression favourable to my reputation for loyalty. It is called by me, 'The Imperial Bustle,' as it is not worn outside the dress."

Impressed with the acuteness and fancy of this young man, I asked him whether the organisation of comfort, and the intellectual effort devoted to preparations for his enjoyment, did not bore him most consumedly.

"At first, until I had trained my valet, tailor, cook, and coachman, I was terribly upset. Comfort is much more a matter of subjective emotion than of mere outward and visible physical impression. It is possible, with forethought, to extract pleasure from the simplest act of daily life. For example," he continued, pressing an electric button with his foot, "I will show you how to read the newspaper."

On the footman bringing the morning papers, in response to his master's order, I noticed that all the advertisements were cut out, that the journals themselves were slightly scented with the perfume of the iris, and that they were crisp and stiff, as though they had been dried and ironed before a quick fire. Each item of interest in sport or general topics was marked with a blue pencil, and all the leading articles but one were "caviared" as though by a Russian censor.

"By this system," said Johnnie, "I have less weight to carry when reading at home or in my brougham. I object to seeing the disgusting advertisements, many of them medical, or dealing with the sale of coarse food, shoddy clothes, and the wants of poor creatures whose distress is objectionable to me. I agree with the French General of whom Thiébault tells us, who asked why, when the soldiers had no bread, they could not be satisfied with soup? I dislike emotion, and avoid the spectacle of suffering as Goethe avoided it. Have a cigarette?"

Taking one from a simple gun-metal case adorned with a monogram in seed pearls, I observed that the cigarette was scented very slightly, but I failed to recognise the odour. "What is this?" I asked.

"Haschis," he said. "It is prepared from the Indian variety, *cannabis indicus*; very difficult to get, in fact only with a medical order. It then has to be blended with the fresh Lebanon tobacco which I use, obtaining a supply twice weekly from Constantinople, and there are not many cigarette-makers who can be trusted to insert the exact proportion of the drug, neither more nor less, which I have found to give the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of harm. Excess is the cemetery of all enjoyment. By the way," looking at his watch, a plain gold timepiece, with specially large figures, "I must go to the tailor's; it is my time. Would you like to come?"

Before starting he showed me his bed and dressing rooms, the latter the larger of the two. No extraordinary luxury was visible about the former, except that his sheets, pillow-cases, and laced night-gown were of rich soft silk. All of them were changed nightly, and were sent to a *blanchisseuse* in the South of France for laundry purposes. He told me further that the custom of sending linen, etc., to France for laundry purposes had become comparatively common among the young men of his set. The bath was fitted with apparatus by which it was filled silently with hot or cold water. It was four feet deep, eight feet long, and the arrangements for applying electricity, and for the infusion of pine and other essences in order to perfume and invigorate the skin, were quite remarkable

for their completeness and the amount of forethought bestowed on them. One device particularly struck me. It consisted of a large tank specially arranged for heating milk, when it pleased this young fop to commit his valuable person to a bath of that nature. It may be remembered that milk baths were not uncommon both before the fall of Rome and the outbreak of the French Revolution. The lasts for the boots and shoes were all of aluminium, except those for evening wear, which were of ebony. Electricity was used for the heating of moustache-irons, the working of a small lift communicating with the kitchen, and an elaborate system of electric bells by the bedside, which provided for the contingency of almost every imaginable want likely to occur to a recumbent dandy in the night watches, from the refreshment of a whisky-and-soda to a warning to the servants that burglars were in the house. And I did not omit to notice the elaborate arrangements for reading in bed.

Forty years ago it was not considered good taste for young men to drive about in a closed carriage or brougham. Effeminacy was then dreaded as a charge to be avoided. The smart young man's brougham of 1896 pattern is a curiosity. The exterior did not differ from the broughams of other people, except that instead of solid rubber tyres, the pneumatic tyre, now so familiar to the eye in London streets, had just been fitted to the wheels, which were of very light construction. The interior of the brougham was a miracle of contrivance. An electric foot-warmer, and three lamps, one on the roof and one in each of the two back corners, enabled the occupant to read with comfort. A row of a dozen small ivory knobs, with instructions to the coachman as to direction, speed, and where to stop, formed a simple apparatus sufficient to avoid the disagreeable necessity of thrusting one's head out of the window on a wet or muddy day in order to shout orders to the driver or footman. A small dressing-case, cigar-box, matches, scent, mirror, card-case, flask, and a musical-box of special merit, the tunes of which were constantly changed, were the other contents of the carriage. Ivory was the material used, which well contrasted with the plain brown cloth lining of the carriage. Entering the machine, with my companion, I asked him whether he often visited his tailor. "Unless I am out of town, almost every day," was his reply. And this, I find, is true of many other young men. They devote themselves to the toilet in exactly the same way as a fashionable woman whose conquests are due as much to the strategic skill of her dressmaker as to her own tactics. The well-known tailor's shop at which we alighted contained several rooms set apart for constant and valuable customers or "clients," as they are called. The trouser, waistcoat, and coat departments are totally separate, and the artists in cloth who attend to the legs of the curled darlings of our nation have no more knowledge of the way to make a coat than an oculist has of dentistry, and would be as much offended if they were asked to do so as a Hindu cook would be if requested to rub down a horse or to sweep the compound. In one corner of the room was a lifesize *torso* of "Johnnie," on which were displayed a coat, waistcoat, and overcoat. After discussing the cut, material, buttons, and seams of the garments with a penetration and knowledge born of long practice, the critic himself condescended to try them on—a process that took a long time, and was conducted with a gravity on the part of all concerned which I had hitherto been accustomed to associate with diplomacy rather than with clothes. The statesman—for so he must have been—who superintended the process of trying-on, performed his part with consummate tact and skill, and simulated an interest in the whole wearisome business which did infinite credit to his self-control. If I do him an injustice it is because he seemed to regard the garments turned out by his remarkable firm much as a painter or a poet looks on the choicest products of his fancy. I should add that corsets are worn by the smart young men, that they have washleather pockets to their clothes, and that they buy a fresh hat every week except when they buy two.

It was now nearly two o'clock, and I accepted an invitation to luncheon at a well-known club maintained by *gourmets*. It is scarcely to be recognised as a club, since to all appearance it is a French café of the better sort, with muslin blinds, a *dame de comptoir*, and fragrant fruit conspicuously displayed. Certainly the luncheon was very good, but the bill was £4 for the pair of us. We had, it is true, a bottle of good sparkling wine, and a truffled duckling of Rouen, cooked in a strange manner, but rare good food to a hungry and healthy man. Johnnie admitted that he usually spent a couple of sovereigns on his lunch. He called it breakfast. This dining-club is both good and expensive. All the butter used at table and for cooking is of the

very finest quality, and brought from Paris, as also are most of the materials and all the implements, linen, and servants. According to the *chef*, who really is the proprietor of this club, no butter is produced in England good enough for use in *la haute cuisine*. Whether this is an excuse for augmenting the *addition*, or evidence of a fact humiliating to English pastoral enterprise, I cannot tell; but this I know, that the —— Club is not frequented by those in search of economical methods of subduing their appetites. It is not an unusual thing for dinners to be contracted for at £10 per head, but the larger portion of the price is paid for fancy wines of great age or rarity, the flavour of which is as a rule repulsive to the trained palate. As a matter of fact the palates of our smart young men are too jaded to be trained to anything like good judgment either of good wine or delicate fare. Their demand for rare and costly diet is wholly independent of its savour. So much is this the case that there is a dealer in a little shop near Piccadilly who makes a handsome income from catering for the appetites and fancies of people who will pay almost any sum that may be demanded if they can only display to their guests something in the way of fish, flesh, fruit, or fowl that has cost something enormous to produce, and is inaccessible to the common rich. The asparagus placed on the Czar's table in Paris on October 7 was a food of this description. Now that the imperial lips have placed their approval upon this untimely vegetable, all the October asparagus that can be grown will obtain a ready sale among the young *viveurs* and the newly rich of both capitals.

Hard physical exercise is not always consistent with the life of ease and luxury assiduously followed by the gilded youth of the day. As a substitute for gymnastics the process of massage has recently attained considerable vogue. Two or three times a week the delicate lily-white limbs of the British Narcissus are kneaded, pummelled, and rubbed with all the skill which the numerous professors of the art can bring to bear. Both Japan and Sweden are ahead of this country in respect of the use of massage as an ordinary aid to digestion, but it has been reserved for some of the exquisites of our time to employ it habitually as a substitute for exercise.

I have left myself no space to describe the cosmetics and powder, the *lingerie* and flowers, affectations and *argot* of the strange class of people of whom I speak. They are no new product of the age. Great empires of the past have always produced them, and they are not unlikely to infest the great republics of the future for a long time to come. Inaccessible to public opinion, they pursue their strange pleasures without attracting attention, and vie with each other in a contest as to which among them can best claim the ignoble distinction of parting with the attributes of manhood. Perhaps they have their uses in furnishing the community with a foil to the grim realities of life. One winter evening, about two years ago, a dinner was given at the Savoy Restaurant by one of those wealthy lads which cost an enormous sum. The dining-room was specially upholstered in red. Fruit-bearing trees were placed upon the table, and ranged round the room. The guests plucked ruddy cherries, peaches, grapes, oranges, from the growing branches. A perfumed fountain was improvised for the occasion. Costly presents were given to each diner. The markets were ransacked for sumptuous and expensive food and drink, and the amount of the bill conferred a sense of peace upon those who partook of the feast but did not have to pay—a sense of peace which religion itself was powerless to bestow. Music of the best qualified the sensuality of this Gargantuan exploit. The same night a silly old man, scantily clad in threadbare garments, took his seat on a heap of stones and rubbish within two miles of the hotel where Lucullus had entertained his friends. It was a bitterly cold night and the old fellow had not broken his fast all day. When the inquest on his shrunken body was held three days later it was deposed that he was found with a dry mutton-bone in his hand, which he had been gnawing. It was not explained why he did this, as he had a penny in his pocket.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

(*W. M. Thackeray.*)

IN THE NAME OF THE MOST HIGH.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Qui ne sait pardonner ne sait pas aimer.

ON the third day toward noon the fire slackened; the smoke from the four batteries on the bluff across the north fork of the river slowly lifted, drifting to the east. The Texas riflemen kept up a pattering fusilade until one o'clock; then their bugles rang "cease firing," and the echoes of the last sulky shot died out against the cliffs.

Keenan, crouching behind one of his hot guns, could see the Texas sharpshooters retiring to the bluff, little grey shadows in the scrub-oak thicket, gliding, flitting like wild hedge birds toward the nest of cannon above.

"Don't let 'em get away like that!" shouted Douglas. "Give it to them, in the name of God!"

And Keenan smiled and sent the Texans a messenger in the name of God—a messenger which fell thundering from the sky among them, crushing the face of the iron-stained cliff and the lives of those who had clustered there to breathe a little.

"Amen!" said Keenan, patting his gun.

Douglas crawled out of a hole in the rocks and drew himself up to the edge of the breastworks. Cleymore emerged from a shallow rifle-pit and walked slowly along the entrenchments, motioning his men back into their burrows.

"Because," he said, "a hole in the hill is worth two in your head—get into that ditch, Morris!—Cunningham, if you don't duck that red head of yours, I'll dock it!"

"Captain Cleymore," said Douglas, lowering his fieldglass, "two batteries have limbered up and are trotting toward the cemetery——"

"May they trot into it and stay there!" growled Keenan, examining the wreck of an ammunition chest in the ditch.

Cleymore studied the bluff with his marine glasses for a while; then called to Keenan: "How many guns have you now?"

"Four!" shouted Keenan from the ditch. "All my horses are shot except two mules——" A burst of laughter cut him short. His own tattered artillerymen, to their credit, did not smile; but Douglas and Kellogg laughed, and rows of grinning faces emerged from the holes and pits along the ditch until Cleymore shouted "Down!" and his infantry disappeared chuckling. Keenan, red in the face, turned to his batterymen, who were running the guns forward, and put his own ragged shoulder to the wheel. Cleymore sat down on a stone and watched a lank artilleryman splicing the dented staff of a battery guidon.

"I guess that'll dew, Captaing," he drawled, holding the staff out to Cleymore, who took it and rubbed the polished wood with his sleeve.

"It will do, Pillsbury," he said. "Where is O'Halloran?"

"Shot in the stummick," said the private, "and unable to work."

"Dead?"

"I pre-sume likely he's daid, Sir," returned Pillsbury through his nose.

"I've got a man for the guidon," called Keenan from the ditch, and a fat, freckled cannoneer waddled forward and stood at attention.

"Look out!" sang out Douglas from his post on the breastworks, and "Down!" cried Cleymore as a shell rose in the air over them, and the boom of a gun rolled across the river from the bluff. The scream of the shell ceased, a white cloud-shot with lightning appeared in the air over them, and a storm of shrapnel swept the breastworks. Cleymore sprang to his feet, but the fat cannoneer remained on the ground.

"Get up!" said Cleymore, cautiously. "Pillsbury, lift him. Is he dead?"

"I guess," said Pillsbury, "he's suffering from an hereditary disease."

"Eh? What disease?" snapped Cleymore, stepping forward.

"I guess it's death," said Pillsbury, with an expressionless wink.

Cleymore stared at him through his eyeglasses, then turned on his heel.

Copyright, 1896, by Robert W. Chambers.

"I wish," grumbled Keenan, "that the wounded would make less noise. Douglas, send them another bucket of water, will you? Is the surgeon dead?"

"Dying," said Kellogg. "Never mind, Douglas; I'll see to the water. Keep your glass on their batteries. What are they doing now?"

"Nothing," replied Douglas. "Wait a bit. Ah! here come their sharpshooters again."

"To hell with them!" muttered Keenan, savagely, for his batterymen had been cruelly scourged by the sharpshooters, and he almost foamed with rage when he looked over into the ditch at the foot of the mound. The odour from the ditch had become frightful.

"Look down there, captain," he called to Cleymore, his voice trembling with passion, but Cleymore only nodded sadly. He was watching something else. A figure in the uniform of a staff officer, filthy with grime and sweat, had crawled through what was left of the covered bridge across the South Fork and was wriggling his way toward the débris of Keenan's battery. Cleymore watched him with puckered eyes.

"What do you want, sonny?" he asked as the staff officer crept past him. "Orders? Give 'em to me—keep to the ground, you fool!" he added, as a flight of bullets swept overhead. The staff officer lifted a flushed face, scratched and smeared with dust and sweat, and attempted a salute.

"Colonel Worth's compliments to Colonel Randal," he began, but was interrupted by Cleymore: "Colonel Randal's in the ditch below, with most of his regiment on the top of him. What are your orders? Hold on to the bridge till hell freezes? I thought so. I'm Cleymore, captain in the Tenth New York Sharpshooters. Yonder's what's left of us, and there's two dozen of Colonel Randal's Rhode Islanders among 'em, too. Major Wilcox has got a hole in his face, and can't speak. You see what's left of Keenan's battery—four guns, and few to serve 'em except my riflemen. Isn't General Hooker in sight?"

The staff officer raised his blue eyes to the wreck of the battery, and then looked questioningly at Cleymore. The latter lay moodily twisting and untwisting the stained leather thong whipped about his sword-hilt.

"I'm ranking officer here," he said; "the rest are dead. My compliments to General Kempner, and tell him his orders shall be obeyed. Both bridges are mined. Murphy is watching for Longstreet. What are you shivering for?"

"Ague," said the staff officer in a low voice.

Cleymore spat out a mouthful of dust that a bullet had flung in his face and wiped his glasses on his sleeve. "Who are you from, anyway?" he demanded. "I don't take orders from Colonel Worth."

"General Kempner is dead," said the staff officer simply.

Keenan came up chewing a twig and whistling.

"Captain Cleymore," said the staff officer, "my horse has been shot and Colonel Worth is waiting. Will you point out to me the quickest way back?"

"Back!" broke in Keenan. "You can't get back, my boy!"

"I must!" said the youngster, without glancing at the artillery officer.

"Oh, if it's a case of must," said Cleymore, indifferently, "come ahead," and he rose to his knees and peered across the swollen South Fork, now a vast torrent of mud.

Crack! Crack! rang the rifles from the opposite shore, and the little staff officer's cap was jerked from his head and rolled down the embankment into the river. Keenan cursed.

"Come on, sonny," said Cleymore, scrambling down the embankment to the ditch. The ditch was choked with mangled bodies in blue, flung one over the other amid smashed gun-wheels, caissons, knapsacks, and rifles; and the staff officer hesitated for an instant at the brink.

"Jump!" called Cleymore. "Here! Get down behind this rock, and keep your nose out of sight. These Texas gentlemen waste few bullets. Are you hit?"

"No," said the little staff officer.

"Bull luck. Did you see Randal's men? The shells did it—look there."

He pointed the length of the ditch. The staff officer turned pale. Everywhere corpses—mere heaps of blue rags, stained yellow by dust and black with stiff blood—everywhere dented canteens and twisted muskets, unsavoury scattered clothing, worn shoes, and shrunken blue caps. A big black horse, bloated and dusty, lay with both hind legs stark in the air; under him were dead men, mostly Keenan's, by the red stripe on the faded trousers.

Cleymore pulled his short blond moustache, and turned to the staff officer.

"You see that slaughter pen," he said. "Tell Colonel Worth——"

ON AND STILL ON RAN THE BOY, UNTIL CLEYMORE SAW HIM PUSH IN AMONG THE HANDFUL OF BLUE-CLAD ENGINEERS AT THE END OF THE BRIDGE.

The staff officer felt for his cap, remembered it had been shot off his head, and looked gravely at Cleymore.

"I have four guns and two hundred and twenty-odd men," said the latter. "If they bring back their batteries, an hour or two will see us all in the ditch below with Randal; if they don't, we can hold on to the South Fork Bridge, I fancy. Do you know why they withdrew their batteries?"

"No—unless it was to shell Colonel Worth's cavalry. His men are in the woods behind the railroad. If you can hold the bridge until night they will keep the line open. Colonel Worth is waiting. I must go back now, Captain."

Cleymore leaned along the edge of the protecting ledge and handed his field-glasses to the boy.

"Now," he said, "you can see the bend in the river. There are three pines in the bank above—see?"

"Yes."

"Take the footpath by those pines until you come to a burnt barn. Follow the river after that, and if the iron bridge isn't blown up yet, you can get across; if it is blown up you can't join Colonel Worth."

"But—a—a boat——"

"A boat in that?"

They looked at the foaming torrent, thundering among the rocks. After a moment the staff officer pointed to the shot-torn bridge below them.

"Oh," said Cleymore, "you came that way, didn't you? Well, miracles happen, and that was one of them, but if you try to get back that way the performance won't be encored, and you can bet your curly head on that, my son."

"It's the shortest way," said the little staff officer.

"Yes, the shortest way to—Kingdom come," said Cleymore, disgusted; "if you're not shot the Texans will catch you."

They were crouching on the hot dried grass, side by side. The sweat poured down Cleymore's forehead, washing the powder-grime into thick patches over his young face. He threw his blackened jacket open at the throat, rubbed his forehead with his sleeve, and said "Whew!"

"It's the shortest way," repeated the other, rising to his knees.

"You can't go," said Cleymore sharply; "the bridge is mined and Murphy may blow it up any moment."

The youth handed back the field-glasses with a smile. For a moment their eyes met; then Cleymore's flushed face slowly turned a bright crimson, and he caught his breath, murmuring, "I'm blest!"

"Captain Cleymore," said the staff officer coolly, "you are detaining me from my duty. Have I your permission to leave?"

They eyed each other steadily.

"You must not go," said Cleymore in a curious, husky voice; "let me send a man——"

"Have I your leave?"

"Come back!" cried Cleymore, "I won't give it!" But the youngster sprang to his feet, touched his curly head in quick salute, and started on a run toward the covered bridge, holding his sabre close to his thigh.

"Drop!" shouted Cleymore, and began to swear under his breath, but the youngster ran on, and, to Cleymore's amazement, the rifles of the fierce Texans on the other side of the river were silent.

On and still on ran the boy, until, with a sigh of astonishment and relief, Cleymore saw him push in among the handful of blue-clad engineers at the end of the bridge; but he went no further, for they stopped him with levelled bayonets, shaking their heads and gesticulating, and suddenly Cleymore noticed that the bridge was afire at the further end.

"Murphy's fired the bridge!" he called out to Kellogg on the plateau above.

Kellogg's head appeared over a shattered gun-limber. "Then Longstreet's coming, you bet!"

"I suppose so; can't you see anything? Call Douglas!"

The Texan rifles cracked again. Kellogg did not answer. "Can't you see any movement towards the woods?" demanded Cleymore from his rock. Then he looked carefully at Kellogg's head, appearing to rest between two bits of sod, and he saw, in the middle of the forehead, a round, dark spot, from which a darker line crept slowly down and over the nose.

After a second or two he turned from the dead eyes staring fixedly at him, and looked across the river where the rifles were spitting death. The round, white blotches of smoke hung along the river bank like shreds of cotton floating. Then he glanced towards the bridge again. There was a commotion there—a group of excited soldiers around a slender figure, bareheaded, gesticulating.

"What's that hop o' my thumb up to now?" he muttered excitedly, and raised his field-glass. "By jingo! Trying to cross the bridge and it's afire!"

For a moment he knelt, his eyes glued to the field-glasses, then with an angry exclamation he turned towards the floating rifle smoke along the opposite bank. The chances were that he'd be hit, and he knew it, but he only muttered pettishly, "Young fool!" and started, stooping low, towards the swaying knot of men at the bridge.

The chances were ten to one that he'd be hit, and he was, but he only straightened up and ran on. The Minie balls came whining about his head; the blood ran down into his boot, and filled it so that he slopped it as he ran. And, after all, he was too late, for, as he panted up to the bridge, far down the covered way he saw the youngster speeding over the smoking rafters.

"Stop him!" he gasped.

A soldier raised his rifle, but Cleymore jerked it down.

"Not that way," he said, leaning back on his sword.

Along the dry-timbered tunnel crept the boy, for the fire was all about him now. Once he fell, but rose again.

"Has the mine been fired—the powder trail?" asked Cleymore in a dull voice.

A soldier nodded and opened his mouth to speak, but a deafening roar drowned his voice and gave Cleymore his answer.

"Is that all?" asked Cleymore again, as the smoke rushed skyward and the ground trembled and cracked beneath them.

"One more," said a sergeant curtly, as Captain Murphy hurried up. The whole further section of the bridge had crumbled into the torrent below. The smoke swept through the tunnel, and when it lifted Cleymore caught a glimpse of a figure dragging itself back from the gulf ahead. The soldiers saw it, too.

"He would go," said one of them, as though speaking to himself.

"You can't do it!" cried Murphy, horrified.

"Let go — I must," said Cleymore quietly; "cut the match if you can."

"The other mines are on fire. In the name of God, Cleymore!" urged the engineer officer, holding him back by both shoulders.

"Damn you, Murphy, let me go!" cried Cleymore, fiercely; "let go, I say!"

"I will not, Cleymore; we can't lose you for a fool of a boy——"

"But it's a woman!" roared Cleymore, wrenching himself free.

CHAPTER II.

As he ran through the smoke-choked bridge bright little flames shot from the crackling timbers, and he felt the hot breath of the furnace underneath. And all the time he kept repeating as he ran: "I'm a fool; I'm a fool; it's all up now." But he hurried on, shielding his face with his braided jacket, feeling his way through the flurries of smoke and sparks until a whirl of flame blocked his way, and on the edge of the burning depths he found what he was looking for

She was very slender and light in her ragged uniform, and he lifted her and wrapped his jacket about her head. Then he started back, increasing his speed as the black smoke rolled up from the planks underfoot; but it was easier than he had dared dream of, for she revived, and when Murphy loomed up in the gloom and steadied them with an arm he laughed aloud from sheer nervousness. Then a terrific explosion threw him on his face, but Murphy helped him up, and he seized his burden again and staggered towards the hill, where Keenan's guns were already thundering and the crack-crack-crackle of rifles echoed and re-echoed from rock to cliff.

"You're hit," said Douglas as he entered the intrenchment.

"I know it," said Cleymore, mechanically scanning the rifle-pits. "Keep the men under cover, Douglas—what's up? Wait! I'll be there in a second. Here, Pillsbury, take this wo—this officer—to my burrow, and stay there until I come!"

Douglas, lying close to the top of the breastworks, glasses levelled, began to speak in a monotonous voice: "The two batteries have returned, and are unlimbering to the west. They seem to have cavalry too; a heavy column is moving parallel with the railroad—infantry and ammunition convoy; more infantry coming through the cemetery; I can see more on the hill beyond; the batteries have unlimbered—look out!"

"Down!" shouted Cleymore, but the shells sailed high overhead and plunged into the muddy torrent of the South Fork.

"Keenan," he called, "do you want volunteers?"

"Not yet—damn the Texans!" bawled Keenan through the increasing din.

Douglas began: "Cleymore, they are——" and fell over stone dead.

Cleymore heard the Minie balls thud! thud! as they struck the dead body, half flung across the breastwork, and Keenan, maddened by the bullets which searched his dwindling files, bellowed hoarsely, as

one by one his guns flashed and roared, "Now, in the name of God, lads, to hell with them!"

Like red devils in the pit the cannoneers worked at their guns, looming through the infernal smoke pall stripped to the waist. Keenan, soaked with sweat and black from eyes to ankle, raged like a fiend from squad to squad while his guns crashed and the whole hill vomited flame.

Thicker and blacker rolled the smoke from the battery emplacement, until it shrouded the hill. Then out of the darkness reeled Keenan howling for volunteers and weeping over the loss of another gun.

"Three left?" motioned Cleymore faintly with his lips.

"Three. Number four dismounted and all killed. Send me some of your infantry," and the artilleryman plunged into the blazing furnace again. Below them the grass and abattis caught fire and the smarting smoke of green wood almost blinded Cleymore. Murphy and his engineers were at work among the crackling logs, but after a while the dull blows of their axes died away and Cleymore knew they were dead.

"More men for the guns!" roared Keenan from the darkness, and a dozen Rhode Islanders tumbled out of their burrows and groped their way into the battery. In another moment Keenan came staggering out again, gasping like a fish and waving his arms blindly.

"They 've got another gun, Cleymore—only two now—more men for the guns!"

Cleymore, half-fainting from the loss of blood, motioned to his men for volunteers; and they came, cheering for old New York, and vanished engulfed in the battery smoke.

The hill was swept by fierce cyclones of lead; bullets flew in streams, whistling, hurtling among the rocks, rebounding into the rifle-pits, carrying death to those below. Great shells tore through the clouds, bursting and shattering the cliff overhead. A whirlwind of flame from the burning bridge swept over the hillside, hiding the river and the heights opposite and the burning abattis belched smoke and torrents of sparks. Cleymore sat down near the burrow and picked the bits of cloth from the long tear which the bullet had made in his flesh above the knee. The last of the engineer company came toiling up from the railway bridge, and the lieutenant nodded to his question, "Yes, the bridge is blown out of the water. Where can I put my men in, Captain?"

Cleymore pointed to the pits, and they went into them, cheering shrilly. A moment later a shell fell into one of the crowded pits and exploded, throwing out a column of sand and bodies torn limb from limb. Only one gun was firing now from Keenan's battery, but from that one gun the lightning sped continuously, fed by a constantly renewed stream of volunteers. Cleymore, watching Keenan, thought that he had really gone mad. Perhaps he had, and perhaps that is why Heaven directed a bullet to his brain before the loss of his last gun should kill him with grief. Then a shell smashed up the muzzle of the last gun, and the remnants of the survivors dragged themselves away to lie panting like hounds on the scorched earth, or die inch by inch from some gaping wound.

"The jig is up," said Cleymore aloud to himself.

For a quarter of an hour the enemy's guns rained shells into the extinct crater—the tomb of Keenan and his cannon; then, understanding that Keenan had been silenced for ever, their fire died out, and Cleymore could hear bugles blowing clearly in the distance.

He staggered to his feet and called to his men, but of the Tenth New York Rifles only thirty came stumbling from the pits. Pillsbury also answered the call, sauntering unconcernedly from the burrow whither he had carried Cleymore's charge.

All around them the wounded were shrieking for water, and Cleymore aided his men to carry them to the spring which flowed sparkling from the rocks above. It was out of the question to remove them—it was useless to think of burying the dead. The three days' struggle for the hill had ended, and now all the living would have to leave—all except one.

"Pillsbury," said Cleymore, "take my men and strike for the turnpike due north. I can't walk—I 'm too weak yet—but you have time to get out. March!"

The men refused, and Pillsbury called for a litter of rifles, but a volley whistled in among them and they reeled.

"Save thet there flag!" shouted Pillsbury. "I 've got the guidon!"

Cleymore lay on the ground motionless, and, when they lifted him, his head fell back.

"Daid," said Pillsbury soberly. "Poor cuss!"

A rifleman threw his jacket over Cleymore's face, and ran down the hill to where the colour guard were closing around a bundle of flags, black, and almost dropping from the staffs.

"Save the colours!" they cried, and staggered on toward the north.

CHAPTER III.

It may have been thirst, it may have been the groans of the wounded, that roused Cleymore. He was lying close by the rivulet that ran from the rock spring, and he plunged hands and head into it, and soaked his fill.

The wound on his leg had stiffened, but, to his surprise, he found it neatly dressed and bandaged. Had aid arrived?

"Hello!" he called.

The deep sigh of a dying man was his only answer. He hardly dared to look around. The air was stifling with the scent of blood and powder and filthy clothing, and he rose painfully to his feet and tottered into the cool burrow among the rocks.

His blanket and flask lay there, but before he raised the flask to his lips he lifted the corner of the blanket nervously. Underneath stood a small oblong box, into which was screwed an electric button. Two insulated wires entered the ground directly in front of the box, which was marked in black letters, "Watson's Excelsior Soap."

Cleymore replaced the blanket, swallowed a mouthful of whisky, and lay down, utterly exhausted. It was late in the afternoon when he awoke from the pain in his leg, but somebody had bandaged it again while he slept, and he was able to move out into the intrenchments. Most of the wounded were dead; the rest were dying in silence. He did what he could for Cunningham, who joked feebly and watched Morris with quiet eyes. Morris died first, and Cunningham, hearing the death-rattle in his comrade's throat, murmured: "Phin he lived he bate me out, but Oi'll give him a race to the saints for his money. Is Dick Morris dead now?"

"Dead," said Cleymore.

"Then, good-bye, Captain dear," whispered Cunningham.

At first Cleymore thought he was sleeping.

The evening fell over the hill-top, and the last of the wounded shivered and died with drawn face upturned to the driving clouds. Cleymore covered the boy's face—he was scarcely sixteen—and sat down with his back against a rock.

The wreck of Keenan's battery rose before him in the twilight, stark and mute, silhouetted against the western horizon. Lights began to sparkle along the opposite river bank, and now from the heights torches swung in semicircles, signalling victory for the army of the South—death and disaster to the North. Far away over the wooded hills dull sounds came floating on the breeze, the distant rhythmic cadence of volley firing. There were fires, too—faint flares of light on the horizon where Thomas was "standing like a rock." On a nearer slope a house and barn were burning, lighting up the stumps and rocks in the clearing and casting strange shadows over the black woods. In the gathering twilight someone came down the cliffs at his back, treading carefully among the shell-split fragments, and Cleymore saw it was the little staff officer. She did not see him until he called her.

SOMEONE CAME DOWN THE CLIFFS TREADING CAREFULLY AMONG THE SHELL-SPLIT FRAGMENTS.

"I want to thank you for dressing that scratch of mine," he said, rising.

"You are very welcome," she said. "Is it better?"

"Yes—and you?"

"You saved my life," she said unaffectedly.

"But are you burnt? You must have been."

"No; only stifled. Are the wounded alive? I did what I could."

"They are dead," said Cleymore. She unhooked her sabre and sat down beside him, looking off over the valley.

After a silence he said: "I suppose you are one of our spies, I have heard of the women spies, and I once saw Belle Boyd. How did you happen to take the place of an aide-de-camp?"

"Am I to tell all my secrets to an infantry captain?" she said, with a trace of a smile in her blue eyes.

"Oh, I suppose not," he answered, and relapsed into silence.

Presently she drew a bit of bacon and hard-tack from her pouch and quietly divided it. They both drank from the rivulet after the meal was finished. She brushed the water from her lips with a sun-tanned hand, and looking straight at Cleymore said, "The hill below the abattis is mined, is it not?"

"Now, really," said Cleymore, "am I to tell all my secrets to a girl spy?" She stared at him for a moment, then smiled prettily.

"I know it already," she said.

"Oh," said Cleymore, "and you know where the wires are buttoned?"

"Wires!" she exclaimed.

"Of course. Be thankful that poor Murphy's mines at the bridge were old-fashioned. If there had been wires there, you would not be sitting here."

"And you have stayed to fire this mine?" she said at length.

"Yes."

"The bridges are gone, and the river is impassable. It will be days before Longstreet's men can cross."

"I know it," said Cleymore; "but when they come I 'll be here—and so will the mine."

The spy dropped her clasped hands in her lap.

"I'll blow them to hell!" said Cleymore savagely, glaring at the silent dead around him. Then he begged her pardon for forgetting himself, and leaned against the rock to adjust his eye-glasses.

"That would be useless butchery," said the girl, earnestly.

"That will do," said Cleymore, in a quiet voice.

The girl shrank away as though she had been struck. Cleymore noticed it and said: "If you are a Government spy you are subject to army regulations. I would rather treat you as a woman, but I cannot while you wear that uniform or hold a commission. How in Heaven's name did you come to enter the service? You can't be eighteen—you are of gentle breeding?"

"I am a spy!" she exclaimed, "and I thank God, and I hate the enemies of my country!"

"Amen," said Cleymore, wondering at her fierce outburst.

"Do you not hate the Confederates?" she demanded.

"No," he answered gravely, "but I hate the rebellion."

"But you must hate your enemies; I do."

"I don't. It makes me sick to see them go down — splendid fellows!—Americans! — and to think that such troops might have stood shoulder to shoulder with our own, under the same flag, against the world! — ay, against ten worlds! I hate the rebels! By Heaven, no! Think of Thomas and Grant, and Lee and Jackson leading a united army against those thieving French in Mexico! Think of Sherman and Sheridan, and Johnston and Stuart facing the fat-brained treachery of England! I tell you I respect the rebels. Look at that heap of dead! Look at those smashed guns! Look at me—the defeated commander, crouching in this slaughter-pen, waiting to spring a mine and die. The men who reduced me to this have my respect as soldiers and my love and admiration as Americans; but if I could blow them all to the four winds by one touch of an electric button, I 'd do it and bless the chance!"

The girl trembled at his fervour.

"That is a strange creed," she murmured.

"Creed? The Union, in the name of God—that 's my creed."

CHAPTER IV.

The next day it rained. The rebel batteries flung a dozen shells among Keenan's ruined guns, but, receiving no answer, ceased firing. Cleymore was stiff and ill, but he managed to reach the intrenchment and rest his field-glasses against a rock. The four batteries were in motion, filing along the river-bank towards the cemetery, where a flag drooped above a

marquee, the headquarters of some general. The Texan riflemen were moving about the scrub-oak, showing themselves fearlessly, and a battalion of engineers was hard at work on the smouldering piers of the bridge. Dark masses of troops appeared on the distant hill-sides as far as the eye could reach, and along the railroad track cavalry were riding through the rain.

All day long Cleymore watched the rebel army, and at night he shared his hard-tack and bacon with the girl. They spoke very little to each other, but when Cleymore was looking at the rebels her eyes never left him. Once, when he crept into his cave to swallow a drop of brandy, she hurried from rifle-pit to rifle-pit, evidently searching for something; but when again he reappeared she was seated listlessly against the rocky wall, her blond head buried in her hands. And that night, too, when he was tossing in feverish slumber, she passed like a shadow through the intrenchment, over rocks, down among the dead in the hollows, her lantern shining on distorted faces and clenched hands.

The next day the rain still fell; the engineers were steadily at work on the ruined bridge, but the river had swollen enormously, and Cleymore could not see that they had progressed. He went back to his cave and dropped on the blanket, the box marked "Watson's Excelsior Soap" at his side. The girl brought him a bit of hard-tack and a cup of water. It was the last crumb left in the camp except three biscuits which she had in her own pockets. She did not tell him so.

Towards midnight he fell asleep, and when she saw that he slept she bent over him and looked into his face, lighting a match. Then she softly raised the blanket and saw his arm encircling a box marked "Watson's Excelsior Soap." As she stooped to touch the wires he stirred in his sleep and smiled, and she shrank away, covering her eyes with her hands. The next day she brought Cleymore his biscuit and cup of water, for his strength was ebbing and he could scarcely crawl to the breastworks. She ate nothing herself. The engineers were progressing a little, the sun shone on the wasted hills, and the music of a Confederate band came in gusts across the river from the cemetery.

"They are playing 'Dixie'" said the girl; but Cleymore only sighed and pulled the dirty blanket over his face. The next day she brought him his biscuit—there was but one left now—and he, not knowing, asked for another, and she gave him the last.

About noon he called to her, and she helped him to the breastworks and held his field-glasses. The engineers had made alarming progress, for the river was falling rapidly.

"They'll be over to-morrow," he said.

When he was lying in his blanket once more he beckoned her to come close beside him.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"You are so white and frail, I thought you might be ill."

"Oh, no!" she said.

"Have you plenty to eat?"

"Plenty."

"When are you going?"

"Going?" she faltered.

"You must go, of course," he said, querulously; "they will be over the river to-morrow."

"And you?" said the girl.

"It's my business to stay here."

"And—fire the mine!"

"And fire the mine," he repeated

"What is the use? They will enter all the same."

"Not all of them," said Cleymore grimly.

"No—not all of them—a hundred half-starved young fellows will be mangled—a hundred mothers will be childless—but what matter, Captain Cleymore?"

"What matter," he repeated, "my orders are to defend this hill until hell freezes over, and I'm going to do it." Then again he wearily asked pardon for his words.

Toward evening she saw he was sleeping; his eyeglasses had fallen beside him on the blanket. Almost timidly she picked them up, held them a moment, then bent her head and touched them with her lips.

The morning broke in with a burst of splendid sunlight. Over the river the rebel bands were playing when Cleymore's hot eyes unclosed, but he could not rise from his blanket.

The girl brought him a cup of water and held it while he drank.

"There are no more biscuits," she said.

"I shall not need them," he murmured; "what are the rebels doing?"

"They are massing to cross. The bridge is almost ready."

"And I'm ready," he said. "Good-bye."

The girl knelt beside him and took both of his hands in hers. "I am not going," she said.

"I order you," he muttered.

"I refuse," she answered gently.

A hectic flush touched the hollows under his eyes and he raised his head. "I order you to leave these works," he said angrily.

"And I refuse," she repeated gently.

A burst of music from the river bank came up to them as their eyes met in mute conflict. Cleymore's hand instinctively felt for the button and the wires, then he gave a great cry and sat up among his rags, and the girl rose slowly to her feet beside him.

CLEYMORE'S HAND INSTINCTIVELY FELT FOR THE BUTTON AND THE WIRES.

"Traitor!" he gasped, and pointed at her with shaking hands.

She turned perfectly white for a moment, then a wan smile touched her lips, and she quietly drew a revolver from her jacket.

"I am not a traitor," she said. "I am a Confederate spy, and I cut those wires last night. You are my prisoner, Captain Cleymore."

The silence was broken by the noise from the bands now massing about the further end of the completed bridge. Cleymore bent silently over the ruined wires, touched the button, then, turning savagely, whipped his revolver to his head and pulled the trigger. The hammer struck an empty cylinder, and he flung it from him with a sob.

In an instant the girl was on her knees beside him, raised him in her arms, holding his head on her shoulder.

"Is it so hard to surrender to a woman?" she asked. "See, I give you my revolver; here—now—shoot me down at your feet! I cut those wires! Shoot fearlessly! Ah, do you think I care for my life?"

Cleymore raised his head a little.

"I surrender," he sighed, and fainted.

Then there came a great sound of cheering from below, the drums rattled and the music of the bugles swelled nearer and nearer, until a crash of eager feet sounded among the branches of the abattis and a figure clad in grey leaped upon the breastworks and drove the steel point of a standard into the gravel.

"In the name of God!" he shouted, in a voice choked with emotion.

"Let him pray," muttered the dusty veterans of Longstreet's infantry as they wheeled into the parallels. "He's one of Jackson's men."

And all these things were done in the name of the Most High.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

By ANDREW LANG.

THE yearly widening fame of Jeanne d'Arc, the growing affection with which even aliens and the descendants of her ancient enemies regard her memory, make it natural to ask, Are there any contemporary portraits or any authentic relics of the Maid of Domrémy?

The answer is brief enough.

There are no portraits, and, except a few letters signed by her guided hand, there are no indisputable relics of Jeanne d'Arc. At her trial, in 1431, she said that she had never sat for her portrait, and had never even seen a representation of herself, except one picture in the hands of a Scottish archer at Arras. This work represented her dressed in full armour, kneeling, and handing a letter to the King. Now Jeanne was at Arras during her journey to prison in Rouen. She did not deny, at her trial, that files were found in her possession at Arras, files to be used doubtless for breaking her chains or the bars of her dungeon. In connection with these files, which prove that she was not wholly unbefriended, we naturally ask what was a Scottish archer doing in Arras, a hostile city held by the English? The Scots at that moment were fighting in France as allies of the French, and one of Jeanne's last victories, at Lagny, was won when her banner floated beside that of Sir Hugh Kennedy, over the heads of men from Ayrshire and the Marshes. Thus a Scot had no clear business in Arras, a town in English hands.

It is at least conceivable that this archer, the owner of the picture of the Maid, had stolen disguised into the city, and it may even have been he who supplied her with the files of which the English deprived her. We know about two Scots who had ridden with the Maid. One is he who told the Abbot Bower, author of the continuation of the "Scoti-chronicon" (1441), how the Maid was ever looking at the ring on her finger, a poor ring of brass, her parents' gift, bearing the sacred name, JHESU MARIA. The other Scot (if he be not indeed the same person) had been the constant companion of Jeanne, so he assures us. He became a monk, and about 1461 took up the task of continuing the Scottish Chronicle after the pen fell from the hands of Bower. One of these two men may possibly have been the Scottish archer in whose hands Jeanne saw the picture of herself.

However this may be, the portrait must have been no better than a popular image, or *icon*, unless it was executed from memory by the Maid's Scottish banner-painter, "Polnoir"—that is, Power or Polwarth. Thus, if Jeanne's memory was correct, we can never hope to look on any such admirable portraits of her as those of her contemporaries, Charles VII. and René d'Anjou, now in the Louvre. The oldest representations of the Maid must, at best, have been designed from the memory or fancy of the artist.

Even such objects as these are rare, and of doubtful, or even *not* doubtful, authenticity. In the Museum of Orleans, in a contemporary tapestry, we see Jeanne entering Chinon; the King, rather a perplexed-looking monarch, is receiving her on the steps of his palace. But the piece is German, and quite fantastic: the artist never had "his eye on the subject." At the Maison Cluny (the Museum of the Middle Ages in Paris) is a little bronze statuette, with the inscription "La Pucelle d'Orleans." M. Desnoyers, of the Orleans Museum, does not contest its authenticity, but it is assuredly more like an image of Don Quixote than of the warrior Maid. She is, apparently, rising with difficulty to the slow trot of a very heavy and weary horse; her banner-pole is in her right hand and rests on her foot. M. Desnoyers gives the modern history of this unromantic effigy. A certain M. Carraud (others print Carrand), of Lyons, once owned it, and in 1867 offered it to the Orleans Museum for twenty-four pounds. The authorities, M. Mantellier and M. Desnoyers, could not afford the money out of the Museum funds, and did not feel

wholly certain that the statuette was what dealers call "very genuine." On the death of the owner, his son sold the piece to a Paris dealer for £120, and he in turn parted with it to M. Odiot for £400. In 1889 M. Odiot put his treasure up to auction at the Hôtel Drouot, and an English or Scottish dealer, a Mr. Donaldson, got it for £612. M. Darcel, of the Maison Cluny, now appealed to the generosity of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, who purchased the little image from Mr. Donaldson—at what rate we are not informed—and presented it to the great Mediæval Museum in Paris. Thus a Jew gave more, to a Scot, for a possible popular image of Jeanne d'Arc than England paid to Jean de Ligny for the person of the captive heroine herself! *Her* price was 10,000 francs.

LA PUCELLE D'ORLEANS.
From a Bronze Statuette in the Maison Cluny, Paris.

There is another work, a rude picture of the Maid standing on one side of Our Lady, while St. Michael stands on the other. This was exhibited in 1874 by M. Auvray, a Parisian picture-dealer, a native of Orleans. The Maid's arms were on her shield; they were a sword supporting a crown between two lilies. A mutilated inscription ran: "GIS ARVA *Jehane Pucele forte en. . . .*" This has also been read: "*Montargis, Marya, Jehane Darc peuple fortement delivra. 1431. Marssy pour la vie.*" Thus the picture would be a votive offering, presented to Our Lady in 1431 with a prayer for the Maid's release from an English prison.* This sounds "very genuine," very touching, and, indeed, M. Auvray sold the treasures for 2000 f. (£80). But, says M. Desnoyers, criticism examined the picture carefully, and found that it was a forgery, painted the day before yesterday, then carefully dirtied, and deposited in a cottage near Orleans, where it was *accidentally* discovered, and so put on the market. The object is represented by a coloured illustration in M. Wallon's "History of Jeanne d'Arc." M. Wallon, of course, believed it to be genuine. The Orleans Museum itself acquired, in Germany, about 1857 a picture of Jeanne trampling on England, figured as a dragon. This inestimable relic turned out (as we might have guessed) to be not the girlish conqueror, but the patron saint of England—St. George!

It is painful to add that the patriotic enterprise of the French does not end even here. In 1883 the Catalogue of the Maison Cluny, that charming reliquary of old France, contained "Number 231, Jeanne d'Arc, equestrian statue of carved wood, painted and gilded, discovered at Montereau. This inestimable figure used to be carried, it was said, in religious processions; the belly of the horse opened, so as to contain relics." The precious object was described in 1879 by MM. de Braux and de Bouteiller, who wrote about it with a natural enthusiasm. The Museum had only enjoyed its possession, at that date, for two years. It was "absolutely authentic, and undeniably of the fifteenth century." The Pucelle is

ALLEGED STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC.
Now proved to represent St. Maurice.

riding a Roman-nosed white horse: her vizor is raised, the armour of the warrior is painted in black and gold, as is the harness of the horse.

* *Livre d'Or de Jeanne d'Arc.* Lanery d'Arc. Page 939 (1894).

But (pray observe this) while M. Desnoyers quotes the Catalogue to the effect that this priceless piece was found at *Montereau*, MM. De Bouteiller and De Braux say that it came from *Montargis*, where, "from time immemorial," it was carried in religious processions. Even during the Restoration (1815-30) it was honoured thus, and was called *Jeanne d'Arc*. Now Montereau is celebrated for a *bridge* (where the Duke of Burgundy was murdered), Montargis is renowned for a *dog*, "the dog of Montargis." The precious image can hardly come from *both* places. M. Dusommerard, the head of the Maison Cluny, was, in any case, quite happy in this ancient effigy. Unluckily, it proved to be really a St. Maurice from the church of that saint at Montereau. It was thence sold to a local painter, who freshened the colours and vended it to an indelicate person for fifty francs. The unscrupulous new owner baptised it "Jeanne d'Arc," and let it go, at the ransom of five hundred francs, to M. Dusommerard, Director of the Maison Cluny. In that collection it occupied a place of high honour, till the good people of Montereau came to hear of it. They exposed the fraud at once, and M. Darcel (who now held the place previously occupied by M. Dusommerard as Director of the Maison Cluny) banished "Jeanne d'Arc" to the cellars of the establishment. So M. Desnoyers writes in 1892, and alas! where is the "undeniable authenticity" proclaimed by MM. De Braux and De Bouteiller? Apparently nobody had ever thought of making inquiries at Montereau, or, as the author last cited says, at Montargis. Antiquaries appear to be blundering, simple, candid souls!

STATUE OF LA PUCELLE AT DOMRÉMY.
Copied from an older one at Toul.

Yet another head of Jeanne d'Arc (at Orleans) was also, in fact, a St. Maurice. Thus out of an interesting assortment of contemporary images only one is left, that which Baron Alphonse de Rothschild bought from Mr. Donaldson. Nor would it surprise us much if doubts were now entertained even about that work of art. To be sure M. Desnoyers does not impugn the good faith of the dealer, M. Auvray, who sold the sham picture of Jeanne, St. Michael, and the Virgin; and M. Lanery d'Arc seems still to believe in its authenticity. But we are more safe with M. Desnoyers, who writes (1892) in the "Mémoires de la Société Archéologique et Historique de l'Orléanais." If M. Dusommerard was the victim of a false Jeanne, why should his successor, M. Darcel, be deemed infallible?

JOAN OF ARC
In the Monument erected by the People of Orleans on the bridge across the Loire.

This industry in forging or recognising false images of Jeanne cannot make up for the sedulous care with which the ancestors of the French destroyed genuine old representatives of their national heroine. Huguenots were shocked by the circumstance that she was a Catholic; the Sons of Freedom in 1793 could not forgive her for not having been a Republican. They therefore burned and broke every memorial of her which they could discover in 1567 and in 1790-94.

In 1458, or, according to some erroneous French books, in 1438 (the inaccuracies are overwhelming!), the people of Orleans erected a statue of the Maid on that bridge over the Loire which she crossed after her great victory of May 7, 1429. In this work of art Jeanne knelt on one side, Charles VII. on the other side, of a Calvary. In 1458, when the statues were erected, the brothers of the Maid were alive; one of them was residing in Orleans, and the artist could obtain from him authentic information as to the traits of the heroine. Need we say that, in 1567, the Protestants destroyed this interesting monument? Four years later the town restored it, probably on the old lines. The new statue, however, was melted and cast into cannon by the Revolution: "it was," the enlightened citizens said, "an insult to the freedom of the French people"—who, but for Jeanne, might now be returning members to the English Parliament!

From an engraving of 1612 in Jean Hordal's book on the Maid, we learn that she was represented as wearing long flowing locks in this Orleans statue.

JOAN OF ARC IN ARMORIAL DESIGN.

Now one of the charges brought against her in her trial was that she wore her hair cut *short*, like a man's, "*en ronde*." The statue of 1458, therefore, was inaccurate, as far as the long hair is concerned. Again, the locks of the statue are said to have been *gilded*, whereas a contemporary writing in 1429 (the town clerk of La Rochelle) declares that Jeanne's hair was *black*. So much for the correctness of the Orleans monument. Now there exist, at Domrémy, a small stone statue of Jeanne and also a cast of it. Again, before the Revolution, the Cathedral of Toul possessed a statue of the Maid (it was destroyed, of course, as usual, by the citizens), and tradition alleges that it was a counterpart of the statue now at Domrémy. Descriptions of the Toul statue survive; the figure was in armour, in the attitude of prayer; and the locks were long, floating, and golden. Obviously this statue at Toul was a copy of that on the Bridge of Orleans, of the figure erected in 1458, battered in 1467, and, later, remade and replaced, while the extant Domrémy image is a copy of the statue of Toul. Claude Hordal, a descendant in the female line of the family of Jeanne, gave the statue to Toul: his nephew, Etienne, who restored a chapel near Domrémy, may have given to it the surviving copy of the Toul effigy. The chapel, about 1640, was burned by Protestant Swedes, who also cut down *le beau Mai*, the Fairy Tree of Domrémy, and the statue given by Etienne Hordal, if he did give it, was mutilated. Before 1756 this statue (or one which *may* be this) was placed over the door of Jeanne's house in Domrémy. Early in our century traces of gold on the hair, and of the red colour of the garment, still remained. This is probably the stone figure, now *within* the house at Domrémy: the metal cast outside the house was moulded on the figure in stone. The mutilated piece, then, is the direct descendant of the Orleans statue, if we follow MM. De Bouteiller and De Braux, in their "Notes Iconographiques." Even here the artist has, of his own fantasy, put on Jeanne the ruff of his own period, which she did not wear in the lost Orleans piece. If the system holds, the yellow-haired Maid of the images, with her floating locks, cannot be like the dark girl who wore her hair *en ronde*, closely clipped, after the manner of the men-at-arms.

The legend of Jeanne's long golden hair was certainly popular. There exists, in only two or three copies, a Spanish work of about 1468, calling itself "The Chronicle of the Pucelle." It is really a mere romance, full of Spanish rhodomontade. The author, however, says that Jeanne's long locks, like a "banner, yellow, glorious, golden," were her *oriflamme* in war: the flag which her soldiers followed. This writer avers that he has seen in France a portrait of the Maid which was thought excellent, and which represented her as taller than most women, "*los cabellos muy largos et rucios*": "with thick ruddy locks." This description clearly corresponds to what we learn about the Orleans statue and its successor at Domrémy. Now the Orleans statue was fashioned in an age when men of fifty well remembered the Pucelle. Yet the contemporary town clerk of La Rochelle in 1429 described (though not as an eye-witness) the black cap, black pourpoint, and

Timbre des armoiries de Charles du Lys.
D'après les lettres patentes de 1612

short skirt of dark grey in which Jeanne rode from Vaucouleurs to Chinon before her mission, and he adds, as we know, that her hair was *black*, and clipped *en ronde*. That her hair was worn as short as a skull-cap is ascertained, as we have said, just

because her enemies made this a principal point in their accusations. It is manifest, then, that even the statue of 1458, wherein she wore long gilded locks, was a merely fanciful work of art. Can it possibly represent that mysterious impostor, the False Pucelle?

Evidence as to Jeanne's black hair lately existed in the wax seal of a letter sent by her to the town of Riom. In the wax was one black hair, and to insert a hair of the writer in the seal is said to have been a mediæval custom. But, shameful to tell, even this last slight relic, the seal (discovered in 1844), has already been stolen — at least, has "disappeared." What with the destroying of genuine relics and monuments on one hand, and the forging of false ones on the other, France has decidedly been unfortunate. In brief, except the statuette bought for the Maison Cluny by Baron Rothschild and the German tapestry now at Orleans, there is not known to exist even a fanciful contemporary likeness of Jeanne d'Arc. Her likenesses in the miniatures of later fifteenth century manuscripts are of no authority, and a possible representation of her, on a leaden medal, is a mere "generalised" head of a woman.

JEANNE LA PVCELLE

Extrait des *Vrais Pourtraits et Vies des Hommes illustres*, PAR ANDRÉ THEVET (Paris, veuve Kervert et Guill. Chaudière, 1584, in-fol.) (Tiré de la collection de M. P. L. d'Arc.)

The Abbé Cochard is the best authority on the relics of Jeanne d'Arc—or, rather, on their absence! Her body, after her martyrdom, was reduced to cinders, and thrown into the Seine, "for fear of the sorceries that would shortly have been wrought therewith," as a contemporary French diarist says. Had the body of the Maid been granted Christian burial, miracles at her tomb would inevitably have followed. The sacred heart of the Maid, *cor cordium*, like Shelley's, resisted the flames, to the horror of the penitent executioner. Doubtless her heart also was cast into the stream with her ashes. The Seine bore all to the sea, which carried these sad relics no further than her limitless fame has wandered on all human shores. In 1889 M. Francis Perot is obliged to say that the very seal of the letter to Riom "has vanished." Foul fall the thievish hand which wrought this latest of so many outrages!

The armour of Jeanne has probably disappeared. One suit of harness she dedicated to St. Denis, when her attack on Paris was foiled by her King in September 1429, "for *St. Denis* is the cry of France!" The English, on the departure of the French army, robbed the church of St. Denis, and the arms are lost. The Revolution would have destroyed them in any case. In the reign of Louis XII. the author of an inventory mentions the harness of the Maid as extant in the Château of Amboise, and suggests that the illuminator of a manuscript of the period copied this armour. In 1581 a suit of her harness is said to have been at the Château d'Anet. At the end of last century, Carré describes a suit of hers at Chantilly—armour certainly made for a woman, he says, and covered with crosses. It may or may not be the Chantilly harness which is now in the Musée des Invalides, in the series G. No. 119. There is also a so-called harness of Jeanne's in the Museum of Berlin. A sword, said to be hers, was given by Peiresc to Charles du Lys (a descendant of her family) in 1632, and thence came to the family of De Maleyssie, who lost it (and some of their own heads) in the Revolution.

Of all authentic relics the cap worn by the Maid lasted longest. In the seventeenth century it belonged to a descendant of the Boucher family, Jeanne's hosts at Orleans. In 1631 a lady of this house presented it to the Oratoire de Jésus, in Orleans. The Fathers kept it in their

sacristy, but, foreseeing the storm of 1791, entrusted it to Madame De Saint Hilaire. Before the Fathers had been driven out of Orleans, at the end of August 1792, the mob broke up Jeanne's statue, rabbled Madame De Saint Hilaire, extorted the cap from her, lit a fire in the court of her house, and burned the last relic of the saviour of Orleans and of France. The cap was blue, looped up, and crested with fleurs-de-lys in copper gilt. Jeanne is said to have been represented in a blue cap on a window of the church of St. Paul in Paris, made at the time when her King recovered his capital (1436). But red was her favourite colour, both before and during her mission. In a red frock of rough stuff the peasant girl walked to Vaucouleurs to see Robert de Baudricour, and implore him to send her to the King. In a red *hucque* of the richest material she was draped when she was dragged down from her horse by its heavy folds and captured outside the gate of Compiègne. She wore a black doublet at her trial, as we know from a recorded speech of her own. But all such things are very perishable, and all have perished. Nothing is known to survive that ever touched the hands of the Maid, not her poor ring of brass, or her one golden ring, robbed from her by Englishmen or Burgundians; nothing remains but one or two letters, signed by her while her secretary guided her fingers. The English destroyed her body; the French have burned, or broken, or stolen her blue cap, her statues, the very seal that held a single hair from that sacred head. Even down to the destruction of these few last remains, the Nation which burned and the Nation which deserted La Pucelle remain equal in the competition of shame. "She came to her own, and her own received her not."

AN INDIANA CAMPAIGN.

By STEPHEN CRANE.

WHEN the able-bodied citizens of the village formed a company and marched away to the war, Major Tom Boldin assumed in a manner the burden of the village cares. Everybody ran to him when they felt obliged to discuss their affairs. The sorrows of the town were dragged before him. His little bench at the sunny side of Migglesville tavern became a sort of open court where people came to speak resentfully of their grievances. He accepted his position and struggled manfully under the load. It behoved him as a man who had seen the sky red over the quaint low cities of Mexico and the compact northern bayonets gleaming on the narrow roads.

One warm summer day the Major sat asleep on his little bench. There was a lull in the tempest of discussion which usually enveloped him. His cane, by use of which he could make the most tremendous and impressive gestures, reposed beside him. His hat lay upon the bench, and his old bald head had swung far forward until his nose actually touched the first button of his waistcoat.

The sparrows wrangled desperately in the road, defying perspiration. Once a team went jangling and creaking past, raising a yellow blur of dust before the soft tones of the field and sky. In the long grass of the meadow across the road the insects chirped and clacked eternally.

Suddenly a frowsy-headed boy appeared in the roadway, his bare feet pattering rapidly. He was extremely excited. He gave a shrill whoop as he discovered the sleeping Major and rushed toward him. He created a terrific panic among some chickens who had been scratching intently near the Major's feet. They clamoured in an insanity of fear, and rushed hither and thither seeking a way of escape, whereas in reality all ways lay plainly open to them.

This tumult caused the Major to arouse with a sudden little jump of amazement and apprehension. He rubbed his eyes and gazed about him. Meanwhile, some clever chicken had discovered a passage

(*Copyright, 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson, and Bacheller.*)

to safety, and led the flock into the garden, where they squawked in sustained alarm.

Panting from his run and choked with terror, the little boy stood before the Major, struggling with a tale that was ever upon the tip of his tongue.

"Major—now—Major——"

The old man, roused from a delicious slumber, glared impatiently at the little boy. "Come, come!" What's th' matter with yeh?" he demanded. "What's th' matter! Don't stand there shaking. Speak up."

"Lots is th' matter," the little boy shouted valiantly, with a courage born of the importance of his tale. "My ma's chickens 'uz all stole, an'—now—he 's over in th' woods."

"Who is? Who is over in the woods? Go ahead."

"Now—th' rebel is!"

"What?" roared the Major.

"Th' rebel," cried the little boy, with the last of his breath.

The Major pounced from his bench in tempestuous excitement. He seized the little boy by the collar and gave him a great jerk. "Where? Are yeh sure? Who saw 'im? How long ago? Where is he now? Did you see 'im?"

The little boy, frightened at the Major's fury, began to sob. After a moment he managed to stammer: "He—now—he 's in the woods. I saw 'im. He looks uglier 'n anythin'."

The Major released his hold upon the boy, and, pausing for a time, indulged in a glorious dream. Then he said, "By thunder! we 'll ketch th' cuss. You wait here," he told the boy, "an' don't say a word t' anybody. Do yeh hear?"

The boy, still weeping, nodded, and the Major hurriedly entered the inn. He took down from its pegs an awkward smooth-bore rifle and carefully examined the enormous percussion-cap that was fitted over the nipple. Mistrusting the cap, he removed it and replaced it with a new one. He scrutinised the gun keenly, as if he could judge in this manner of the condition of the load. All his movements were deliberate and deadly.

When he arrived upon the porch of the tavern he beheld the yard filled with people. Peter Witheby, sooty-faced and grinning, was in the van. He looked at the Major. "Well?" he said.

"Well?" returned the Major, bridling.

"Well, what 's 'che got?" said old Peter.

"Got?' Got a rebel over in the woods," roared the Major.

At this sentence, the women and boys, who had gathered eagerly about him, gave vent to startled cries. The women had come from adjacent houses, but the little boys represented the entire village. They had miraculously heard the first whisper of rumour, and they performed wonders in getting to the spot. They clustered around the important figure of the Major and gazed in silent awe. The women, however, burst forth. At the word "rebel," which represented to them all terrible things, they deluged the Major with questions which were obviously unanswerable.

He shook them off, with violent impatience. Meanwhile, Peter Witheby was trying to force exasperating interrogations through the tumult to the Major's ears. "What? No! Yes! How d' I know?" the maddened veteran snarled as he struggled with his friends. "No! Yes! What? How in thunder d' I know?" Upon the steps of the tavern the landlady sat, weeping forlornly.

At last the Major burst through the crowd and went to the roadway. There, as they all streamed after him, he turned and faced them. "Now, look a' here, I don't know any more about this than you do," he told them forcibly. "All that I know is that ther 's a rebel over in Smith's woods, an' all I know is that I 'm a-goin' after 'im."

"But hol' on a minnet," said old Peter. "How do yeh know he 's a rebel?"

"I know he is," cried the Major. "Don't yeh think I know what a rebel is?"

Then, with a gesture of disdain at the babbling crowd, he marched determinedly away, his rifle held in the hollow of his arm. At this heroic moment a new clamour arose, half admiration, half dismay. Old Peter hobbled after the Major, continually repeating: "Hol' on a minnet."

The little boy who had given the alarm was the centre of a throng of lads who gazed with envy and awe, discovering in him a new quality. He held forth to them eloquently. The women stared after the figures of the Major and old Peter, his pursuer. Jerozel Bronson, a half-witted lad who comprehended nothing save an occasional genial word, leaned against the fence and grinned like a skull. The Major and the pursuer passed out of view around the turn in the road where the great maples lazily shook off the dust that lay on their leaves.

For a moment the little group of women listened intently, as if they expected to

"'GOT?' GOT A REBEL OVER IN THE WOODS," ROARED THE MAJOR.

hear a sudden shot and cries from the distance. They looked at each other, their lips a little way apart. The trees sighed softly in the heat of the summer sun. The insects in the meadow continued their monotonous humming, and, somewhere, a hen had been stricken with fear, and was cackling loudly.

Finally, Mrs. Goodwin said, "Well, I'm goin' up to th' turn a' th' road, anyhow." Mrs. Willets and Mrs. Joe Petersen, her particular friends, cried out at this temerity, but she said, "Well, I'm goin', anyhow."

She called Bronson. "Come on, Jerozel. You're a man, an' if he should chase us, why, you mus' pitch inteh 'im. Hey?" Bronson always obeyed everybody. He grinned an assent, and went with her down the road.

A little boy attempted to follow them, but a shrill scream from his mother made him halt.

The remaining women stood motionless, their eyes fixed upon Mrs. Goodwin and Jerozel. Then at last one gave a laugh of triumph at her conquest of caution and fear and cried: "Well, I'm goin' too."

Another instantly said: "So am I." Then began a general movement. Some of the little boys had already ventured a hundred feet away from the main body, and at this unanimous advance they spread out ahead in little groups. Some recounted terrible stories of rebel ferocity. Their eyes were large with excitement. The whole thing, with its possible dangers, had for them a delicious element. Johnnie Peterson, who could whip any boy present, explained what he would do in case the enemy should happen to pounce out at him.

The familiar scene suddenly assumed a new aspect. The field of corn which met the road upon the left was no longer a mere field of corn. It was a darkly mystic place whose recesses could contain all manner of dangers. The long green leaves, waving in the breeze, rustled from the passing of men. In the song of the insects there were now omens, threats.

There was a warning in the enamel blue of the sky, in the stretch of yellow road, in the very atmosphere. Above the tops of the corn loomed the distant foliage of Smith's woods, curtaining the silent action of a tragedy whose horrors they imagined.

The women and the little boys came to a halt, overwhelmed by the impressiveness of the landscape. They waited silently.

Mrs. Goodwin suddenly said: "I'm goin' back." The others, who all wished to return, cried at once disdainfully—

"Well, go back, if yeh want to."

A cricket at the roadside exploded suddenly in his shrill song, and a woman who had been standing near shrieked in startled terror. An electric movement went through the group of women. They jumped and gave vent to sudden screams. With the fear still upon their agitated faces, they turned to berate the one who had shrieked. "My, what a goose you are, Sallie. Why, it took my breath away. Goodness sakes, don't holler like that again."

PART II.

"Hol' on a minnet," Peter Witheby was crying to the Major, as the latter, full of importance and dignity of his position as protector of Migglesville, paced forward swiftly. The veteran already felt upon his brow a wreath formed of the flowers of gratitude, and as he strode he was absorbed in planning a calm and self-contained manner of wearing it. "Hol' on a minnet," piped old Peter in the rear.

At last the Major, aroused from his dream of triumph, turned about wrathfully. "Well, what?"

"Now, look a' here," said Peter. "What 'che goin' t' do?"

The Major, with a gesture of supreme exasperation, wheeled again and went on. When he arrived at the cornfield he halted and waited for Peter. He had suddenly felt that indefinable menace in the landscape.

"Well?" demanded Peter, panting.

The Major's eyes wavered a trifle. "Well," he repeated. "Well, I'm goin' in there an' bring out that there rebel."

They both paused and studied the gently swaying masses of corn, and behind them the looming woods, sinister with possible secrets.

"Well?" said old Peter.

The Major moved uneasily and put his hand to his brow. Peter waited in obvious expectation.

The Major crossed through the grass at the roadside and climbed the fence. He put both legs over the topmost rail and then sat perched there, facing the woods. Once he turned his head and asked: "What?"

"I hain't said anythin'," answered Peter.

The Major clambered down from the fence and went slowly into the corn, his

gun held in readiness. Peter stood in the road.

Presently the Major returned and said in a cautious whisper: "If yeh hear anything' you come a-runnin', will yeh?"

"Well, I hain't got no gun nor nuthin'," said Peter in the same low tone, "what good 'ud I do?"

"Well, yeh might come along with me an' watch," said the Major. "Four eyes is better 'n two."

"If I had a gun——" began Peter.

"Oh, yeh don't need no gun," interrupted the Major, waving his hand. "All I'm afraid of is that I won't find 'im. My eyes ain't so good as they was."

"Well——"

"Come along," whispered the Major. "Yeh hain't afraid, are yeh?"

"No, but——"

"Well, come along then. What 's th' matter with yeh?"

Peter climbed the fence. He paused on the top rail and took a prolonged stare at the inscrutable woods. When he joined the Major in the cornfield he said, with a touch of anger—

"Well, you got the gun. Remember that. If he comes for me, I hain't got a blame thing."

"Shucks!" answered the Major. "He hain't a-goin' t' come for yeh."

The two then began a wary journey through the corn. One by one the long aisles between the rows appeared as they glanced along each of them. It seemed as if some gruesome thing had just previously vacated it. Old Peter halted once and whispered: "Say, look a here, supposin'—supposin'——"

"Supposin' what?" demanded the Major.

"Supposin'—" said Peter. "Well, remember you got th' gun an' I hain't got anythin'."

"Thunder!" said the Major.

When they got to where the stalks were very short because of the shade cast by the trees of the wood, they halted again. The leaves were gently swishing in the breeze. Before them stretched the mystic green wall of the forest, and there seemed to be in it eyes which followed each of their movements.

Peter at last said: "I don't believe there 's anybody in there."

"Yes, there is, too," said the Major. "I 'll bet anythin' he 's in there."

"How d' yeh know?" asked Peter. "I 'll bet he ain't within a mile o' here."

The Major suddenly ejaculated: "Listen!"

They bent forward, scarce breathing, their mouths agape, their eyes glinting. Finally the Major turned his head. "Did yeh hear that?" he said hoarsely.

"No," said Peter in a low voice. "What was it?"

The Major listened for a moment. Then he turned again. "I thought I heered somebody holler," he explained cautiously.

They both bent forward and listened once more. Peter in the intentness of his attitude lost his balance and was obliged to lift his foot hastily and with noise. "Sssh," hissed the Major.

After a minute Peter spoke quite loudly. "Oh, shucks! I don't believe yeh heered anythin'."

The Major made a frantic downward gesture with his hand. "Shet up, will yeh!" he said, in an angry undertone.

Peter became silent for a moment, but presently he said again: "Oh, yeh didn't hear anythin'."

The Major turned to glare at his companion in despair and wrath.

"What 's th' matter with yeh? Can't yeh shet up?"

"Oh, this here hain't no use. If you 're goin' in after 'im, why don't yeh go in after 'im?"

"Well, gimme time, can't yeh?" said the Major, in a growl. And as if to add more to this reproach he climbed the fence that compassed the woods, looking resentfully back at his companion.

"Well," said Peter, when the Major paused.

The Major stepped down upon the thick carpet of brown leaves that stretched under the trees. He turned then to whisper: "You wait here, will yeh?" His face was red with determination.

"Well, hol' on a minnet," said Peter. "You—I—we 'd better——"

"No," said the Major. "You wait here."

He went stealthily into the thickets. Peter watched him until he grew to be a vague slow-moving shadow. From time to time he could hear the leaves crackle and twigs snap under the Major's awkward tread. Peter, intent, breathless, waited for the peal of sudden tragedy. Finally the woods grew silent in a solemn and impressive hush that caused Peter to feel the thumping of his heart. He began to look about him to make sure that nothing should spring upon him from the sombre shadows. He scrutinised this cool gloom before him, and at times he thought he could perceive the moving of swift silent

shapes. He concluded that he had better go back and try to muster some assistance to the Major.

As Peter came through the corn, the women in the road caught sight of the others: "Why, it's on'y Pete Witheby." They came faltering back then, those who had been naturally swiftest in the race avoiding the eyes of those whose limbs had enabled them to flee a short distance.

"I THOUGHT I HEERED SOMEBODY HOLLER."

glittering figure and screamed. Many of them began to run. The little boys, with all their valour, scurried away in clouds. Mrs. Joe Peterson, however, cast a glance over her shoulders as she, with her skirts gathered up, was running as best she could. She instantly stopped, and, in tones of deepest scorn, called out to the

Peter came rapidly, appreciating the glances of vivid interest in the eyes of the women. To their lightning-like questions, which hit all sides of the episode, he opposed a new tranquillity gained from his sudden ascent in importance. He made no answer to their clamour. When he had reached the top of the fence, he

called out, commandingly: "Here you, Johnnie, you and George, run an' git my gun. It's hangin' on th' pegs over th' bench in th' shop."

At this terrible sentence a shuddering cry broke from the women. The boys named sped down the road, accompanied by a retinue of envious companions.

Peter swung his legs over the rail, and faced the woods again. He twisted his head once to say, "Keep still, can't yeh? Quit scufflin' aroun'." They could see by his manner that this was a supreme moment. The group became motionless and still. Later, Peter turned to say "Sssh!" to a restless boy, and the air with which he said it smote them all with awe.

The little boys who had gone after the gun came pattering along hurriedly, the weapon borne in the midst of them. Each was anxious to share in the honour. The one who had been delegated to bring it was bullying and directing his comrades.

Peter said "Sssh!" He took the gun and poised it in readiness to sweep the cornfield. He scowled at the boys and whispered angrily: "Why didn't yeh bring th' powder-horn an' th' thing with th' bullets in? I told yeh t' bring 'im. I'll send somebody else next time."

"Yeh didn't tell us," cried the two boys shrilly.

"Sssh! Quit yeh noise," said Peter with a violent gesture.

However, this reproof enabled other boys to recover that peace of mind which they had lost when seeing their friends loaded with honours.

The women had cautiously approached the fence and, from time to time, whispered feverish questions; but Peter repulsed them savagely, with an air of being infinitely bothered by their interference in his intent watch. They were forced to listen again in silence to the weird and prophetic chanting of the insects and the mystic silken rustling of the corn.

At last the thud of hurrying feet in the soft soil of the field came to their ears. A dark form sped towards them. A wave of a mighty fear swept over the group, and the screams of the women came hoarsely from their choked throats. Peter swung madly from his perch and turned to use the fence as a rampart.

But it was the Major. His face was inflamed and his eyes were glaring. He clutched his rifle by the middle and swung it wildly. He was bounding at a great speed for his fat, short body.

"It's all right! It's all right!" he began to yell, some distance away. "It's all right. It's on'y ol' Milt' Jacoby!"

When he arrived at the top of the fence he paused and mopped his brow.

"What?" they thundered in an agony of sudden unreasoning disappointment.

Mrs. Joe Petersen, who was a distant connection of Milton Jacoby, thought to forestall any damage to her social position by saying at once disdainfully, "Drunk, I s'pose!"

"Yes," said the Major, still on the fence, and mopped his brow. "Drunk as a fool. Thunder, I was surprised. I—I—thought it was a rebel, sure."

The thoughts of all these women wavered for a time. They were at a loss for precise expression of their emotion. At last, however, they hurled this one superior sentence at the Major—

"Well, yeh might have known."

Drawn by Constance Foxley.

Hail merrie merrie Christmasse-tide!
A BAUERLE. 95.

THE SUMMER WORK OF A HUNTSMAN.

By YOUNG STEWART.

THERE was a time not very many years ago when the reading public took but a superficial interest in all save a very few subjects which were put before them; when it was necessary and natural to seek information on any given branch of science, art, or philosophy in a specific treatise labelled as distinctly as a drug in a chemist's shop; when a man's biography was penned after Death had closed the volume, not, as now, written up to date, incomplete as partial; when the green curtain was indeed a veil—*mais nous avons changé tout cela.*

Now in this period, teeming with serial literature, the screen must be raised. It is not sufficient to accept the feast; we must interview the chef; we must follow our wines to the vineyard. We no longer enter our railway-carriage and enjoy our newspaper and cigar, but our thoughts are diverted to the cost of the railway itself, and how many million passengers are conveyed over the metals in a year; while the face of the portly gentleman opposite is perplexingly familiar to us, till we remember that only two days ago it stared at us from the pages of the current number of a periodical as the successful secretary of the company.

That a stimulus has been administered to the unthinking by this new departure in our popular literature is surely obvious, and as surely this stimulus must be wholesome. For instance, among the uninitiated the impression might easily be of long life that a pack of hounds hunt by instinct, and it is simply necessary to lay them on the scent in order to insure a satisfactory run. It is with a view to disabuse the mind of such an error that this paper is written and the subject pictorially treated.

Away from the roar and whistle of the locomotive, far indeed from the madding crowd, ascending from the fertile valley to the picturesque Cotswold Hills stretches the quaint, elongated village of Broadway. Its name is certainly sufficiently descriptive, for beyond the spurs that naturally branch from every main thoroughfare, the village consists of a broad street, where the modern church, municipal offices, and large hotel are strangely mingled with "bits" of antiquity very dear to the artist's heart. To look down this highway the effect is suggestive, and the mind travels back to an age when monastery and castle held the bodies and souls of the surrounding inhabitants in their awesome keeping, and often bewildered their simple minds by frequent outbursts of

discord between themselves. The very road is laid in the heart, and seems one of the main arteries, of a country which till railways robbed it of its importance never failed to witness each successive turn of the wheel in the history of the nation. A man's lifetime has not passed since the inhabitants of these very houses turned out *en masse* at the signal of the guard's horn to welcome the coach with its load of strangers or returning friends, but, above all, its budget of news from the outer world beyond the barrier of hills.

A few yards of picturesque lane leads from the main street to the kennels of the North Cotswold Hunt, where, on application to Goddard, the huntsman, we found that instructions had been given by Captain Stacey, the new Master, that every facility should be accorded us to achieve our object. Before proceeding to inspect the heroes and heroines of this paper, we had a glimpse of the old hounds, who looked extremely comfortable on their large straw beds. It was amusing, also, to notice the preternatural solemnity with which they stared at the intruders—some, with a magnificent indifference, remaining seated, and others, with more curiosity, advancing to make a minute critical survey. As each was called by name he came forward, and, as compliments were paid to any, they seemed to be received with jealous growls by the others. In all, there are eighteen and a half couple dogs and twenty-four couple bitches. Among them, perhaps the finest of the dogs are

SCHOOLING: LEADING PUPPIES IN COUPLES.

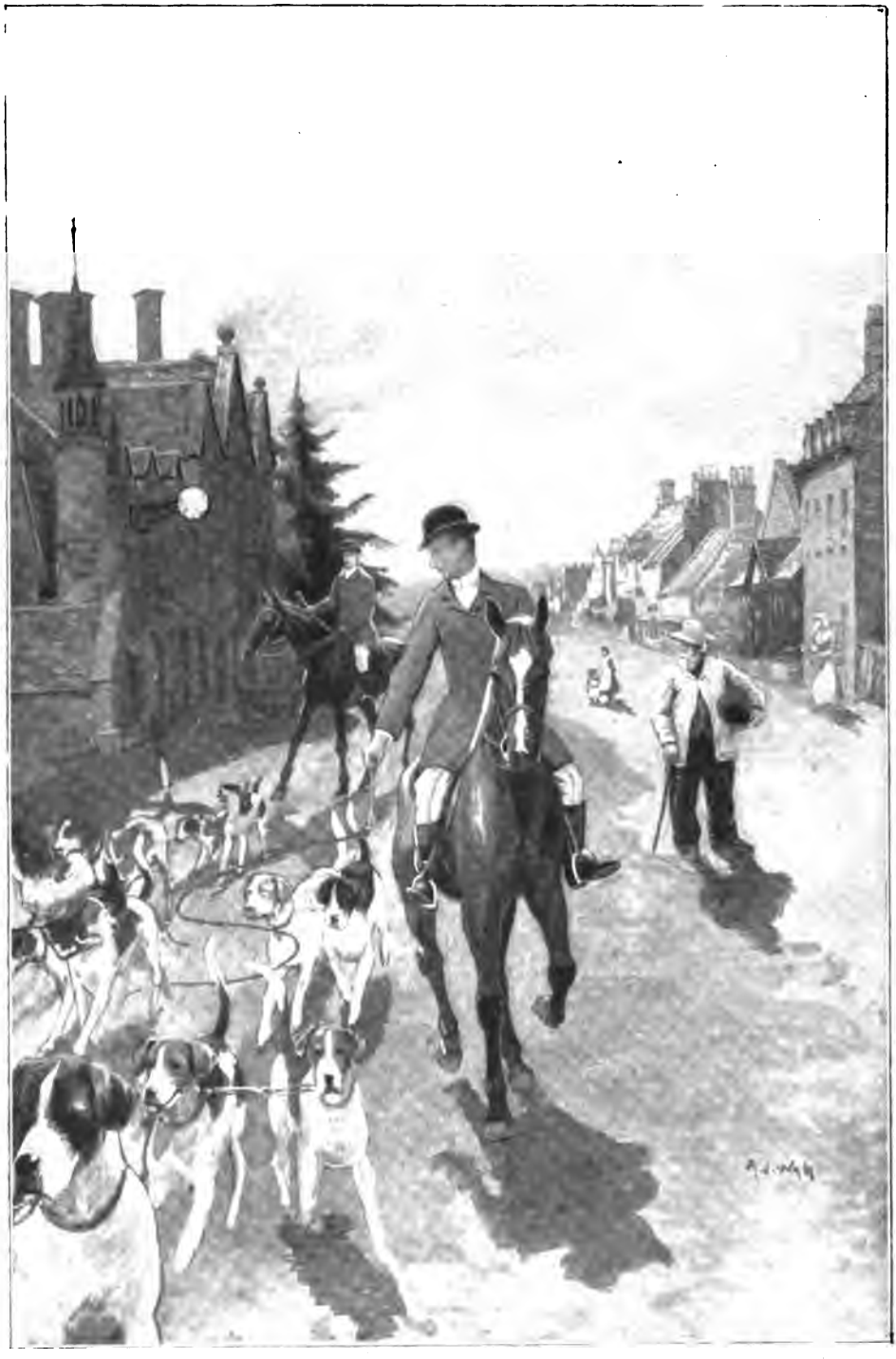
Stentor and Trampler, Rector and Plaintiff—magnificent dogs, with lots of the fashionable tan about them, and with good lengthy necks and shoulders, with backs and loins full of bone and muscle. Each individual characteristic is known to the huntsman, even to their respective voices. As in every other community, so in a pack, there is always a leader, and also a sure find, who may not necessarily be the swiftest hound; but when a check occurs he will be the first to give voice, which the huntsman and hounds alike know.

From these kennels we passed to where the youngsters are quartered, and a promising lot they are—eight and a half couple this year; among which Remus and Regent, Simon and Gaiety, were pointed out as the most promising. The term of training extends from the return from "walking" to when they are about eighteen months old. When the puppies leave their mothers they are quartered out among the gentry and farmers of the vicinity, and so pass their infancy apart from each other, and this part of their puppyhood is called "walking."

About February or March they are returned, and afterwards judged, prizes in the form of cups, etc., being awarded to the "walkers." For some little time their training simply consists in letting them run loose in the yard with the couples on: a system which speedily accustoms them to the coupling. When first this restraint is placed upon them they exhibit the propensity natural alike to humanity and puppyhood, to pull in opposite directions. Very early the necessary process of teaching each his or her name finds its place among the home training; and a highly ingenious method is adopted. As in the days of the Patriarchs of old, the son desirous of obtaining his father's blessing approached him through his stomach, by placing before him a savoury dish, so the intelligence of the puppies is stimulated by feeding them singly, and calling each by name, from the yard in which they are all assembled. For some time the wrong ones rush for the door, but a smart practical rebuke sends the mistaken one back even more quickly than he came. From the names which have been quoted it will be observed that there are many very similar in sound—to wit, Remus and Regent; it is therefore quite astonishing how quickly the sharp ears of the puppies pick up their own.

After the exercise in the yard, the next stage reached is that of leading them out in couples, one man being in charge of four puppies. On such occasions they are shown all sorts of "riot" (illegitimate game or vermin) in order to break them of any inclination to hunt anything but foxes; and when, as sometimes happens, two hares or rabbits are put up at the same moment, and scuttle away in opposite directions, it requires all the muscle of the trainer to hold them back, for their regular one feed a day of biscuits and oatmeal with a small quantity of horseflesh quickly develops their stamina. After two months of this they are taken for horse exercise, when they will go for a spin of a dozen or fourteen miles in the early morning. In the keen air of the Cotswolds this is as enjoyable for man as for horse and hound. Two whippers-in as well as the huntsman take charge of the lot, and keep them from straggling. To see them return, full of life, after a stretch of miles on a June day is to make one envy the work of a huntsman; and those who have been privileged to see these custodians of the pack pay their addresses to a meal after a smart run in the height of the season must be impressed with the hygienic benefits of the sport.

IT REQUIRES ALL THE MUSCLE OF THE TRAINER TO HOLD THEM BACK.



EXERCISE: A SPIN IN THE EARLY MORNING.

Later, the whole pack is exercised together, the young dogs being coupled to the old ones, whose superior strength and wisdom speedily and literally lead them in the path they should go; and courageous indeed would be the puppy who would attempt to follow "riot" on such an occasion. About the second week of September cub-hunting begins: this is with the double purpose of training the young and of thinning the litters of cubs, which would otherwise grow so numerous as not only to be a greater pest than ever to poultry, but also to spoil all sport. Then comes the eventful month of November, when our young friends, whose training we have so assiduously observed, make their début in the regular hunting-field, and have an opportunity of showing by their speed, scent, and intelligence whether they have proved grateful, and are really worthy of all the trouble taken with them. Those which are not are generally drafted into another pack, either a second-class one in England, or shipped to the Colonies or the Continent to form the nucleus of other packs.

Scarcely had we thanked Goddard for the information which has enabled the writer to pen these notes than we were introduced to the gentleman to whose courtesy we are so deeply indebted. Captain Stacey, the new M.F.H., is a tall, handsome, soldierly man, with keen blue eyes and a clear complexion. His pleasing voice added a charm to the extremely amiable manner in which he expressed the hope that we had obtained all the information we required; and to which he added a brief outline of the history of the Hunt from the old days when Earl Fitzhardinge (uncle to the late nobleman) hunted the entire country from Berkeley Castle. After the division of the Cotswold packs into north and south, Lord Coventry became Master of the North, and on his resignation, Algernon Rushout, Esq., hunted this grand pack for no less than twenty-three seasons, only resigning last year.

OLD AND YOUNG: A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Looking at Captain Stacey as he stood before us in his straw hat and white kennel-coat, we were deeply impressed by the fact that he is a man in every way qualified to uphold the best traditions of the Hunt.

THE SCOTS GREYS ADVANCED DISMOUNTED TO THE ASSAULT.

See "Stories of British Battles: Blenheim."

STORIES OF BRITISH BATTLES.

III.—NEVER-A-PENNY PARMINTER: A TALE OF BLENHEIM.

A LEAF FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A STAFF OFFICER.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE thirteenth of August, 1704, and the days immediately preceding it, will to me be ever memorable, not only on account of the glorious success then achieved by the Allied Forces and by the arms of Britain in particular, but also by reason of certain strange happenings, partaking somewhat of a personal and private nature, wherein it was my lot to be deeply concerned.

On the night of Monday the eleventh of August, Marlborough had effected a junction with Prince Eugene, near Donauwerth, and the armies encamped at Erlinghoven. There the Duke found temporary headquarters at an inn, which afforded passable comfort. His Grace was much occupied until past midnight, and there was a continual stream of comers and goers through the little inn parlour, which served as ante-chamber to the General's apartment. I myself and several others of the staff remained in the outer room, ready to execute any orders of our chief, each devoutly hoping that his neighbour might be singled out for duty; for the fatigues of our long and rapid march from Ingoldstadt left us with small inclination for stirring abroad into the night.

One officer after another had been summoned into the Duke's presence, and had departed on his mission, until, at length, only two of us remained. For the moment his Grace was alone, but he was not inactive, for through the half-open door we could hear his hurrying pen. The monotony of the sound, the stolid tick of a small clock upon the mantelpiece, the depressing light of a smoky lamp, and my own drowsiness, at length overcame me. I leaned my arms on the table, and let my head sink slowly forward. In that unpicturesque attitude sleep must have found me, for when Ferguson, my companion, jogged me with his foot, I started stupidly, and, forgetful where I was, stretched myself with an unmannerly yawn.

The scratching of the pen ceased for a moment, and his Grace favoured us with a pleasant reminder of his presence.

"It has been a heavy day, gentlemen," he said good-humouredly; "bid the drawer bring in a bottle of the best the house provides. It will help you to pass the time."

Making our acknowledgments to the Duke, I rose to call the servant. Just as I opened the door an officer brushed past me, and was immediately closeted with Marlborough.

"Who was that, Ferguson?" I inquired, for in the dim light of the passage I had not recognised the visitor.

"Abercrombie, of the Scots Greys," he replied carelessly, addressing himself to the wine, which had just been brought in.

I did not share Ferguson's carelessness, for I had some knowledge of Captain Abercrombie, and my memories of him were none of the pleasantest. It was not for my own sake that I was disturbed, but because I knew that if the Captain remained long with our leader there might be an awkward encounter in that outer room, for we were momentarily expecting the return of one whom it was well Abercrombie should not meet.

I sipped my wine in silence, while before me flitted the remembrance of a scene enacted two years earlier in London. In the December of 1702 Marlborough, returned victorious from the Netherlands, received the thanks of Parliament. It was a time of much rejoicing, and not a few of us, who had been lucky enough to obtain a brief furlough, were glad to forget the toils of the campaign in the gaieties of the capital. But even amid the allurements of Capua we did not let our swords rust altogether; for what with wine, bright eyes, and play, it was scarce in reason that we should escape a brawl or two.

It was to a stormy occurrence at my Lady Kesteven's in St. James's Square that my thoughts now led me back. Cards

and dancing were the order of the evening, and it was to the tables rather than the parquet that I found myself attracted; for a bachelor well on in middle life, who has, moreover, an occasional twinge from an old wound, does well to leave the more frivolous amusement to his juniors, contenting himself with a quiet rubber. This consideration for younger Lotharios was not, however, shared by Abercrombie, who, although a man about my own age—perhaps a trifle older—still kept up his youthful reputation among the women, with whom, it was whispered, the grizzled Captain was as successful as the subaltern had been in former days. The old story ran, indeed, that he had once been devoted to Lady Kesteven; but that might have been mere scandal, so far as I was then aware. During that December, at any rate, it was not to her widowed Ladyship, but to her daughter Delia, that Abercrombie was paying homage.

The Captain's suit, which displayed unwonted signs of seriousness, was not altogether uninteresting to myself, for there was a rival in the field—a young officer of the 1st Guards, for whom I entertained a considerable affection, and I confess that in my then ignorance I heartily wished that the tyro would succeed in cutting out the veteran. Everything, however, was against him; not only was his purse slender and his consideration small, but his origin was enveloped in mystery. True, Marlborough was well known to favour the lad, who had in him the makings of an intrepid soldier, and promised to go far in the service; but such remote contingencies were not likely to influence my worldly Lady Kesteven, whose unscrupulous character (or the lack of it) had gained her the sobriquet of "Kitty Stick-at-Nothing."

It was with considerable difficulty, indeed, that I had procured my young friend a card of invitation for the evening in question. Had I known what I know now, I would not have consented to humour him; but the poor boy had few opportunities of meeting his divinity, and the chance of harm seemed remote. There had been a time when I, too, was grateful for such little favours, but of these dead days it does not become a hardened bachelor to write. So I managed the invitation, and whatever Lady Kesteven's feelings on the subject may have been, she, like the well-bred woman she was, concealed them.

But although a woman may conceal her hand, that does not mean that she will refrain from playing it. That Kitty Stick-at-Nothing had played and won became apparent to me when, after my first rubber, my Telemachus came to me sadly out of humour.

"What!" said I; "has Mentor's advice not to dance desperately often with a particular person proved too galling?"

"There was deuced small chance of taking Mentor's advice," he replied, fuming. "We came early enough, in all conscience, but even then Delia couldn't favour me. You guess who has the prior claim in every case, barring a dance or two Delia's had with that nincompoop Fawkes. 'It's vastly disappointing, I know,' says Lady K. to me, when I made my bow, 'but Delia's given away all her dances this half hour.' Zounds! Mr. Bingham!" he continued, "I'm plainly not wanted here."

The young coxcomb was for beating a retreat, but I conjured him to take any course rather than that. "If you're wise, Sir," I said, "you'll dance your shoes out with other girls instead."

"What would Delia say to that?" he returned. "It's not her fault, I'll go bail."

"She'll like you the better for it, for not playing into her ladyship's hands. Show Lady K. that you don't care a broken foil for her tricks. Now off with you, and dance your fill, but be sparing with the wine."

How he fulfilled the former injunction I know not, but the latter, I fear, he entirely neglected; for on his next appearance in the card-room he was flushed and excited to an extent that boded no good.

We had just finished the rubber, and I and my partner, old Mrs. Biddy Gribble, were looking out for a fresh pair of opponents, for the two young people who had taken a hand with us were gone back to the dancers. Cards might not at the moment be the best occupation for my Telemachus, but, at any rate, he would be under my eye, and as the play at our table was very moderate, there was little risk of a fracas. So I invited him to find a partner and sit down with us. For the moment no lady could be found, and we stood looking about us and talking in a desultory fashion.

"Delia has retired with a headache," my friend said in an undertone, answering the surprise that I must have betrayed on seeing Abercrombie enter the room alone. Before I could make any reply, Mrs. Biddy Gribble screamed delightedly, "La, here's

the very man I've been dying to encounter at cards since he beat me—I'd a stupid partner—at Baron Pumphandel's. We have a place vacant—come and give me my revenge, Captain."

"Captain Abercrombie is too much enga——" began my protégé maliciously; but I trod on his toe and checked him. The remark passed unnoticed, for at that moment a diversion occurred, in the announcement of the guest of the evening, the Duke of Marlborough himself. After his Grace had passed through the saloon, where his reception was almost royal, we settled down to our game, to which Abercrombie had readily enough consented, though I confess that on taking his place he flung an ugly glance at his partner.

For a time my young gentleman behaved himself to admiration, playing silently and well. My apprehensions, which had caused me to revoke twice, to Mrs. Biddy's grievous displeasure, were vanishing, when suddenly he said in a constrained tone—

"Have the goodness, Captain Abercrombie, to look more at your own hand and less at that mirror behind Mr. Bingham."

In a moment the Captain's cards were on the table, and he started up with an oath.

"You impudent puppy!" he roared; "and to your own—ahem—to a man twice your age! As for the mirror, as we sit, it's as much to your advantage as to mine—more, in fact, for no doubt you employ it, which I do not!"

There is little use recounting in detail the unseemly squabble which ensued. It went so far that nothing remained except that the principals should meet. When the hubbub had subsided, and the brawlers had been hurried away, I felt a touch on my arm. Facing round, I confronted the Duke of Marlborough.

"Surely, Mr. Bingham," he said with grave concern, "this unfortunate affair can be arranged. There are many reasons why it should not take place; and from selfish motives I am very desirous to prevent it. I can spare neither of these officers. I question also if the more experienced stands the better chance."

"I doubt it, your Grace," I replied; "that boy has a wrist of steel."

The hour was now very late, so his Grace offered me a seat in his coach that we might talk the matter over as we drove homewards. I doubt not that had I only been requested to act as second the meeting could have been prevented by a plan of the Duke's proposing. As it was, I heard nothing from my young fire-eater

MARLBOROUGH, TELESCOPE IN HAND, APPEARED AT ONE OF THE BELFRY WINDOWS.

(who had been kept from applying to me by a set of young bullies, who feared I would spoil the sport) until all was over. Somewhere in St. James's Park, in the late December dawn, my Telemachus had pinked Captain Abercrombie with great address and expedition. That officer lay for months at the point of death. During his illness he was nursed by the ladies Kesteven, and on his recovery he had been married to Delia—so uncertain are the hearts of women. Before the duel I verily

believe her choice was with the younger suitor, but after the occurrence, believing his adversary slain, he had to make himself scarce, and little by little the girl was attracted to the man who had been wounded on her behalf; for all the town knew well enough that the reason of the encounter lay deeper than the affair at the card-table. She was, moreover, the readier to yield seeing that her mother had the wisdom latterly to feign no particular anxiety for the match, which promised to bring her daughter a coronet.

Owing to these circumstances, Abercrombie was long absent from the seat of war, and only on the evening we lay encamped at Erlinghoven had he rejoined his regiment. While I revived these curious memories the Captain still remained closeted with his Grace, and the longer he tarried the greater grew my apprehension. At length, however, he reappeared. As he held the door ajar for a moment on taking leave, I fancied I heard the Duke say: "And, Captain, a little less severity, if you please"—words that I perfectly understood; for although in many respects an excellent officer, Abercrombie erred on the side of harshness with his men, who were said to chafe under his rule.

He left the Duke's apartment, and, to my intense relief, was making to quit ours at once with no further acknowledgment of our presence than a stiff "Good evening," when suddenly Ferguson, who knew nothing of the story which was running in my head, proposed that Abercrombie should take a glass of wine with us. Having no immediate duty, he consented. In my heart I consigned Ferguson's hospitable soul to Tartarus, for I knew that the meeting I dreaded could now scarcely be avoided.

Unconscious of what his words signified to me, Ferguson, after filling our guest's glass, suddenly looked up and exclaimed, "Ah! there 's 'Never-a-Penny' at last!"

"Who?" questioned Abercrombie, curiously.

"Young Parminter, of the First Guards," pursued Ferguson, not noticing how the Captain winced. "He has got himself dubbed 'Never-a-Penny' for various reasons more or less appropriate; one of the least cogent being his very acceptable performance of the camp ditty you hear him singing now."

And sure enough past the window came the sound of a peculiarly melodious if slightly uncertain voice, carolling a doggerel catch, polyglot as our army itself, that had lately become very popular with all ranks, of which the burden was as follows—

> We be soldiers three
> (*Pardonnez moi, Je vous en prie*),
> Lately come from the Low Countrie,
> With never a penny o' monie.

"The young man is tuneful," Abercrombie remarked drily, as the song died away and the click of the latch was heard, "also, if I may suggest, a little tipsy."

Parminter entered decorously enough. He had a wonderful knack of getting suddenly the better of his liquor, otherwise he might not have still enjoyed so much of the Duke's favour; for since the news of Delia's marriage came over to our camp, he had drunk hard, played as high as his slender means allowed—perhaps higher on occasion—and indulged in every reckless dissipation, without, however, being once found unfit for duty, while his dare-devil courage, for which the Duke chiefly valued him, seemed only to have increased.

Never-a-Penny recognised Abercrombie at once, and the two men glared at one another in silence. Then, with a slight inclination, he passed on, for at the moment the Duke called out, "Is that you, Parminter? Be good enough to step this way." He passed into the Duke's apartment, and the Captain, who evidently had no stomach to linger, shortly gave us good-night. Before he went, however, I prevailed upon him to accept a very choice cigar, to which I myself held the light. I had my reasons for so doing.

Thereafter telling Ferguson to call me if the Duke required my presence, I ascended to my bedchamber, purposely neglecting to take a candle. I looked out of window down the dark village street and saw what I wanted. Sure enough, not ten yards away Abercrombie's cigar glowed and faded every other second. The light neither advanced nor receded.

Duty forbade me to quit the house, but the evening was still, so I hoped by opening the window softly, I might hear what should pass when Parminter came out. In a few minutes he came. As he turned away, he began to hum his ditty, which suddenly ceased in a slight exclamation as he almost ran against Abercrombie. I was too far away to hear everything, but the words "to the death," "need not involve any others," and "First Guards escort his Grace to Dapfheim to-morrow morning at dawn—probable chance—men will be fallen out for an hour's rest—you can be there—very good," gave me a fair inkling of what was afoot. The voices ceased. I

closed the window, and went downstairs, sadly at a loss what to do. I could not trouble the Duke with my surmises, which might lead, after all, only to a mare's nest, and, remembering my former unlucky interference in the matter, I resolved to keep my own counsel for the time being. It was now close on midnight. Until one o'clock I wrote to the Duke's dictation; then he dismissed Ferguson and myself to snatch an hour's repose, telling us that at dawn he would start, under escort of the First Guards, for the village of Dapfheim, a short distance beyond the Kessel.

By four o'clock on that Tuesday morning Dapfheim was reached. His Grace gave orders for his escort to fall out for an hour, and seek what refreshment they could in the village, while he himself, accompanied by Prince Eugene, ascended the church steeple, which commanded a splendid prospect of the country towards Blenheim. I remained below in the churchyard, hoping to chance on Parminter, for whom I had a lecture *in petto*. Glancing up, I saw his Grace appear, telescope in hand, at one of the belfry windows. I fancied I saw him start, and

WE STOOD AWAITING THE WRITTEN ORDERS WHICH HIS GRACE WAS ISSUING.

I HAD THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING MARSHAL TALLARD GIVE UP HIS SWORD.

immediately he called down to me, "Major Bingham, a word with you at once!"

I entered the church, and sprang up the stairs. The Duke met me half way, and whispered some directions which I needed no urging to execute speedily. To the right of the churchyard was a little coppice, into which I plunged, and shortly emerged on a little open glade in the centre, screened by thick-set trees from the roadway. There I discovered Abercrombie and Parminter, unattended, in the act of measuring swords, with the grave courtesy of a pair of seconds. They were too much engrossed to notice me, and a moment later the seconds had become principals. They saluted gravely, bringing their weapons ceremoniously to the "parade," then to the "engage."

"It is a pity there is no one to hold our blades!" Parminter was saying; "the start is better so!"

"You are mistaken, gentlemen!" I said, stepping forward and catching their rapiers between finger and thumb, just where they crossed, as is usual in the duello; "but you will wait a long time before I give you the word 'Allez.' You fancied yourselves safe from observation, but look yonder!"

I pointed as I spoke to a break in the higher foliage, through which the belfry window with its occupant was plainly visible. "In the name of your Commander-in-Chief I bid you desist and not imperil discipline at this of all moments, by unseemly brawling. Resume your coats, gentlemen!" I continued, as the combatants glanced about them with somewhat of schoolboy shamefacedness, "and return to your posts; and, by-the-bye, his Grace bids me say that you will hear no more of the affair, which, did it come to light, could not fail to exercise an evil influence on all ranks. Any attempt at renewal, however, and—there will be work for a platoon. How you contrived to come here, Captain Abercrombie, the Duke does not choose to inquire. Since, however, your absence from your regiment will require explanation in another quarter, his Grace desires you to ride forward as far as Schwenningen, and report to him from there what you can learn of the force in occupation of Blenheim; your orders to date as from last night."

Abercrombie bowed, took the rapiers (his property, it seemed), and withdrew. Then taking Never-a-Penny's arm, I brought him in silence as far as the village street, where, charging him to keep his men and himself sober, I left him and returned to the church.

Shortly afterwards the recall was sounded, the escort fell in, and we returned to the camp, the First Guards falling back on their original position near Münster. The remaining part of the Tuesday wore uneventfully away. Yet for me there was one event. Late in the evening came Never-a-Penny, curiously agitated.

"I beg of you to give this back to Captain Abercrombie, Bingham," he said; "I found it on the ground yonder after he had gone." He held out a locket containing an exquisite miniature of Delia. "I meant to keep it, thinking I had more right than he, but, by accident, I pressed a secret spring, and look."

As Parminter spoke, a little golden lid flew open, revealing a tiny oval cavity filled with parchment, on which was engrossed in a delicate feminine hand, "To my dear lord, from his devoted and loyal D." A lock of hair lay beside it.

"Oh, my God!" the poor boy cried, with an odd choke in his voice that broke my heart to hear, "She loves him, Bingham, she loves him!"

It was one of the occasions when few words and commonplace are best.

"Give it me," I replied, "I will find means to restore it. There need be no explanations." So I took the locket, and later in the day returned it to its owner, on his returning to report that the French position at Blenheim was even stronger than we supposed.

We were closely occupied, and I had little time to think of anything but duty, for a general movement towards Blenheim was to take place shortly after midnight. At two o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth nine brigades rolled forward from the Kessel, and Marlborough's memorable action may be said to have commenced, for although actual fighting did not begin until many hours later, the battle was, in effect, gained by the suddenness of the attack, which amounted almost to a surprise.

Once again I had a glimpse of Never-a-Penny. It was at Schwenningen about six o'clock, when we stood together near the door of Marlborough's coach, awaiting the written orders which his Grace was issuing. Methought the boy looked haggard and strangely old, but the morning light is always harsh and uncompromising. Marlborough handed him some papers for his Colonel with an encouraging smile, and with a salute Parminter turned away. As he went he pressed my hand, but said nothing. I had

parted thus with comrades ere then, and I knew what the silence foreboded.

My duties that day did not lie with Cutts' division, to which the actual storming of Blenheim was entrusted, but afterwards I heard the whole story. In the first unsuccessful assault Never-a-Penny was among the foremost, and struck his sword upon the barricades almost at the same time as Rowe. Although he belonged to the Grenadiers, he was a deft horseman, and he it was who, when the assailants' case was almost desperate, enfiladed as they were by a withering cannonade from the left of the village, captured a riderless steed and galloped across ground swept by artillery to summon Lumley's horse, whose timely coming saved that portion of the Allied Forces.

It was of Parminter's conduct during the second assault in the late evening that I liked better to hear, for there, I think, the dear gallant lad showed himself the truer hero. Dissolute he may have been latterly, and weak and misguided in the way he let disappointment master him, but it seems to me that, however Puritans may prate, that was not his real self, but a temporary usurper. It was the real Parminter who, noticing an officer of the Scots Greys, which regiment had advanced dismounted to the assault, cut off from his company and surrounded, fought his way, with a handful of the Guards, towards the spot, and made short work of the opposing Frenchmen.

The officer would have thanked Never-a-Penny, but he turned away, and, shouting above the roar of battle, "No thanks to me; thank her! It was because she loves you!" he leaped upon the next barricade, and fought his way desperately to the other side, with his little following of Grenadiers.

He must have performed this exploit about the time that I had the satisfaction of seeing Marshal Tallard give up his sword to the Prince of Hesse. It was my pleasant duty to convey the news of his capture to the Duke, who at once desired me to place his own coach at the disposal of the French leader. "I trust," said his Grace to me, "we shall not have to butcher these poor fellows shut up in Blenheim," and greatly relieved did he seem when just then news was brought that his brother Churchill and Lord Orkney, taking the village on the west and north, had rendered capitulation inevitable.

I rode eastward of the village, where a dropping fire still continued. Presently I descried Abercrombie, who turned and bowed to his troops, shouting, "You see, gentlemen, the day is our own, after all." Scarcely had he uttered the words when he fell—shot, I am morally convinced, by one of his own men, a fate not uncommon to overbearing officers. Almost immediately thereafter the bugle sounded "Cease firing."

Wildly asking myself what Abercrombie's death might even yet mean for poor Never-a-Penny, I pressed forward in quest of him. A straggler of his corps told me where he had last been seen, and I made for the barricade. Not there, however, but far up the village street, where English dead were few, I found what had been my friend.

Late the same night I had an opportunity of a word with the Duke, whose regret for Parminter was as sincere as my own, nay, it was touched with a deeper emotion, for his Grace had but recently lost his only son.

"It is doubly hard," I said, "when even yet life might have brought him much that he coveted."

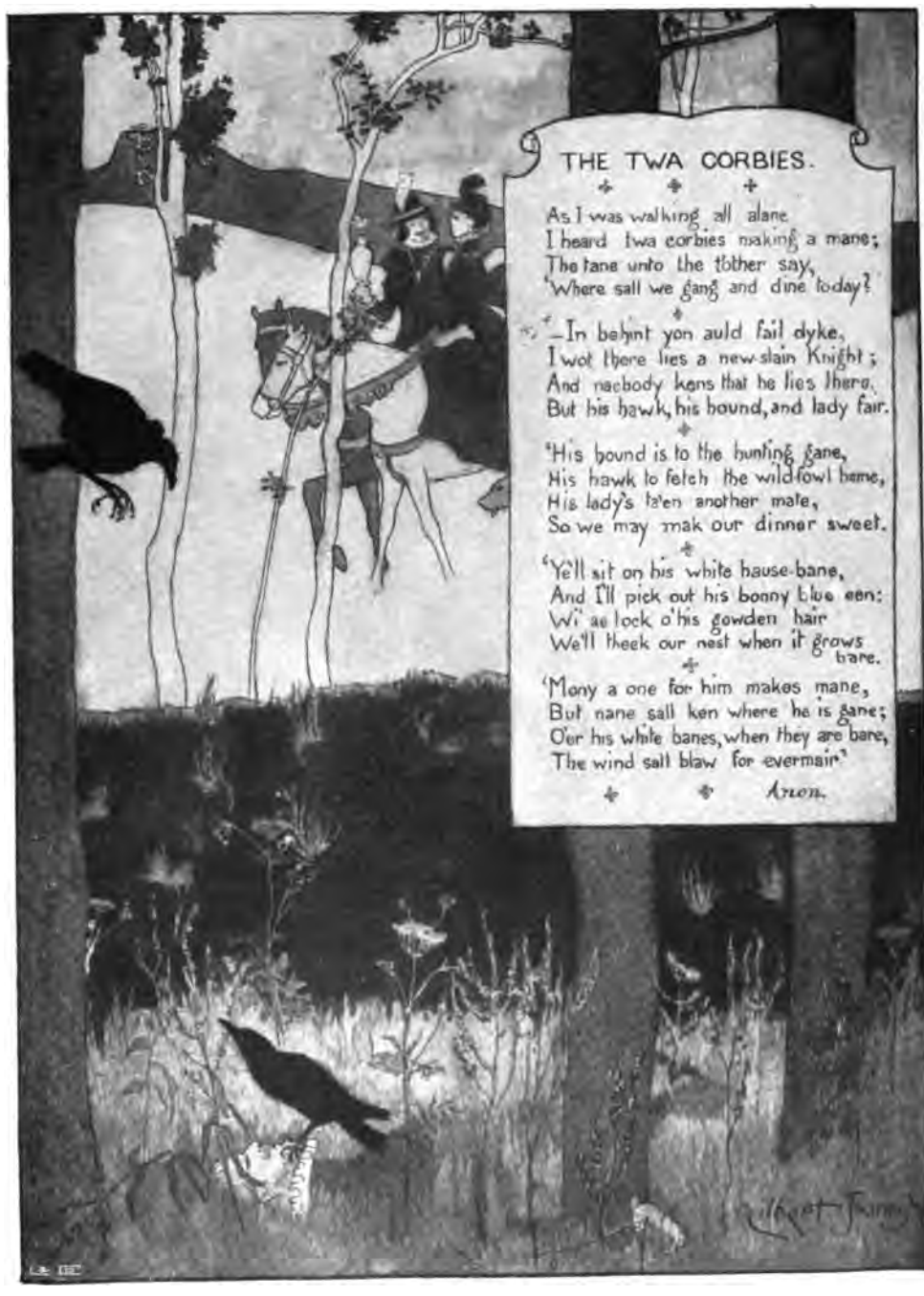
His Grace shook his head. "It is as well," he said sadly. "What you hint at was impossible."

"Why impossible, your Grace? She loved him once; why not again? *Varium et mutabile semper femina.*"

Marlborough pondered for a little.

"As between men of the world, Bingham," he said at length, "I may speak. We know the late Captain's way. Poor Parminter, though he never knew it, was Abercrombie's son!"

The Duke watched my surprise for a moment, and then, bidding me a courteous good-night, he turned once more to his despatches.



THE TWA CORBIES.

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the tōther say,
'Where sall we gang and dine today?'

'—In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain Knight;
And nacbody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's tain another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

Anon.

MISS PEEKSKILL'S SPIROMETER.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

MRS. MORFORD, a beautiful and rich widow of eight-and-twenty, with an oval face, dark eyes, and hair of frosted silver, on returning from her afternoon drive upon the three-hundred-and-sixty-sixth day of her widowhood, found a messenger from Tillett's awaiting her with the pearl necklace which she had sent to be cleaned, for she was about to re-enter the world. She had loved her husband, but it is as well to say that the silver hair began long before the worthy John Morford terminated.

The messenger, a reticent and self-contained person, guardedly unbuttoned his overcoat and produced the gems from some secret shrine within himself, and remarked, while Mrs. Morford wrote the receipt, that she would best keep a sharp eye out, for the "crooks" had got on to the fact that the necklace was out of the Safe Deposit Company's vaults.

"Aren't they lovely!" ejaculated the lady to herself when alone. Then she added, with an intonation of remorseful tenderness, "Poor John!" Grief for her bereavement, however, could no longer obscure the beauty of the necklace. Nature and the world have their way.

She was on the point of going into her chamber to prepare for dinner, when Miss Lesbia Peekskill was announced. She had formerly been one of Mrs. Morford's school-teachers, and was now an apostle of physical culture and hygiene. She was short and uneven of figure and homely of countenance, and carried a small black bag. As she entered, Mrs. Morford closed the morocco case containing the pearls. She was, perhaps, shy of revealing to her friend her abandonment of mourning.

Miss Peekskill hardly waited to exchange greetings before producing from her bag a leather receptacle, from which she drew forth a contrivance of rubber tubes and bulbs, which she proceeded to interpret with fanatical enthusiasm, as was her wont.

"My new spirometer, my dear! My own invention! You have no idea! It has increased the cubic compass of my chest four inches in three weeks! I expect to sell five million of them, at three dollars each, the first year! The patent royalties on fifteen million dollars at ten per cent. will be a million and a half steady income! I shall be treated as a public benefactor—like Morse, Ether, Morton, and General Booth! The lungs are the life; we shall all have chests like pouter pigeons, figures like Phidiases, eyes like stars, cheeks like flower petals, digestions like iron mills—practically immortal health and beauty. Why, look at me!"

"To be sure!" returned Mrs. Morford, veiling the sparkle in her dark eyes with her darker lashes. "May I buy this of you? You will dine with me and we'll talk it over."

"You misunderstand me, my dear! This is the only specimen extant. I have not yet secured the patent. I am on my way to Washington to do so. I thought you might like to advance the three hundred dollars to cover the expense, receiving three shares of stock in return, which will be at least a thousand per cent. premium in six months. You have done me so many kindnesses, my dear, that I felt called on to make this return for them. I have to take my train at 7.30. Do you dine soon? What did I do with my spirometer-case? Oh, here it is! Oh, my! Your pearl necklace! Then you're going into the world again? Poor, dear John!"

"It is a year and a day, you know," said the widow, blushing a little. "Aren't they pretty?"

"They are! Pearls are my favourite of all precious stones. But what are pearls compared with my spirometer, either as regards value or utility? What a nice black lace mantilla that is, my dear! You'll be leaving it off now, I suppose? It reminds me of one I had once."

"You must accept it as a memento of our friendship," said Mrs. Morford, who could take a hint as quickly as anyone.

"And now we'll have dinner. What is it?"

This question was addressed to the servant, who entered with a card on a salver. It bore the name of the Rev. Watson Glenn, and in pencil the following—

"Will Mrs. Morford permit her late husband's old college chum to lay his homage at her feet?"

After a moment's reflection Mrs. Morford recollected having heard her husband mention a former friend of this name, but she had supposed him to be long since dead. Should she receive him? The manner of his request was attractive: she liked chivalry in a man.

"Ask him to come up," she said to the servant, and in a minute he made his appearance.

"MY NEW SPIROMETER, MY DEAR! MY OWN INVENTION!"

He was a middle-aged man, of tall and elegant figure, set off by a plain clerical garb and a long black cloak. His features were regular, his expression grave but observant; his dark, auburn hair was grizzled to the temples. There was a

white scar, as of a swordcut, across the outer corner of his left eye, which gave it a slight eccentricity. His bearing was that of a finished man of the world rather than a conventional clergyman. There was something agreeably foreign about it.

Mr. Glenn was charming at the dinner-table, whither, after the first introductions and compliments, the three betook themselves. He had had an adventurous life as a missionary in various parts of the world. He had just returned from five years in Corea. A large fortune had been bequeathed to him from a man whom he had saved from a sad end in early life, who afterwards became wealthy. His purpose had been to search out his old chum, John Morford, and pass his remaining years near him, engaged in works of charity. The shock of finding him no more had been severe. Though he had never met Mrs. Morford she would understand why he had wished to see her. "The woman whom my dearest friend loved cannot but be an object of peculiar interest to myself. But you understand—you are in all senses a woman who understands," he added, with a look that made the lady's oval cheeks feel delicately warm.

They had a good time. Miss Peekskill spoke with noble rage of her spirometer: Mr. Glenn promised to take a hundred shares as soon as the stock was issued. The conversation drifted to precious stones. He described the marvellous pearls of Corea, and produced four fine black ones from his pocket, which he had seen the native divers bring up from the depths of the Indian Ocean. Mrs. Morford held them in the soft palm of her white hand, and caressed them with her eyes, her head on one side. "They remind me of the pendants of my necklace," she said.

"You have a pearl necklace?" he asked. "Are the pearls Corean?"

They sent the servant to bring the case. He examined the necklace with the air of a connoisseur. "Yes, they are mostly Corean," he said at last. "Will you grant me a great favour?" he added, bending towards her. She bowed her head graciously, but inquiringly.

"Permit me to present you these four pearls of mine. They would be with their sisters. I brought them from the Orient with the purpose of presenting them to my friend's wife: will not his widow accept them? For me, of course, they can have no value, save as they may give pleasure to you."

Mrs. Morford took a breath; she hardly knew what to say. She glanced at Miss Peekskill, sighed, and slowly shook her head with a gentle smile. "I shall hope to see you here often," she said, giving him back the pearls.

"When you know me better, perhaps you will indulge me more," was his reply. He had the fine taste not to press his offer.

The little party returned to the drawing-room; Mrs. Morford replaced the necklace-case on the table, and Miss Peekskill returned to its box the famous spirometer, upon the virtues of which she had expatiated at length. The elderly maiden, in spite of the value she placed on her invention, really liked pearls as much as anyone, and was also partial to clergymen. She could not help reflecting that the necklace would become her well; she would even have been willing to hang Mr. Glenn's four black beauties as earrings in her ears; and would not, perhaps, have obstinately resisted accepting the reverend gentleman himself into the bargain. But he did not suspect her sentiments; at any rate he did not respond to them. That is the way in this world.

Seven o'clock struck, and Mr. Glenn, in the midst of an absorbing conversation, remembered with a start that he had a train to take at 7.15. He caught up in haste the cloak which he had flung on the table when going in to dinner, hurriedly shook hands with the two ladies—with Mrs. Morford last and longest—and was gone, leaving a favourable impression behind him. "That scar gives him a queer expression, though, don't you think?" observed Miss Peekskill after a pause, feeling that a critical attitude would become her.

Mrs. Morford roused herself from a little fit of preoccupation. She smiled absently, and said, "By the way, I haven't written you that cheque. What is it to be, four or five?"

"Three, my dear. You will get your stock in a month or two. So your pearls and his came from the same place! Well, all I will say is, don't be carried away. Poor dear John! Well, I must be going, too—my train is 7.30, you know." She was pinning on her bonnet.

"Don't forget the mantilla," said her friend, folding it up as she spoke, and placing it in the black bag. "It goes in nicely."

"Thanks, my dear, you are really very kind. But, dear me! there is no room for my spirometer-case. Never mind, I'll carry it in my hand. Good-bye! I'll write you when I reach Washington. And be careful, remember! Good-bye!"

When the beautiful widow found herself once more alone, she sank into a chair, and remained for fifteen minutes in a reverie. What was she thinking about? About poor John, perhaps.

At length she rose, moved thoughtfully to the table, and put forth her hand to take up the necklace-case from the place where she had laid it when they came in from dinner. The action was half completed before she noticed that the case was no longer there.

PART II.

She looked here and there, at first merely perplexed, then with anxiety, rising to consternation. The case was nowhere in the room; neither was it in the dining-room. She rang for the servant, thinking she might have removed it to her room; but the man, who had been with her since she and the late Mr. Morford first went to housekeeping, had seen nothing of it. No other servant had been upstairs since dinner. What could have become of it?

"If I might make a remark, Mum," said Thomas deferentially. As she signified her assent, he continued, "That elderly lady, Mum, as went out just now: she was carrying a case in her hand, Mum, and I says to myself, says I, that looks uncommon like the Missis's pearl-case, says I. But in course I spoke nothing, as not bein' my place, Mum."

"That might be it—I mean she may have taken it by mistake for the case that had her spirometer in it," exclaimed Mrs. Morford, for the moment revived. "But then she must have left the spirometer-case behind; I remember they looked a good deal alike."

"Yes, Mum. Then it would seem the—the other case ought to be here, Mum."

"Yes, of course, it must be here!" But alas! her friend of twelve years' standing, the subject of so many benevolences, had been tempted and had fallen! She had seized the opportunity, probably while Mrs. Morford was writing the cheque, to slip it into her black reticule. What treachery! What cold-blooded ingratitude! Mrs. Morford had loved her friend, and would rather have cast the pearls back into the Indian Ocean than have her faith thus terribly destroyed.

She threw herself down on the sofa, buried her face in her hands and cried.

Meanwhile, the aged Thomas respectfully withdrew, and with great presence of mind and sagacity sent out a call to the nearest police station.

Miss Peekskill had not gone far on her way to the suburban station when she met two men, who looked at her somewhat narrowly as she passed, carrying the bag in one hand and the reticule in the other. After exchanging a few words in a low tone they turned in their tracks and followed her. It was already growing dark.

The road turned to the left, passed some unfinished and empty buildings, and took another turn to the right. When abreast of the buildings, Miss Peekskill felt herself suddenly seized from behind, her arms pinioned, and a bunch of some woolly and ill-smelling material stuffed instantly into her mouth. A piece of cloth was wrapped round her head, and she was dragged speechless and sightless, but valiantly resisting, into the basement of one of the buildings, and there thrown upon the ground and hurriedly made fast to a loose beam. The reticule she had dropped at the first attack, but the leather pearl-case, to which she had clung desperately to the last, was now wrenched away from her. A rough voice bade her make no attempt to escape, under penalty of annihilation in a form too unpleasant to bear repetition, and then there was the sound of retreating steps, followed by silence.

She lay there a good while, bruised and half-stunned by the ill-treatment and fright she had sustained, and a prey to the most gloomy reflections. Breathing was also difficult, and there was the chance that someone was on the watch near by, prepared to make a bloody end of her should she venture to stir. At length, however, further endurance became impossible, and she slowly, and with pain and difficulty, contrived to extricate one arm from the cord which cramped it behind her back. She next removed the hoodwink and gag, and would have been altogether free in a few minutes more, when, to her unutterable terror, there was a noise of approaching steps and voices, and the light of a lantern-ray gleaming through the dark. The murderers were come! She dragged herself to a sitting position, her hair hanging in witch-like disorder, her eyes staring horribly, and let out a shriek that might have split the tympanum of a bronze bust.

Now the bearers of the lanterns were not murderers, nor even footpads, but a couple of policemen following the trail of the pearl thief. They had stumbled upon the black reticule in the road, and, by good luck, had thought to explore the building. But the last thing they expected to find

there was Miss Lesbia Peekskill, especially in so strange a plight.

"Why, this is the very party that done the job!" observed one to the other.

"And looks like she's been done herself," the other returned. "Say," he continued, "your name's Peekskill, ain't it?"

When the maiden had recovered her senses sufficiently to recognise that her interlocutor wore the familiar uniform of the force she burst into tears and acknowledged her identity. Thereupon the first speaker informed her that he had a warrant to arrest her for robbery, and cautioned her that anything she might say would be taken down and used against her at her trial.

At this Miss Peekskill in an instant fully recovered her self-possession, with a wonderful supply of outraged dignity thrown in. She scrambled to her feet and shook her fist in the faces of her accusers, launching forth at them a volume of shrill denials and upbraiding which fairly abashed and overwhelmed them. The gist of her oration was as follows—

She utterly repudiated, scorned, and hurled back the charge. So far from being a thief, she was herself the victim of brutal robbery and violence, and the innocent object of scandalous suspicion. She had never stolen so much as a lump of sugar since she was born. She had invented a hygiene instrument of more value than all the pearls in or out of the ocean; and the thieves were now doubtless on their way to Washington to defraud her of her patent. Did Mrs. Morford make this charge? Let them be set face to face, and she would soon show them where was the right of the matter! Meanwhile she called upon the officers, at their peril, instantly to pursue and capture the depredators, and restore her her property. Fifteen millions were at stake; and if it were lost, she would take care that all concerned would regret it."

"Well, Ma'am," said the first officer, as soon as he could pull himself together, "what you state may be all right, but the thing is just here—them pearls is gone. They ain't been seen since you left. They

HE EXAMINED THE NECKLACE WITH THE AIR OF A CONNOISSEUR.

was there just before you left. What's more, the butler, he seen you carryin' of 'em off. If you took 'em by mistake for your high-gin instrument, why wasn't that left behind in the place of it? But you swiped 'em both, and that's what give you away. That is to say, that's the charge, and it's for you to disprove it, if you can. Your yarn about being robbed is a good card, but you'll have to show it wasn't the pearls you was robbed of. One thief may steal another's boodle, d' you see, but that don't get the first one out of the jug. If you can get bail, so much the better, but between whiles, I guess you'd best come along of us."

Had Miss Peekskill been a man, the chances are she would have spent the night in duress. Certainly few men would have thought of asking the person who caused their arrest to go on their bail bond. But this is precisely what Miss Peekskill did; and Mrs. Morford, being also not a man, but a woman, and a power in the neighbourhood as well, caused a magistrate to be routed out, who fixed the amount, and by eleven o'clock that night the two ladies were locked in each other's arms in the very drawing-room which had been the scene of the robbery. They were crying, and comforting, and forgiving each other, and yet affairs, from the legal point of view, were precisely *in statu quo;* neither of them in the least could explain how Miss Peekskill had contrived to take the pearls by mistake for her spirometer, and yet to take the spirometer too; and, until the problem was solved, Miss Peekskill was in danger of States Prison, unless she jumped her bail, which Mrs. Morford entreated her to do, but which the maiden herself utterly declined to consider the possibility of.

So the night passed, and the morning came.

With the morning arrived the Police Captain of the district, and requested an interview with Mrs. Morford. The beautiful woman, pale from the agitation of the night, met him, robed in a delicate satin-lined negligée, in the eastern boudoir, with the morning sunshine falling aslant through the turquoise-blue window-shades.

"We've got the parties that waylaid Miss Peekskill, Madam," the Captain said, "and the necklace with 'em. They tell a queer story; it may be straight, and it may not. They say they got wind of the necklace being out of the Safe Deposit, and there was three of 'em in the job. But one of them, an old-timer whom we know as Scar-eyed Jack, gave these two the slip, and they'd figured out that he'd fixed up some disguise—he has a lot of 'em, and is especially good in clergymen"—Mrs. Morford gave a start—"and was going to have a try for the pearls all by himself. They had a description of how the case looked, and came on here after by the first train. They saw nothing of him, but what they did see was this Miss Peekskill with the identical case in her hand, going for the railway dépôt hot-foot. Of course, they watched their chance and pinned her. If they could have got to town, they might have been safe, but we were too quick for 'em, and nabbed them as they came off the train. Whether there's anything in their yarn about the third party, of course we can't tell. Was there anyone called here yesterday afternoon besides the lady?"

"Only an old college chum of my late husband—a Mr. Glenn, a clergyman, who has lived all his life a missionary in India and China and Corea."

"All his life? Then you weren't personally acquainted with him before perhaps? I thought not. A good-looking man, was he, dark red hair, a bit grey, scar across the outer corner of his left eye, talkish, good manners, got a nice way with women? Is that about it?"

"Ye—es, I don't know but it is," said Mrs. Morford faintly.

"Yes, I expected so. Scar-eyed Jack, sure enough. But what gets me is that he should have gone off without the pearls—or—hold on!—maybe he——"

At this juncture Thomas entered with a letter and a package, both marked "Immediate." Mrs. Morford, who was now much agitated, bowed for permission to the Captain and opened the letter.

"Dear Mrs. Morford,—I have to offer an apology and an explanation. I am not the person I purported to be yesterday. Then I was full of hope and confidence, now I am depressed and humiliated; then I was worshipping at the shrine of your beauty and your pearls, now I am kicking myself for my folly and fatuity. Then I was a missionary from the romantic Orient, now I am a vagabond in the prosaic Occident; then I was the Rev. Watson Glenn (I found the name in an old college catalogue of your late husband's year), now I am—never mind who, but in any case I am left!

"You refused my pearls: dear Madam, they were not worthy of your acceptance; you can buy a score of such for a dollar or two. On the other hand, I coveted

yours, and was firmly convinced that I took them up with my cloak from the table when I was in such a hurry to catch my train, and carried them away. But man proposes, woman upsets his calculations. When I reached a safe place I opened my case of pearls to refresh my soul with their radiance, and found them transformed into Miss Peekskill's spirometer. At first I was annoyed, and inclined to throw the thing away; then—being after all a gentleman—I reflected that the spirometer had seemed to be very near her heart, and that it might make her happy to have it back. Besides, it did not belong to me, for I never intended (I assure you and her) to steal it!

"As I do not know her address, I venture to send the spirometer to your care, with this note. I wish, Madam, that Nature had made for me such a woman as you. Had that been the case, I should not have been, as I am now, an adorer whom you will never again behold, and

"THE FIRST VICTIM OF
MISS PEEKSKILL'S SPIROMETER."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Morford. "And here is the spirometer, sure enough. Poor Mr. Glenn—I mean—will you ask Miss Peekskill to come here?"

"I believe I need not detain you any longer," said the Captain, bowing, and trimming his moustache to veil a smile. "I will attend to that bail bond for you, and meanwhile I think we may be satisfied to take things as they are!"

A MYSTERY OF THE BALKANS.

BY PERCY ANDREÆ.

I THINK I may safely assert that there are not more than a dozen people living who are aware of the prominent part taken by Sir John Templeton in thwarting one of the boldest strokes of modern Russian diplomacy in Eastern Europe, and thereby averting one of the most serious political complications that have threatened Europe within the lifetime of the present generation.

Events in our fast-living age follow upon one another so rapidly that they are, as a rule, soon forgotten. As for Eastern Europe, with its never-ending complications, its dynastic changes, its cabals and intrigues, who can be expected to keep count of all the stirring events of which it has been the scene? We hear to-day of a spirited young potentate, the idol of a nation which he has led to victory and glory, being kidnapped in the very heart of his own capital by a mere handful of political desperadoes, who drag him from his bed at dead of night and convey him, under the very nose, as it were, of his gallant army, beyond the confines of his own dominions, all at the secret behest of a foreign despotic Power to whom he happens to have become personally obnoxious. We marvel at the incident, and, marvelling, soon forget it for some other equally strange and startling event. To our Western minds it sounds like some romantic fable of the Middle Ages, and though we know it to be true, the truth seems somehow to be too far off to be realised to the full, and so it is passed over, and soon done with.

I have no doubt that the history of the once contemplated famous treaty between Russia and Balkania and the incidents that accompanied it have by this time shared the same fate as so many other similar events of East European fame, and been relegated to the old lumber-room of the public memory. Yet the scare created throughout the political world when the first news of this Russian *coup* burst upon it was of as intense a kind as any I have witnessed during my career, and should scarcely require recalling even to the most ordinary of readers. While, on the one hand, the news meant practically that Balkania, whose neutrality on certain

questions affecting English and Russian interests in the East was the surest guarantee of peace between those two countries, would henceforth cease to be an independent State, it also opened up the whole Eastern question in a manner calculated to strain the relations between the other Great Powers of Europe.

There was, moreover, a mystery attaching to this singular event which enhanced the general excitement it caused, and which, until this day, has never been publicly cleared up.

The King of Balkania, as well as his brother and heir-presumptive, had always been noted for his strong anti-Russian policy. Indeed, to forestall the possibility of actual coercive measures on Russia's part, his Majesty himself had opened up negotiations with the other Great Powers, the aim of which was the conclusion of a convention that would once for all preclude Balkania from entering into any binding contract with a foreign Power under whatsoever pretext, save with their sanction and consent first obtained.

But for the fact that while these negotiations were pending his Majesty unfortunately fell ill of typhoid fever, there can be little doubt that they would have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Balkanian Prime Minister, Count Sastrowitch, whose leaning towards Russia was notorious, and who was moreover known to have exerted all his great influence over the King in order to induce him to listen favourably to the Russian proposals.

What had caused his Majesty's sudden change of front was a complete riddle. But he had barely recovered from his illness, during which his brother, Prince Gregor Alexander, had been appointed Regent, when, to everybody's consternation, he refused absolutely to ratify the convention with the Great Powers. He had reconsidered the matter, he declared, and would abide by his Prime Minister's policy and accede to the proposals of Russia.

All the representations made by the Prince Regent and the strong protests of the British Plenipotentiary were unavailing. The King turned a deaf ear to the latter, and treated his brother, with whom he had hitherto lived on terms of the deepest affection, with such coldness and evident distrust that his Royal Highness had been constrained to absent himself from Court altogether.

It was at this critical juncture that Prince Gregor Alexander, whose faith in Sir John Templeton's judgment, like that of everyone who knew him, was very great, took the desperate course of summoning the old diplomatist from Vienna.

"We are at our wits' end," he wrote to him, "and I know no one better qualified to help us than you. There are powers at work here which baffle us one and all, and this devil Sastrowitch is at the bottom of the business. I have always known him to be an unscrupulous schemer, but in this instance his position seems unassailable, for he undoubtedly possesses the King's full support, though I am convinced that the ascendency he has gained over my brother's mind has not been obtained by natural or legitimate means. If you give us your assistance you will, as you know, be doing a service to your own country, whose interests are ours, and you may count upon my sincere gratitude."

The result of this letter, which was accompanied by a few lines from Sir Richard Anson, the British Plenipotentiary, cordially endorsing the Prince's words, and inviting Sir John to take up his quarters at the Embassy during his visit, was the arrival of the old diplomatist three days later at Metropolis, the Balkanian capital.

Gregor Alexander, the heir-presumptive to the throne of Balkania, was, as he still is to this day, one of the handsomest princes in Europe. Like his brother, the reigning King, he stood over six feet high, was well proportioned in figure, martial in appearance, and possessed that striking type of superb dignity which one meets with so frequently among men of rank and power in Eastern Europe. His bearing was, perhaps, somewhat haughty and imperious, but it was counteracted by an expression of kindliness in the eyes which lent his otherwise rather stern countenance an undoubted charm.

In character, too, the two brothers were not unlike. As Sir Richard Anson explained to Sir John Templeton, as they drove in his Excellency's carriage towards the palace of the Prince Regent, shortly after Sir John's arrival at the Embassy, they were brought up and educated together upon the same plan and system; and since the younger of the two had always entertained an immense respect and admiration for the elder, the spirit of mimicry had completed a resemblance the seeds of which had been sown by nature and cultivated by education.

"Unfortunately," said Sir Richard, "Prince Gregor Alexander, though gifted with an intellect of a stamp superior to that of his brother, is on the other hand

no less lacking than he in those qualities of firmness and decision to the absence of which in his Majesty the rise to power and influence of such a man as this Sastrowitch is due. It is important that you should bear this in mind, Sir John. The conditions of political life in the East are totally different from the conditions prevailing in our Western world. Here, intrigue flourishes as an art, and governs all things, social as well as political, and a greater adept in the art than this fellow Sastrowitch it would be difficult to conceive."

Had Sir Richard Anson been observant, he might have noticed a smile of amusement pass over the wrinkled countenance of the old diplomatist while he listened to this well-meant advice. But Sir John made no reply. He merely bowed with great gravity, and a few minutes later the carriage drove through the grand archway of the Prince Regent's palace and drew up in front of the entrance. The sentinels on duty presented arms as the Plenipotentiary, followed by Sir John Templeton, alighted and passed into the building. Ten minutes afterwards they were closeted in conference with his Royal Highness Prince Gregor Alexander.

They found the Prince with an official-looking document in his hand, in a state of great perturbation.

"I fear you have arrived just in time to assist at my obsequies," he said, handing the document to Sir John, after briefly acknowledging the prompt response he had given to his invitation. "This destroys our last hope."

Sir John glanced at the document and then at the Prince.

"Your Royal Highness deprived of the command of the army?" he said. "When was this Cabinet Order issued?"

"At midnight yesterday," the Prince answered. "You will observe that General Rostroff, the most servile supporter of Russia in the whole army, has been appointed my successor. I am disgraced. Ah! his Majesty would never of his own free will have put such an affront upon his brother. He is possessed by the evil influence of that demon Sastrowitch. And he refuses even to see or hear me."

"Do I understand," Sir John asked, "that your Royal Highness has actually been refused access to his Majesty?"

"It is not an hour," the Prince rejoined, "since I returned from the palace, where I was informed that his Majesty felt too indisposed to receive me."

"Yet the King was well enough yesterday to give his usual public audience," Sir John remarked.

"True," said the Prince. "And I have reason to know that Sastrowitch and the Russian Ambassador were with the King at the very moment that I, his brother, was refused admittance to the royal audience chamber. Your journey, I fear, has been useless, Sir John. I see no means now of introducing you into his Majesty's presence; and without an interview——"

"Let that not distress you, Sir," said Sir John. "I no longer require your Highness's good offices in introducing me to his Majesty."

"You no longer require them?" the Prince said. "But how——"

"I have already seen the King," Sir John replied quietly.

Sir Richard Anson looked up in surprise.

"You have seen the King?" he said. "I do not understand you. It is but two hours since you arrived in Metropolis."

"It is two hours since I arrived in Metropolis for the second time, Sir Richard, yes," the wily old diplomatist answered, his keen grey eyes twinkling with pleasure at the evident perplexity of his host, whose recent instructive little lecture on the art of intrigue he had evidently not forgotten. "I apprehended that you would do me the honour of receiving me in person at the station, and having reason to know that his Highness's gracious invitation had passed through other hands before it reached mine, I deemed it expedient to arrive here four-and-twenty hours earlier than announced. In the interval I have been enabled, among other things, both to see and speak with his Majesty."

Sir Richard Anson looked somewhat abashed.

"Then you were present at yesterday's public audience?" asked the Prince.

"I was present, and had the honour, among many others, of presenting a petition to his Majesty," replied Sir John. "I have no doubt, however, that I was recognised by those who had been forewarned of my coming. Indeed, this document is the surest proof. Fortunately, the recognition came too late, for my purpose was already accomplished."

"Well?" exclaimed the Prince eagerly. "And what do you say? Am I right? You have seen the King, and can judge of his condition. Do you believe he is himself free to act at will—at his own unfettered will?"

"Sir," replied Sir John gravely, "I

have seen and heard enough, since I have been in Balkania, to convince me that the life of his Majesty the King is in imminent danger, and that nothing but the promptest action can avert the catastrophe that threatens him."

"The King's life threatened?" the Prince murmured. "But by whom? By Sastrowitch? Nay, my friend," he went on with a smile, "for once your wisdom has deserted you. My brother's death, which Heaven avert, would place me on the throne of Balkania. I have always been Sastrowitch's declared enemy. The King, alas! who once shared my distrust of him, has become his willing tool. Ask yourself if the exchange would answer his villainous purpose."

"Notwithstanding," Sir John said, "my judgment is indeed much at fault if the life of the King of Balkania is not in danger, and from this very Sastrowitch, who appears to govern his will. May I beg your Highness to believe that I have fully informed myself of the position of affairs, and am sure of what I am saying?"

"But the result?" the Prince asked, still incredulous. "What course do you propose to adopt?"

"With your Highness's permission we will discuss that question later. For the present I gather that your Highness has, at least, no doubt whatever of the dishonest designs of the Prime Minister?"

"Not a shadow," said the Prince emphatically.

"And it has, no doubt, occurred to your Highness that he may be in the paid service of Russia?"

"It has."

"And assuming that proofs of this fact can be adduced, which I conceive to be a very simple matter, is it your Highness's opinion that such proofs would alter his Majesty's views as to the prudence of the policy he has so unaccountably embraced?"

"Can anyone doubt it? But how will you obtain such proofs as you speak of?"

"By the same means by which Count Sastrowitch obtained his knowledge of my presence in the Balkanian capital," Sir John answered. "The difficulty, I think, however, will lie not so much in obtaining proofs of the Prime Minister's duplicity as in bringing them to the knowledge of his Majesty the King. And here I think it well to warn your Highness that some strong and decisive action may become imperative."

"Give me the proofs," the Prince exclaimed resolutely, "and, if need be, I will force my way into his Majesty's presence sword in hand, be the consequences what they may."

"I will take the liberty of reminding your Highness of this promise when the occasion arises, as it doubtless will," Sir John said. "For the present all I would ask is that two expert telegraph clerks, whose loyalty and trustworthiness are beyond doubt, be placed at my disposal, with instructions to carry out such orders as I shall give them, blindly and without question. May I rely upon the services of two such men?"

"The Director of Posts and Telegraphs is one of my staunchest friends," the Prince said. "You shall have what you require. But tell me, when do you expect to be in possession of these proofs? Time is precious. The King may be induced at any moment to give his signature to the Russian treaty, and once signed no power can revoke it."

"It will be your Highness's fault," Sir John said, "if the King signs the treaty before he has seen proofs of his Minister's treachery. That his Majesty will not sign it after he has seen them, for this I think I can vouch."

"Ah, indeed, will he consent to see them?" the Prince murmured reflectively.

"It will rest entirely with your Highness whether he does so or not."

"Well, be it so," the Prince said. "I have exhausted all other means of averting this threatening calamity. Let this means then be tried. I leave myself in your hands, Sir John."

* * * *

It was two days after this conversation, when Sir Richard Anson, the British Plenipotentiary, received the following note from the Prince Regent—

"We are too late. At six o'clock this evening the King will receive the Russian Ambassador in secret audience, and sign the articles of the treaty. Inform Sir John.—GREGOR ALEXANDER."

On reading this communication, Sir Richard Anson sprang from his chair, rang his bell, and ordered his secretary to inform Sir John Templeton that he desired to speak with him on a matter of the utmost urgency. Two minutes later Sir John entered the study.

"I fear this is a checkmate," his Excellency said, placing the Prince's note in Sir John's hands. "What is to be done?"

The old diplomat glanced through the note, and retained it in his hands.

"The Prince, I see, has faithful servitors," he said. "I am in possession of similar news, and from a more authentic source."

"Indeed?" said Sir Richard, a little nettled at the old gentleman's coolness. "Perhaps Count Sastrowitch himself has been good enough to communicate his intentions to you."

"Exactly," Sir John replied, with a smile of perfect good humour. "Your Excellency, I perceive, has the inborn gift of penetration, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the true diplomat."

Sir Richard stared at him in astonishment.

"I have, however, further and more serious news for his Highness the Prince," Sir John continued. "Immediately after the conclusion of the audience of his Excellency the Russian Ambassador, a Cabinet Order for the arrest of his Highness the Prince Regent will be signed and delivered for instant execution into the hands of General Rostroff, the new Commander-in-Chief of the army."

"The devil!" said Sir Richard. "But you are joking, surely. I shall next hear that this piece of news has been conveyed to you by the Russian Ambassador."

There was a flash of merriment in Sir John's eyes.

"Your Excellency is right again," he answered, with perfect imperturbability. "It has."

"Good Heavens, Sir John!" the Ambassador cried, starting up. "What do you mean? Explain yourself."

But before his companion could answer the door was thrown open and the Prince Regent himself was announced.

His Highness entered with the air of a man who has given himself up to despair. As his eyes fell upon Sir John their expression brightened for an instant. But it was only momentary.

"You have heard the news?" he asked.

Sir John signified a silent assent.

"And there is nothing to be done—nothing!" the Prince exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair with a gesture of desperation. "This accursed treaty will become a reality, and Balkania's freedom is gone."

"On the contrary, there is everything to be done, Sir," Sir John said, "or Balkania will lose not only its liberty, but its King."

"Its King?" the Prince cried, springing up with an air of impatience. "Do you still adhere to this strange notion that the King's life is in peril? On my soul, I wish I felt as sure of my own safety as I feel sure of his Majesty's."

"True," Sir John said. "When your Highness's arrest has been accomplished, it may be too late to avert its probable consequences. It is but one step from the prison to the scaffold."

"My arrest?" the Prince stammered, falling back in dismay. "Do you mean——"

"If your Highness will glance through these papers," Sir John broke in, placing a small bundle of documents on the table beside the Prince, "it will save much useless explanation and loss of valuable time, They are copies of the telegraphic cipher despatches that have been exchanged between the Russian Government and the Balkanian Prime Minister since I had the honour of an interview with your Highness two days ago. Their contents, I take it, incriminate Count Sastrowitch sufficiently to justify——"

"Great powers!" the Prince cried, turning pale as death as he alighted upon the message referring to his intended arrest. "How have you obtained these copies?"

"By a very simple device, Sir," Sir John replied, "which is no doubt frequently employed by Count Sastrowitch himself, and is known to electricians as tapping the telegraph wires. In short, these last two days I have received all messages that have passed between Russia and Balkania by means of a recorder interpolated at a convenient spot for that purpose. These despatches, as your Highness will observe, prove conclusively that Sastrowitch is in complicity with Russia, and that he possesses guarantees of liberal payment for the services he has treacherously agreed to render the Russian Government. What more, then, can be needed to open the King's eyes and rouse him to action?"

The Prince paced the room in great agitation.

"But whom," he said at last, "can I trust to place these documents in his Majesty's hands?"

"Whom?" Sir John said in surprise. "Assuredly no one but yourself, Sir. Your Highness must present yourself at the palace this evening, and demand admittance to the King, when he confers with his Minister and the Russian Plenipotentiary."

"But is it likely that his Majesty will consent to receive me?"

"On the contrary, your Highness will doubtless be refused admittance."

"Well?"

"It will therefore be imperative that your Highness should proceed to the palace accompanied by a sufficient retinue to obtain access to the conference, if need be, by force," Sir John said calmly. "I would counsel you, Sir, to select for this purpose men of such rank and dignity as will render them unimpeachable witnesses of that which may pass during the interview."

"And what," the Prince said somewhat coldly, "supposing I could entertain such a daring plan, would be gained by it?"

"First and foremost, the liberty, if not the life, of his Majesty the King of Balkania," Sir John replied, fixing his grey eyes steadily upon the Prince. "Secondly, the seizure of that arch villain the Prime Minister, Count Sastrowitch. Thirdly, and lastly, if your Highness so wills, the saving of your native country from a calamity greater than even you at this moment dream of."

The Prince, impressed in spite of himself by the solemnity of the old diplomatist's manner, walked to the window in evident agitation.

"You tempt me sorely," he said, in a voice trembling with excitement. "But all this means violence to the King's person. It may cost me my head."

"And me mine," replied Sir John quietly. "Yet I am prepared to risk it."

"If you could satisfy me that his Majesty's life is really in danger," the Prince began, wavering. "But I see no evidence——"

"I will prove it."

"When?"

"When I stand with your Highness face to face with this man Sastrowitch."

"To the King's satisfaction?"

"To the King's satisfaction."

Once more the Prince paced the room, battling with himself. At last he stopped short and said—

"It will be staking my all upon your solitary word of assurance. What if your anticipations should prove mistaken? The King is obstinate, and he is in ill-health. This show of violence alone will arouse his resentment."

"Sir," said Sir John, "should his Majesty the King command me to withdraw from his presence, were it to meet my instant death, I will obey without demur. I repeat, I ask that nothing shall be done, except at the order of the Sovereign of Balkania himself."

The Prince, who had again approached the window, was about to answer, when the noise of dashing carriage wheels and a few faint shouts sounded outside in the street, and at the same moment Sir Richard Anson seized his Highness by the arm and drew him hastily away from the window.

"The King!" he exclaimed. His Majesty is taking his afternoon drive with his body physician, Dr. Lobelieff. It is better, Sir, that you should not be seen at this moment in conference with the British Plenipotentiary. I trust that your Highness's carriage at the door of the Embassy will have escaped notice."

"Fortunately, I came here on foot and unattended," the Prince said, changing colour slightly, as the sounds without were lost in the distance, and he realised what had occurred. "Ah, my friend," he exclaimed, turning to Sir John, as if the incident had revived all his former doubts and fears, "if I could only share your happy confidence that his Majesty will really assert himself towards this villain Sastrowitch! You do not know this man, nor his power over my brother!"

"It is true, I do not," Sir John replied gravely. "But I know the King, and can assure your Highness once more that he will assert his royal authority as soon as he becomes conscious that it is his to wield."

"Well, be it risked, then," the Prince said with a sigh. "Indeed, I fear I have no other course. Yet, save for the knowledge of what you have already accomplished, I would sooner cut off my right hand than do what I have undertaken to do."

* * * *

It had barely struck the quarter after six o'clock when the Prince Regent, accompanied by Sir Richard Anson, and followed in another carriage by the Master of his Household, a scion of one of the oldest Balkanian families, and two other nobles of high military rank, drove up to the grand entrance of the King's palace.

On alighting the party were joined by Sir John Templeton, who had timed his arrival at the palace gates to the minute, and quickly passing into the great hall, proceeded unquestioned through the lines of obsequious lacqueys to the King's private audience-chamber on the ground floor.

Here, however, they were met as they entered the ante-room by the officer on duty, who informed the Prince with a military salute that his Majesty was engaged on important affairs of State, and had given orders that he was not to be disturbed.

"The King's orders, my friend," the Prince said haughtily, "were obviously not intended to apply to his own brother. You will therefore be good enough to inform his Majesty that I am here, and request an immediate hearing on a matter of the utmost urgency concerning the very affairs of State on which I understand his Majesty is now occupied."

"But, your Royal Highness," the officer stammered, cowed by the Prince's stern and resolute manner, and glancing with a furtive air of alarm at his companions, "his Majesty's commands are imperative. I dare not contravene them."

"Do you dare to bandy words with me, Sir?" the Prince exclaimed. "Announce me, or——"

He took a step towards the door leading to the audience chamber. But the officer, a sturdy soldier, who had now recovered from his first surprise and consternation, interposed himself determinedly between the Prince and the door.

"Your Highness," he said bluntly, drawing his sword, "I am here to do my duty. The King's commands shall be obeyed, even if I have to use——"

But before he could complete the sentence his sword was wrested from his hand and he was hurled aside with considerable violence by one of the officers of the Prince's suite. The next moment the Prince himself had flung open the door and entered the audience-chamber. The others followed in silent procession.

Their entry had an extraordinary effect. The room, an oblong chamber of large dimensions, lighted by a gigantic crystal lamp suspended over a large mahogany writing-table in the centre of the apartment, and splendidly furnished with furniture of mahogany upholstered in dark red leather, was occupied by three persons, one of whom was reclining in a spacious easy-chair drawn up at the side of the writing-table, and the other two were standing engaged in an animated discussion on the opposite side of the table. One of these two, a somewhat gaunt figure, with jet black eyes and hair, and a sinister, ever-changing expression of countenance, was Count Sastrowitch, the Balkanian Prime Minister; the other was the Russian Ambassador at the Court of Balkania, Prince Soratoff.

The Prime Minister's face, when the Prince Regent and his companions appeared upon the threshold, assumed an expression in which fury and consternation were equally blended. It was evident that the suddenness of this intrusion had taken him completely aback, and for the moment deprived him of utterance. The Russian Plenipotentiary, Prince Soratoff, appeared scarcely to realise what was passing, and glanced alternately at the Minister and at the group of new-comers, with an air of utter bewilderment. As for his Majesty of Balkania, the pale and somewhat bent figure reclining in the armchair, it would be difficult to say what the emotions were that depicted themselves in his countenance. Predominant, however, among others was an air of total helplessness, expressed most speakingly in an appealing glance which he cast upon Count Sastrowitch, as if to invoke the aid of his strong will and personality in dealing with these bold intruders.

All these particulars the Prince Regent took in at a glance, as he stood for one instant hesitating upon the threshold. The sight of his brother, and the beseeching, almost deferential look which he cast at the man whom the Prince knew to be his implacable foe, seemed to instil renewed courage into him, and he advanced resolutely into the middle of the room.

"My brother," he began, in a firm but respectful voice, "if I have been compelled to intrude thus unceremoniously upon your privacy, the fault is not mine, and, moreover, the circumstances which bring me here will, I feel assured, exonerate me from any blame in your Majesty's eyes. To be brief," he went on in a sterner tone, and pointing to Count Sastrowitch, "I stand here as the accuser of yonder insolent schemer, of whose vile conspiracy against his King and his country I hold unquestionable proofs. Learn then, Sire, before you set your hand to this unhappy treaty, by what traitorous means you have been duped. This man, in whom your Majesty has so blindly confided, has bartered his country's interests and his sovereign's for a sum of gold. I have it on unimpeachable evidence. These papers, which I beseech your Majesty——"

But he got no further. With a quick movement, Count Sastrowitch, stepping forward, wrenched the bundle of papers the Prince held out towards the King from his hands, and, facing him with a fierce, vindictive look, exclaimed—

"Do you think his Majesty has time to amuse himself by examining these impudent forgeries? This device to foil me and thwart the work of sober statesmanship is well conceived indeed, but its cunning is too palpable. Moreover," he continued, and here a note of malicious

"YOUR HIGHNESS, I AM HERE TO DO MY DUTY. THE KING'S COMMANDS SHALL BE OBEYED."

triumph sounded in his voice, "the artifice comes too late, Prince Gregor Alexander. The treaty is already signed. Behold the counterpart in the hands of his Excellency the Ambassador of Russia."

The Prince, and those with him, fell back in dismay, while Prince Soratoff, the Russian Plenipotentiary, held up the fateful document for his Highness's inspection with a bow and a sardonic smile.

"We are too late then," the Prince murmured at last in a pained voice. "The villainy has succeeded."

"Unless your Highness," Sastrowitch said jeeringly, "to crown the audacity of your newly assumed rôle, chooses to lay violent hands upon the sacred person of Russia's envoy, and remedy by force what your wit has failed to prevent."

The Prince was too greatly moved to heed the taunt. Approaching the King, who had sat the while, glancing ever furtively and uneasily from one to the other of the contending parties, he said—

"Sire, if it is indeed too late to undo this man's vile treachery, it is not too late to punish it, and in the name of truth and honour, as the representative of my country and your Majesty's first and most faithful subject, I claim that just retribution be meted out to the traitor who has sold the honour of Balkania and betrayed its sovereign."

"Enough," the King murmured, rising feebly in his chair, and casting another half-appealing glance at the Minister, as if he sought inspiration and encouragement from him. "I have heard too much. Your Highness shall answer for this insolent contempt of my royal authority. Am I to be the mere plaything of those who oppose me? Begone, Sir; leave my presence! Count Sastrowitch, you know my will. Rid me of these intruders."

He sank back again into his chair, pale and trembling, more like a man in dire extremity, who has braced himself for a moment to utter words of defiance inspired by another's mind, than a monarch issuing his own commands.

Sir John Templeton had never taken his eyes off him since he entered, and his steady, unremitting gaze had a peculiar effect upon its object. The King did not return it, nor even apparently show any consciousness that it was directed upon him. But ever and anon a shiver, as of some inner apprehension, would pass over him, and he would move uneasily in his chair and glance in his helpless, dependent way across at Count Sastrowitch.

The latter, interpreting the movement in his own fashion, strode with a gleam of fierce determination in his eyes towards the door leading to the ante-room by which the Prince and his attendants had entered.

"If the King's orders fall upon heedless ears," he said as he passed the Prince, "there are those here who will see them executed. After all, if the die falls sooner than intended, it is your Highness's fault, not mine."

A malicious smile hung upon his lips as he uttered these words. But his intentions, whatever they were, were not destined to be fulfilled. Before he reached the door he was intercepted by one of the officers of the Prince's suite, who, with his hand upon his sword-hilt, ready to draw, opposed his further progress.

"No one leaves this room unless his Highness permits it," he said determinedly.

Count Sastrowitch fell back amazed.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Has it come to this? Violence to the King's majesty? This is treason—open rebellion."

"Stay," the Prince interposed, addressing his zealous companion. "Put up, Sir. The King's word is law, and I am the first to bow to it. I have used such means, Sire, as I dared, to open your Majesty's eyes to the villainy of which you have been made a victim. I have failed. Heaven help Balkania! Though I may pay with my life for my endeavour to save my King and my country, I will suffer the penalty without a murmur."

He bowed low to the King, and turned to those who accompanied him.

"Follow me, gentlemen," he said. "You have heard his Majesty's commands. It is for us to obey them. Nay, I have said it, Sir John," he added, with a little flush of impatience, seeing that the old diplomat alone made no sign of moving from the spot. "You see that further persistence is useless. Your assurance has for once deceived you. No mortal man has the power to undo what is done."

While he spoke, a look of intensely anxious expectation settled upon the face of Count Sastrowitch, and his eyes hung almost hungrily upon Sir John's answer.

It came slowly and deliberately.

"Your Highness will remember the condition under which I came here," Sir John said, without altering his position, or removing his eyes from the one object on which they had so long been riveted. "I pledged my word that I would withdraw from the King's presence at the King's orders alone. Let his Majesty with his

own lips command me to retire, and I will go; not otherwise."

"Presumptuous man," the Prime Minister exclaimed hoarsely. "The King's commands have been conveyed through my mouth. What more is needed——"

His sentence was suddenly cut short. With a startling abruptness Sir John Templeton, now for the first time, turned his head towards the speaker, and flashed upon him a gaze so keen and penetrating that the Count broke off his speech with manner as before. "For you know that yonder wretched man is not the King of Balkania."

To convey an adequate conception of the tremendous impression produced by these words is a task beyond the capacity of my humble pen. Their effect indeed was indescribable. The Prime Minister, with eyes distended and bloodless cheeks, staggered back, clutching convulsively at the arms of the chair that stood beside him, while his lips opened and closed

THE PRIME MINISTER, WITH EYES DISTENDED AND BLOODLESS CHEEKS, STAGGERED BACK, CLUTCHING CONVULSIVELY AT THE ARMS OF THE CHAIR THAT STOOD BESIDE HIM.

an inarticulate stammer, as if he had been struck by a blow.

The effect was extraordinary, and thrilled everyone present with a vague sense of some coming event.

For the space of several seconds the two men stood thus facing one another. Then, turning once more towards the spot from which he had just removed his eyes, Sir John raised his right arm slowly and pointed to the figure in the easy chair.

"You lie, Count Sastrowitch," he said, speaking in the same quiet, deliberate mechanically, as if he were struggling for speech and could bring forth no sound.

A moment of total silence followed. The two Ambassadors gazed, dumb and open-mouthed, now at Sir John, and now at Count Sastrowitch, whilst the others stood rooted to the spot—struck mute, as it seemed, with astonishment at a revelation the full meaning of which their minds were quite unprepared to grasp. The Prince was the first to break the silence. Uttering an exclamation, half of horror, half of bewilderment, he took a step

forward, then stopped again, and remained in an attitude of eager expectation, looking towards Sir John Templeton, as if for some further solution of the extraordinary mystery his words had unveiled.

Amid this strange scene the miserable object of it all, still recumbent in the royal armchair, but completely collapsed now and huddled together in an almost shapeless mass, stared with dull eyes vacantly into the space before him, quivering and quaking like a creature stricken with a sudden palsy.

It was a moment of strange tension; a single moment only; but one not likely ever to fade from the memory of those who experienced it.

Slowly Sir John let his extended right arm sink to his side. Then, turning once more to the Prince Regent, he bowed low, and said in his simple, courtly tones—

"I am at your Majesty's commands."

The words released the spell that rested upon the assembly. Uttering a yell of mingled fury and despair, Count Sastrowitch now sprang forward with a sudden bound. But whether his purpose was to fall upon Sir John Templeton, or to wreak his mad passion upon the Prince whom he hated, will never be known; for before he could execute it he was seized by the two officers of the latter's retinue and held in their iron grip, powerless to act or move.

Pale and agitated, Prince Gregor Alexander strode quickly to the door, turned the key in the lock, and approaching the Prime Minister, who stood with white lips and starting eyes between his two stalwart guardians, regarded him long and intently.

"Miserable man," he said at last, "I require no confirmation from your lips of the statement you have just heard. Your face and the abject terror of yonder wretched creature, who has served as your instrument, proclaim its truth more eloquently than any spoken words could do. But, by the heavens above us, unless you make full confession of your unexampled villainy, I will have you torn to pieces limb by limb, without ruth or mercy. You have heard me. Now speak. What have you done with my brother?"

Before Sastrowitch could answer, Sir John interposed respectfully.

"Perhaps, Sire," he said, "since it has fallen to my lot to disclose this lamentable history so far, you will permit me to explain what remains to be explained. Count Sastrowitch can correct me where I may be at fault, and supply, if he so will, such details as I in my ignorance may omit. That your Majesty had been King of Balkania for four weeks was apparent to me from the moment I set my eyes upon this sorry counterfeit of royal Majesty. The difficulty was to prove it, not only to your Majesty's satisfaction, but to that of those whose doubts might have caused grave complications. Hence the delay in disclosing to your Majesty a truth even I myself was reluctant to believe without this last conclusive test. As for the facts, they are of the simplest. As your Majesty is doubtless aware, four inmates of the late King's household succumbed to the epidemic malady which broke out within the palace walls two months ago. Of these, one apparently died with a suddenness unusual, if not unprecedented, in the case of this particular disease; a fact which passed at the time without attracting attention, for the supposed victim was a personage of little consequence; no other, indeed, than the body-servant of the deceased monarch."

"Merciful powers!" the Prince broke in, gazing of a sudden intently at the wretched man in the chair. "Valetzki! I see it all. It is Valetzki himself, the late King's valet."

"Precisely," Sir John resumed. "It was his Majesty the King who died of typhoid fever, not his servant. The man's natural resemblance to his royal master, which vanity had led him to cultivate by artificial means, no doubt first suggested to Count Sastrowitch the possibility of the fraud which has now been so opportunely exposed. How it was effected, probably no one is better qualified to explain than Doctor Lobelieff, his late Majesty's body-physician, who certified the supposed fact of Valetzki's death, and arranged for the interment of the King's remains in place of those of his servant."

"Ah!" the Prince exclaimed, covering his face and shuddering. "My brother buried in a valet's grave. The villains, the villains!"

As the whole details of the dastardly plot broke in upon his intelligence, he seemed for the first time to realise the loss of the brother he had loved and revered so deeply, and he gave way to a burst of grief which was affecting to behold.

"Your Majesty," said Prince Soratoff, the Russian Plenipotentiary, stepping forward, after a pause, with an air of deep concern, "will scarcely need my assurance that the august Government I have the honour to represent never entertained the faintest suspicion of this vile plot. This

worthless parchment"—flinging the treaty upon the table with a gesture of disgust—"proves conclusively that my Sovereign has been no less the dupe of yonder craven schemer than your Majesty yourself."

"It is well," the Prince said, regaining his self-control once more, and speaking in a cold and disdainful tone. "I have, as you say, no need of your Excellency's assurance. Nay, no more. I have heard sufficient. As for you, gentlemen," he continued, addressing those around him generally, "you will, I beg, observe the strictest silence on what you have witnessed here this evening. The punishment of those concerned in this audacious crime I reserve for my future consideration. Let them meanwhile be kept in secure and secret custody. And now, pray, leave me. These things have affected me deeply, and I would be alone for a while."

While the officers of his suite, with the two wretched conspirators in their midst, passed slowly from the room, the Prince turned impulsively to Sir John Templeton, who, with the two Ambassadors, was preparing to follow them.

"Ah, Sir John," he exclaimed, "you have done well, marvellously well. I understand now why you have acted thus, and not otherwise. There were weightier things to consider here than the tender feelings of a brother; else I might perhaps have just cause of complaint that you did not employ gentler means than these of removing the veil from my eyes. But rest assured of my gratitude. I shall not forget what you have done for my country as well as for him who now rules it."

He waved his hand in token of farewell, and Sir John Templeton bowed in silence and withdrew.

* * * *

It will be remembered that the sudden accession of Prince Gregor Alexander to the throne of Balkania at one of the most critical moments of European history, solving almost providentially, as men thought, a political complication, the consequences of which were incalculable, took all the world by surprise.

Of the real history of that strange event nothing until this day has ever come to the public knowledge. All that the world remembers of it is its coincidence with the termination of that dread nightmare which for a period of nearly six weeks oppressed political Europe—the rumour of the so-called Russo-Balkanian treaty.

As for the Balkanians themselves, they are, in many respects, a simple and unsophisticated people, and if they have retained any recollection at all of those days, it is that of the disappointment they experienced on learning that they would not be permitted to cast a last look upon the features of their late King. The royal obsequies, it is true, were celebrated with all traditional pomp and splendour. But owing, it is said, to the dangerous nature of the malady to which his Majesty had fallen a victim, they were for once not preceded, according to usual custom, by the lying-in-state of the deceased monarch's remains.

Of the fate of Count Sastrowitch, Doctor Lobelieff, and Valetzki, the present writer can say nothing. There are certain things they manage very, very quietly in Balkania.

IN THE BONNIE NORTH COUNTREE.

By MARY LOVETT CAMERON.

The old order changeth, all too quickly in these bustling days for those who love the lingering perfume of the past; but among the lakes and fells of Westmorland quiet nooks, neglected of tourists, may still be found wherein old memories yet live and old customs die hard. Sheltered by the rocky scaurs the old "Halls" lie, rich in carved panels, massive oak beams and staircases, ingle-nooks, and mullioned windows; and within their iron-clamped doors descendants of the old "Statesmen" who once owned and tilled these rugged uplands live out their uneventful lives. Rambling among the broom and heather of the fellside, wafts of strong air laden with old time music have come to me and tempted me to try and make them live, however faintly, in other ears before they are lost for ever.

CHAPTER I.

A SWEET SINGER.

DING-DONG, ding-ding—the cracked bell in the tower of St. Anthony's Chapel, half-way up the steep flanks of Burblethwaite Fell, rings out to call its worshippers to Sunday morning prayers. The bright spring sunshine lights up the masses of daffodils that cover the untended graveyard with a yellow mantle, and the gentle breeze shakes a shower of sweet blossom from the branches of the wild cherry tree, standing in the angle of the wall. The low-pitched uneven roof of grey slate and the weather-beaten walls of the little church seem almost as much part of the rocky fellside as the great lichen-dappled boulders that tower above them, and the low wall of loose stones hardly divides the churchyard from the heather and broom outside.

As the farmers' families arrive in groups they exchange greetings, the women shake out their Sunday dresses and smooth the children's hair, and the men flick the dust from their boots with red cotton handkerchiefs, then all file into the deep church porch and clatter over the worn flagstones of the aisle to the old square pew that has belonged to each Hall from time immemorial. I cross the venerable threshold and look round in dread lest the unrelenting hand of the restorer should have brushed away all memory of the past, and, with benches of pitch-pine and garish coloured glass, destroyed all sense of harmony between the outer and the inner church.

I am pleasantly disappointed: the white-washed walls give back soft reflections, and their pearly greys and delicate mauve shadows set off the silvery surface of the old oak, unpolished save by the tender hand of age. Everywhere the divisions of the old pews straggle in unstudied lines, some square, some oblong, many-sided, and shaped according to no visible rule or plan. The leaded diamond panes of the narrow lancet windows are set with gem-like fragments of old stained glass, once smashed in iconoclastic fury, now reset at random—here a bit of crimson drapery, there a saint's face, a foot high up in a corner, a glory apart from the head it once adorned.

The service drones gently on, and my attention wanders till attracted by a large square pew, quaintly canopied, over against the pulpit; its panels bear faint traces of elaborate painting, designs of saints and angels and backgrounds of gold and purple faintly survive, and delicate carving interlaces the pillars of the canopy. How to account for this wealth of decoration lavished on a mere pew racks my brain, till I collate the disjointed parts and see the old chancel-screen of pre-Reformation days, shattered, degraded, but still beautiful even in its downfall. Sharply contrasting with the varied loveliness of the old wood-work is a slab of plain grey slate, let in among the panels. It bears the legend: "Dorothy Hird, aged twenty-one."

Underneath this stone
A mould'ring Virgin lies,
Who was the pleasure once of Human Eyes;
Her blaze of charms
Virtue well approved,
The Gay admired her much her parents loved:
Transitory life,
Death untimely came,
Adieu!—Farewell!
I only leave my name.

Some connection there doubtless was between the village beauty and the grand old pew; I trusted later to discover it.

The newest thing in the church is a small organ leading the choir, who sit beside it—young men, maidens, and children—in no surpliced uniformity but each in Sunday-best attire. When, after service, I was again in the daffodil-clothed churchyard, I stayed my steps beside an old labourer who leant on a stick, gazing at a grave near the porch. I knew him for an old fellow often to be met on the roads and sitting in wayside alehouses. The grave was that of his wife.

"It's manny a year sin' a's laid in yan grave," he said. "If a' was alive now I shouldn't want to wander, but a've gone frae me and I canna bide to yome; I mun keep wand'ring now till tha lays me there beside 'n." He turned away and we walked down the path together.

"You will have known this old church many years," I said.

"Ay! ye may say that. 'Tis eighty year sin' I was car'd into t' ould church to be christened; I was married in 't, and soon 'll be buried beside her intil t' graveyard."

"It 's an old-fashioned place; there 'll hardly be many changes since then."

"Not many changes! That there be! There's nobbut changes seems to me. Why," he went on, resting his arm on the low churchyard wall, "I mind when there was music here—music such as ye won't hear now; that was when ould Dan Mounsey was clerk and when a led t' singers wi' t' ould pitch-pipe from his pleace. Ay, ay! we could sing i' them toimes."

IN NO SURPLICED UNIFORMITY, BUT EACH IN SUNDAY-BEST ATTIRE.

"Better than they do now?"

"Doant I tell ye so. They sing *hymns* now just like t' ranters; we sang t' ould psalms at t' end o' prayer-book to t' reg'lar ould tunes."

"What tunes were those?"

"Dunno as aw can tell ye. Wambly ould tunes. Rale sacred music they were."

"Did you sing in the choir?"

"That I did, and on grand days I played t' clarionette and Dan Mounsey had his fiddle." Then, after a pause, during which he seemed to turn over his old memories, he went on—

"MUSIC SUCH AS YE WON'T HEAR NOW."

"Ould Dan used to hold singing class in t' church, and a'd stand oop in a's desk and wave a's hand so," he made a motion as if conducting, "and a'd have t' altos in yan pew and t' basses in yan, and trebles in anodder; and on Sundays we all sat in t' big square pew wi' t' carving all overhead, and ay! we could sing. 'Twas Dorothy Hird led the choir when I was a boy, she was a gradely lass, and could read music off notes like in a book; and all the young fellers was running after a; but they none of 'em got her, for she died while I was still a young lad. Ay, ay! Dorothy Hird was a sweet singer and a fine bonny maid."

So the "mould'ring Virgin" still lived in this old man's memory.

"You were a fine singer, too, in those days? so I've heard," I ventured.

"Ay, ay!" with a pleased smile. "Singing comes nat'ril-like to some folks. But I went to singing schule too, and once"—here he seated himself on the low wall beside which we stood, and folded his hands on the knob of his stick—"Once when Jenny Lind—ye'll have heard tell o' Jenny Lind, the grit singer? Well, when she came into these parts to give a concert, one of t' men as was to sing wi' her fell ill, and she sent off for sum'un to take his pleace, and tha tould her o' me, and a sent fur me, and I stood up and *sang*. Yes, yes, I sang before Jenny Lind—that I did!"

"What did you sing to her?"

"A sang 'T' Borrowdale Journey.' That's a good song, and it did please t' company!"

"Couldn't you give me an idea of it now?"

After a little pressing, old William struck up, in a weak, piping, but still sweet voice, his old song, tapping with his toe to mark the time, and giving a comic twist of the neck and throw-back of the head to lead off the chorus of "Fal-de-ral-de-ray! Faller-al-ler-addy!" at the end of each verse.

When he had finished, he bade me good-bye with a rather shame-faced air, as of one who had forgotten himself in the charm of old memories, and hobbled away. By this time the rest of the congregation had long since dispersed, and I was left alone among the daffodils.

CHAPTER II.

MARY THE POSTWOMAN.

The farmer's wife, having fed her chickens and "redd" up the house-place, sits down on a chair beside the door, knitting in hand, to watch for old Mary Burblethwaite. Mary is one of the institutions of the

neighbourhood; she carries the post to Tarnside, Hill Top, Poole Bank, Borderside, and many other outlying Halls and farms, whose names are word-pictures of the country through which, by bridle-paths and footways, the old dame wends her way. Her coming is the one event in an eventless day; and when the sheep-dog announces her arrival by a friendly bark, the children run in from their play beside the beck crying,

"She 's coomin'! Mary 's coomin'!"

Brisk and alert the little old woman steps along, the postbag slung across her shoulder, a checked shawl pinned over her upright Dutch-doll figure, an old quilted sun-bonnet shading her bright dark eyes; she has a word and a smile for everyone, and a joke too for the young lass or lad whose letter she suspects of containing a page from the old, old story. Nine miles of rough and hilly country does Mary cover daily notwithstanding her sixty-five years, crossing the winding, babbling becks by rude bridges of great blocks of limestone laid across, and climbing the loose stone walls that serve for fences on the fells. When at last the daily round is done she comes back to the wayside cottage where her sister Ann sits spinning by the window awaiting her.

The old dames have a history, which they are not loth to tell, of how their name came to them. It dates back to a Martinmas Day, near a hundred years ago, when a shepherd, driving his flock across Burblethwaite Fell, found a baby abandoned in one of those holes in the stone walls called in those parts hog-holes. He picked it up, and the nameless babe was adopted by the parish and named Martin Burblethwaite, from the day and place of his discovery. He grew up, married, and in due time became the grandfather of Mary and Ann, but his parentage remained for ever a mystery.

Ann is a large, heavy woman, and Mary's activity is a source of pride to her. "She 've carr'd t' poast these nine years," she says. "A good walker is Mary, none better i' t' country-side of her years."

Mary smiles her quick, bright smile, that makes all the little wrinkles on her face run suddenly upwards.

"Yes, yes; a can walk well and fast, a can dance too for all I 'm gettin an ould body."

"So she can," chimes in Ann; "she was at two or three weddings this year, and 'joyed hersel' varry much."

"A went to t' dancing schule when a was a lass," says Mary. "Tha doan't dance now so well as we did in t' ould times. Tha mun go to t' other schule now, and a canna go to t' dancing schule as we did, ivery day all through the winter months."

What with dancing school and singing class it did not seem that the countryside was as dull in "t' ould times" as it is now.

Mary has only one trouble, and that is when she shall have to give up her arduous task she will receive no pension to soften the hardship of her declining years.

"A 'm gettin an ould body, and it begins to knock me up a bit in winter when 't is all snow and ice on the Fell," she says. "And a 've nought but five shillings a week for 't, and it 's hard to save a bit out o' that."

Truly, Mary's country is not a generous paymaster to its energetic old servant.

CHAPTER III.

THE HEIGHT.

High up on the craggy backbone of the fell the little Quaker meeting-house is perched; beside the narrow walled enclosure a few windswept fir-trees lift their dark plumed heads, and a great nodding mass of ivy overhangs the old gate. In large sweeping lines the fell stretches away behind it, and in front rocky shelves drop steeply down to a little tarn lying sapphire blue in the depths of the green valley below.

In the old days, when persecution drove the Friends to worship in this lonely spot, the meeting-house on the height was the scene of many an earnest gathering and eloquent discourse. George Fox held forth within its walls, and from far and near, over scaurs and fells, the scattered congregation would gather itself, regardless of the difficulties and dangers of the journey. But times have changed; the world no longer turns its head on the once despised sect, and its members do not need to go out into the wilderness to pray. The little meeting-house still stands solitary on the hill-top, but the congregation has dwindled away.

Yet on Sunday morning the gate stands open, and passing through it we cross the rank grass and little outer court and enter the deep porch, surmounted by the date 1677, leading into the interior of the building.

Within, the spotless purity of the white-washed walls is not disturbed by a single attempt at ornament, the empty benches stand in severe simplicity before the raised seat running along the further end, whence, doubtless, in days of yore the eloquent

"WHEN OULD DAN MOUNSEY WAS CLERK, AND LED T' SINGERS WI' T' OULD PITCH-PIPE FROM HIS PLEACE."

prayers and discourses of Fox and his companions stirred the hearts of their brethren. Now all is still, only in the far corner, with bowed head, sits one old white-haired man.

Attached to the meeting-house is a cottage, and in it dwell old John Gibson and his sister Susannah. The old people take care of the place, and at the same time farm a few acres of the fellside. Their dwelling is a mere four-roomed cot, but plates and dishes of old Delft, cups and saucers of delicate eggshell china, a handsome old clock and carved oak bureau, loaded with old books, mark the tiny kitchen apart from the mere labourer's dwelling-place.

Miss Susannah bustles to and fro over the work of the house and farm, a Martha in activity. "We all worship in our own way, and I make many a good prayer over my cheese-tubs," says she.

She does the honours of her house-place. "Those Japanese boxes up there were brought me by my nephew, who lived in those parts: he is dead since then. They have to live fictitiously out there," says the old lady, sagely, "and that spends the constitution."

Then she turns the conversation to the old days of persecution, and relates how the priest of Stavely (a village over the fell), being unable to overthrow George Fox in argument, resorted to force and flung him over a wall into the orchard beyond, and there stands the wall to this day as a witness. She gets down old books, curious lives of Quakers, privately printed for their co-religionists, full of queer details of life in the seventeenth century. Turning their yellow, damp-stained pages, I asked leave to copy an extract here and there.

THE HEIGHT.

Among quaintly worded prayers and decorously familiar addresses to the Almighty are interwoven the following practical

details: "As the new money increased, guineas declined in value—all who had old money brought it out and paid their debts with it."

"My expenses in my former and this journey to London were very near £3."

"At this time many people were disposed to sell their estates and go to Pensilvania to dwell, so that country, which eighteen years ago was a wilderness, now became well inhabited, and the City of Philadelphia now improved to two miles square and at least 1000 houses."

"Tobacco we had always, one or more ships yearly hither from Virginia importing it. Our neighbour John Hodgson sent a ship with cargo about £200 value, which purchased about two hundred hogsheads, got well home, by which he gained at least £1500, tobacco being then worth twelve pence a pound; and in Virginia then twenty shillings' worth of English goods here would purchase one hogshead of good tobacco there."

The difference between the worth of money then and now is brought out by another entry: "I was boarded at Alderman Bryan's house two years at the rate of two pounds a year."

This was about the year 1690, and during that year one William Stout, a Quaker, made a journey to London, which he thus describes in his journal—

"At this time I inspected my circumstances, in order to settle the balance accounts with my creditors once a year, as was necessary, and to get what money I could without borrowing, intending to go to London, which I did as fully I expected. I bought a horse, and about the middle of the third month set forward accompanied by John Bryer and several neighbours, eight or ten in company. At Preston I was doubtful my horse would not perform the journey, which very much discouraged me, but, being encouraged by the company, went forward, and thereupon had better hopes; and at Dunchurch my neighbour Bryer, having occasion to stay, gave me charge of his money, which, with my own, amounted to at least £100 and most in silver, gold then being scarce and silver money beginning to be much impaired by clipping and counterfeiting. Most payments were made in that money, upon which at that time people were obliged to have saddle-bags to carry it behind them, which I then had; and we, having occasion to call at Cony, some persons observing us, who we doubted were not honest, gave us some fear of robbery, and after a few miles they overpassed us, swearing, 'There 's a troop of these men!' and about the same time we met at least a hundred pack-horses in a suspicious place, which prevented us from stopping there, so got well to Barnet, where many travellers stopped, being told that robbers were upon the road; but seeing us come up and determined to go forward, they joined, so that we were about twenty in company, and betwixt that and Finchley Common we met with abundance of wagons and carriages of King William's, who was then going towards Ireland, to head his army there, which prevented any attempt upon us, and although they passed us several times, they at last rode off to the West and we got safe to Highgate and so to London, although late, having travelled fifty miles that day. But we afterwards understood that the next day they made a great robbery about the same place of all that came by, taking them out of the road to a private place till they finished their robbery."

I was still turning over these records of the past when old John Gibson came in from the meeting-house. A fine old man, crowned with a nimbus of white hair, and still upright in spite of his eighty-four years. He took his seat in the ingle-nook and lit his pipe without speaking. The solitude of the Height seemed to envelop him, survivals of an earlier time: he and it grew old in silence together.

Beneath the latticed window-pane
The garden of my lady grows,
And when as queen she seeks to reign
The lily blossoms and the rose,
She tends them with a gentle care
That makes them and their mistress fair.

FOSTER'S LETTER OF MARQUE.

A TALE OF OLD SYDNEY.

By LOUIS BECKE and WALTER JEFFERY.

ONE by one the riding lights of the few store-ships and whalers that lay in Sydney Harbour one evening in January 1802 were lit, and as the clear notes of a bugle from the barracks pealed over the bay, followed by the hoarse calls and shrill whistles of the boatswains' mates on a King's ship that lay in Sydney Cove, the mate of the *Policy* whale-ship jumped up from the skylight where he had been lying smoking, and began to pace the deck.

The *Policy* was anchored between the Cove and Peirchgut, ready for sea. The north-easter, which had blown strongly for three days, had died away, and the placid waters of the harbour shimmered under the starlight of an almost cloudless sky. As the old mate tramped to and fro on the deserted poop, his keen seaman's eye caught sight of some faint grey clouds that, rising low down in the westward, denoted the south-easterly breeze that would spring up ere daylight came.

Stepping to the break of the poop, the officer hailed the look-out forward, and asked if he could see the captain's boat coming.

"No, Sir," the man replied. "I did see a boat a while ago and thought it was ours, but it turned out to be one from that Batavian Dutchman anchored below Peirchgut. Her captain always goes ashore about this time."

Swinging round on his heel with an angry exclamation the mate resumed his work, muttering and growling to himself as elderly mates do mutter and growl when a captain promises to be on board at four in the afternoon and is not in evidence at half-past six. And then, much as he despised the allurements of the shore, the old fellow would have liked to have had an hour or two to himself to buy some few articles he wanted and smoke a farewell pipe with two or three of his Sydney acquaintances. The *Policy* was all ready for sea, however, and unless young Captain Foster returned pretty quickly there was not much chance of the mate getting ashore that night. Perhaps, too, the knowledge of the particular cause of the captain's delay somewhat added to his chief officer's ill-temper—that cause being a pretty girl; and the mate, being a crusty old bachelor, had but little sympathy with such tomfoolery.

"Why the devil couldn't he say good-bye to her and be done with it and come aboard," he grumbled, "instead of wasting half a day over it?"

But Mr. Stevenson did not consider that in those days pretty women were not plentiful in Sydney, and virtue was even scarcer than good looks, and Dorothy Gilbert, only daughter of the Deputy Acting Assistant Commissary-General of the penal settlement, possessed all the qualifications of a lovable woman, and therefore it was not wonderful that Captain Edward Foster had fallen very much in love with her.

Dolly, of course, had her faults, and her chief one was the rather too great store that she set upon being the daughter of an official. Pretty nearly everyone in those days of the settlement was either an official, or a prisoner, or an ex-convict, and the D.A.A.C.G. was of no small importance among the other officials in Sydney. Her acquaintance with the young master of the *Policy* had begun in a very ordinary manner. His ship had been chartered by the Government to take out a cargo of stores to the settlement, and his owners, who were personally acquainted with her father, had given Foster a letter of introduction. This he had used somewhat sooner than he had at first intended, for on presenting himself at the Commissary's office, he had caught sight of Dolly's charming face as she stood talking to a young man in the uniform of a sergeant of Marines who had brought a letter to her father.

"Thank you, Sergeant," the young lady said with a gracious smile. "Will you present my father's compliments to the Major and say we shall be sure to come.

He is not here at present, but cannot delay long as a ship has just arrived from England, and my father will have much business to transact with her master, who will doubtless be here very soon."

Just at that moment Foster appeared at the open door, and the young lady, divining at once that he was the person of whom she had just spoken, bowed very prettily, and begging him to be seated whilst she had search made for her father, left the office and disappeared in the living portion of the house, followed by a look of very great interest from Captain Foster, who a second or so afterwards looked up to find that the Sergeant of Marines was regarding him curiously.

Almost instantly they recognised each other, and shook hands heartily.

"This is a pleasant surprise, Harry," said the young seaman. "I knew that you had gone into the King's service, but never expected to meet you out in Botany Bay—and a sergeant at that!"

"And I am indeed pleased to see you, Ted, again. Who would ever have thought that, when we last saw each other six years ago in England, we should meet on the other side of the world. But," and here at the open door, "I must not stay here and talk to you; the Commissary would take a fit if he knew it."

"Hang the Commissary! Then I'll come outside and we can talk there till he turns up. Do you think I'm going to let you go off like this?" And, grasping the soldier by the arm, Foster went outside with him, greatly to the scandal of Miss Dorothy — who was peeping at them through the blind—and the Marine sentry at the Commissary's gate; and they were both further shocked to see both men sit down on a bench outside the servants' quarters and talk and laugh together as if there were no such things as Deputy Acting Assistant Commissary-Generals in the settlement.

It did not take the sergeant long to tell Foster his story, and then the latter soon got him to speak of his present surroundings generally and of the Commissary and Miss Commissary in particular. Then, bidding each other adieu with a promise to meet again on the following day, they parted, and Foster was soon deep in business with Dolly's father, to whom he made himself very agreeable—having a certain object in view.

Their business concluded, the young man rose to go, and not till then—being wise in his generation—did he allude to the fact of his having a private letter of introduction from his owners—Messrs. Hurry Brothers, of London—to Mr. Scarsbrook. The stiff official manner of the D.A.A.C.G. at once thawed, and being at heart a genial old fellow, he expressed his pleasure, shook hands again with the young man, and inquired why he had not presented the letter or made allusion to it before.

Foster, who had pretty well gauged Mr. Scarsbrook mentally, modestly replied that he did not care to obtrude private matters at an inopportune time. He knew that weighty affairs doubtless occupied Mr. Scarsbrook's mind during his business hours, but had intended to do himself the honour of presenting his letter later on, etc.

This at once impressed the D.A.A.C.G.'s official mind, the owner of which at once asked him to dinner that evening.

"A most intelligent young man, my dear," he told Dolly shortly after. "His attention to business before all else has given me a very favourable impression of him."

Dolly tossed her head. "I hope I shall not be disappointed in him. Is he young?" she asked indifferently.

"Quite; and in manners and appearance much above his position."

Dolly did like him very much—much more than she cared to confess to herself—and their first meeting at dinner led to many more of a much less informal character; and ere a week had passed Captain Edward Foster was very much in love with his host's daughter, and not being a man who wasted time, was only awaiting an opportunity to tell her so.

Now Dolly, who had first flirted with and then flouted every one of the officials in Sydney, military or civilian, who visited the Commissary's abode, was, to do her justice, a girl of sense at heart, and she felt that Captain Foster meant to ask her an all-important question—to every woman—and that her answer would be "Yes." For not only was he young, handsome, and highly thought of by his owners, but he came of a good family, and had such prospects for his future as seldom came in the way of men in the merchant service, even in those days of lucky South Sea men and East India traders, who made fortunes rapidly. And then he was very much in love with her, and this latter fact weighed heavily on Dolly's mind.

The first week had passed pleasantly enough, and then, to his anger and disgust, Foster found that he had a rival; and before the end of the second week he realised, or imagined so, that he was

beaten in the field of love — by a Dutchman!

Sergeant Harry Burt was the first to give him warning, for he was often on duty at or near the Commissary's quarters, and, indeed, had often taken notes from Foster to the fair Dolly. He took a warm interest in the matter, for in a year or two he hoped to leave the service and join Foster in his commercial ventures by acting as his agent in Sydney in connection with the whale fishery; and he was, therefore, naturally eager to see his friend prosper in his love suit. It had so happened that the work of discharging his ship had kept Foster very busy during the second week of his stay, and he had paid but one evening visit to Dolly and her father, and was hurrying the cargo ashore with feverish eagerness. Once that was accomplished, he meant to devote himself (1) to proposing to the young lady, (2) gaining her father's consent, and (3) getting to sea again as soon as possible, making a good cruise at the whale fishery, and returning to Sydney within two years

"HE LOOKED AT ME STOLIDLY, WITHOUT MOVING A MUSCLE OF HIS FACE."

as master and owner of his own ship. Consequently, Burt's news gave him considerable disquietude.

"Who did you say he was, Harry?" he asked gloomily; "a Dutchman?"

"Yes, he's the master of that Dutch Batavian ship that has brought stores from Batavia. Old Scarsbrook seems to make a lot of him of late, and he's always coming up to the Commissary's place. And if he sees Miss Scarsbrook out in the garden, he swaggers in after her as if he were an Admiral of the Fleet. Portveldt's his name, and—and——"

"And what, Harry?"

"Well, I think Miss Scarsbrook rather likes him, that's all. You see you haven't been there for a week, and this young Dutchman is by no means bad-looking, and even our Major says he's a jolly fine fellow—and all that goes a long way with women, you know. Then you only visit the house once in a week; the Dutchman goes there every day, and every time he comes he brings his boatswain with him — a big, greasy-faced fellow. Last night he followed his master carrying a cheese — a present for the Commissary, I suppose. About an hour afterwards I saw him standing outside Mr. Scarsbrook's garden-gate. He had a cutlass slung at his side, too, which is against the regulations.

"'Hullo!' I said, 'what are you doing here? Show me your pass! it's past gun-fire.' He looked at me stolidly, and, without moving a muscle of his face, showed me his pass; then jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the garden, and, looking there, I saw Miss Scarsbrook and her father sitting beside the Dutch captain on one of the seats and all seeming very comfortable."

"Well, I shall soon see how the land lies, Harry. I'm going ashore presently, and I can promise you it won't be my fault if I let this fellow get to windward of me."

But Miss Dolly was not to be seen that day, nor yet on the following one. She was vexed at Foster having thought of his work before herself, and she had determined to punish him by not meeting him for some little time, and amuse herself with the handsome young Dutch sailor meanwhile. So, in no very amiable mood, Foster went back to his ship, finished discharging, and delighted his old mate by telling him to get ready for sea as quickly as possible. And on this particular evening when our story opens the *Policy* only waited for her captain—who had gone ashore, so he told Stevenson—to say good-bye to the Commissary, with parting instructions to the mate to begin to heave up as soon as he saw his (Foster's) boat leave the Cove.

After spending half an hour with the Commissary, who paid him some very nice compliments upon the expedition with which he had landed his cargo, Foster asked to see Miss Dorothy, and was soon ushered into the sitting-room, where the young lady welcomed him most effusively, and her manner soon drove all suspicious thoughts of his rival out of his mind. Her mother, a placid lady, who was absolutely ruled by Dolly and her father, smiled approval when Foster asked her daughter to accompany him to the garden and take a look at the harbour. She liked him, and had previously given him much assistance by getting out of the way whenever she suspected he wanted to see Dolly alone.

As soon as they had gained the screen of the shaded path that led to the water's edge, Foster came to the point at once.

"Miss Dolly," he said, "you know why I have asked you to come with me here. My ship is ready for sea, and it may be quite two years before I shall have the happiness of seeing you again."

"'Tis most kind of you to pay me so pretty a compliment, Captain Foster, or I should say Mr. Foster," said Dolly, concealing a smile; "but surely you need not have brought me out to the garden to tell me this."

Her pretended forgetfulness of some past passages in their brief acquaintance, as her speech implied, somewhat ruffled him.

"You are very particular with your Mr. Foster, Miss Dolly; and why not 'Captain'?"

Dolly raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"Captains hold the King's commission and fight for the country," she said demurely. "The master of a horrid ship that goes catching whales has no right to the title." Then she laughed and shook her long fair curls.

"Upon my word, young lady, you are very complimentary; but, Dolly, no more of this banter. My boat is waiting, and I have but a few minutes to ask you to give me your answer. In all seriousness remember that my future depends upon it. Will you marry me? Will you try to love me? May I go away with the hope that you will look forward to my return, and——"

"In all seriousness, Mr. Foster, I will not."

"Why, what have I done to offend you? I thought you—I thought that I—" and then, getting somewhat confused and angry at the same time at Dolly's nonchalant manner, he wound up with, "I believe that damned Dutchman has come between us!"

"How dare you swear at me, Sir? I suppose, though, it is the custom for captains in the merchant service to swear at ladies. And what right have you to assume that I should marry you? Because I rather liked to talk to you when I felt dull, is that any reason why you should be so very rude to me? And once for all, Sir, I shall never marry a mere merchant sailor—a common whaling master. I shall marry, when I do marry, an officer and a gentleman in the King's service."

"Ah!" Foster snapped, "and what about the Dutchman?"

Now up to this point Dolly had been making mere pretence. She honestly loved the young seaman, and meant to tell him so plainly before he left the garden, but at this last question the merriment that he had failed to see in her eyes gave place to an angry sparkle, and she quickly retorted—

"Mr. Portveldt, Sir, is a Dutch gentleman, and he would never talk to me in such a way as you have done. How dare you, Sir!"

Foster was really angry now, and smiled sarcastically. "He's but the master of a merchantman, and an infernal Dutchman at that."

"He is a gentleman, which you are not!" snapped Dolly fiercely; "and if he is but a merchant skipper, he commands his own ship. He is a shipowner, and a well-known Batavian merchant as well, Sir; so there!"

"So I believe," said Foster wrathfully; "sells Dutch cheeses and brings them ashore with him."

"You're a spy," said Dolly contemptuously.

"Very well, Miss Scarsbrook, term me what you please. I can see the cheese merchant waddling this way now, attended by his ugly pirate of a boatswain. Doubtless he has some stock-fish on this occasion; and as stock-fish are very much like Dutchmen in one respect and I like neither, I wish you joy of him. Goodbye!" And Captain Foster swung on his heel and walked quickly out of the garden gate. As he strode down the narrow path he brushed past the Batavian merchant, who was on his way to the Commissary's office.

"Goot tay to you, Captain Foster," said Portveldt, grinning amiably.

"Go to the devil!" replied the Englishman promptly, turning round and facing the Dutchman to give due emphasis to his remark.

Portveldt, a tall, well-made fellow, and handsomely dressed, stared at Foster's retreating figure in angry astonishment, then changing his mind about first visiting the Commissary, he opened the garden gate, and came suddenly upon Dorothy Scarsbrook seated upon a rustic bench, weeping bitterly.

"My tear yong lady, vat is de matter? I beg you to led me gomfort you."

"There is nothing the matter, Mr. Portveldt. I thank you, but you cannot be of any service to me," and Dolly buried her face in her handkerchief again.

"I am sorry ferry mooch to hear you say dat, Mees Dorotee, vor it vas mein hop dot you would dake kindtly to me."

Dolly made no answer, and then Captain Portveldt sat down beside her, his huge figure quite filling up all the remaining space.

"Mees Dorotee," he began ponderously, "de trood is dot I vas goming to see you to dell you I vas ferry mooch in loaf mid you, und to ask you to be mein vifes; but now dot you do veep so mooch, I——"

"Say no more if you please, Mr. Portveldt," said Dolly, hastily drying her eyes. Then, rising with great dignity, she bowed and went on: "Of course I am deeply sensible of the great honour that you do me, but I can never be your wife." And then to herself: "I fancy that I have replied in a very proper manner."

"Vy, vat vas der wrong aboud me, Mees Dorotee?" pleaded Portveldt. "I vas ferry yoyful in mein mind tinking dot you did loaf me some liddle bid. I have mooch money; mein haus in Batavia is mosd peautiful, und you shall have plendy servands to do all dot you vish. Oh, Mees Dorotee! vat can be wrong mid me?"

"There is nothing that I object to in you, Sir, except that I do not love you. Really you cannot expect me to marry you because I have seen you half-a-dozen times and have treated you with politeness."

"I do hobe, Mees Dorotee, dot id is nod because of dot yong mans who vas so oncivil to me yoost now dot you vill not haf me. He vas dell me to go to der tuyvel ven I did say 'goot morning' yoost now."

"It is no young man, Sir. Mr. Foster is a person for whom I have a great regard, but I do not intend to marry him. I will only marry a gentleman."

"Oh, bud, Mees Dorotee, am I not a yentlemans?"

"I do not consider masters of merchantmen gentlemen," replied Dolly with a slight sniff. "My father is an officer in the King's service, and I have been taught to——"

"Ha, ha! Mees Dorotee," laughed Portveldt good-humouredly, "dot is nod so. Your baba is but a gommissary who puys de goots vich I bring me from Batavia to sell."

"How dare you talk like that, Sir? My father *is* a King's officer, and before he came here he fought for his country."

"Vell, Mees Dorotee, I do beg your pardons mooch, and I vill vight vor mein country if you vill learn to loaf me on dot account."

But Miss Dolly would listen no more, and, with a ceremonious bow, walked away; and the Dutch merchant went to the Commissary's office to talk the matter over with her father, who told him that he would not interfere in his daughter's choice; if he could not make himself agreeable to her, neither her father nor mother could help him.

Just after sunrise next morning, Dolly, who had spent the night in tears and repentance, woke, feeling very miserable. From her opened window she could see the morning mists that hung over the placid waters of the harbour disappearing before the first breaths of the coming south-easter. The *Policy*, she knew, could not have sailed yet, and she meant to send her lover a note, asking him to come and see her again before he left; then she gave a little cry and sob, and her eyes filled with tears. Far down the harbour she could see the sails of the *Policy* just disappearing round a wooded headland, and close behind her towered the lofty canvas of the King's ship which followed in her wake.

An hour or so after breakfast, as Dolly was at work among her flowers, the tall figure of Sergeant Burt stood before her, and saluted—

"The *Policy* has sailed, Miss Scarsbrook," said the Sergeant, "and I have brought you a letter."

"Indeed!" said Dolly, with an air of icy indifference, turning her back upon the soldier, and digging her trowel into a little heap of soil. "I do not take any interest in merchant ships, and do not want the letter." When she glanced round again she was just in time to see Sergeant Burt standing in the roadway with a lot of tiny pieces of paper fluttering about his feet.

Something impelled her to ask: "What are you doing, Burt?"

"Mr. Foster's orders, Miss. Told me if you would not take the letter I was to destroy it."

Dolly laid her trowel down and slowly went to her room "with a bad headache," as she told her mother.

II.

Nearly two years went by, and then one morning the look-out at the South Head of Sydney Harbour signalled a vessel to the north-east, and a few hours later the *Policy* was again at anchor in Sydney Cove, and Captain Foster was being warmly welcomed by the residents generally and Dolly's father in particular, who pressed him to come ashore that evening to dinner.

Among the first to board the *Policy* was Harry Burt, who, as soon as the others had left, was in deep converse with his friend. "I'm sure she meant to take your letter, Charlie," he said finally, "and that I was too quick in tearing it up."

"I'll soon know, Harry; I'll try again this evening."

At the Commissary's dinner that evening Dolly met him with a charming smile and cheeks suffused; and then, after Captain Foster had narrated the incidents of his successful whaling voyage, her parents discreetly left them to themselves in the garden.

"Miss Dolly! I am a rough, uncultured sailor. Will you therefore forgive me my rudeness when we last parted."

"Of course. I have forgotten it long ago, and I am very sorry we parted bad friends."

"You make me very happy, Dolly. I have been speaking to your mother, and she has told me that she thinks you do care for me. Is it so? May I again——"

"Now, Captain Foster, why cannot we be friends without—without anything else. I will not pretend that I do not understand your meaning, but I tell you, once and for all, I don't want to be married. Really," and she smiled brightly, "you are as bad as Mr. Portveldt."

"Very well, Miss Dorothy," said Foster with annoying equanimity, "I won't allude to the subject again. But what has the Dutchman been doing?"

Dolly laughed merrily. "Oh, Captain Foster, "I really have no right to show

BEHIND HER TOWERED THE LOFTY CANVAS OF THE KING'S SHIP, WHICH FOLLOWED IN HER WAKE.

you this letter, but it is so very amusing that I cannot help doing so," and she took the missive from her pocket.

"Oh, he has been writing to you, has he?"

"Now don't speak in that bullying manner, Sir, or I shall not let you hear its contents."

"Very well, Miss Dolly; but how came you to get the letter? We are at war with the Dutch Settlements now, you know?"

"That is the amusing part of it. Now

listen, and I will read it to you"; and Dolly spread out a large sheet of paper, and read aloud in mimicking tones—

Mein dear Mees Dolly,—You did vant ein loafer who could vight vor his coundry, and vould haf no man who vas yoost ein merchant. Very goot. I mineself now command the privateer *Swift*, vich vas used to be sailing in gompany mit *La Brave* und *La Mouche* in der service of der French Republic, und did den vight und beat all der Anglische ships in der Anglische Channel. Id is drue dot your *La Minerve* did by shance von tay capture der *Swift*, and sold her to the American beoples, but our Batavian merchants did buy her from them, und now I haf god de command. Und now dot your goundrymens do annoys der Deutsche Settlements in our Easd Indies, ve do mean to beat dem every dimes ve cadgh dem in dese zees. Und I do send mein ledder to you, mein tear Miss Dorotee, by der greasy old vale-ship *Mary Ann*, yoost to led you know dot I haf not vorgotten you. Und ven I haf gaptured all der Anglische ships in der Easd Indies I vill sail mein *Swift* to Sydney and claim you vor mein vrau, und do you nod be vrightened. I vill dake care dot you und your beople shall not be hurt, because I do loaf you ferry mooch. Der master of der *Mary Ann* vill dell you I vas ferry goot to him for your sake. I did but dake his gargo, and did give him und his grew liberdy to go to Sydney und dake this letter to you, mein vrau, in der dime to gom, as I did dell him.—I remain your loafing RICHARD PORTVELDT, Captain in der brivateer, Service of Batavia.

Foster jumped to his feet. "The rascally Dutch swab, to dare to——"

"To dare to write to me," said Dolly laughingly.

"To dare to write to you! To suppose for one moment that you—oh, d—— the fellow! If I come across him, I'll——"

"But all the same, he's very brave," said Dolly demurely; "he is fighting for his country, you know."

"The boasting fool!" ejaculated Foster contemptuously.

"But he *is* captain of the *Swift*, and the *Swift did* beat some of the English ships. I have heard my father say that."

"Oh, yes. Three privateers did manage to cut off some of our little despatch vessels in the Channel; but this fat Dutchman, Portveldt, had no hand in it."

"But this 'fat Dutchman, Portveldt,' *did* capture the *Mary Ann*, and her master *did* give me this letter, and—and I was *so* angry."

"The master of the *Mary Ann* must have been a fool."

"Why so—for merely executing a commission? But wait, there is a postscript that will interest you particularly. Now listen while I read it," and Dolly, again mimicking Portveldt's English, read—

Dell dot oncivil yong mans who vas dell me to go to ter tuyvel, dot I vill sendt der *Bolicy* und her master wit der grew to der tuyvel if he gomes mein vay mit his zeep.

"Now, Captain Foster, what do you think of that, pray?"

"Very pretty talk; what do *you* think of it?"

"Well, I'm only a poor little woman; but if I were a man I would——"

"Exactly so, Miss Dolly. Well, I am a man, and the *Policy* has brought a letter of marque with her from England this time, and so I may meet——"

"Oh, Captain Foster!" and Dolly's eyes brightened, "I *am* glad; but—but—*please*, for my sake, don't get killed."

A fortnight later, when Foster bade Dolly good-bye for another six months, she told him softly that she would be glad—oh, so very glad!—to hear news of him. A whaling voyage was so very dangerous, and he might get hurt or killed.

And this time, as the *Policy* sailed and Foster saw Dolly waving to him from the steps of the Commissary's office, he felt pretty sure that the letter of marque had advanced his suit considerably.

* * * *

Fourteen days out from Sydney the *Policy* took her first whale, greatly to the delight of old Stevenson and crew, who looked upon such early luck as a certain indication of a good cruise. After "trying-out" Foster kept on to the northward to the sperm-whaling grounds in the Moluccas. Three days later they spoke the *Endicott*, of Nantucket, whose captain gave Foster a kindly warning not to go cruising further north; that there were several Batavian privateers looking out for the English whalers that were then due on the cruising ground. Then the American wished him luck and good-bye.

Old Stevenson's face fell; then he swore. "I suppose we have to turn tail, Sir, and try what we can do to the southward, and I believe we'd be a full ship in three months or less up in the Moluccas."

"So do I, and I'm going there."

"But it's dangerous waters, Sir; we don't want to lose the ship and rot in prison in Batavia."

"Mr. Stevenson, I am an Englishman, and Hurry Brothers did not get a letter of marque for this ship for nothing. You ought to know that to turn back means an empty ship. It is our duty to go to our proper cruising ground and cruise till we are a full ship; and all the d——d Dutchmen in the world mustn't frighten us."

"Very good, Sir," said the old mate cheerfully, "but, all the same, *I* don't want us to get served like that fellow Portveldt served the old *Mary Ann*."

Another five weeks passed. So far, "greasy" luck had attended the *Policy*, for she had taken sixteen more sperm whales, the last of which was killed, in about 8 deg. S. and 120 deg. E., in the Flores Sea. But misfortune had come upon the ship in other respects, and Foster was in no small anxiety about his crew, nearly all of whom were ill from lead-poisoning. This had been brought about by drinking water from leaden tanks in which oil had once been stored.

A bright look-out was being kept, for the ship was now right in the spot where it was likely she might meet with the Dutch privateers.

It was Stevenson's watch on deck, and as he walked the poop he stopped suddenly, for the look-out reported a sail to the W.S.W. Foster came on deck at once, and went aloft. In a quarter of an hour it was evident that the stranger bore towards them. The wind was south-east, and very little of it.

"What are you going to do?" asked the mate. "I fancy this is one of the Dutchmen who are on the look-out for us."

"So do I," answered Foster. "I 'll tell you what I am going to do: brace sharp up on the larboard tack and run down to her. I am not going to run away from *one* infernal Dutchman, and I can only see one of 'em."

"You 're captain of the ship, and you can do as you please; but I am hanged if I think you 'll pull it off this time. Half the crew are sick, and this fellow looks as if he meant fighting."

"All hands on deck; starboard forebrace!" was all the answer Foster made. Then he went to the signal locker, and, getting out the American ensign, with his own hands ran it up to the peak.

As soon as the sails were trimmed the skipper walked to the break of the poop, and, with the air of a captain of a seventy-four, gave the order, "Clear ship for action!"

Then the mate ventured to remark that the guns were down below on the 'tween-decks, where they had been put out of the way for the generally peaceful occupation of whaling.

"Well, get 'm up. What the devil do you think I mean by clearing for action?"

Accordingly, the twelve six-pounders were hoisted upon deck and quickly mounted, what little powder and shot the *Policy* carried was brought into a handy place, and the mate, with something of a smile, reported, "Ship cleared for action, Sir."

"Very good, Mr. Stevenson. Now, my lads, I reckon this ship is one of the Dutch Fleet sent to clear us whalers out of these seas. Well, as he seems to be alone, I think we have a fair chance of turning the tables upon him. Anyhow, I am going to try. I know some of you are pretty sick, but I am sure that a crew of English sailors, even when they are sick, can lick twice their number of infernal Dutchmen any day."

You see, in those days, British ships were manned by British seamen, and Captain Foster could talk like this without saying anything offensive to the British merchant service. Nowadays such an observation about "Dutchmen" would be a personal insult to four-fifths of the crew of a British merchant ship.

The men, including the mate, received the speech with a cheer, and one of them sang out, "Haul down the Stars and Stripes. We don't want to fight under that."

To which Captain Foster, who knew what he was about, merely replied, "I am not a damned fool!"

Towards the close of the afternoon the ships were within gunshot of each other, and the Dutchman ran up his colours. As they drew closer, the foreign skipper's glass showed him the nationality of the *Policy*, and he at once opened fire upon her with one of his six eighteen-pounders, now plainly visible from the deck of the whaler.

As the shot hummed overhead between her fore and main masts, down came the American colours and up went the British ensign, and at the same moment Foster fired such of his guns as bore upon the enemy.

As soon as the report of the guns had died away, Foster sprang up into one of his quarter-boats and hailed the other ship.

"Ship ahoy!" he roared; "why do you fire at me?"

"Ha, ha! I know you," came back in mocking tones. "Now vill I sendt you to der tuyvel, you greasy valer mans. I am Captain Portveldt, und dis is der *Swift*. Vill you surrunder; or vill I smash you to beices?"

For answer, Foster, who had now come very close to his enemy, fired his tiny broadside, his men, sick as they were, running cheerfully from the guns to the braces to manœuvre the *Policy* clear of the privateer's fire, and then back again to the guns.

The sun had now set, but far into the darkness of the tropical night the running

fight continued, Foster always outmanœuvring the Dutchman, and the crews of both vessels, when they closed near enough to be heard, cursing and mocking at each other. Owing to the darkness and the extremely bad gunnery on both sides little blood had been spilt, and the damage done was mostly confined to the sails and rigging. Now and then an eighteen-pound shot hulled the *Policy*, and one had gone clean through her amidships. Suddenly, for some cause or other, about midnight a light was shown in the privateer's stern, and Foster's second mate at once sent a lucky shot at it, with the result that the six-pound ball so damaged her stern that she became unmanageable. And then, a few minutes later, another shot dismounted one of her guns by striking it on the muzzle, and ere the *Swift's* crew knew what was happening, a final broadside from the whaler brought down her two topsails, and did other damage aloft. That practically ended the battle.

So thought Captain Portveldt, who now hailed the *Policy* in not quite so boastful a voice as when the vessels met earlier in the day.

"Captain Voster, I haf hauled down mein flag. Mein grew will vight no more, and I must surrender."

A cheer broke from the whaler's crew.

"Very well, Captain Portveldt," called out Foster; "lower a boat, and come on board with half your crew. But don't try on any boarding tricks, or you will be worse for it."

The meeting between the two skippers, notwithstanding the cause of it, was good-humoured enough, for Portveldt, apart from his boastfulness, was not a bad fellow.

"Vell, Captain Voster," he said as he stepped on board the *Policy's* deck, followed by his big boatswain (who was wounded in the face by a splinter) and half his crew, "you haf broved der besd mans; und now I suppose you vill lead me like a liddle dog mit a sdring, und dake me to Sydney und make vun mit der young lady about me."

"No, no," answered Foster, "I am not so bad as all that. Come below and have a glass of grog."

* * * *

At daylight one morning some weeks later two ships appeared in sight off Sydney Heads. Those who were on the look-out were alarmed, for it was seen that both vessels were armed, and it was conjectured that the ships must be part of an enemy's squadron which had determined to make an attack upon the settlement of Port Jackson.

In a very short time an excited crowd had gathered together along the line of cliffs of the outer South Head, each one asking his fellow what was to be done. Horsemen had carried the news into Sydney, and every moment fresh numbers arrived to swell the crowd of spectators on the cliffs. A strange sight they must have presented, comprising as they did all sorts and conditions of men—settlers, naval and military officers, soldiers of the New South Wales Regiment, and a number of the better class of convicts.

Of course the Deputy Acting Assistant Commissary-General was among the officers anxiously watching from the heights that overlooked the harbour, and with him were Dolly and her mother.

Presently Dolly, catching sight of her father's anxious face, began to cry, and turned to her mother. "Ah!" she said, "it has all come true, and he has come to destroy the settlement."

"What has come true, and who is going to destroy the settlement?" said her father sharply. And then Dolly, feeling very frightened and miserable, told him of Portveldt's letter, the receipt of which she had concealed from everyone but Foster. The D.A.A.C.G. laughed at first, but then added, "but all the same though, 'twas but empty bluster. I had better tell his Excellency about it; it is just possible that the Dutch have planned an expedition against us."

At half-past ten, in response to a signal made from the look-out at South Head by the officer in charge there, his Excellency Governor King sent Lieutenant Houston, of his Majesty's ship *Investigator*, then anchored in Sydney Cove, to the naval officer in command at South Head.

The *Investigator* was Flinders' ship, the gallant old tub of 334 tons which surveyed a great part of the northern coast, and was at the time of which we write lying rotting in Sydney, condemned after completing her second voyage of discovery in June 1803.

Then the Governor was told of Dolly's letter; but he was not the man to take fright at the approach of the enemy, although he had no defence force as it is now understood in New South Wales, nor gold-laced staff of officers, nor elaborate "defence schemes" against possible raids of Japanese or Russians by way of Exmouth Gulf or Port Darwin.

In that year Governor King's force did not take long to be marshalled. The

drums beat to arms, and the New South Wales Corps (among them many of the Marines who came out with Governor Phillip in the First Fleet, and who had volunteered for service in the New South Wales Corps when the rest of the detachment went home in the *Gorgon*) and the Loyal Association immediately formed into line on the shores of the Cove.

At two in the afternoon, with the whole of the settlement agog with excitement, the two vessels sailed slowly up the harbour before a light north-east breeze, and came to anchor in Sydney Cove, close to the *Investigator*, on board of which ship the Governor and a number of naval

FOR ONCE DISCIPLINE WAS RELAXED, AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE THRONGED ON BOARD.

At eleven o'clock a trooper arrived at Government House with intelligence that one of the vessels appeared under British colours, and the other was flying a Union Jack triumphant over a Dutch Jack. Following this message there soon came another, bringing the certain intelligence that one of the ships was an English whaler bringing into port her Batavian prize. So on receipt of this news, and just as the word to march was about to be given, the officer in command ordered his force to return to barracks.

officers awaited their arrival. For once discipline was relaxed, and Captain King had good-naturedly permitted the townspeople to throng on board to learn all the news about the *Policy's* prize. As Captain Foster made his way to the quarter-deck, he saw that behind the Governor and his staff were Dolly and her parents and several ladies.

In a very few minutes he made his report, and the Governor again shook his

hand warmly; but the look in Dolly's eyes and the pressure of her hand were the young seaman's sweetest reward, for it told him that she had surrendered at discretion.

Then, returning to his own ship, he was warmly greeted by Harry Burt, and for half an hour the two friends remained talking in the whaler's cabin. Then, just as Foster was ready to go ashore, Mr. Scarsbrook, who had been inspecting the captured privateer, came on board, bringing Dolly with him.

Whilst they were all chatting merrily together Captain Portveldt made his appearance, and with the most perfect *sang-froid* saluted Dolly and her father.

"Vell, Mees Dorotee, you see I have gome back, at der bressing invidadion of mein goot friendt, Captain Voster here, und I do vish him mit you blendy of habbiness."

And Dolly, who at first meant to meet him with a sarcastic little speech, felt her eyes fill with tears at the manly way in which he bore his misfortune, and could only falter out some few words of consolation.

Then there was a Prize Court, and—

Mr. Charles Sparrow Foster, commander of the whaler and letter of marque called the *Policy*, presented to the Court a memorial stating his capture of the *Swift* on the 12th day of September, off the island of Flores, she being under Dutch colours . . . and the property of subjects of a Power at war with his Britannic Majesty, and praying also that the Court would be pleased to grant an award of condemnation in his favour in order that the said prize should be for the advantage of himself, his owners, and his ship's company.

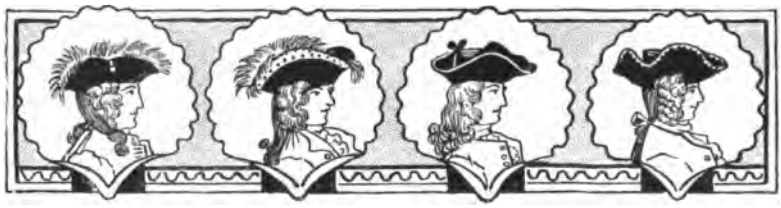
And the Court having heard confirmatory evidence from Richard Portveldt, a subject of the Batavian Republic, to the effect—

That he commanded the *Swift*; that everything on board of her was Dutch property, and she belonged to Messrs. Wirry and Talman, of Batavia, and himself, all of whom were residents of Batavia, who purchased her for the sum of 18,000 dols.; that she was taken up by the Dutch East India Company at Batavia; and was on her way thither when she was captured by the *Policy*, etc.—

accordingly condemned the prize, which was advertised in the *Sydney Gazette* for sale by auction, Mr. Lord, the auctioneer, setting forth that he would sell—

At his warehouse, Sydney, at noon precisely, the 3rd of November, the good ship *Swift*, prize to *Policy*, Charles Foster, commander. French built in the year 1800. Was condemned a prize to his Majesty's ship *La Minerva*, and sold in 1801 to the Americans, as appears by the bill of sale, and by them sold to the Dutch at Batavia, where she was examined, copper-bolted, and new coppered in August 1802. It is unnecessary to say anything respecting the properties of the *Swift* further than that she was the companion of *La Brave* and *La Mouche*, which so very much harassed the British in Europe, and set all our cruisers at defiance until her capture, prior to which she was justly celebrated as the fastest sailing-vessel the French Republic had.

The prize was knocked down for £3000, and Captain Foster's share was spent in a handsome wedding present for Dolly, which, at her particular request, was a passage to Batavia and a hundred guineas delivered to Captain Portveldt immediately after the marriage ceremony.



A REMARKABLE LIZARD.

THE TUATARA (SPHENODON PUNCTATUS).

INHABITING a few small islands off the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand, there is a lizard which, from an anatomical point of view, is perhaps the most remarkable animal upon the face of the earth.

Many and wonderful were the stories which early explorers told of the Tuatara. One imaginative gentleman eclipsed all others by describing it as a horrible beast ten feet long. Probably he was speaking from hearsay only, and, because of an imperfect understanding of the native language, had confused a sluggish lizard with those supernatural reptiles of Maori tradition called Taniwha—evil monsters that lived in caves by the seashore, ever watchful to destroy passing canoes by stirring up bad weather.

The earliest authentic account of the Tuatara is furnished by Dr. Dieffenbach, the naturalist sent out by the New Zealand Company. "I had," he wrote in 1843, "been apprised of the existence of a large lizard, which the natives called Tuatara or Ngarara, as a general name, and of which they were much afraid. But although looking for it at the places where it was said to be found, and offering great rewards for a specimen, it was only a few days before my departure from New Zealand that I obtained one."

This specimen he forwarded to the British Museum. It was dissected by Albert Günther, who found it to be a distinct order of reptilia, differing in some important structural characters from every other known saurian, and, moreover, to be in its osteology the most bird-like of existing reptiles. The startling discovery had been made that one species of the reptilia of the Triassic period, hitherto known to us only as fossils, had survived to our own time! There is but a short step from the class of birds to that of reptiles, and the *Sphenodon*, by its numerous and important agreements with the former, is a living witness that they are related to each other as descendants from a more or less remote common ancestor.

THE TUATARA.

It is worthy of remark that this old-fashioned lizard has occurred in a part of the globe remarkable for the low and scanty development of reptilian life. It would seem to afford an illustration of a principle pointed out by Darwin of the survival in insulated tracts of orders of which the congeners have become extinct

on continents where they have been exposed to the severe competition of a larger progressive fauna.

Nor is the discovery that the *Sphenodon* is closely allied to certain fossil Reptilia the only remarkable thing which the study of the anatomy of this peculiar lizard has brought to light. The pineal gland is a structure which occurs in all vertebrates, except the very lowest, in front of the hinder and lower part of the brain. It is a cone-shaped body about the size of a pea, and of a yellowish-grey tinge. The function of this gland was ever a matter of speculation. Descartes regarded it as the seat of the soul, and it was long surmised to be such.

In dissecting the head of a tuatara Baldwin Spencer solved the enigma. In the *Sphenodon* the pineal body reaches the skin on top of the head, and retains distinct traces of an eye-like structure. Beyond all doubt it is a persistent vestige of a middle, unpaired, upward-looking, third eye! At an early stage of the development of the tuatara, the pineal eye is a prominent feature. An oval spot is left free from pigment in the skin of the skull over the eye. Through this the dark colouring of the retina shows distinctly. Even in recently hatched tuatara the pineal eye shows as a dark spot through the transparent skin over the parietal foramen. Nor does this entirely fade away until the young have reached a length of from six to eight inches. As the lizard grows older the skin over this spot becomes more opaque, pigment is deposited there as elsewhere, and, finally, all external trace of the elements of an eye are lost. In individual cases, however, because of a scantier development of pigment over the parietal foramen, a feeble indication of the remnant of a third eye is afforded for some years.

So, after all, the great eye in the middle of the head of the dragon of old-time romance was not altogether an idle coinage of the brain. The skull of the tuatara is unlike that of any existing lizard. But its peculiarities can be expressed only in technical language. I may mention, however, that it throws much light on the origin of the sense of hearing.

Formerly, the tuatara was common enough in New Zealand; to-day it is very scarce. Indeed, thousands of men who were born and who have grown to middle age in the colony have never seen it. Wild pigs, dogs, cats, bush fires, curiosity-hunters, and, in fact, the advance of civilisation generally, have hastened its pending extinction. I camped all over Tarawera Mountain in the olden days, and these lizards were then there in numbers. I think this was their last stronghold, and, in all probability, that black night in June 1886, which robbed New Zealand of the fairest gem in her diadem of beauty—the Pink and the White Terraces—also swept the tuatara from the mainland. Its only habitation now is some small islands off the east coast.

There are three species of this lizard, differing somewhat from one another in form and colour. But that is a detail which need not be gone into here. The *Sphenodon punctatus* is olive-brown in hue, with innumerable white specks on the sides and limbs. The underneath parts are yellowish-grey. The male is somewhat smaller than the female, the approximate sizes of the sexes being respectively fourteen and sixteen inches in length. They grow very slowly, and live to a great age. One I once saw, which had attained a length of almost two feet, must have outlived several generations of man. In the fully adult male the crests on the nape and back, with their white spines, are very conspicuous. During the breeding season the spines become even more pronounced, standing stiffly up, and giving the animal a very fierce appearance. At this season, too, the colour of the male is somewhat brighter than that of its mate. In the female the crests are low and the spines are reduced to a row of white points along the back.

While upon the subject of the appearance of this interesting lizard, I should mention that there is a young one in a small enclosure just outside the entrance to the Reptile House in the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. There were, until recently, three in the Gardens, but the hard frost of 1894-95 killed the two older ones. Guided by external appearance only, a visitor will see little or nothing to distinguish the tuatara from any ordinary lizard. But most important differences obtain in the structure of its skeleton. This can be seen clearly by viewing Case 10 in the reptile-room in the Natural History branch of the British Museum at South Kensington. The stuffed specimen which accompanies the two skeletons on exhibition here is a cruel caricature. But this is not the fault of the taxidermist. The majority of lizards are not suitable for exhibition in a dry state. They must be preserved in spirits.

The tuatara lives in a hole, which, in most cases, it excavates itself. In some

instances, however, it inhabits a hole which has been dug out by a puffin. And, before going farther, I may mention that perhaps one of the most singular features in the economy of this funny lizard is that it lives for the most part in the same chamber with a puffin or a petrel. I do not wish it to be thought that the reptile and the bird live sociably together, or upon the best of terms with one another, for I should imagine the former to be rather an untrustworthy associate. The most, I believe, that can be said for their strange friendship is that they live together on terms of mutual toleration. The entrance to the chamber is from four to five inches

TUATARA AND PUFFIN LIVING TOGETHER ON TERMS OF MUTUAL TOLERATION.

in diameter, and the passage from two to three feet long. This passage first descends and then ascends. In shape, size, and length it might be compared to the bent arm of a man. The dimensions of the inner chamber are, roughly speaking, twelve inches wide, six inches high, and eighteen inches long. The floor is covered with grass and leaves. Upon one side of this chamber—generally the right—lives the tuatara, upon the other the puffin. They nest separately, and do not in any way interfere with one another. No digging operations have ever disclosed two lizards together in the one hole. As a rule, one is able to distinguish without much difficulty between a hole excavated by a tuatara and that dug out by a puffin. The former burrows in solid and hard earth, while the latter digs in rather loose light soil, under the roots of trees and brushwood. In both cases, however, the form of the passage and of the inner chamber is very much alike. These islets are literally mined with such burrows.

Although occasionally the tuatara may be seen cautiously peering out of its hole during the daytime, it does not as a rule leave its hiding-place until the sun has set. Then it comes forth to seek its food. This consists of locusts, beetles, flies, the weta, and, in fact, of insects of all descriptions. The remains of crustaceans and fishes, brought into the nest by its feathered companion, also afford the lizard a plentiful supply of food.

The female lays its eggs in January or February. They are from eight to ten in number, oval in shape, about two-thirds of an inch in length, and covered with a thick material containing a variable amount of lime.

The tuatara is lazy and most ungraceful in its movements, its usual pace being a very slow crawl. In repose the abdomen and the heavy long tail rest on the ground, wholly unsupported by the limbs. When startled, however, or when chasing its prey, it lifts the whole trunk off the ground and runs very fast. But this rapid gait is extremely wobbly, and is sustained only for a few feet. It then apparently becomes exhausted, for it stops dead and again rests the whole of its body on the ground. It cannot jump the smallest obstacle, and so feeble are its limbs that it is unable to climb over rocks. Nevertheless, it is a strong swimmer, and can burrow like a mole.

The tuatara never wanders far from the entrance to its hole, and as soon as danger threatens, re-enters the chamber immediately. It is very timid, and much frightened by noise. At the approach of a natural enemy—should it be too far from home to seek safety in flight—it crouches motionless among the roots or stones. It is in this position almost indistinguishable owing to the peculiar colour of its skin. When attacked in the open, or when dug out of its hole, it defends itself with great pluck, scratching viciously and biting hard. The crushing force of the jaws is very great. I can vouch for this from personal experience, for I carry to this day on my thumb the scars from a bite of a tuatara which was inflicted over twenty years ago.

The curious feature of tail fracture and reproduction common to lizards obtains in the tuatara. If it is seized by the tail, that appendage is almost certain to break at one of the weak parts—that is, where the joint is covered with much thinner skin and less tough tissue than that of the trunk. A new tail can be distinguishable at once from the older portion by its external appearance. It is smooth, has no joints, and is composed internally of cartilage. The tail is liable to fracture at almost any joint. If at a distant point, the animal soon recovers, but if near the pelvis the result is frequently fatal.

Whether these lizards fight among themselves or with sea-birds I am unable to say, but it is evident that their days are not always those of peace. Occasionally one sees instances of reproduced tails, while the scars which frequently disfigure the heads and bodies are abiding proofs of many a doughty battle.

In captivity the tuatara becomes very torpid. It sleeps most of its time, and very soundly, requiring to be much disturbed ere it slowly wakens, when it emits a low croaking noise. It is evidently endowed with great powers of abstinence, for it will pass months together without eating. Strange to say, it does not fall off much in size in consequence of this prolonged fast.

The Maoris have been always horribly afraid of this lizard, associating it with death and disaster. White, in his "History of New Zealand," relates an incident where one native literally scared another to death by suddenly dropping one of these harmless reptiles on the back of his neck.

Restricted in distribution, pursued by curiosity hunters, and exposed to easy capture by its sluggish habits, the extinction which is in store for the tuatara will not be long in overtaking it now.

THE CONCILIATOR OF CHRISTENDOM.

By I. ZANGWILL.

I.

THE RED BEADLE shook his head. "There is nothing but Nature," he said obstinately, as his hot iron polished the boot between his knees. He was called the Red Beadle because, though his irreligious opinions had long since lost him his synagogue appointment and driven him back to his old work of bootmaking, his beard was still ruddy.

"Yes, but who made Nature?" retorted his new employer, his strange, scholarly face aglow with argument, and the flame of the lamp suspended over his bench by strings from the ceiling. The other clickers and riveters of the Spitalfields workshop, in their shocked interest in the problem of the origin of Nature, ceased for an instant breathing in the odours of burnt grease, cobbler's wax, and a coke fire replenished with scraps of leather.

"Nature makes herself," answered the Red Beadle. It was his declaration of faith or of war. Possibly it was the familiarity with divine things which synagogue beadledom involves that had bred his contempt for them. At any rate, he was not now to be coerced by Zussmann Herz, even though he was fully alive to the fact that Zussmann's unique book-lined workshop was the only one that had opened to him when the more pious shoemakers of the Ghetto had professed to be "full up." He was, indeed, surprised to find Zussmann a believer in the Supernatural, having heard whispers that the man was as great an "Epicurean" as himself. Had not Zussmann—ay, and his wigless wife, Hulda, too—been seen emerging from the mighty Church that stood in frowsy majesty amid its tall, neglected box-like tombs, and was to the Ghetto merely a topographical point and the chronometric standard? And yet, here was Zussmann, an assiduous attendant at the synagogue of the first floor—nay, a scholar so conversant with Hebrew, not to mention European, lore, that the Red Beadle felt himself a Man-of-the-Earth, only retaining his superiority by remembering that learning did not always mean logic.

"Nature make herself!" Zussmann now retorted with a tolerant smile. "As well say this boot made itself! The theory of Evolution only puts the mystery further back, and already in the Talmud we find——"

"*Nature* made the boot," interrupted the Red Beadle. "Nature made you, and you made the boot. But nobody made Nature."

"But what is Nature?" cried Zussmann. "The garment of God, as Goethe says. Call Him Noumenon with Kant or Thought and Extension with Spinoza—I care not."

The Red Beadle was awed into temporary silence by these unknown names and ideas, expressed, moreover, in German words foreign to his limited vocabulary of Yiddish.

The room in which Zussmann thought and worked was one of two that he rented from the Christian corn-factor who owned the tall house—a stout Cockney who spent his life book-keeping in a little office on wheels, but whom the specimens of oats and dog biscuits in his window invested with an air of roseate rurality. This personage drew a little income from the population of his house, whose staircases exhibited strata of children of different social developments, and to which the synagogue on the first floor added a large floating population. Zussmann's attendance thereat was not the only thing in him that astonished the Red Beadle. There was also a gentle deference of manner not usual with masters, or with pious persons. His consideration for his employés amounted, in the Beadle's eyes, to maladministration, and the grave loss he sustained through one of his hands selling off a crate of finished goods and flying to America was deservedly due to confidence in another pious person.

II.

Despite the Red Beadle's Rationalism, which, basing itself on the facts of life, was not to be crushed by high-flown

German words, the master shoemaker showed him marked favour and often invited him to stay on to supper. Although the Beadle felt this was but the due recognition of one intellect by another, if an inferior intellect, he was at times irrationally grateful for the privilege of a place to spend his evenings in. For the Ghetto had cut him—there could be no doubt of that. The worshippers in his old synagogue whom he had once dominated as Beadle now passed him by with sour looks—"a dog one does not treat thus," the Beadle told himself, tugging miserably at his red beard.

"It is not as if I were a Meshummad—a convert to Christianity." Some hereditary instinct admitted *that* as a just excuse for execration. "I can't make friends with the Christians, and so I am cut off from both."

When after a thunderstorm two of the hands resigned their places at Zussmann's benches, on the avowed ground that atheism attracts lightning, Zussmann's loyalty to the freethinker converted the Beadle's gratitude from fitfulness into a steady glow.

And, other considerations apart, those were enjoyable suppers after the toil and grime of the day. The Beadle especially admired Zussmann's hands when the black grease had been washed off them, the fingers were so long and tapering. Why had his own fingers been made so stumpy and square-tipped? Since Nature made herself, why was she so uneven a worker? Nay, why could she not have given him white teeth like Zussmann's wife? Not that these were ostentatious—you thought more of the sweetness of the smile of which they were part. Still, as Nature's irregularity was particularly manifest in his own teeth, he could not help the reflection.

If the Red Beadle had not been a widower, the unfeigned success of the Herz union might have turned his own thoughts to that happy state. As it was, the sight of their happiness occasionally shot through his breast renewed pangs of vain longing for his Leah, whose death from cancer had completed his conception of Nature. Lucky Zussmann, to have found so sympathetic a partner in a pretty female! For Hulda shared Zussmann's dreams, and was even copying out his great work for the press, for business was brisk and he would soon have saved up enough money to print it. The great work, in the secret of which the Red Beadle came to participate, was written in Hebrew, and the elegant curves and strokes would have done honour to a Scribe. The Beadle himself could not understand it, knowing only the formal alphabet such as appears in books and scrolls, but the first peep at it which the proud Zussmann permitted him removed his last disrespect for the intellect of his master, without, however, removing the mystery of that intellect's aberrations.

"But you dream with the eyes open," he said, when the theme of the work was explained to him.

"How so?" asked Hulda gently, with that wonderful smile of hers.

"Reconcile the Jews and the Christians! *Meshuggas*—madness." He laughed bitterly. "Do you forget what we went through in Poland? And even here in free England, can you walk in the street without every little *Shegetz* calling after you and asking, 'Who killed Christ?'"

"Yes, but herein my husband explains that it was not the Jews who killed Christ, but Herod and Pilate."

"As it says in Corinthians," broke in Zussmann eagerly: "'We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory.'"

"So," said the Red Beadle, visibly impressed.

"Assuredly," affirmed Hulda. "But, as Zussmann explains here, they threw the guilt upon the Jews, who were too afraid of the Romans to deny it."

The Beadle pondered.

"Once the Christians understand that," said Zussmann, pursuing his advantage, "they will stretch out the hand to us."

The Beadle had a flash. "But how will the Christians read you? No Christian understands Hebrew."

Zussmann was taken momentarily aback. "But it is not so much for the Christians," he explained. "It is for the Jews—that they should stretch out the hand to the Christians."

The Red Beadle stared at him in shocked silent amaze. "Still greater madness!" he gasped at length. "They will treat you worse than they treat me."

"Not when they read my book."

"Just when they read your book."

Hulda was smiling serenely. "They can do nothing to my husband; he is his own master, God be thanked; no one can turn him away."

"They can insult him."

Zussmann shook his head gently. "No one can insult me!" he said simply.

"When a dog barks at me I pity it that it does not know I love it. Now draw to the table. The pickled herring smells well."

But the Red Beadle was unconvinced. "Besides, what should we make it up with the Christians for—the stupid people?" he asked, as he received his steaming coffee-cup from Frau Herz.

"It is a question of the Future of the World," said Zussmann gravely, as he shared out the herring, which had already been cut into many thin slices by the vendor and pickler. "This antagonism is a perversion of the principles of both religions. Shall we allow it to continue for ever?"

"NATURE MAKES HERSELF," ANSWERED THE RED BEADLE.

"It will continue till they both understand that Nature makes herself," said the Red Beadle.

"It will continue till they both understand my husband's book," corrected Hulda.

"Not while Jews live among Christians. Even here they say we take the bread out of the mouths of the Christian shoemakers. If we had our own country now——"

"Hush!" said Zussmann. "Do you share that materialistic dream? Our realm is spiritual. Nationality—the world stinks with it! Germany for the Germans, Austria for the Austrians. Foreigners to the devil—pah! Egomania posing as patriotism. Human brotherhood is what we stand for. Have you forgotten how the Midrash explains the verse in the Song of Solomon: 'I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love till he please'?"

The Red Beadle, who had never read a line of the Midrash, did not deny that he had forgotten the explanation, but persisted. "And even if we didn't kill Christ, what good will it do to tell the Jews so? It will only make them angry."

"Why so?" said Zussmann, puzzled.

"They will be annoyed to have been punished for nothing."

"But they have not been punished for nothing!" cried Zussmann, setting down his fork in excitement. "They have denied their greatest son. For, as he said in Matthew, 'I come to fulfil the Law of Moses.' Did not all the Prophets, his predecessors, cry out likewise against mere form and sacrifice? Did not the teachers in Israel who followed him likewise insist on a pure heart and a sinless soul? Jesus must be restored to his true place in the glorious chain of Hebrew prophets. As I explain in my chapter on the Philosophy of Religion, which I have founded on Immanuel Kant, the ground-work of Reason is——"

But here the Red Beadle, whose coffee had with difficulty got itself sucked into the right channel, gasped—"You have put that into your book?"

The wife touched the manuscript with reverent pride. "It all stands here," she said.

"What! Quotations from the New Testament?"

"From our Jewish Apostles?" said Zussmann. "Naturally! On every page."

"Then God help you!" said the Red Beadle.

III.

"The Brotherhood of the Peoples" was published. Though the bill was far heavier

than the Hebrew printer's estimate—there being all sorts of mysterious charges for corrections, which took away the last *Groschen* of their savings, Hulda and her husband were happy. They had sown the seed, and waited in serene faith the ingathering, the reconciliation of Israel with the Gentiles.

The book, which was in paper covers, was published at a shilling; five hundred copies had been struck off for the edition. After six months the account stood thus: Sales, eighty-four copies; press notices, two in the jargon papers (printed in the same office as his book and thus amenable to backstairs influence). The Jewish papers written in English, which loomed before Zussmann's vision as world-shaking, did not even mention its appearance; perhaps it had been better if the jargon papers had been equally silent, for, though less than one hundred copies of "The Brotherhood of the Peoples" were in circulation, the book was in everybody's mouth—like a piece of pork to be spat out again shudderingly. The Red Beadle's instinct had been only too sound. The Ghetto, accustomed by this time to insidious attacks on its spiritual citadel, feared writers even bringing Hebrew. Despite the Oriental sandal which the cunning shoemaker had fashioned, his fellow Jews saw the cloven hoof. They were not to be deceived by the specious sanctity which Darwin and Schopenhauer — probably Bishops of the Established Church—borrowed from their Hebrew lettering. Why, that was the very trick of the Satans who sprinkled the sacred tongue freely about handbills inviting souls that sought for light to come and find it in the Whitechapel Road between three and seven. It had been abandoned as hopeless even by the thin-nosed gentlewomen who had begun by painting a Hebrew designation over their bureau of beneficence. But the fact that the Ghetto was perspicacious did not mitigate the author's treachery to his race and faith. Zussmann was given violently to understand that his presence in the little synagogue would lead to disturbances in the service. "The Jew needs no house of prayer," he said; "his life is a prayer, his workshop a Temple."

His workmen deserted him one by one as vacancies occurred elsewhere.

"We will get Christians," he said.

But the work itself began to fail. He was dependent upon a large firm whose head was Parnass of a North London congregation, and when one of Zussmann's workers, anxious to set up for himself, went to him with the tale, the contract was transferred to him, and Zussmann's security-deposit returned. But far heavier than all these blows was Hulda's sudden illness, and though the returned trust-money came in handy to defray the expense of doctors, the outlook was not cheerful. But "I will become a hand myself," said Zussmann cheerfully. "The annoyance of my brethren will pass away when they really understand my Idea; meantime it is working in them, for even to hate an Idea is to meditate upon it."

The Red Beadle grunted angrily. He could hear Hulda coughing in the next room, and that hurt his chest.

But it was summer now, and quite a considerable strip of blue sky could be seen from the window, and the mote-laden sun-rays that streamed in encouraged Hulda to grow better. She was soon up and about again, but the doctor said her system was thoroughly upset and she ought to have sea-air. But that, of course, was impossible now. Hulda herself declared there was much better air to be got higher up, in the garret, which was fortunately "to let." It is true there was only one room there. Still it was much cheaper. The Red Beadle's heart was heavier than the furniture he helped to carry upstairs. But the unsympathetic couple did not share his gloom. They jested and laughed, as light of heart as the excited children on the staircases who assisted at the function. "My idea has raised me nearer heaven," said Zussmann. That night, after the Red Beadle had screwed up the four-poster, he allowed himself to be persuaded to stay to supper. He had given up the habit as soon as Zussmann's finances began to fail.

By way of house-warming, Hulda had ordered in baked potatoes and liver from the cook-shop, and there were also three tepid slices of plum-pudding.

"Plum-pudding!" cried Zussmann in delight, as his nostrils scented the dainty. "What a good omen for the Idea!"

"How an omen?" inquired the Red Beadle.

"Is not plum-pudding associated with Christmas, with peace on earth?"

Hulda's eyes flashed. "Yes, it is a sign—the Brotherhood of the Peoples! The Jew will be the peace-messenger of the world." The Red Beadle ate on sceptically. He had studied "The Brotherhood of the Peoples" to the great improvement of his Hebrew but with little edification. He had even studied it in Hulda's original manuscript, which he had borrowed and

never intended to return. But still he could not share his friends' belief in the perfectibility of mankind. Perhaps if they had known how he had tippled away his savings after his wife's death, they might have thought less well of humanity and its potentialities of perfection. After all, Huldas were too rare to make the world sober, much less fraternal. And, charming as they were, honesty demanded one should not curry favour with them by fostering their delusions.

"What put such an idea into your head, Zussmann?" he cried unsympathetically. Zussmann answered naïvely, as if to a question—

"I had the idea from a boy. I remember sitting stocking-footed on the floor of the synagogue in Poland on the Fast of Ab, wondering why we should weep so over the destruction of Jerusalem, which scattered us among the nations as fertilising seeds. How else should the mission of Israel be fulfilled? I remember"—and here he smiled pensively—"I was awakened from my day-dream by a *patsch* [smack] in the face from my poor old father, who was angry because I wasn't saying the prayers."

"There will be always somebody to give you that *patsch*," said the Red Beadle gloomily. "But in what way is Israel dispersed? It seems to me our life is everywhere as hidden from the nations as if we were all together in Palestine."

"You touch a great truth! Oh, if I could only write in English! But though I read it almost as easily as the German, I can write it as little. You know how one has to learn German in Poland—by stealth—the Christians jealous on one hand, the Jews suspicious on the other. I could not risk the Christians laughing at my bad German—that would hurt my Idea. And English is a language like the Vale of Siddim—full of pits."

"We ought to have it translated," said Hulda. "Not only for the Christians, but for the rich Jews, who are more liberal-minded than those who live in our quarter."

"But we cannot afford to pay for the translating now," said Zussmann.

"Nonsense; one has always a jewel left," said Hulda.

Zussmann's eyes grew wet. "Yes," he said, drawing her to his breast, "one has always a jewel left."

"More *meshuggas*!" cried the Red Beadle huskily. "Much the English Jews care about ideas!" Did they even acknowledge your book in their journals? But probably they couldn't read it," he added with a laugh. "A fat lot of Hebrew little Sampson knows. You know little Sampson—he came to report the boot-strike for the *Flag of Judah*. I got into conversation with him—a rank pork-gorger. He believes with me that Nature makes herself."

But Zussmann was scarcely eating, much less listening.

"You have given me a new scheme, Hulda," he said, with exaltation. "I will send my book to the leading English Jews—yes, especially to the ministers. They will see my Idea, they will spread it abroad, they will convert first the Jews and then the Christians."

"Yes, but they will give it as their own Idea," said Hulda.

"And what then? He who has faith in an Idea, his Idea it is. How great for me to have had the Idea first! Is not that enough to thank God for? If only my Idea gets spread in English! English! Have you ever thought what that means, Hulda? The language of the future! Already the language of the greatest nations, and the most on the lips of men everywhere—in a century it will cover the world." He murmured in Hebrew, uplifting his eyes to the rain-streaked sloping ceiling, "And in that day God shall be One and His name One."

"Your supper is getting cold," said Hulda gently.

He began to wield his knife and fork as hypnotised by her suggestion, but his vision was inwards.

IV.

Fifty copies of "The Brotherhood of the Peoples" went off by post the next day to the clergy and gentry of the larger Jewry. In the course of the next fortnight seventeen of the recipients acknowledged the receipt with formal thanks, four sent the shilling mentioned on the cover, and one sent five shillings. This last depressed Zussmann more than all the others. "Does he take me for a *Schnorrer*?" he said almost angrily as he returned the postal order.

He did not foresee the day when, a *Schnorrer* indeed, he would have taken five shillings from anybody who could afford it: had no prophetic intuition of that long, slow progression of penurious days which was to break down his spirit. For though he managed for a time to secure enough work to keep himself and the Red Beadle going, his ruin was only delayed.

Little by little his apparatus was sold off, his benches and polishing-irons vanished from the garret, only one indispensable set remaining, and master and man must needs quest each for himself for work elsewhere. The Red Beadle dropped out of the ménage, and was reduced to semi-starvation. Zussmann and Hulda, by the gradual disposal of their bits of jewellery and their Sabbath garments, held out a little longer, and Hulda also got some sewing of children's under-garments. But with the return of winter, Hulda's illness returned, and then the beloved books began to leave bare the nakedness of the plastered walls. At first, Hulda, refusing to be visited by doctors who charged, struggled out bravely through rain and fog to a free dispensary, where she was jostled by a crowd of head-shawled Polish crones, and where a harassed Christian physician, tired of jargon-speaking Jewesses, bawled and bullied. But at last Hulda grew too ill to stir out, and Zussmann, still out of employment, was driven to look about him for help. Charities enough there were in the Ghetto, but to charity, as to work, one requires an apprenticeship. He knew vaguely that there were persons who had the luck to be ill and to get broths and jellies. To others also a board of guardian angels doled out payments, though someone had once told him you had scant chance unless you were a Dutchman. But the inexperienced in begging are naturally not so successful as those always at it. 'Twas vain for Zussmann to kick his heels among the dismal crowd in the corridor, the whisper of his misdeeds had been before him, borne by some competitor in the fierce struggle for assistance. What! help a hypocrite to sit on the twin stools of Christendom and Judaism, fed by the bounty of both! In this dark hour he was approached by the thin-nosed gentlewomen, who had got wind of his book and who scented souls. Zussmann wavered. Why, indeed, should he refuse their assistance? He knew their self-sacrificing days, their genuine joy in salvation. On their generosities he was far better posted than on Jewish — the lurid legend of these Mephistophelean matrons included blankets, clothes, port wine, and all the delicacies of the season. He admitted that Hulda had indeed been brought low, and permitted them to call. Then he went home to cut dry bread for the bedridden, emaciated creature who had once been beautiful, and to comfort her—for it was Friday evening—by reading the Sabbath prayers; winding up, "A virtuous woman who can find? For her price is far above rubies."

On the forenoon of the next day arrived a basket, scenting the air with delicious odours of exquisite edibles.

Zussmann received it with delight from the boy who bore it. "God bless them!" he said. "A chicken—grapes—wine. Look, Hulda!"

Hulda raised herself in bed; her eyes sparkled, a flush of colour returned to the wan cheeks.

"Where do these come from?" she asked.

Zussmann hesitated. Then he told her they were the harbingers of a visit from the good sisters.

The flush in her cheek deepened to scarlet.

"My poor Zussmann!" she cried reproachfully. "Give them back — give them back at once! Call after the boy."

"Why?" stammered Zussmann.

"Call after the boy!" she repeated imperatively. "Good God! If the ladies were to be seen coming up here, it would be all over with your Idea. And on the Sabbath, too! People already look upon you as a tool of the missionaries. Quick! quick!"

His heart aching with mingled love and pain, he took up the basket and hurried after the boy. Hulda sank back on her pillow with a sigh of relief.

"Dear heart!" she thought, as she took advantage of his absence to cough freely. "For me he does what he would starve rather than do for himself. A nice thing to imperil his Idea—the dream of his life! When the Jews see he makes no profit by it they will begin to consider it. If he did not have the burden of me he would not be tempted. He could go out more and find work farther afield. This must end—I must die or be on my feet again soon."

Zussmann came back, empty-handed and heavy-hearted.

"Kiss me, my own life!" she cried. "I shall be better soon."

He bent down and touched her hot, dry lips. "Now I see," she whispered, "why God did not send us children. We thought it was an affliction, but lo! it is that your Idea shall not be hindered."

"The English Rabbis have not yet drawn attention to it," said Zussmann huskily.

"All the better," replied Hulda. "One day it will be translated into English—I

know it, I feel it here." She touched her chest, and the action made her cough.

Going out later for a little fresh air, at Hulda's insistence, he was stopped in the broad hall on which the stairs debouched by Cohen, the ground-floor tenant, a black-bearded Russian Jew pompous in Sabbath broadcloth.

"What's the matter with my milk?" abruptly asked Cohen, who supplied the local trade besides selling retail. "You might have complained, instead of taking your custom out of the house. Believe me, I don't make a treasure heap out of it. One has to be up at Euston to meet the trains in the middle of the night, and the competition is so cut-throat that one has to sell at a penny a pint. And on Sabbath one earns nothing at all. And then the analyst comes poking his nose into the milk."

"MY OWN TRANSGRESSIONS ARE BROUGHT HOME TO ME."

"You see—my wife—my wife—is ill," stammered Zussmann. "So she doesn't drink it."

"Hum!" said Cohen. "Well, *you* might oblige me then. I have so much left over every day, it makes my reputation turn quite sour. Do, do me a favour and let me send you up a can of the leavings every night. For nothing, of course; would I talk business on the Sabbath? I don't like to be seen pouring it away. It would pay me to pay *you* a penny a pint," he wound up emphatically.

Zussmann accepted unsuspiciously, grateful to Providence for enabling him to benefit at once himself and his neighbour. He bore a can upstairs now and explained the situation to the shrewder Hulda, who, however, said nothing but, "You see the Idea commences to work. When the book first came out, didn't he—though he sells secretly to the trade on Sabbath mornings—call you an Epicurean?"

"Worse," said Zussmann joyously, with a flash of recollection.

He went out again, lightened and exalted. "Yes, the Idea works," he said as he came out into the grey street. "The Brotherhood of the Peoples will come, not in my time, but it will come." And he murmured again the Hebrew aspiration: "In that day shall God be One and His name One."

"Whoa, where's your eyes?"

Awakened by the oath, he just got out of the way of a huge Flemish dray-horse dragging a brewer's cart. Three ragged Irish urchins, who had been buffeting each other with whirling hats knotted into the ends of dingy handkerchiefs, relaxed their enmities in a common rush for the projecting ladder behind the dray and collided with Zussmann on the way. A one-legged, misery-eyed hunchback offered him penny diaries. He shook his head in impotent pity, and passed on, pondering.

"In time God will make the crooked straight," he thought.

Jews with tall black hats and badly made frock-coats slouched along, their shoulders bent. Wives stood at the open doors of the old houses, some in Sabbath finery, some flaunting irreligiously their

every-day shabbiness, without troubling even to arrange their one dress differently, as a pious Rabbi recommended. They looked used-up and haggard, all these mothers in Israel. But there were dark-eyed damsels still gay and fresh, with artistic bodices of violet and green picked out with gold arabesque.

He turned a corner and came into a narrow street that throbbed with the joyous melody of a piano-organ. His heart leapt up. The roadway bubbled with Jewish children, mainly girls, footing it gleefully in the greying light, inventing complex steps with a grace and an abandon that lit their eyes with sparkles and painted deeper flushes on their olive cheeks. A bounding little bow-legged girl seemed unconscious of her deformity; her toes met each other as though in merry dexterity.

Zussmann's eyes were full of tears. "Dance on, dance on," he murmured. "God shall indeed make the crooked straight."

Fixed to one side of the piano-organ on the level of the handle he saw a little box, in which lay, as in a cradle, what looked like a monkey, then like a doll, but on closer inspection turned into a tiny live child, flaxen-haired, staring with wide grey eyes from under a blue cap, and sucking at a milk-bottle with preternatural placidity regardless of the music throbbing through its resting-place.

"Even so shall humanity live," thought Zussmann, "peaceful as a babe, cradled in music. God hath sent me a sign."

He returned home, comforted, and told Hulda of the sign.

"Was it an Italian child?" she asked.

"An English child," he answered. "Fair-eyed and fair-haired."

"Then it is a sign that through the English tongue shall the Idea move the world. Your book will be translated into English—I shall live to see it."

V.

A few afternoons later the Red Beadle, his patched garments pathetically spruced up, came to see his friends, goaded by the news of Hulda's illness. There was no ruddiness in his face, the lips of which were pressed together in defiance of a cruel and credulous world. That Nature in making herself should have produced creatures who attributed their creation elsewhere, and who refused to allow her one acknowledger to make boots, was indeed a proof, albeit vexatious, of her blind workings.

When he saw what she had done to Hulda and to Zussmann his lips were pressed tighter, but as much to keep back a sob as to express extra resentment.

But on parting he could not help saying to Zussmann, who accompanied him to the dark spider-webbed landing, "Your God has forgotten you."

"Do you mean that men have forgotten Him?" replied Zussmann. "If I am come to poverty, my suffering is in the scheme of things. Do you not remember what the Almighty says to Eleazar ben Pedos, in the Talmud, when the Rabbi complains of poverty? 'Wilt thou be satisfied if I overthrow the universe, so that perhaps thou mayest be created again in a time of plenty?' No, no, my friend, we must trust the scheme."

"But the fools enjoy prosperity," said the Red Beadle.

"It is only a fool who *would* enjoy prosperity," replied Zussmann. "If the righteous sometimes suffer and the wicked sometimes flourish, that is just the very condition of virtue. What! would you have righteousness always pay and wickedness always fail! Where then would be the virtue in virtue? It would be a mere branch of commerce. Do you forget what the Rabbis said of the man who foreknew in his lifetime that for him there was to be no heaven? 'What a unique and enviable chance that man had of doing right without fear of reward!'"

The Red Beadle, as usual, acquiesced in the idea that he had forgotten these quotations from the Hebrew, but to acquiesce in their teachings was another matter. "A man who had no hope of heaven would be a fool not to enjoy himself" he said doggedly, and went downstairs, his heart almost bursting. He went straight to his old synagogue, where he knew a *Hesped* or funeral service on a famous *Maggid* [preacher] was to be held. He could scarcely get in, so dense was the throng. Not a few eyes, wet with tears, were turned angrily on him as on a mocker come to gloat, but he hastened to weep too, which was easy when he thought of Hulda coughing in her bed in the garret. So violently did he weep that the *Gabbai* or treasurer—one of the most pious master-bootmakers—gave him the Peace salutation after the service.

"I did not expect to see you weeping," said he.

"Alas!" answered the Red Beadle. "It is not only the fallen Prince in Israel that I weep; it is my own transgressions that are brought home to me by his sudden

end. How often have I heard him thunder and lighten from this very pulpit!" He heaved a deep sigh at his own hypocrisy, and the *Gabbai* sighed in response. "Even from the grave the *Tsaddik* [saint] works good," said the pious master-bootmaker. "May my latter end be like his!"

"Mine, too!" suspired the Red Beadle. "How blessed am I not to have been cut off in my sin, denying the Maker of Nature!" They walked along the street together.

The next morning, at the luncheon-hour, a breathless Beadle, with a red beard and a very red face, knocked joyously at the door of the Herz garret.

"I am in work again," he explained.

"*Mazzeltov*!" Zussmann gave him the Hebrew congratulation, but softly, with finger on lip, to indicate Hulda was asleep.

"With whom?"

"Harris the *Gabbai*."

"Harris! What, despite your opinions?"

The Red Beadle looked away.

"So it seems!"

"Thank God!" said Hulda. "The Idea works."

Both men turned to the bed, startled to see her sitting up with a rapt smile.

"How so?" said the Red Beadle uneasily. "I am not a *Goy* [Christian] befriended by a *Gabbai*."

"No, but it is the brotherhood of humanity."

"Bother the brotherhood of humanity, Frau Herz!" said the Red Beadle gruffly. He glanced round the denuded room. "The important thing is that you will now be able to have a few delicacies."

"*I*?" Hulda opened her eyes wide.

"Who else? What I earn is for all of us."

"God bless you!" said Zussmann; "but you have enough to do to keep yourself."

"Indeed he has!" said Hulda. "We couldn't dream of taking a farthing!" But her eyes were wet.

"I insist!" said the Red Beadle.

She thanked him sweetly, but held firm.

"I will advance the money on loan till Zussmann gets work."

Zussmann wavered, his eyes beseeching her, but she was inflexible.

The Red Beadle lost his temper. "And this is what you call the brotherhood of humanity!"

"He is right, Hulda. Why should we not take from one another? Pride perverts brotherhood."

"Dear husband," said Hulda, "it is not pride to refuse to rob the poor. Besides, what delicacies do I need? Is not this a land flowing with milk?"

"You take Cohen's milk and refuse my honey!" shouted the Red Beadle unappeased.

"Give me of the honey of your tongue and I shall not refuse it," said Hulda with that wonderful smile of hers which showed the white teeth Nature had made; the smile which, as always, melted the Beadle's mood. That smile could always repair all the ravages of disease and give back her memoried face.

After the Beadle had been at work a day or two in the *Gabbai's* workshop he broached the matter of a fellow-penitent, one Zussmann Herz, with no work and a bedridden wife.

"That *Meshummad*!" [apostate] cried the *Gabbai*. "He deserves all that God has sent him."

Undaunted, the Red Beadle demonstrated that the man could not be of the missionary camp else had he been left to starve, one converted Jew being worth a thousand pounds of fresh subscriptions. Moreover he, the Red Beadle, had now convinced the man of his spiritual errors, and "The Brotherhood of the Peoples" was no longer on sale. Also, being unable to leave his wife's bedside, Zussmann would do the work at home below the Union rates prevalent in public. So, trade being brisk, the *Gabbai* relented and bargained, and the Red Beadle sped to his friend's abode and flew up the four flights of stairs.

"Good news!" he cried "The *Gabbai* wants another hand, and he is ready to take you."

"Me?" Zussmann was paralysed with joy and surprise.

"Now will you deny that the Idea works?" cried Hulda, her face flushed and her eyes glittering. And she fell a-coughing.

"You are right, Hulda; you are always right," cried Zussmann in responsive radiance. "Thank God! Thank God!"

"God forgive me," muttered the Red Beadle.

"Go at once, Zussmann," said Hulda. "I shall do very well here—this has given me strength. I shall be up in a day or two."

"No, no, Zussmann," said the Beadle hurriedly. "There is no need to leave your wife. I have arranged it all. The *Gabbai* does not want you to come there or to speak to him, because, though the Idea works in him, the other 'hands' are not yet so large-minded: I am to bring

you the orders, and I shall come here to fetch them."

The set of tools to which Zussmann clung in desperate hope made the plan both feasible and pleasant.

And so the Red Beadle's visits resumed their ancient frequency even as his Sabbath clothes resumed their ancient gloss, and every week's-end he paid over Zussmann's wages to him—full Union rate.

But Hulda, although she now accepted illogically the Red Beadle's honey in various shapes, did not appear to progress as much as the Idea, or as the new book which she stimulated Zussmann to start for its further propagation.

VI.

One Friday evening of December, when miry snow underfoot and greyish fog all around combined to make Spitalfields a malarious marsh, the Red Beadle, coming in with the week's wages, found to his horror a doctor hovering over Hulda's bed like the shadow of death.

From the look that Zussmann gave him he saw a sudden change for the worse had set in. The cold of the weather seemed to strike right to his heart. He took the sufferer's limp chill hand.

"How goes it?" he said cheerily.

"A trifle weak. But I shall be better soon."

He turned away. Zussmann whispered to him that the doctor who had been called in that morning had found the crisis so threatening that he was come again in the evening.

The Red Beadle, grown very white, accompanied the doctor downstairs and learnt that with care the patient might pull through.

The Beadle felt like tearing out his red beard. "And to think that I have not yet arranged the matter!" he thought distractedly.

He ran through the grey bleak night to the office of the *Flag of Judah*; but as he was crossing the threshold he remembered that it was the eve of the Sabbath, and that neither little Sampson nor anybody else would be there. But little Sampson *was* there, working busily.

"Hullo! Come in," he said, astonished.

The Red Beadle had already struck up a drinking acquaintanceship with the little journalist, in view of the great negotiation he was plotting. Not in vain did the proverbial wisdom of the Ghetto bid one beware of the red-haired.

"I won't keep you five minutes," apologised little Sampson. "But, you see, Christmas comes next week, and the compositors won't work. So I have to invent the news in advance."

Presently little Sampson, lighting an unallowed cigarette by way of Sabbath lamp, and slinging on his shabby cloak, repaired with the Red Beadle to a restaurant, where he ordered "forbidden" food for himself and drinks for both.

The Red Beadle felt his way so cautiously and cunningly that the negotiation was unduly prolonged. After an hour or two, however, all was settled. For five pounds, paid in five monthly instalments, Little Sampson would translate "The Brotherhood of the Peoples" into English, provided the Beadle would tell him what the Hebrew meant. This the Beadle, from his loving study of Hulda's manuscript, was now prepared for. Little Sampson also promised to run the translation through the *Flag of Judah*, and thus the Beadle could buy the plates cheap for book purposes, with only the extra cost of printing such passages, if any, as were too dangerous for the *Flag of Judah*. This unexpected generosity, coupled with the new audience it offered the Idea, enchanted the Red Beadle. He did not see that the journalist was getting gratuitous "copy," he saw only the bliss of Hulda and Zussmann, and in some strange exaltation, compact of whisky and affection, he shared in their vision of the miraculous spread of the Idea, once it had got into the dominant language of the world.

In his gratitude to Little Sampson he plied him with fresh whisky; in his excitement he drew the paper-covered book from his pocket, and insisted that the journalist must translate the first page then and there, as a hansel. By the time it was done it was near eleven o'clock. Vaguely the Red Beadle felt that it was too late to return to Zussmann's to-night. Besides, he was liking Little Sampson very much. They did not separate till the restaurant closed at midnight.

Quite drunk, the Red Beadle staggered towards Zussmann's house. He held the page of the translation tightly in his hand. The Hebrew original he had forgotten on the restaurant table, but he knew in some troubled nightmare way that Zussmann and Hulda must see that paper at once, that he had been charged to deliver it safely, and must die sooner than disobey.

The fog had lifted, but the heaps of snow were a terrible hindrance to his

erratic progression. The cold air and the shock of a fall lessened his inebriety, but the imperative impulse of his imaginary mission still hypnotised him. It was past one before he reached the tall house. He did not think it at all curious that the great outer portals should be open; nor, though he saw the milk-cart at the door, and noted Cohen's uncomfortable look, did he remember that he had discovered the milk-purveyor nocturnally infringing the Sabbath. He stumbled up the stairs and knocked at the garret door, through the chinks of which light streamed. The thanked! English! Through the world! Hulda! Hulda!" He was bending over her, raising her head.

She opened her eyes.

"Hulda! the Idea wins. The book is coming out in English. The great English paper will print it. In that day God shall be One and His name One. Do you understand?" Her lips twitched faintly, but only her eyes spoke with the light of love and joy. His own look met hers, and for a moment husband and wife were one in a spiritual ecstasy.

Then the light in Hulda's eyes went

"HULDA! THE IDEA WINS."

thought of Hulda smote him almost sober. Zussmann's face, when the door opened, restored him completely to his senses. It was years older.

"She is not dead?" the visitor whispered hoarsely.

"She is dying, I fear—she cannot rouse herself." Zussmann's voice broke in a sob,

"But she must not die—I bring great news—the *Flag of Judah* has read your book—it will translate it into English—it will print it in its own paper—and then it will make a book of it for you. See, here is the beginning!"

"Into English!" breathed Zussmann, taking the little journalist's scrawl. His whole face grew crimson, his eye shone as with madness. "Hulda! Hulda!" he cried, "the Idea works! God be

out, and the two men were left in darkness.

The Red Beadle turned away and left Zussmann to his dead, and, with scalding tears running down his cheek, pulled up the cotton window blind and gazed out unseeing into the night.

Presently his vision cleared: he found himself watching the milk-cart drive off, and, following it towards the frowsy avenue of Brick Lane, he beheld what seemed to be a drunken fight in progress. He saw a policeman, gesticulating females, the nondescript nocturnal crowd of the sleepless city. The old dull hopelessness came over him. "Nature makes herself," he murmured in despairing resignation.

Suddenly he became aware that Zussmann was beside him, looking up at the stars.

THE ASTROLOGER AT LARGE:

AN INTERVIEW WITH OLD MOORE.

By L. F. AUSTIN.

I HAD a distinct inkling of the uncanny one afternoon when I turned into a court off Fleet Street and rang the bell at Old Moore's office-door. That

OLD MOORE'S PREDICTION FOR MARCH, 1897.

The Mortgage Fiend exulting over his Agriculturist Victims.

venerable wizard had graciously accorded an appointment for an interview. At last I was to behold in the flesh—if, indeed, it were flesh, and not some compound of mystic tissues from another world—the man who predicts the horrid commotions of our planet every year, the rise and fall of kingdoms, the demise of monarchs, and the courses of the influenza. What might not this Daniel read in my reverential eye the moment he saw me: what perils, what crimes—supposing that his prophetic vision should condescend to my insignificance?

The door opened, and forth issued a powerful odour, not of sulphur, but of herring.

"Come in!" said a hearty voice. "Come and take pot-luck. I always eat a herring at this time of day. Nothing like it for sharpening your scent for earthquakes. I have predicted battle, murder, and sudden death on herring these sixty years."

This was a blow! I had expected to find a lean old man with a long beard, a mixture of Father Time and the Apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," seated in a weirdly carved oak chair, caressing the head of a toad, while a stuffed crocodile snapped its jaws from the ceiling, and something simmered in a cauldron giving out blue sparks. Instead, I saw a stout, bluff, florid old gentleman in a tweed suit, with a large cheek, who was tickling a herring on a gridiron with a three-pronged bone-handled fork. For the moment this was not uncanny; it was grotesquely prosaic; but suddenly the herring stood on its tail and opened its mouth, into which the old gentleman carefully dropped some pepper and salt and a few drops of sauce out of a bottle.

"Anything of the supernatural you may see in this office," he remarked, "is of a strictly practical turn. I am no believer in spiritualists, because they are always doing absurdly useless things—rapping tables, or making tambourines float in the air; as if anybody wanted a floating tambourine! Turn over, my beauty; you are quite done on that side."

And sure enough the herring did as it was directed, with a gentle and contented flop!

OLD MOORE'S PREDICTION FOR APRIL, 1897.

The Three Great Powers pulling Bath-chairs, in each of which sits the figure of Death waving the emblem of Folly.

"You won't let me cook you another? Ah! you are like all my visitors: they think there is some soul-destroying necromancy in my diet. Merely good, sound herring, I assure you," he added,

"as toothsome as any at Billingsgate. A drink now? There's a tumbler, and you'll find a by no means ungracious fluid in that vessel which looks like an ink-stand."

With a trembling hand I poured out some of the proffered liquor. It had a mellow flavour, surprisingly like that of whisky.

"Not bad, eh? That's the Dew of Mount Ararat, discovered there by Noah in the course of his historic visit. You'll observe that it doesn't need water; it was sufficiently diluted in his time. Noah grew rather too fond of it, as you may remember. Well, well! it was terribly dull in the Ark—no recreation, and a fearful overdose of natural history. I have never had the slightest desire to visit the Zoo."

"Do you wish me to understand," I stammered, "that you accompanied Noah on that expedition?"

"Certainly," he replied, with a tranquil smile. "Bless you! as I had predicted the Deluge, you could not expect me to be left out of the company. My dear Sir, that's why I am such an old hand at this prophecy business, especially as to disasters on the sea. Have you never noticed my unerring eye for shipwrecks? Why, I foretold the loss of the *Victoria* within a week of the exact date! This even attracted the attention of the Admiralty, and they wrote me a letter. I fancy they had some idea of appointing me to a sort of astrological observatory under Government; but I daresay they reflected that it was no use paying a big salary to a prophet who could only prophesy and not prevent calamities. That would have been a nice joke for the taxpayer, wouldn't it? Fancy some smart chap getting up in the House on the Naval Estimates, and asking why Old Moore was paid ten thousand a year for predicting the loss of ships which the Admiralty couldn't save. Ha, ha!"

OLD MOORE'S PREDICTION FOR MAY, 1897.

The trustful Turk leading the docile bear, regardless alike of corpses on the gallows, of bayonets starting from the earth, and of the military force in the background.

"I suppose you are beset by people who want you to disclose their destinies?"

"Thousands of them! Here's a bundle of letters, chiefly from women asking me to rule their planets, calculate their nativities. What are my lowest terms for horoscopes? Will I give lessons in astronomy as far as a working-man's means will allow? 'I was born at six in the morning,' he says. 'I am twenty-four inches round the waist, and my eyes are grey with a flash of gold.' Here are qualifications for an astrologer! Then take a lady. My Almanack for the present year announced the appearance in July of an extraordinary book dealing with many psychological problems. The lady writes: 'In July I commenced under startling psychological circumstances a work of this kind. I was psychologically directed to purchase Old Moore's Almanack.'"

"There seems to be a great deal of psychology about."

"There is! indeed you might say it is like a running tap. That is why the Almanack floats on a circulation of nearly a million."

"Don't you befriend these seekers after truth with grey-gold eyes?"

OLD MOORE'S PREDICTION FOR JUNE, 1897.

Two brothers, blinded by lust of wealth, engaged in deadly combat. Their nationalities Old Moore leaves to his readers to guess. On the table a bomb, and in the background the figure of Justice and Mercy with hands tied, powerless.

"I don't supply them with horoscopes. The law, as you are doubtless aware, is rather fastidious on that score; and it would never do for Old Moore, who might have been special squall-prognosticator to the Queen's Navy, to be prosecuted. Think how it would hurt the feelings of

the Admiralty! Besides, I take little interest in the fate of individuals, though I might tell *you*——"

He paused, and fixed me with the glittering eye of an ancient mariner who had sailed with Noah. The air seemed to tremble with the horror of impending revelations.

"You cannot stand a strong cigar. You are always ill on the sea. I knew it when you refused the herring. In June 1898 you will measure round the waist——"

"Dread soothsayer, forbear!" I gasped.

"Ha! there's nothing like the future for taking the starch even out of an interviewer."

"Tell me now," I said, hastily changing the subject, "do you never profit by any hints from your correspondents?"

"Hints!" replied Old Moore, with great contempt. "You might as well ask me whether I am coached by rival Almanacks. This is the sort of hint I get. A Danish woman, who says she feels like John Bunyan on his death-bed, assures me that the New Testament makes no difference to the wicked. They may be destroyed by an earthquake. A few belong to the Lord, and the majority to the Evil One; so he has most power to torment them. Scarcely the kind of theology that is helpful to a prophet!"

OLD MOORE'S PREDICTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1897.

Fisherman Death with a bishop's mitre. On the bridge the spirit of the irresponsible scoffer of the time, likely yet to come to a watery grave.

"May I ask how you compose yourself to inspiration?"

"Well, you see these allegorical pictures for all the months in my Almanack for 1897. They are flashed into my mind first of all. I may be walking along the street when the posters on a hoarding catch my eye, and suddenly I see skeletons in an advertisement of 'Charley's Aunt'!"

"That's worse than the Röntgen ray!"

"You cannot compare my vision, Sir, to that mechanical device. Röntgen cannot show you the doom of a dynasty in a pictorial poster of the harmless Bovril."

"Apart from this remarkable gift of second-sight, have you any general principles of calculation?"

"Just two: one is that history repeats itself, and the other is that mankind loves to revel in prospective woe. When my prophetic soul is out of sorts, and allegories are rather slow in revealing themselves among the pickles and pure teas, I have only to look over a few old Almanacks and I can tell exactly what's coming."

"Then it is on this principle that I find you prophesying 'a horrible and brutal crime' for next April?"

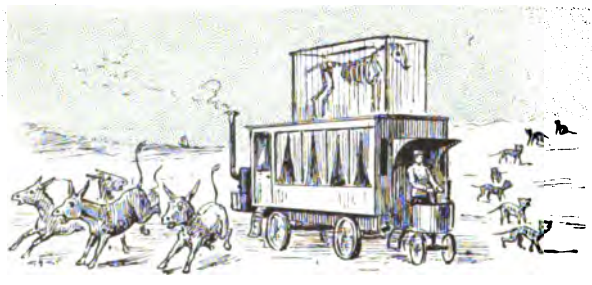
"It is sure to happen in April or thereabouts," said the old gentleman with a genial smile.

"'The body, in which the mottled greenness of decomposition will have begun, will be found by the police, but it will be some time before the misguided miscreants who committed the deed are brought to justice.'"

"Just so; the miscreants generally contrive to keep out of the way for a while; and dead bodies do go mottled green, you know. There's nothing like accuracy of detail for Old Moore's readers!"

"I notice that the weather 'in March' will be a surprise to us all."

"Did you ever know a March that was



OLD MOORE'S PREDICTION FOR JULY, 1897.

The triumph of the horseless carriage, to the glee of the donkeys and the sorrow of hungry cats, whose favourite food is likely to become scarce.

not surprising? Look at the weather prediction for August — 'hot, dry, and thundery.' You may say that August is often like that. I assure you that heat and thunder in that month fill the public with unfailing astonishment."

"Here's a picture of the motor-car, surmounted by a cage containing the skeleton of a horse, which is sorrowfully contemplated by a crowd of hungry cats."

"Yes, and cats, as I have written, 'realise the fact that in the near future their favourite meat will indeed be scarce.' That is a pretty safe prediction; it is simply the result of shrewd observation. You must not suppose that I despise the ordinary human faculties."

"But you will not be surprised if the ladies, who are psychologically directed to consult you, should firmly believe that you prophesied the disappearance of cat's-meat, and should hail you as the benefactor who warned them to prepare another diet for their favourite tabbies?"

"You put it with eloquence and discernment. Have some more Ararat."

"I see, too, that 'the indelicacy of some of our modern plays' will probably be brought before the House of Commons early next session."

"Oh, yes; I have been expecting that for some years. When you look at the questions which are put to the Home Secretary by the Parliamentary champions of public morals, the wonder is that the condition of the stage has not been debated in the House before now."

"This is reducing prophecy to the science of reasonable expectation."

"Well, that element has to play its part. Look at the last prediction for July."

"The gigantic explosion in America?"

"No, 'The Jackal of Journalism will be upon the prowl," said Old Moore, with a twinkle in his eye.

"General principles again! But what is this horrible creature sitting on a bridge in the allegorical picture for September?"

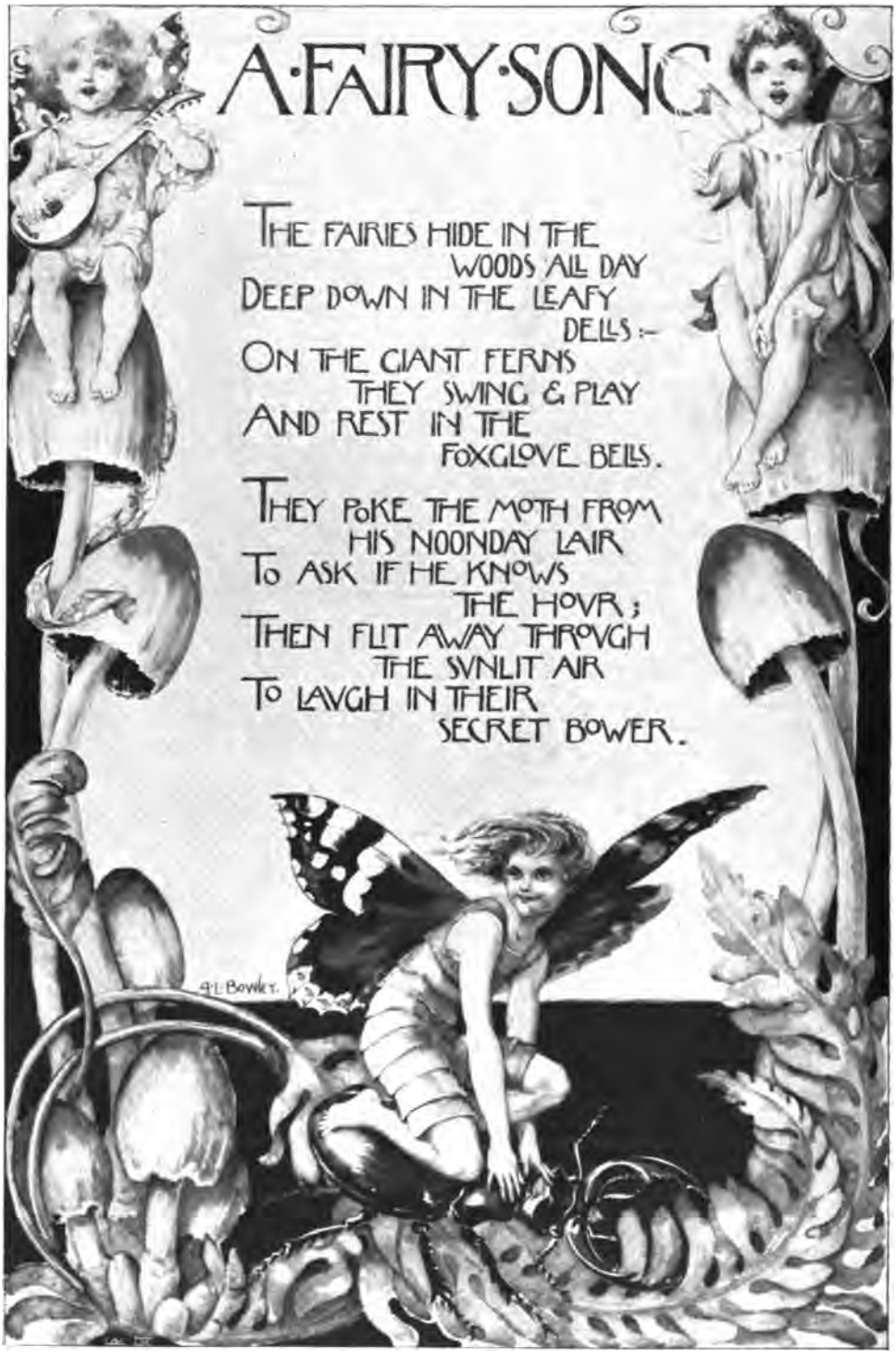
Old Moore took up the Almanack and read aloud this passage with solemn intonation: "The grinning fiend seated upon the parapet of the bridge represents the irresponsible scoffer of the present day. He is likely to come to a watery grave; nor need he look for help or succour from the fisherman Death."

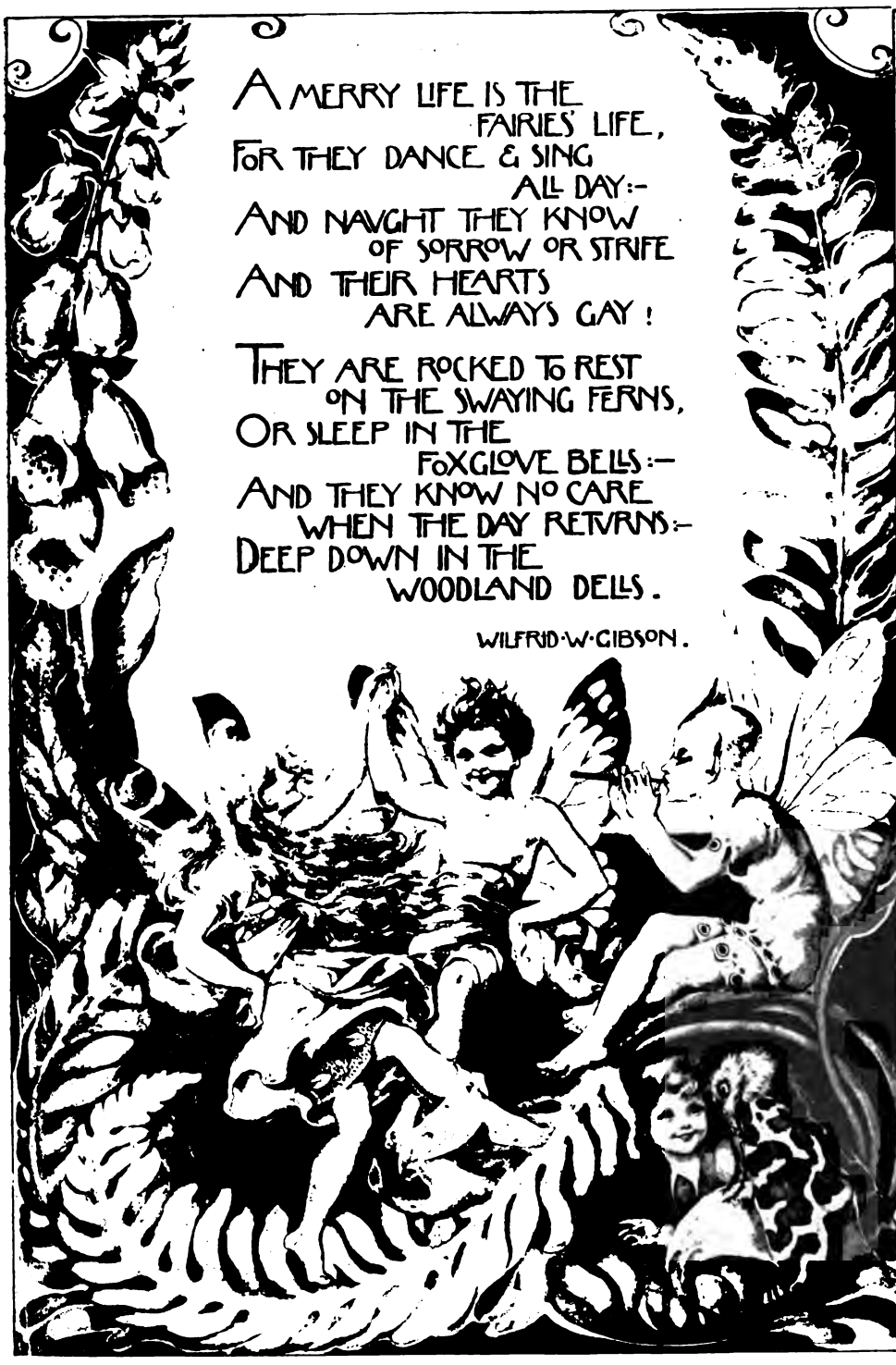
He looked at me steadily, and suddenly a ghastly change came over his features. The florid open countenance was a bare skull; and a hollow voice exclaimed, "In the name of the Prophet, herrings!"

I was out of the door like a shot!

OLD MOORE'S PREDICTION FOR NOVEMBER, 1897.

Children playing beside an old unused gun—a scene of peace on to which the War Fiend stealthily strides. Ships in the offing awaiting orders.


A·FAIRY·SONG
THE FAIRIES HIDE IN THE
WOODS ALL DAY
DEEP DOWN IN THE LEAFY
DELLS:-
ON THE GIANT FERNS
THEY SWING & PLAY
AND REST IN THE
FOXGLOVE BELLS.
THEY POKE THE MOTH FROM
HIS NOONDAY LAIR
TO ASK IF HE KNOWS
THE HOVR;
THEN FLIT AWAY THROVGH
THE SVNLIT AIR
TO LAVGH IN THEIR
SECRET BOWER.
M.L. Bowles


A MERRY LIFE IS THE
FAIRIES' LIFE,
FOR THEY DANCE & SING
ALL DAY:-
AND NAUGHT THEY KNOW
OF SORROW OR STRIFE
AND THEIR HEARTS
ARE ALWAYS GAY!
THEY ARE ROCKED TO REST
ON THE SWAYING FERNS,
OR SLEEP IN THE
FOXGLOVE BELLS:-
AND THEY KNOW NO CARE
WHEN THE DAY RETURNS:-
DEEP DOWN IN THE
WOODLAND DELLS.
WILFRID·W·GIBSON.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

I WAS about twenty-five years old when I began life as the owner of a vineyard in western Virginia. I bought a large tract of land, the greater part of which lay upon the sloping side of one of the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, the exposure being that most favourable to the growth of the vine. I am an enthusiastic lover of the country and of country life, and believed that I should derive more pleasure as well as profit from the culture of my far-stretching vineyard than I would from ordinary farm operations.

I built myself a good house of moderate size upon a little plateau on the higher part of my estate. Sitting in my front porch, smoking my pipe after the labours of the day, I could look down over my vineyard into a beautiful valley, with here and there a little curling smoke arising from some of the few dwellings which were scattered about among the groves and spreading fields, and above this beauty I could imagine all my hillside clothed in green and purple.

My family consisted of myself alone. It is true that I expected some day that there would be others in my house besides myself, but I was not ready for that yet.

During the summer I found it very pleasant to live by myself. It was a novelty, and I could arrange and manage everything in my own fashion, which was a pleasure I had not enjoyed when I lived in my father's house; but when winter came I found it very lonely. Even my servants lived in a cabin at some little distance, and there were many dark and stormy evenings, when the company even of a bore would have been welcome to me. Sometimes I walked over to the town and visited my friends there, but this was not feasible on stormy nights, and the winter seemed to me a very long one.

But spring came, out-door operations began, and for a few weeks I felt again that I was all-sufficient for my own pleasure and comfort. Then came a change. One of those seasons of bad and stormy weather which so frequently follow an early spring settled down upon my spirits and my hillside. It rained; it was cold; fierce winds blew, and I became more anxious for somebody to talk to than I had been at any time during the winter.

One night, when a very bad storm was raging, I went to bed early, and as I lay awake I revolved in my mind the scheme of which I had frequently thought before. I would build a neat little house on my grounds, not very far away from my house, but not too near, and I would ask Jack Brandiger to come there and live. Jack was a friend of mine, who was reading law

in the town, and it seemed to me that it would be much more pleasant and even more profitable to read law on a pretty hillside overlooking a charming valley, with woods and mountains behind and above him, where he could ramble to his heart's content.

I had thought of asking Jack to come and live with me, but this idea I soon dismissed. I am a very particular person, and Jack is not; he leaves his pipes about in all sorts of places—sometimes when they are still lighted. When he came to see me he was quite as likely to put his hat over the inkstand as to put it anywhere else. But if Jack lived at a little distance, and we could go backwards and forwards to see each other whenever we pleased, that would be quite another thing. He could do as he pleased in his own house, and I could do as I pleased in mine, and we might have many pleasant evenings together. This was a cheering idea, and I was planning how we might arrange with the negro women who managed my household affairs to attend also to those of Jack, when I fell asleep.

I did not sleep long before I was awakened by the increased violence of the storm. My house shook with the fury of the wind; the rain seemed to be pouring on its roof and northern side as if there were a waterfall above us; and every now and then I could hear a shower of hailstones rattling against the shutters. My bed-room was one of the rooms on the lower floor, and even there I could hear the pounding of the deluge and the hailstones upon the roof.

All this was very doleful, and had a tendency to depress the spirits of a waking man, alone in a good-sized house; but I shook off this depression. It was not agreeable to be up here by myself in such a terrible storm, but there was nothing to be afraid of, as my house was new and very strongly built, being constructed of logs, weatherboarded outside and sealed within. It would require a hurricane to blow off the roof, and I believed my shutters to be hail-proof; so, as there was no reason to stay awake, I turned over and went to sleep.

I do not know how long it was before I was awakened again, this time not by the noise of the storm but by a curious movement of my bedstead. I had once felt the slight shock of an earthquake, and it seemed to me that this must be something of the kind; certainly my bed moved under me. I sat up; the room was pitchy dark. In a moment I felt another movement, but this time it did not seem to me to resemble an earthquake shock; such motion, I think, is generally in horizontal directions, while what I felt was more like the slower movement of a ship upon the water. The storm was at its height, the wind raged and roared, and the rain seemed to be pouring down as heavily as ever.

I was about to get up and light the lamp, for even the faintest candle flame would be some sort of company at such a gruesome moment, when my bedstead gave another movement, more shiplike than before. It actually lurched forward as if it were descending into the trough of the sea, but, unlike a ship, it did not rise again, but remained in such a slanting position that I began to slide down towards the foot. I believe that if it had not been a bedstead provided with a footboard, I should have slipped out upon the floor.

I did not jump out of bed; I did not do anything; I tried to think to understand the situation, to find out whether I was asleep or awake, when I became aware of noises in the room and all over the house, which even through the din of the storm made themselves noticed by their peculiarity. Tables, chairs, everything in the room seemed to be grating and grinding on the floor, and in a moment there was a crash. I knew what that was; it was my lamp, which had slipped off the table. Any doubt on that point would have been dispelled by the smell of kerosene which filled the air of the room.

The motion of the bed, which I now believe must have been the motion of the whole house, still continued; but the grating noises in the room gradually ceased, from which I inferred that the furniture had brought up against the front wall of the room.

Now, it was impossible for me to get up and strike a light, for to do so, with kerosene oil all over the floor and its vapour diffused through the room, would probably result in setting the house on fire; so I must stay in darkness and wait. I do not think I was very much frightened—I was so astonished that there was no room in my mind for fear. In fact, all my mental energies were occupied in trying to find out what had happened. It required, however, only a few more minutes of reflection and a few more minutes of the grating, bumping, trembling of my house to enable me to make up my mind what had happened: my house was sliding downhill!

The wind must have blown the building from its foundations, and, upon the

slippery surface of the hillside, probably lashed into liquid mud by the pouring rain, it was making its way down towards the valley! In a flash my mind's eye ran over the whole surface of the country beneath me as far as I knew it. I was almost positive that there was no precipice, no terrible chasm into which my house might fall. There was nothing but sloping hillside, and beneath that wide stretches of fields.

Now there was a new and sudden noise of heavy objects falling upon the roof, and I knew what that meant: my chimney had been wrenched from its foundations and the upper part of it had now toppled over. I could hear, through the storm, the bricks banging and sliding upon the slanting roof. Continuous sounds of cracking and snapping came to me through the closed front windows, and these were caused, I supposed, by the destruction of the stakes of my vines, as the heavy house moved over them.

Of course, when I thoroughly understood the state of the case, my first impulse was to spring out of bed, and, as quickly as possible, to get out of that thumping and sliding house; but I restrained myself. The floor might be covered with broken glass, I might not be able to find my clothes in that darkness and in the jumble of furniture at the end of the room, and even if I could dress myself, it would be folly to jump out in the midst of that raging storm into a probable mass of wreckage which I could not see; it would be far better to remain dry and warm under my roof. There was no reason whatever to suppose that the house could go to pieces or that it would turn over; it must stop some time or other, and, until it did so, I would be safer in my bed than anywhere else. Therefore in my bed I stayed.

Sitting upright, with my feet pressed against the footboard, I listened and felt; the noises of the storm and the creaking and the snapping and grinding before me and under me still continued, although I sometimes thought that the wind was moderating a little and that the strange motion was becoming more regular. I believed the house was moving faster than when it first began its strange career, but that it was sliding over a smooth surface. Now I noticed a succession of loud cracks and snaps at the front of the house, and, from the character of the sounds, I concluded that my little front porch, which had been acting as a cutwater at the bow of my shiplike house, had yielded at last to the rough contact with the ground and would probably soon be torn away. This did not disturb me, for the house must still be firm.

It was not long before I perceived that the slanting of my bed was becoming less and less, and also I was quite sure that the house was moving more slowly. Then the crackings and snappings before my front wall ceased altogether. The bed resumed its ordinary horizontal position, and although I did not know at what exact moment the house ceased sliding and came to a standstill, I was sure that it had done so. It was resting at last upon a level surface. The room was still perfectly dark, and the storm continued. There was no use for me to get up until daylight came—I could not see what had happened—so I lay back upon my pillow and tried to imagine upon what level portion of my farm I had stranded. While doing this I fell asleep.

When I woke, a little light was stealing into the room through the blinds of my shutters. I quickly slipped out of bed, opened a window, and looked out. Day was just breaking, the rain and wind had ceased, and I could discern objects, but it seemed as if I needed some light in my brain to enable me to comprehend what I saw. My eyes fell upon nothing familiar.

I did not stop to investigate, however, from my window. I found my clothes huddled together with the furniture at the front end of the room, and as soon as I was dressed I went into the hall and then to my front door. I quickly jerked this open and was about to step outside, when suddenly I stopped. I was positive that my front porch had been destroyed, but there I saw a porch, a little lower than mine and a great deal wider, and on the other side of it, not more than eight feet from me, was a window—the window of a house, and on the other side of the window was a face—the face of a young girl! As I stood staring in blank amazement at the house, which presented itself at my front-door, the face at the window disappeared, and I was left to contemplate the scene by myself. I ran to my back-door and threw it open. There I saw stretching up the fields, and far up the hillside, the wide path which my house had made as it came down from its elevated position to the valley beneath, where it had ended its onward career by stopping up against another house. As I looked off the back porch, I saw that the ground still continued to slope, so that if my house had not found in its path another

building, it would probably have proceeded somewhat farther on its course. It was lighter, and I saw bushes and fences and little outbuildings—I was in a back-yard.

Almost breathless with amazement and consternation, I ran again to the front door; when I reached it I found a young woman standing on the porch of the house before me. I was about to say something—I know not what—when she put her finger on her lips and stepped forward.

"Please don't speak loudly," she said. "I am afraid it will frighten mother; she is asleep yet. I suppose you and your house have been sliding downhill?"

"That is what has happened," said I; "but I cannot understand it. It seems to me the most amazing thing that ever took place on the face of the earth."

"It is very queer," she said, "but hurricanes do blow away houses, and that must have been a hurricane we had last night, for the wind was strong enough to loosen any house. I have often wondered if that house would ever slide downhill."

"My house?"

"Yes," she said. "Soon after it was built I began to think what a nice clean sweep it could make from the place where it seemed to be stuck to the side of the mountain, right down here into the valley."

I FOUND MY CLOTHES HUDDLED TOGETHER WITH THE FURNITURE AT THE FRONT END OF THE ROOM.

I could not talk with a girl like this; at least I could not meet her on her own conversational grounds. I was so agitated myself that it seemed unnatural that anyone to whom I should speak should not also be agitated.

"Who are you?" I asked rather brusquely; "at least, to whom does this house belong?"

"This is my mother's house," said she. "My mother is Mrs. Carson. We happen just now to be living here by ourselves, so I cannot call on any man to help you do anything. My brother has always lived with us, but last week he went away."

"You don't seem to be a bit astonished at what has happened," said I.

She was rather a pretty girl, of a cheerful disposition, I should say, for several times she had smiled as she spoke.

"Oh, I am astonished," she answered; "or at least I was, but I have had time enough to get over some of it. It was at least an hour ago when I was awakened by hearing something crack in the yard. I went to a window and looked out, and could just barely see that something like a big building had grown up during the night. Then I watched it, and watched it, until I made out it was a whole house, and after that it was not long before I guessed what had happened. It seemed a simpler thing to me, you know, than it did to you, because I had often thought about it, and probably you never had."

"You are right there," said I earnestly. "It would have been impossible for me to imagine such a thing."

"At first I thought there was nobody in the house," said she; "but when I heard someone moving about, I came down to tell whoever had arrived not to make a noise. I see," she added, with another of

her smiles, "that you think I am a very strange person not to be more flurried by what has happened, but really I cannot think of anything else just now except what mother will say and do when she comes down and finds you and your house here at the back door. I am very sure she will not like it."

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "Who on earth could like it?"

"Please speak more gently," she said. "Mother is always a little irritable when her night's rest has been broken, and I would not like to have her wakened up suddenly now; but really, Mr. Warren, I haven't the least idea in the world how she will take this thing. I must go in and be with her when she wakes, so that I can explain just what has happened."

"One moment," I said. "You know my name?"

"Of course I know your name," she answered. "Could that house be up there on the hillside for more than a year without my knowing who lived in it?" With this, she went indoors.

I could not help smiling when I thought of the young lady regretting that there was no man in the house who might help me do something. What could anybody do in a case like this? I turned and went into the house. I entered the various rooms on the lower floor, and saw no signs of any particular damage except that everything movable in each room was jumbled together against the front wall, but when I looked out of the back door, I found that the porch there was a good deal wrecked, which I had not noticed before.

I went upstairs and found everything pretty much as it was below. Nothing seems to have been injured except the chimney and the porches. I thanked my stars that I had used hard wood instead of mortar for the ceilings of my rooms.

I was about to go into my bed-room, when I heard a woman scream, and of course I hurried to the front. There on the back porch of her house stood Mrs. Carson. She was a woman of middle age, and, as I glanced at her, I saw where her daughter got her good looks, but the placidity and cheerfulness of the younger face were entirely wanting in the mother. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, her mouth was partly opened, and it seemed to me that I could almost see that her breath was hot.

"Is this your house?" she cried, the moment her eyes fell upon me; "and what is it doing here?"

I did not immediately answer. I looked at the angry woman, and behind her I saw, through the open door, the daughter crossing the hallway; it was plain that she had decided to let me have it out with her mother without interference. As briefly and as clearly as I could, I explained what had happened.

"What is all that to me?" she screamed. "It doesn't matter to me how your house got here. There have been storms ever since the beginning of the world, and I never heard of any of them taking a house into a person's back yard. You ought not to have built your house where any such things could happen; but all this is nothing to me. I don't understand now how your house did get here, and I don't want to understand it. All I want is for you to take it away."

"I will do that, Madam, just as soon as I can. You may be very sure I will do that, but——"

"Can you do it now?" she asked. "Can you do it to-day? I don't want a minute lost. I have not been outside to see what damage has been done, but the first thing to do is to take your house away."

"I am going to the town now, Madam, to summon assistance."

Mrs. Carson made no answer, but she turned and walked to the end of the porch. There she suddenly gave a scream which quickly brought her daughter from the house. "Kitty! Kitty!" cried her mother. "Do you know what he has done? He has gone right over my round flower garden; his house is sitting on it this minute!"

"But he could not help it, mother," said Kitty.

"Help it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson. "I don't want him to help it; what I want——" Suddenly she stopped. Her eyes flashed brighter, and her mouth opened wider. She seemed to have lost the power of speech, but quickly it came back to her. "Little Samuel!" she screamed. "Kitty, do you know I believe he has scratched up little Samuel!"

I looked at her stupefied without knowing what she was talking about. "Little Samuel!" again screamed Mrs. Carson, and she ran about wildly endeavouring to get off her porch; but my house had demolished her steps and it blocked up the opening.

"The side door, mother!" said Miss Kitty; and then, as the older woman disappeared into the house with a stifled exclamation, her daughter said to me: "It is my little brother she is thinking about. He died some years ago and was buried in

a small graveyard back of our garden. She thinks your house has gone over it and has scratched him up." Miss Carson now followed her mother, and I jumped over the railings of the porch and ran after them.

As we hurried along by my house and into their garden, which now seemed to be unevenly divided into two parts, scream after scream came from Mrs. Carson as she noticed the absence of sheds, fences, or vegetable beds, which had found themselves in the course of my all-destroying dwelling. Once she turned her head towards me, her face pallid. "If you have scratched up little Samuel!" she screamed, panting; but she had not breath enough to finish the sentence, and continued onward with clenched fists.

But little Samuel was not scratched up. My house had not passed within a hundred feet of his resting-place. Then we turned and went back to the house, or rather to the houses.

It was now well on in the morning, and some of the neighbours had become aware of the strange disaster which had happened to me, although if they had heard the news from Mrs. Carson they might have supposed that it was a disaster which had happened only to her. As they gazed at the two houses so closely jammed together, all of them wondered, some of them even laughed, but not one offered a suggestion which afforded satisfaction to Mrs. Carson or myself. The general opinion was that, now my house was there, it would have to stay there, for there were not enough horses in the State to pull it back up that mountain-side. To be sure, it might possibly be moved off sidewise, but whether it was moved one way or the other, a lot of Mrs. Carson's trees would have to be cut down to let it pass.

"Which shall never happen!" cried that good lady. "If nothing else can be done, it must be taken apart and hauled off in carts; but, no matter how it is managed, it must be moved, and that immediately."

Miss Carson now prevailed upon her mother to go into the house, and I stayed and talked to the men and a few women who had gathered outside.

When they had said all they had to say, and seen all there was to see, these people went home to their breakfasts. I entered my house, not by the front door, for to do that I would have been obliged to trespass upon Mrs. Carson's back porch. I got my hat and was about to start for the town when I heard my name called. Turning into the hall, I saw Miss Carson, who was standing at my front door.

"Mr. Warren," said she, "you haven't any way of getting breakfast, have you?"

"Oh, no," said I. "My servants are up there in their cabin, and I suppose they are too much scared to come down; but I am going to town to see what can be done about my house, and will get my breakfast there."

"It 's a long way to go without anything to eat," she said, "and we can give you some breakfast; but I want to ask you something. I am in a good deal of perplexity; our two servants are out at the front of the house, but they positively refuse to come in. They are afraid that your house may begin sliding again and crush them all, so I shall have to get breakfast; but what bothers me is trying to find our well. I have been outside and can see no signs of it."

"Where was your well?" I gasped.

"It ought to be somewhere near the back of your house," she said. "May I go through your hall and look out?"

"Of course you may," I cried, and I preceded her to my back door.

"Now, it seems to me," she said, after surveying the scene of desolation immediately before, and looking from side to side, towards objects which had remained untouched, "that your house has passed directly over our well, and must have carried away the little shed and the pump and everything above ground. I should not wonder a bit," she continued slowly, "if it is under your porch."

I jumped to the ground, for the steps were shattered, and began to search for the well, and it was not long before I discovered its round dark opening, which was, as Miss Carson had imagined, under one end of my porch.

"What can we do?" she asked. "We can't have breakfast or get along at all without water." It was a terribly depressing thing to me to think that I, or rather my house, had given these people so much trouble, but I speedily assured Miss Carson that if she could find a bucket and a rope, which I could lower into the well, I could provide her with water.

She went into her house to see what she could find, and I tore away the broken planks of the porch, so that I could get to the well, and then, when she came with a tin pail and a clothes-line, I went to work with great ardour to haul up water and to carry it to her back door.

"I don't want mother to find out what has happened to the well," she said; "for she has enough on her mind already."

Mrs. Carson was a woman with some good points in her character. After a time she called to me herself, and told me to come in to breakfast, but during the meal she talked very earnestly to me about the amazing trespass I had committed, and about the means which should be taken to repair the damage my house had done to her property. I was as optimistic as I could be, and the young lady spoke very cheerfully and hopefully about the affair, so that we were beginning to get along somewhat pleasantly, when suddenly Mrs. Carson sprang to her feet. "Heavens and earth!" she cried; "this house is moving!"

She was not mistaken. I had felt beneath my feet a sudden sharp shock—not severe, but unmistakable. I remembered that both houses stood upon slightly sloping ground; my blood turned cold, my heart stood still—even Miss Carson was pale!

When we had rushed out of doors to see what had happened, or what was going to happen, I soon found that we had been needlessly frightened. Some of the broken timbers on which my house had been partially resting had given way, and the front part of the building had slightly descended, jarring, as it did so, the other house against which it rested. I endeavoured to prove to Mrs. Carson that the result was encouraging rather than otherwise, for my house was now more firmly settled than it had been; but she did not value the opinion of a man who did not know enough to put his house in a place where it would be likely to stay, and she could eat no more breakfast, and was even afraid to stay under her own roof until experienced mechanics had been summoned to look into the state of affairs.

I hurried away to the town, and it was not long before several carpenters and masons were on the spot. After a thorough examination they assured Mrs. Carson that there was no danger, that my house would do no further damage to her premises; but, to make things certain, they would bring some heavy beams and brace the front of my house against her cellar wall. When that should be done it would be impossible for it to move any further.

"But I don't want it braced," cried Mrs. Carson. "I want it taken away; I want it out of my back yard!"

The master carpenter was a man of imagination and expedience. "That is quite another thing, Ma'am," said he. "We'll fix this gentleman's house so that you needn't be afraid of it; and then, when the time comes to move it, there's several ways of doing that. We might rig up a powerful windlass at the top of the hill, and perhaps get a steam-engine to turn it, and we could fasten cables to the house and haul her back to where she belongs."

"And can you take your oaths," cried Mrs. Carson, "that those ropes won't break, and when that house gets halfway up the hill it won't come sliding down ten times faster than it did, and crash into me and mine and everything I own on earth? No, Sir! I'll have no house hauled up a hill back of me!"

"Of course," said the carpenter, "it would be a great deal easier to move it on this ground, which is almost level——"

"And cut down my trees to do it. No, Sir."

"Well, then," said he, "there is no way to do it but to take it apart and to haul it off."

"Which would make an awful time at the back of my house while you were doing it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson.

I now put in a word. "There's only one thing to do that I can see!" I exclaimed. "I will sell it to a match-factory! It is almost all wood, and it can be cut up in sections about two inches thick and then split into matches."

Kitty smiled. "I should like to see them," she said, "taking away the little sticks in the wheelbarrows!"

"There is no need of trifling on the subject," said Mrs. Carson. "I have had a great deal to bear, and I must bear it no longer than is necessary. I have just found out that in order to get water out of my own well I must go to the back porch of a stranger. Such things cannot be endured. If my son George were here he would tell me what I ought to do. I shall write to him and see what he advises. I do not mind waiting a little bit, now that I know that you can fix Mr. Warren's house so that it won't move any farther."

Thus the matter was left. My house was braced that afternoon, and towards evening I started to go to an hotel in the town to spend the night.

"No, Sir!" said Mrs. Carson. "Do you suppose that I am going to stay here all night with a great empty house jammed up against me, and everybody knowing that it is empty? It will be the same as

having thieves in my own house as to have them in yours. You have come down here in your property, and you can stay in it and take care of it!"

"I don't object to that in the least," I said. "My two women are here, and I can tell them to attend to my meals. I haven't any chimney, but I suppose they can make a fire some way or other."

"No, Sir!" said Mrs. Carson. "I am not going to have any strange servants on my place. I have just been able to prevail upon my own women to go into change of base, but thought, on the whole, my house had made a very successful move; it must be more pleasant in the valley than up on that windy hill. Jack was very much interested in everything, and when Mrs. Carson and her daughter appeared, as we were walking about viewing the scene, I felt myself obliged to introduce him.

"I like those ladies," said he to me afterwards. "I think you have chosen very agreeable neighbours."

"How do you know you like them?"

MRS. CARSON NEVER CEASED TO GIVE ME EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF HER SON GEORGE'S LETTERS.

the house, and I don't want any more trouble. Dear knows, I have had enough already!"

"But, my dear Madam," said I, "you don't want me to go to the town, and you won't allow me to have any cooking done here; what am I to do?"

"Well," she said, "you can eat with us; it may be two or three days before I can hear from my son George, and in the meantime you can live in your own house and I will take you to board. That is the best way I can see of managing the thing; but I am very sure I am not going to be left here alone in the dreadful predicament in which you have put me."

We had scarcely finished supper, when Jack Brandiger came to see me. He laughed a good deal about my sudden

said I. "You had scarcely anything to say to Mrs. Carson."

"No, to be sure," said he; "but I expect I should like her. By the way, do you know how you used to talk to me about coming and living somewhere near you? How would you like me to come and take one of your rooms now? I might cheer you up."

"No," said I firmly. "That cannot be done; as things are now, I have as much as I can do to get along here by myself."

Mrs. Carson did not hear from her son for nearly a week, and then he wrote that he found it almost impossible to give her any advice. He thought it was a very queer state of affairs; he had never heard of anything like it, but he would try and arrange business so that he could come

home in a week or two and look into matters.

As I was thus compelled to force myself upon the close neighbourhood of Mrs. Carson and her daughter, I endeavoured to make things as pleasant as possible. I brought some of my men down out of the vineyard and set them to repairing fences, putting the garden in order, and doing all that I could to remedy the doleful condition of things which I had unwillingly brought into the back yard of this quiet family. I rigged up a pump on my back porch by which the water of the well could be conveniently obtained, and in every way endeavoured to repair damages.

But Mrs. Carson never ceased to talk about the unparalleled disaster which had come upon her, and she must have had a great deal of correspondence with her son George, because she gave me frequent messages from him. He could not come on to look into the state of affairs, but he seemed to be giving it a great deal of thought and attention.

* * * *

Nearly a month had now passed since my house and I made that remarkable morning call upon Mrs. Carson. I was becoming accustomed to my present mode of living, and, so far as I was concerned, it satisfied me very well; I certainly lived a great deal better than when I was depending upon my old negro cook. Miss Kitty seemed to be satisfied with things as they were, and so, in some respects, did her mother; but the latter never ceased to give me extracts from some of her son George's letters, and this was always annoying and worrying to me. Evidently he was not pleased with me as such a close neighbour to his mother; and it was astonishing how many expedients he proposed in order to rid her of my undesirable proximity.

"My son George," said Mrs. Carson one morning, "has been writing to me about jackscrews; he says that the greatest improvements have been made in jackscrews."

"What do you do with them, mother?" asked Miss Kitty.

"You lift houses with them," said she. "He says that in large cities they lift whole blocks of houses with them and build storeys underneath. He thinks that we can get rid of our trouble here if we use jackscrews."

"But how does he propose to use them?" I asked.

"Oh! he has a good many plans," answered Mrs. Carson. "He said that he should not wonder if jackscrews could be made large enough to lift your house entirely over mine and set it out in the road, where it could be carried away without interfering with anything, except, of course, vehicles which might be coming along. But he has another plan—that is, to lift my house up and carry it out into the field on the other side of the road, and then your house might be carried along right over the cellar until it got to the road. In that way, he says, the bushes and trees would not have to be interfered with."

"I think Brother George is cracked!" said Kitty.

All this sort of thing worried me very much. My mind was eminently disposed towards peace and tranquillity; and who could be peaceful and tranquil with a prospective jackscrew under the very base of his comfort and happiness? In fact, my house had never been such a happy home as it was at that time; the fact of its unwarranted position upon other people's grounds had ceased to trouble me.

But the coming of son George with his jackscrews did trouble me very much, and that afternoon I deliberately went into Mrs. Carson's house to look for Kitty. I knew her mother was not at home, for I had seen her go out. When Kitty appeared, I asked her to come out on her back porch.

"Have you thought of any new plan of moving it?" she said with a smile as we sat down.

"No," said I earnestly. "I have not, and I don't want to think of any plan of moving it. I am tired of seeing it there, I am tired of thinking about moving it away, and I am tired of hearing people talk about moving it. I have not any right to be here, and I am never allowed to forget it. What I want to do is to go entirely away and leave everything behind me—except one thing."

"And what is that?" asked Kitty.

"You," I answered.

She turned a little pale and did not reply.

"You understand me, Kitty," I said, "There is nothing in the world that I care for but you. What have you to say to me?"

Then came back to her her little smile. "I think it would be very foolish for us to go away," she said.

It was about a quarter of an hour after this when Kitty proposed that we should go out to the front of the house. It would look queer if any of the servants

should come by and see us sitting together like that. I had forgotten that there were other people in the world; but I went with her.

We were standing on the front porch close to each other, and I think we were holding each other's hand, when Mrs. Carson came back. As she approached she looked at us inquiringly, plainly wishing to know why we were standing side by side before her door as if we had some special object in so doing.

I THINK WE WERE HOLDING EACH OTHER'S HAND.

"Well?" said she, as she came up the steps. Of course it was right that I should speak, and in as few words as possible I told her what Kitty and I had been saying to each other. I never saw Kitty's mother look so cheerful and so handsome as when she came forward and kissed her daughter and shook hands with me, she seemed so perfectly satisfied that it amazed me. After a little, Kitty left us, and then Mrs. Carson asked me to sit by her on a rustic bench.

"Now," said she, "this will straighten out things in the very best way. When you are married, you and Kitty can live in the back building—or, of course, your house will now be the same thing as a back building—and you can have the second floor. We won't have any separate tables, because it will be a great deal nicer for you and Kitty to live with me, and it will simply be your paying board for two persons instead of one; and you know you can manage your vineyard just as well from the bottom of the hill as from the top. The lower rooms of what used to be your house can be made very pleasant and comfortable for all of us. I have been

thinking about the room on the right that you have planned for a parlour, and it will make a lovely sitting-room for us, and that is a thing we have never had, and the room on the other side is just what will suit beautifully for a guest-chamber. The two houses together, with the roof of my back porch properly joined to the front of your house, will make a beautiful and spacious dwelling, and it was fortunate that you painted your house a light yellow. I have often looked at the two together, and thought what a good thing it was that one was not one colour and the other another; and as to the pump, it will be very easy now to put a pipe from what used to be your back porch to our kitchen, so that we can get water without being obliged to carry it. Between us, we can make all sorts of improvements, and some time I will tell you a good many that I have thought of.

"What used to be your house," she continued, "can be jackscrewed up a little bit and a good foundation put under it; I have inquired about that. Of course it would not have been proper to let you know that I was satisfied with the state of things, but I was satisfied, and there is no use of denying it. As soon as I got over my first scare, after that house came down the hill, and had seen how everything might be arranged to suit all parties, I said to myself: 'What the Lord has joined together, let no man put asunder,' and so, according to my belief, the strongest kind of jackscrews could not put these two houses asunder, any more than they could put you and Kitty asunder, now that you have agreed to take each other for each other's own."

Jack Brandiger came to call that evening, and when he had heard what had happened he whistled a good deal. "You are a funny kind of a fellow," said he. "You go courting like a snail, with your house on your back!"

I think Jack was a little discomforted.

"Don't be discouraged, Jack," said I. "You will get a good wife some of these days — that is, if you don't try to slide uphill to find her!"

CAMPAIGNING IN THE SOUDAN.

By H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT,

SPECIAL ARTIST OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

NOT much of a campaign, the reader may say, for the advance to Dongola in 1896 was more like a declaration than an achievement of policy: a declaration, moreover, evidently limited by the complications of European politics. But the war artist and correspondent has no control over these high matters. His not to make reply; his not to reason why; his, indeed, merely to sketch and chronicle what the superior powers permit him to witness, usually at considerable inconvenience to himself, and very often an inconvenience quite out of proportion to the novelty of his experiences.

With a mission from the *Illustrated London News*, I found myself at Cairo bound for the front. The habitual aspects of Cairo have been often described: they were quite submerged in my mind by the fact that the price of horses had gone up from ten to twenty pounds. The journey to Assouan was made partly by rail and partly by river. From Girgeh the post-boat provided by Mr. Cook puffed up the river at four knots an hour against the current, proceeding all night, if the moon shone; if not, mooring against the bank with a wooden anchor till dawn. At Assouan came the important business of purchasing camels; and a hundred of them were paraded for our inspection, mostly useless animals with sore backs, which the owners hoped to conceal under the saddles. I don't know which is the more unconscionable rogue, the camel-dealer or the camel-driver; but both of them provide considerable exercise for your faculties and the most vigorous of your parts of speech. As the Government had taken the best of the camels, the lot left to us did not offer much choice of merit, though the price, which ought to have been eight pounds, had been more than doubled by the emergency. To Wady Halfa these beasts were sent by road; but we took the horses with us in the boats, embarking at Philæ. We touched at Korosko, very important as the starting-point of the long projected railway to Berber, on the direct route to Khartoum; and passed Abu Cymbal, with its temple hewn out of the rock, and the four great sitting figures of gods or kings strongly outlined in the limpid atmosphere. One of these has lost its head, and the edges of the stone at the point of fracture are as clean and sharp as if the severance had been just made. Forty-five miles of this travel brought us to Wady Halfa, where we landed cheerfully in the mud.

The commandant at Wady Halfa was Maxwell Bey, a handsome Scotchman, with a head and face like Napoleon's, who allotted to us quarters in a mud hut, with rafters made of old railway iron and the staves of barrels. Here I spent six weeks, sketching the preparations for advance, and acclimatising myself to the heat, which ranged from 120 to 130 in the shade! In this agreeable temperature the chief object of interest was the *zeer*, or water-pot, exactly like the vessels in old pictures of the miracle of turning water into wine. It is made of porous clay, through which the water filters into the *goolah*, a bottle also of clay, the precious fluid being taken almost boiling out of the Nile, and cooled by evaporation. Round the *zeer* was always a motley gathering of birds, dogs, lizards, flies, all with their mouths open, and all striving to get as near as possible to the one image of coolness in the encampment. The chief break in the broiling monotony of those weeks was the trip with the Sirdar to Sarras, the real head of the railway to Akasheh and Dongola. We inspected the line as far as it extended, with a distant view of the Betnalhagar, or belly of rocks, the mountainous, waterless waste between Sarras and Akasheh.

Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar, impressed me, as he impresses everyone with whom he comes in contact, as the stuff of which great commanders are made. Of his staff, and all the officers of the expedition, it is impossible to speak too highly. Rundle Pasha, the Adjutant-General, a very

handsome man and splendid soldier, never seen without a cigarette in his mouth, even in action; his brother-in-law, Wingate Bey, head of the Intelligence Department, an indefatigable worker and most courteous of men, ever willing, in season and out of season, to lighten the labours of the scribes and makers of pictures—these two are typical of all. I believe that no body of officers more representative of the highest qualities, professional and social, which distinguish the British Army, has ever been seen. But the one dramatic figure of the expedition was not an Englishman. None of his colleagues will deny that the chief personal interest of this undertaking centred in Slatin Pasha, whose career is not more romantic than the whole personality and character of the man. The first sight of him was irresistibly attractive. Here was the *beau soldat* of Ouida's novels, with the head and face of the ideal lover, the delicate aquiline nose, long curling moustache, keen blue eyes, the athletic figure, yes, even the small hands and feet of the heroes of fiction! The left hand, it is true, is marred by the loss of the fourth finger—a martial blemish, for Slatin has fought in twenty-three actions, and been wounded four times. And to crown his fascinations, this remarkable paladin of modern chivalry, who speaks English and French, and is a perfect Arabic scholar, spent a dozen years in a captivity which, in the Middle Ages, would have been the theme of troubadours, and would have melted the hearts of all the fair ladies in Christendom!

"You must feel uncommonly happy now," I said to him one day, "with an army at your back."

"Yes; it's better than acting as groom to the Khalifa, better than walking for hours barefooted beside his horse, better than squatting a few yards from his door, waiting to run his errands."

"And yet that infernal life hasn't aged you. How old are you, Slatin?"

"Twenty-nine," he replied imperturbably.

"Oh, come! You spent twelve years at Omdurman."

"If you reckon them, I suppose I am over forty. But I never count them in my life. I did not *live* at Omdurman," he added, with quiet significance.

To tell the truth, those horrible years of slavery have passed over him without leaving a wrinkle. There is a slight stoop in the shoulders, due, as I suggested, to his habit of attending mosque five times a day when he was a devout Mussulman. In that capacity he shaved his head, and now his hair is the luxuriant crop of a young Adonis! You would never dream that this man, in all the glow of virile beauty, had for years worn irons on his hands and feet, and a neck-chain of eighty links, which he counted many times a day.

Most wonderful of all is the patience which endured this protracted torture, when the slightest outbreak of temper, or even a protest, might have cost him his life. The cruelty of the Khalifa was animated by a malignant cunning. When he had been a prisoner eight years, Slatin was living in his own compound; he had dug a well, and planted trees, and consoled himself with the simple pleasures of his garden.

One day an Emir said to him: "Slatin, you are to have a new house."

"Allah be praised!" replied the wary Pasha. "Where is it?"

"Near the Khalifa's dwelling. I will show you." The new house was a wretched, tumbledown place, and for this Slatin had to exchange the little Eden which he had sown and watered. He was too prudent to murmur, even when the Emir remarked: "This will suit you better, Slatin; it is so much nearer the mosque. You already go there to pray five times a day; now you will go oftener. You are such a religious man!"

With this strength of character was matched a prodigious physical vitality. Think that for twelve years this European subsisted on dates and *dhurra*, a kind of corn which is usually given to camels. When Olivier Pain, the grotesque Frenchman who joined the Dervishes to fight the English, made his way to Omdurman, he fell a prey to disease. "Why has he come?" demanded the Khalifa. "We want no allies; we trust in God." The unfortunate Gaul was carried on a bed strapped to the back of a camel. Missing him one day, Slatin was told that, after falling several times from the camel, he had died and was buried in the sand. Such was the end of Rochefort's eccentric comrade in New Caledonia. But Slatin's strength was never impaired by misfortune nor his spirit broken by the relentless malignity of his captor. The wives given to him by the Khalifa were spies. The Emirs were always digging pitfalls for him. The Khalifa frequently said, "Slatin, you say you like me, but I know better. You must want to escape." This ignorant and besotted fanatic, who can neither read nor

write, was always on the watch for letters from Slatin's friends. Sometimes a merchant would tell the prisoner furtively that a messenger, bringing money or clothes, would proclaim his identity by asking the innocent question, "Do you want any needles?" But that consolation was rare. Once a year there was a review of the Dervish forces at Omdurman, and that was Slatin's most grievous trial, for he acted as the Khalifa's aide-de-camp, and vainly strove to introduce some semblance of order into the howling, undisciplined hordes. This was worse than the frequent attendance at the mosque. Like Slatin, in which they showed the agility of cats. At Akasheh we first met Hunter Pasha, who commanded the infantry division—a quiet, keen, splendid specimen of the British soldier. Together with MacDonald, camp commandant, we camped in the midst of a gale and a dust storm, conditions not favourable to the business of sketching. You sit down to a drawing which is nearly blown out of your hands every moment, while the heat sends the perspiration streaming over the paper, and the dust fills up the intervals. Should there be a lull a horse is sure to break loose and proceed to fight

MR. SEPPINGS WRIGHT SAVING THE LIFE OF AN EGYPTIAN SOLDIER.

Pain had professed to be a Mussulman, and when he died, the Khalifa said of him, "He ought to be happy; he has gone to Allah!"

Tired of Wady Halfa, the correspondents expressed a desire to go to Akasheh, an expedition which at first the Sirdar refused to permit. At last he gave his sanction on condition that we should stay there only two days, and take all our supplies with us. We accompanied a convoy, under the command of Burn-Murdoch, one of the best cavalry officers in the service. The first day out of Sarras was spent in climbing mountains, pulling our Arab horses up rocks, or helping them to slide down the other side, a performance his neighbour. My animal was especially pugnacious, and always returned from a fray with several pieces torn out of him.

Now was the chosen moment for the camel-drivers to give us a taste of their quality. My man coolly announced to me, "*Dhurrah mafeesh.*" The corn was all gone, and the Sirdar had enjoined us to take no supplies at Akasheh. Why was it all gone? Why was the camel-man such a born idiot as not to tell me that the supply was giving out? "Kismet!" said he, and I arose in wrath and performed a fantasia on the hinder part of him. Other men came up and were much amused by the scene till their camel-men told the same story—"*Dhurra mafeesh*"—

and I was partly consoled to see their faces change, like the face of an india-rubber baby, from mirth to fury. It was a pretty predicament, from which we were rescued by a correspondent with a legal training. True, said he, the Sirdar had said we must not take *dhurra* at Akasheh; but he had not mentioned Sonki! Much cheered by this distinction, we sent our camel-men to Sonki with curses, and they brought back the food.

Another excitement was provided by deserters from the enemy, whose outposts were only a dozen miles away. The deserters came in because every man who left the Dervishes and brought a rifle with him was entitled to a gratuity of a pound. This, I fear, did not make him a very trustworthy witness. Deserters were sent to headquarters and cross-examined by Wingate Bey, who made the necessary discount for inevitable lies.

Returning to Wady Halfa, we passed the remains of the old Egyptian railway, some of it still in excellent order. At Wady Halfa we found the Sirdar preparing for an immediate advance, returned with him to Akasheh, and joined in the night march on Firket. It was a very dark night, and seven or eight thousand men with camels moved noiselessly over the sand. No light, not even a match, was permitted. So dense was the darkness that some of us missed the way and found ourselves marching back; but the error was rectified in time, and at dawn, after a brief bivouac, the whole column was set in motion by a low whistle, the bugles being stilled. We near Firket mountain, looming blue in the dawn; we hear the muffled roll of distant drums, calling the faithful to prayer. A horse neighs. They must know of this great army, only two miles off, marching silently and quickly across the Plain of Sarkametto, now wading through the tall Halfa grass, again amid clumps of dwarf acacia, keeping splendid time and line. The sun shoots his beams high. Crack! A rippling volley, and the battle of Firket has begun. The enemy had awakened to their position, and after about two hours' fighting they were nearly all killed or captured.

The march to Dongola was uninterrupted, and the first stage of the reconquest of the Soudan was over. Our arms were victorious; but, so far as I was concerned, the campaign came to an inglorious end. I returned with Mr. Sheldon, of *Black and White*, by the river, and at the Hannick Cataract our boat capsized in a whirlpool, leaving him in his shirt and me in my breeches, to the mercy of the elements. But for relays of breeches from charitable persons for the rest of the journey, I doubt whether I should be writing this narrative amongst the decorous associations of London town.

HE RAISED HIMSELF, EXCLAIMING: "A MOI, MES BRAVES!"

See "Stories of British Battles: Ramillies."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

STORIES OF BRITISH BATTLES.

OUT OF THE PAST: A TALE OF RAMILLIES

By J. D. SYMON.

I.

"DO I understand, Kershaw, that you permitted him to escape?"

"I did not say that, Molesworth. I remarked merely that it was better he did. Pho! that fire will never burn in this rain. See, there 's hardly one left all along the lines between this and Corswaren. Leave it alone and come under the hedge. So; my cloak is big enough for both. To-morrow night—who knows?—it may be drawn tighter about one!"

"Where do you suppose we shall engage?"

"Probably between Ramillies and Judoigne, on which the enemy is reported to be moving. But speculation is idle. Corporal John 's the last man to show his hand. Best await the upshot in peace. Have you a pipe? Mine is still going. I can provide you with a light."

Captain Molesworth took the comfort his senior suggested. "You said," he continued, when his tobacco was fairly glowing, "you said it was better the French officer should have escaped."

"Our little advanced party was seven to their three. It would not have been a very glorious capture; and besides——"

Colonel Kershaw stopped abruptly and puffed his pipe.

"Besides?" Molesworth repeated tentatively.

Kershaw gave a little snort as if to protest against his friend's quiet importunity. Then, after a moment's consideration, he proceeded in a guarded tone, "Had that Frenchman been brought to our lines, to be detained, as is customary with men of condition, merely on parole, one valuable life would not have been worth an hour's purchase."

"One life. Whose?"

"Corporal John's."

"Corporal John's—the Duke's?"

"Hush! My story is not for the next bivouac."

Captain Molesworth understood the hint; for had any of their brother officers got wind that "Old Ker" had a story on hand, they would have left any shelter to hear it. "Lord!" Colonel Kershaw went on, half to himself, "how the ghosts of a man's dead past start from their graves as he draws nearer to his! You 're shivering, Molesworth? See, there 's just a drop of Schnapps in the bottom of this flask."

"Thank you, no. Take it yourself, Colonel, and pray don't talk about ghosts and graves to-night."

"Pardon an old man's garrulity; but these memories warn one how life is passing, independent of the chances of war, which long familiarity has led us to neglect, if not to contemn. It 's a score of years since last I saw Delaroche, five and thirty since I met him first."

"Delaroche?" Molesworth repeated inquiringly.

"The name of the Frenchman who—escaped."

"You knew him at a glance after twenty years?"

"He is little altered, but for the deeper lines about his eyes and mouth, since he and John Churchill and I were lads together at Charles the Second's Court. Churchill was one-and-twenty, I was twenty-four, and Delaroche nineteen when we were thrown together. He had come over from France to visit, it was said, his sister, who was of Madame de Mazarin's establishment. The truth of the matter was that my gentleman had got into disgrace in high quarters, the reigning favourite (I forget which) having paid him indiscreet attention, which had led King Louis to suggest an unimportant mission to the Court of St. James's.

"In England he found his account tolerably well, for he was finished in the accomplishments of the ante-chamber, and very soon obtained a small post in the Duke of York's household, to which, as you are aware, Churchill and I were also attached. From the first he and I were

very good comrades, for not only did we seem to draw together by mutual liking, but I had, moreover, my own reasons for wishing to keep friendly with him. The relations of Delaroche and Churchill I watched with considerable interest, for I had knowledge that certain influences were at work which seemed likely to affect and perhaps entangle the destinies of these two young men.

"The game, a complicated one in all conscience, was played by higher hands than theirs. At that time Churchill was rapidly rising in favour with the Duke of York, who detected in him the promise he has since fulfilled. In one respect only did the King's brother think to improve his favourite, and that was by overcoming Churchill's obstinate Protestantism. His conversion to the Older Faith would have most handsomely served the Duke's designs, or, for that matter, the King's. To this end, therefore, James had for some time been quietly working, and at length he, or, as I believe, one of the King's ladies, who soon after was to parade her own conversion, seemed to have found means of attaining it.

"You must know that it was not until some four or five years later that Churchill fell in love with Mistress Sarah Jennings, At this time he professed a very ardent passion for Mademoiselle Delaroche, whose wit and beauty had already gained her scores of admirers. To none of these, however, had Mademoiselle Aimée anything to say, and at first Churchill did not seem to fare better than the rest. Mademoiselle, whose fair fame even the breath of that dissolute Court had not tarnished, invariably declared that her destiny was the cloister, and, indeed, she was said to be a sad little bigot, ready to make any sacrifice for her ancestral Church. Even her natural vivacity and common-sense could not save her from a blind obedience to Authority, at whose bidding, alas! she rejected, if she could not silence, the voice of Love. I do not refer to her affair with Churchill—it was another passion which the passion for the Church conquered, but of that matter I may not speak.

"Aimée's coldness did not discourage Churchill, who, as we know, is capable of entertaining a warm attachment even where it is not very ardently reciprocated. He therefore persisted with his addresses, and at length, to the evident annoyance of Delaroche, he seemed actually to have found some favour in Aimée's eyes.

"'*Peste*!' Delaroche exclaimed to me one afternoon at Whitehall, 'look yonder, along the gallery in the window-seat. He is making progress, the *threefty* Churchhill!'

"I fancied I could afford to smile at the boy's apprehensions.

"'Surely,' I replied, 'you would not object to so promising a suitor for Mademoiselle?'

"'Perhaps not; but I have other views for her future. We are alone in the world, and I must see that Aimée does well for our name. You smile, Kershaw; you think me a mere boy; but were I only in France, instead of this melancholy London, I could arrange a match for my sister that would turn many fair faces green with envy. My unlucky exile came just at the wrong moment.'

"Delaroche was certainly very amusing in his young assurance. Doubtless I too was equally amusing in my overblown assertion of my five years' seniority, but, of course, neither of us was conscious of the ludicrous in himself. We took ourselves very seriously, each other somewhat lightly, and were, through it all, exceedingly good friends.

"'But,' I urged, 'my dear Delaroche, you forget Mademoiselle has a vocation.'

"'True,' he sighed, 'that has to be reckoned with. She professes herself fascinated by the cloister. She will marry only to procure the advantage of the Church, should the Church counsel that sacrifice.'

"'Then,' I pursued, 'you need not fear the addresses of Mr. Churchill, for he is a very staunch upholder of the Reformed Faith.'

"'Bah!' he exclaimed. 'That Churchill, always in my way! I hate him. Yet I must be civil to him. He ruins my plans, and yet without him I cannot advance them a step.'

"I looked at Delaroche in some perplexity.

"'See here, Kershaw,' he went on, 'you are my very good friend. Tell me, what are the chances that Churchill will be induced to change his persuasion?'

"'Small, I should say, unless he had a good warranty that it would profit him. But who talks of making the attempt?'

"'*N'importe*,' he returned. 'Enough, the attempt is being made. If it succeeds, interest will be made for me in high quarters to procure my return to the Court of France. So far, so good. There may be time even then to arrange my sister's marriage with M. le Marquis, over whom I have considerable power, no matter how;

SOME FRENCH DRAGOONS CLOSED ABOUT THE DUKE.

on the other hand, the success that procures my restoration may at the same time render my schemes futile; for there is a price that may have to be paid for Churchill's conversion. Do you understand?'

"'Tell me,' I said, 'are you, personally, the missionary?'

"'I am not,' he returned ironically; 'I do not hold M. Churchill's soul so dear.'

"'Now I think I understand,' I replied. 'Still, I should advise you to take comfort. Mr. Churchill, though very fascinating, will not succeed with Mademoiselle, whose vocation is, I think, stronger than you imagine.'

"'But if she, believing it a higher vocation to sacrifice the veil, should succeed with him?'

"'Then I must use any little influence I possess to delay Churchill's claiming his reward, while you, *mon ami*, make speed back to France to put pressure on M. le Marquis.'

"'But are you ready to do this?'

"'On my honour, yes, and with all my heart. And, stay! one thing I did not forget. In the event of your persuading M. le Marquis, whoever he is, Mademoiselle, your sister, must again be persuaded that her faith can only be served by waiving her promise to Churchill in favour of your *parti*.'

"Delaroche stamped his foot impatiently. '*Diable*!' he exclaimed, 'that can be managed also. But you are laughing at me! I see you do not believe, my dear Kershaw, that I am terribly in earnest.'

"'I believe it perfectly, Delaroche.'

"He looked at me in some uncertainty. 'I wish I could be sure you are not fooling me,' he cried ingenuously. 'You really mean to help me, as you promised, should need arise?'

"'On my life I swear it,' I returned with a sincerity that convinced him. Had he known my reason for that sincerity he might not have been so well satisfied.

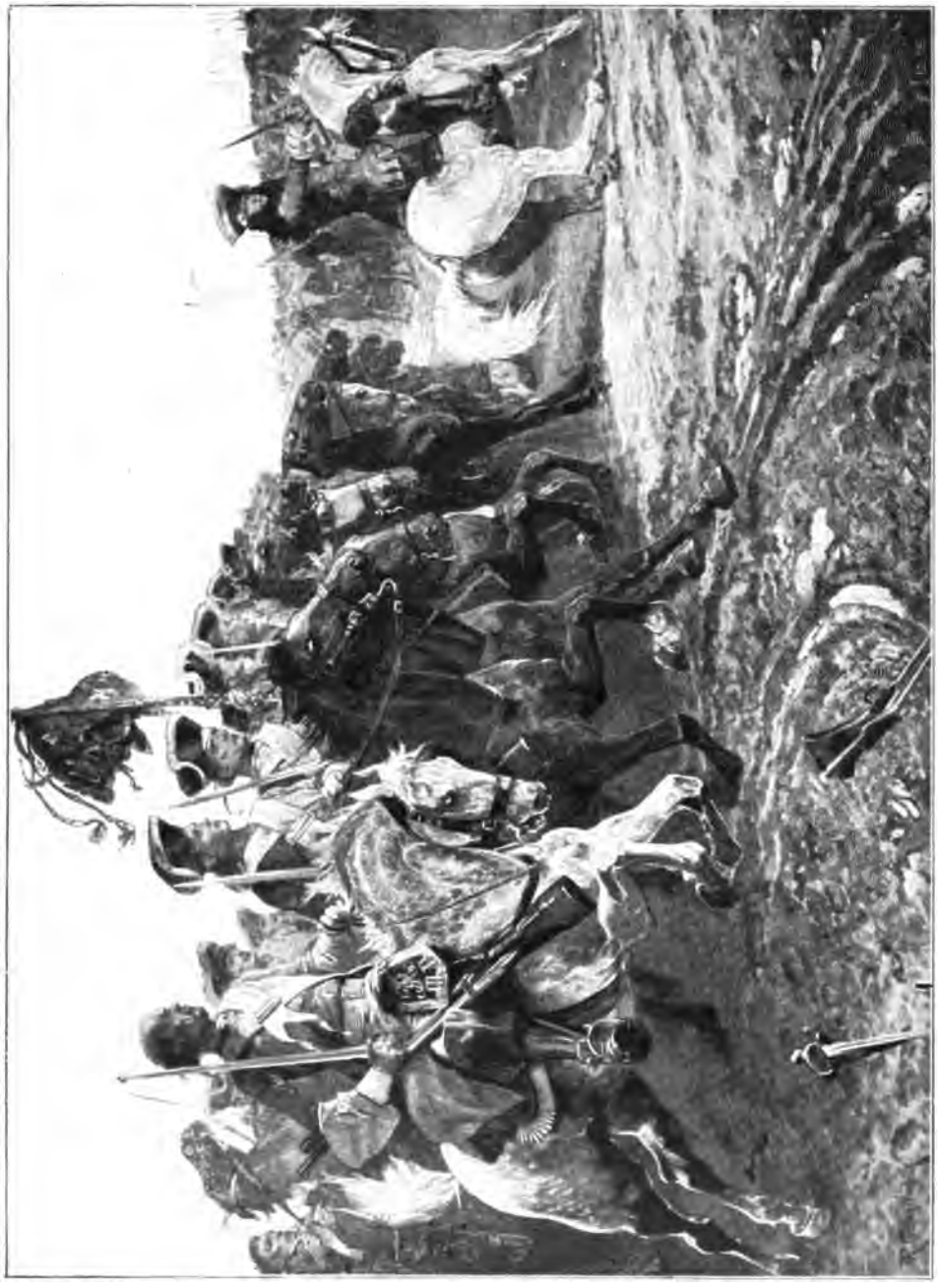
"For the next few months the Court was from time to time diverted by noting the progress of the little affair between the Duke of York's handsome favourite and Mademoiselle Delaroche, who now argued upon divinity with edifying frequency. Perhaps no one watched it with so much interest as myself, for I understood the game better than most. It had also a certain romantic and pathetic interest in my eyes, for I was further aware that Aimée had broken one faithful heart as well as her own in undertaking her mission. From the day she set about winning Churchill to her creed she had finally renounced a secret attachment that might ultimately have conquered her vocation. The vocation, indeed, now became identified with her undertaking. She looked upon herself as consecrated to a great service, and would no longer dally with a passion of inclination. Should she fail to win Churchill to her persuasion she was resolved immediately to retire into a convent. Her gallant young brother's projects for her happiness she regarded with an amusement equal to my own.

"The affair had also its humorous side in the relations of Churchill and Delaroche, for the former, as he imagined his suit progressed, could not be affable enough to his lady's brother, who received his civilities with a constraint which Churchill was at a loss to understand. He was naturally enough inclined to think that his suit promised well for all parties concerned, more especially as the Duke, his patron, had hinted his approval, consequently he considered Delaroche very short-sighted in signifying what seemed to be dissent,

"In the end, however, tragedy seemed likely to prevail over comedy. Little by little Aimée discovered that Churchill was not to be won over; discovered, too, that her heart had played her false. Vocation, old love, loyalty to creed, had yielded before that wonderful fascination which in his earlier years made Churchill irresistible to women. She loved him, but despairingly; for with the failure of her purpose, all hope of an honourable alliance perished.

"Churchill, I believe, would have secretly married Aimée, but his patron found means to divert his thoughts with the offer of a captaincy in the Netherlands. It was whispered that the King was very ready to confirm that commission, on account of Lady Castlemaine's favour for Churchill, a rumour which Delaroche astutely turned to his advantage by hinting that he, too, was in her Ladyship's good graces. Scandal, growing like a snowball, did the rest, and our Frenchman was also made happy with a commission, which restored him, if not to France, at least to the French army. Sick of the Court, I volunteered for service against Holland, and in 1672 we three found ourselves before Nimeguen with the English and French allied forces under Monmouth, Turenne, and Condé.

"In the camp, as at Court, Churchill sought to be friendly with Delaroche, for he had not forgotten Mademoiselle. The stars, however, still strove against a better understanding, and mischievous fate seemed



"WHEEL INTO LINE!" THE DUKE SHOUTED.

ever to make Churchill an innocent cause of offence to his junior.

"One luckless day Delaroche, by an extraordinary blunder, abandoned a post he ought to have defended to the last extremity. Seeing the retreat, Marshal Turenne, with whom Captain Churchill was already in high favour, exclaimed to his staff: 'I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men Delaroche commanded!'

"The bet was eagerly accepted, and Churchill had no choice but obey, winning Turenne's wager for him in a brilliant attack. His pleasure in his exploit, however, was small, and I know he was secretly annoyed at the position in which Turenne had placed him.

"'What possessed Delaroche?' he asked me afterwards. 'He is brave enough.'

"'The poor fellow,' I replied, 'had very ill news this morning from England. His sister is dead.'

"Even as a young man, Churchill possessed that immobility which so distinguishes him. 'Ah!' he replied deliberately; 'that explains a great deal. I shall see Marshal Turenne. Delaroche must not be shot. My interest with the Marshal is considerable. Perhaps it will save him.'

"All that Churchill could obtain, however, was a promise that Delaroche would not be put to death. Of his fate we were kept in ignorance. He disappeared. There were some who hinted at the Bastille.

"Twenty years ago I met him accidentally. He had returned from long service in Africa, 'a living death,' he said, 'for which I am indebted to John Churchill.' He hinted that one day he would discharge the obligation, but noticing that I did not approve, he changed his tone and showed his better side, always extremely attractive. I doubt not, however, that, given opportunity, he would wipe off the score. At rare intervals he has written to me, and chance expressions lead me to believe that his resentment has not cooled."

"That being so," said Captain Molesworth, as Kershaw paused in his narrative, "why did you not pistol him out of hand to-day?"

"Impossible, Molesworth! For me that would be a very Cain's deed?"

"How? You—a soldier—say this?"

"Delaroche was Aimée's brother. She—I——"

The Colonel hesitated, and left his comrade to make what he could of the broken hint.

"Forgive me, Kershaw, for a dullard. And now, good-night! There 's eleven from Corswaren steeple. The Duke requires me at the quarter after. One word—suppose—in the coming engagement—you encounter—Delaroche?"

"Ah, we must leave that to the chance of war! Good-night! Sleep, if you can. We march at two in the morning. I shall not sleep, but I shall not be lonely. See, it is clearing—the stars will keep me company.

"Look yonder!" Kershaw continued, pointing to a meteor that flamed lurid, for an instant, along the northern horizon; "that 's life, that 's love! which touch our earthly air only to perish by the contact; but see, yon clear fixed star—Aimée's, I figure it — shining pure and constant through the ages; that 's love, that 's life—beyond."

The friends clasped hands in silence, and Molesworth left Kershaw to his vigil.

II.

Between two and three o'clock on the afternoon of the following day, the Duke of Marlborough with some officers of his staff were stationed on a little knoll observing the enemy's cavalry, which was posted between the villages of Ramillies to the north and Tavieres to the south. The famous feint on the French left was in progress, deceived by which Marshal Villeroi had drawn several battalions away from his own right. This blunder on the part of the French general Marlborough had noted with quiet satisfaction, and immediately, under cover of the rising ground behind his own position, drew off most of his battalions to his left centre, intending to concentrate his attack on the now weakened right wing of his enemy, which rested on Tavieres.

An officer galloped up from the direction of that village and approached Marlborough.

"Well, Kershaw?" the Duke inquired with apparent unconcern.

"General Overkirk, your Grace, with the Dutch Guards has carried Tavieres by storm, so that the flank fire from the village upon which the enemy counted for cover is no longer possible."

The Duke nodded. "Hasten those seventeen squadrons from the right," he said, and galloped forward until the party came within a few hundred yards of Tavieres. As they approached, Overkirk,

having reformed to the west of the village, charged the French cavalry, which had borne down from the eminence known as the tomb of Ottomond. The Allies carried the enemy's first line, but the second immediately advanced and threw the whole body into confusion.

Turning to an officer, Marlborough exclaimed—"Order up every available squadron from the right, except the British!"

As the officer rode off on his errand, the seventeen squadrons already summoned swept up in sections and halted a few yards behind the Duke's position, and at the same moment a rattle of musketry from the distant centre told that Schultz had begun the attack on Ramillies.

Meanwhile din and confusion prevailed in front, although the French, observing the Allies' reinforcement, did not press their temporary success.

"Come, gentlemen," Marlborough cried to his staff, observing that the sections of horse were now all in position. He made to put himself at the head of the reserve, when Kershaw accosted him—

"I beg that your Grace will not imperil yourself thus: you may be recognised, and we cannot afford——"

"Tush, Kershaw! we must strike at once, and my fellows are the better of a little encouragement." Breaking away from his counsellor, Marlborough took his place at the head of the sections.

"Wheel into line!" the Duke shouted, and, pivotting steadily, the squadrons formed their long, unbroken front.

Next moment the whole allied line was in motion, thundering down to the relief of their own recoiling troops. The disordered Dutch Guards fell back upon the timely support and the relief swept onward, Marlborough in his ardour pressing far forward upon the French front.

He went further, indeed, than prudence warranted; for suddenly some French dragoons galloped forward from their ranks and closed about the Duke.

"It is Marlborough!" one cried, making a pass, which the Duke parried, but, owing to a sudden movement of his horse, failed to repay with interest. So closely was he beset that the combat resembled a piece of mediæval warfare. For a few seconds the Duke defended himself with his sword, then realising that he was outnumbered, he watched his opportunity, wheeled about, rode down the trooper nearest him, sabred another, and spurred headlong for his own lines, closely pursued by a French officer. The two rapidly outdistanced the rest of the company.

Turning in the saddle, Marlborough drew a pistol and was in act to shoot his man when he happened to glance at his face. Without changing countenance he lowered his weapon, and fired, not at the officer, but at his charger. Horse and rider rolled together on the sodden ground.

Marlborough thundered on, still followed by the rest of the troopers, whose pistol-balls sang about his head. Before him lay a ditch. Beyond it he descried Kershaw, Molesworth, and some others of his staff riding furiously to his rescue. The Duke put his charger at the trench, but the animal stumbled, and threw his rider to the ground.

Kershaw and Molesworth were instantly at the Duke's side. Dismounting, the Captain gave his own horse to Marlborough, who safely crossed the trench, which the pursuers did not essay to pass, being warned, by the appearance of supports, to save themselves from being cut off in turn.

A few moments later the Duke returned to the charge with fresh vigour. Seeing his squadrons victorious along the whole line, he fell back a little, and edged his horse towards the spot where he had shaken off the French officer. The ground where horse and man had gone down was now occupied by two parties of infantry engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle around a prostrate officer, who, as the Duke rode up, raised himself on his hand and shouted to his own side: "*A moi, mes braves!*"

For response a detachment of Lord Clare's Irish regiment in French service rushed forward, yelling and cursing, but the Allies bore them back at the point of the bayonet, and pressed onwards. A stalwart private, mad with the rage of battle and lust of plunder, lingered behind, and would have run the Frenchman through, but the Duke, in a voice that rang high above the din, ordered the fellow to desist and rejoin his company.

As the command was given, Captain Molesworth, with a curious thrill, heard Kershaw exclaim—"It is destiny."

The Frenchman, who had only been stunned by his fall, got up without assistance, and sullenly approached the Duke.

"You have the better of me always, John Churchill," he muttered, offering his sword.

Marlborough was about to accept it, when suddenly he paused. "No, Delaroche," he said, "not from you; as gentlemen and old comrades we may dispense

with the formality. I hope to see you later. Ah, Colonel Kershaw, you and M. Delaroche are old acquaintances; be good enough to see that he is well taken care of."

The Duke was turning away when a confused shouting made him glance around. His gaze encountered Delaroche, livid with passion, who had come close behind, his sword-point advanced almost to the Duke's back.

From his position Marlborough could not have guarded the impending thrust; but even as the point touched his coat, Delaroche fell dead with a pistol-ball in the brain.

"A thousand thanks, Kershaw!" the Duke exclaimed. "The dastard! I did not think his old inexplicable dislike of me could go as far as dishonour."

Kershaw did not answer, but gloomily took the hand Marlborough held out to him. They moved up the slope towards the Tomb of Ottomond, where the fight was now raging furiously.

"Kershaw," Marlborough remarked, as they rode a little apart from the rest. "In death, was he not terribly like—one we remember?"

Still Kershaw kept silence, and the Duke made haste to assume a cheerier tone. "That service, Colonel," he continued, "signed your Lieutenant-General's commission."

"Nay," replied the Colonel slowly, "my death-warrant."

Even as he spoke a furious discharge of artillery opened from the heights, and while the storm swept past, Marlborough heard a voice at his side which betrayed to him the secret of a life.

"Aimée, Aimée," it cried, "forgive—for——"

Glancing round inquiringly, Marlborough saw Kershaw's horse galloping riderless away. At what had been the Colonel, the Duke, veteran though he was, did not care to look a second time.

ELECTION DAY IN POORER NEW YORK.

By E. L. BANKS.

NEW YORK at nine o'clock on the morning of Election Day, Nov. 3, 1896! What a different spectacle the city presented from what I had anticipated! Where were the noise, the hustle and bustle, the pushing and crowding, and general stampede to and from the polls that might reasonably be expected in the American Metropolis on this day, when the world waited and held its breath to see whether it should be decided that the American "almighty dollar" was to continue in its almightiness?

I walked along Broadway and watched the cable cars running along with only their usual speed and regularity, crowded only as always, no more people killed and knocked down than usual; no more flying in and out of offices, shops, and hotels than usual—nothing, absolutely nothing on Broadway to mark this day from any other ordinary day that had preceded or would follow it.

I was disappointed, chagrined at the orderliness and quiet which prevailed, for I was out for excitement and "copy."

"Where are the polling-booths?" I asked of the artist who accompanied me. He carried a sketch-book in one hand and dragged after him a camera with the other, so he nodded his head in the direction of a respectable-looking tailor's shop, where the latest British fashions were displayed for the benefit of American "well-dressers."

"The men in this particular neighbourhood are voting in a little room up above that shop," he answered, sadly and disconsolately. "No copy and no sketches there, I assure you."

The entrance to the little room up above the tailor's shop was guarded by a solitary policeman, who, when I presented my petition to be allowed to step up and just look into the room to see what voting was like, calmly and pleasantly removed his benign countenance and gigantic bulk away from the door and bade me go up and look. I did so, and saw nothing but two or three little cubby holes, partitioned off from the rest of the room, after the manner of confessionals; a long counter, whereon stood a couple of boxes resembling post-boxes, with apertures for inserting parcels; three men behind the counter, all dressed in plain citizens' clothes, engaged in hunting up the registration data of two prosperous-looking business men, who

were quietly waiting to deposit their ballots and then go about their usual avocations.

"And is this the way we elect our President?" I asked of one of the men in charge. "No fuss, no talking, no 'language'—nothing but just this respectable atmosphere?"

"Yes, this is the way we elect him," he answered. "It's the only honest way—the Australian ballot system. If you'd looked about New York a few years ago on Election Day, at only a gubernatorial election, you would have found fuss and 'language' enough—but now, why there's no excitement about Election Day in these parts. Men began quietly to vote at six o'clock this morning, and they'll keep on quietly voting till five to-night."

We went further down Broadway, then turned into Seventh Avenue, and finally Fifth Avenue, but the same exasperating, respectable quiet was everywhere to be found. Then we boarded the elevated train, and went West to Harlem, and to that part of Harlem known as "Little Italy," and there we found activity—typical American activity—among the Italians. A crowd of Italian girls and boys were scrambling in the middle of the street near the elevated station, their frowsy black hair let loose on the winds, their torn and soiled print dresses getting more torn and soiled with every movement they made, their large black eyes shining with excitement, wrath, or pleasure, The boys were all capless and coatless. Those who really possessed these articles of apparel were waving them high in the air, while those who apparently existed without them had taken off their suspenders, or "gallusses," to wave, while their trousers were held in proper position with knotted twine and rope.

"McKinley! McKinley! 'Rah for McKinley an' honest money and things!" shouted a crowd of fifty or sixty youngsters as we descended upon them. A battered Star-Spangled Banner, which looked as though it had been through the wars, but in reality had probably only been dragged through the filth of the children's homes, was being floated to the breeze by two short boys, who added to their stature by standing on starch-boxes. Directly behind them came two girls, holding on high, with a pole stuck through it, a gaily-coloured board on which were pasted chromo pictures of McKinley and Hobart. Others of the children had kitchen brooms, which they waved or with which they swept the ground. During the latter operation they would break out into hilarious exclamations, such as "A new broom sweeps clean, so brush the rascals out!" The fact that the brooms they were handling were neither new nor capable of sweeping anything clean did not in the least disturb them. They liked the sentiment of the song they sang, and so they gave vent to it.

"What rascals are you talking about?" I asked of a dark-haired boy who ran up against our valuable camera and knocked it flat to the ground without appearing to think he had done an injury.

"Oh, Bryan and things is the rascals!"

"What things?"

"Free silver and sixteen to one, and fifty-three cent dollars."

I was about to pursue the argument further, and add to my general information concerning the politics of my native land, when feminine screams resounded through the air, and turning around, I saw the boy who was opposed to "Bryan and things" pummelling a little girl in the face, and demanding that she "take 'em off." The objectionable things that she was ordered to "take off" were a Bryan and Sewall button and a representation of a silver dollar, on which were engraved the words "Sixteen to one." She was a lone Bryanite in the crowd, having wandered in unconscious of the fate that awaited her. Before anyone could interfere she had been stripped of her glory in the shape of her Bryan button and make-believe silver dollar, and ordered to "git home to her pa, what voted fer Bryan at six o'clock in the morning, cos he wanted to do the dirty work before respectable folks was up." The Bryan button and dollar were smashed to atoms on the pavement—the dollar was made of plaster-of-Paris silvered over—and buried in a hole in the ground. Then the young bull-dozers, who seemed to be minus both gallantry and an idea of fair play, gathered about the camera and demanded to be "took," which they were; but owing to their inability to keep quiet for only a fraction of a minute, all picture-making efforts proved of no avail.

Down 118th Street, at Number 348, there was a lively scene in front of the Italian Bank. It was the headquarters of the Harlem Women's Republican Club. Signs and symbols in the windows announced that within coffee and sandwiches were being served to the voters in that neighbourhood free of charge. One swarthy-faced Italian after another pushed his way into the bank and was served with refreshment for the inner man by one of the half-dozen Harlem ladies who stood behind the counter pouring coffee, sweetening it to

the taste, and cutting thick sandwiches to put into brawny hands. The providing of sandwiches and coffee was a happy inspiration, for just a few steps away from the bank was the polling-place, and the workmen were thus enabled to kill two birds with one stone, voting and eating lunch at about the same place and same time.

The ladies who served the refreshments looked veritable patriots and party women, though they one and all declared they were not woman suffragists. They wore McKinley badges and small silk flags tied in their button-holes. One of them was specially decorated for the occasion, wearing no less than four different Republican buttons and badges, and having her pretty belt fastened together with a gold-bug buckle. As she stood there handing out coffee, a terrier-dog stood on his hind legs beside her, his red, white, and blue necktie folded in just the proper style, and his forepaws extended towards the men as though begging for McKinley votes.

From the bank to the polling-booth was but a few steps. This place had almost the same air of respectability that characterised the outside of the Broadway tailor's shop booth, and what it lacked in gentility it made up in solemnity, for it was an undertaker's shop. In the window, directly under the placard which announced it as a ballot depository, were two coffins, perfectly though cheaply made. One was short and narrow and painted white, and one was long and wide and black. There was a sign to the effect that wreaths, crosses, and coffins, well made and at moderate prices, would be supplied.

At the door stood a policeman, and at a respectful distance from him was a little group of Italian women, apparently discussing the political situation in their native tongue. It was interesting to watch their faces as they conversed and gesticulated. Some of them bore in their hands pamphlets which had been generously distributed among them by the Republican women workers. They were addressed in large black type, "To the Women of New York," and in them were to be found the following paragraphs—

"Bear in mind that free coinage of silver means the doubling in prices of all you buy for the daily support of your families. By care and economy you have arranged so that you can live well and have something over every year; or, perhaps, you are just able to make both ends meet. Under free coinage all this will change." Then followed warnings concerning the danger of allowing husbands and brothers to vote for Bryan and silver, which, if it were freely coined, would bring about increased household expenses, etc. So the women stood outside the polling booth, as near the door as the law allowed them, watching their mankind as they marched in to cast their votes, and waiting patiently for them to return and assure them that they had not voted for "free silver, which would increase household expenses." At times, as they were joined by the men, there were murmurs of approval and commendation in the soft, mild language of sunny Italy, and then suddenly there would break forth exclamations of wrath which portended future family jars on account of a confession of a member of the sterner sex that he had cast his vote for Bryan.

Just along the kerb stood a beardless youth of nineteen or twenty, decked out in all the colours of the rainbow, and all the "honest money" badges that the mind of the Republican party has been able to conceive during the campaign. The youth, probably as a sort of balm for his wounded feelings — wounded because of a realisation of the fact that he was still under age, and thus unable to vote for McKinley, had covered his coat and waistcoat and even his suspenders with gold bugs of various sizes, small flags, miniatures of McKinley and Hobart, and tiny representations of gold dollars, until he somewhat resembled a member of an English life-saving crew embellished all over with medals. Occasionally he would strut up and down along the street, with head erect and arms akimbo, uttering shrill whistles between his teeth.

In his meanderings he came into contact with another man of far greater pomposity and dignity of bearing, if less gorgeously decorated. This man wore upon the lapel of his cut-away coat a blue silk badge, and on it the words, in gold, "Rep. Worker." At the bottom of the badge there was a gold fringe, which dangled and rattled as he strutted up and down. He wore a dirty light grey suit of clothes, a soiled and collarless pink-and-white print shirt, a silk hat which had the appearance of having gone through many a severe rain-storm without being subsequently ironed, and a countenance that betokened a combination of self-satisfaction and solicitude for the welfare of his fellow-creatures. In political parlance, the man was a "ward-heeler," but when I asked him if that was his vocation he assured me that he was a "worker," not a "heeler." He made it his business to talk to the men whom he

Photo by Baker, Columbus.

MAJOR WILLIAM McKINLEY,

The New President of the United States.

met in that ward, gave them instructions concerning financial and tariff questions, and generally "boost" them up in the way they should go. He, of course, was allowed to use no coercion. His duty was simply to explain to them the principles of the Republican party, or, speaking more properly for this campaign, "the party that believes in the honest payment of honest debts."

"Going to get a Washington office?" I asked, when he had explained his occupation to me. "If you help to elect Major McKinley, then Major McKinley will surely remember you when he gets in the White House?"

The look of insulted dignity and virtue that man gave me frightened me off from him a few steps, so that it was at a distance that I heard him reply—

"My good young lady, I ain't no heeler and no office-seekin' chap tryin' to get a Washington berth. A clear conscience for doin' my dooty, and a chance to receive a honest dollar for a honest dollar's wuth of work is all I'm a-lookin' for, and don't you forgit it!"

I went speedily from that part of New York, embarked again on the elevated train, and made my way to the far eastern part—the Bowery—where all day, it was understood, men were voting for "Bryan, Anarchy, and Crime."

"The Bowery, the Bowery! All along the Bowery!" What a different spectacle it presented from that of a few years ago, when no respectable woman dared walk there! Then "ballot-box stuffing in the Bowery" was looked upon as a matter of course, and fights and riots, and even murders, were not uncommon on Election Day. Now it looked respectable, even prosperous, in a small as well as in a large way. There were no crowds near the polling-booths, no loud talking, no boisterous behaviour, and no drunkenness. Every grog-shop was closed as though its proprietor had left town for a holiday. All the grog-shops in New York, by the way, were closed on election-day during the voting hours, and in my journeyings over the city I saw not a single drunken man in the streets.

But if the saloons and polling-booths drew no crowds about them, it was only to be expected that on some of the little side streets, standing about the peanut-roasters, a few men would collect to discuss the political situation.

"Voted?" said one man to another, as he shelled a peanut and chewed contentedly. The other man put his hands in his pockets, drew a whiff at his pipe, and answered—

"Course I voted, voted fer the friend of the toiling masses, Billy Bryan."

"Why 'd ye vote that way? Now come on an' tell us," answered the peanut-eater, who wore a small flag badge, usually taken to denote a McKinleyite. "What 'd free silver do fer the likes of ye, just tell me that?"

"Why, free silver means free silver. If Bryan's elected, please Gawd, there 'll be plenty o' money an' to spare. There 's going' to be a distribitin' place in all the cities, an' the poor man 'll have as much as the rich 'un has now. No crushin' us under then with British gold, I can tell ye."

The McKinleyite laughed and walked off with the assurance that the only way he knew of to get any of that silver was to work for it, and that if Bryan were elected, they 'd have to work for it just the same.

All the Bowery neighbourhood was as quiet as was the part just described, the only excitement prevailing seeming to be that among the children, who held heated political controversies in the middle of the streets, and later in the day changed the heat of controversy for the heat of bonfires, as a fitting end to the great occasion.

The journey from the Bowery to the headquarters of the Coloured Women's Republican Club on West Twenty-Seventh Street was a matter of a few minutes on the elevated railroad. This was in the midst of a thickly settled coloured population. For blocks around scarcely a white man or woman was to be seen. Negroes of all sizes, ages, and sexes were walking along the street and standing outside the shops discussing the election. The hours for voting had now gone past, and the brilliantly lighted saloons were opened. Coloured "dudes" in all the glory of red neckties, gaily checked or striped trousers, and highly polished silk hats, twirled their gold-plated canes and talked proudly of the bets they had made on the result of the election. Little negro babies sat on the door-steps amusing themselves with McKinley rattles, blowing McKinley horns, or crying their little hearts out over their neglected condition. At the entrance to the Coloured Women's Club I found a little darkey boy waving a Star-Spangled Banner. He kept on waving it as he conducted me to Mrs. Hall, the president of the club. Mrs. Hall is a typical negress in speech and manner. She probably controlled more votes than any other one person in New York during this election, for all the hundreds of coloured men in her

neighbourhood followed her lead and marched through the streets with a big lantern banner, which, when lighted up, gave lustre to the words, cut into the cloth, "AS SHE WISHES, SO WE VOTE!" At the head of this army of blacks Mrs. Hall had been marching, so she told me, for the past several weeks, and she very kindly brought out her marching costume to show me. On Election Day she marched a number of voters to the poll, explained anew to them the principles of Protection and honest finance, blessed them with outstretched hands, and then left them to vote for McKinley.

"McKinley Pudding with Gold-Bug Sauce." That was the sign which attracted me as I passed a little restaurant on my way from the West Side back to the East Side. I went in and ordered a dish of the new concoction. It was cornstarch pudding with broken almonds sprinkled through it, and a sauce of golden yellow. It tasted like ordinary cornstarch, but I was afterwards told that the obscure little restaurant-keeper who invented the name made a snug fortune on Election Day and the day following.

It grew dark as I hurried from the restaurant to Newspaper Row, where towards evening dense crowds began to gather to watch the bulletins from the various newspaper buildings. As this literary centre is not far off from the Bowery, the inhabitants of that part of New York were out in full force. From eight at night till three in the morning they pushed and scrambled and shrieked and swore at the back of the Post Office and in front of the City Hall, making up in the evening for all the quiet which they had preserved during the day. Horns tooted, rattles shook, and throats did their duty. On the Bowery end of Newspaper Row it was evidently a Bryan crowd, for lamentations filled the air when bulletin after bulletin went up and rocket after rocket ascended and then descended. And finally the "Star in the East," which was the sign one of the newspapers had announced it would give if Major McKinley were elected, shone out resplendent. Then hisses from the Bowery "toughs," then curses, then silence, then a commencement of the tramp towards home of a part of "poorer New York."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MAJOR McKINLEY, NILES, OHIO.

THE LIGHT ON THE TOWER.

By GEORGE GISSING.

MRS. FLEETWOOD had sat for an hour or two brooding darkly. Feeling at length the chill of the January evening, she rose to stir the fire; a flame presently made fitful illumination of the objects about her, hitherto obscured in the deepening of dusk. The room was her husband's study; portraits of statesmen and politicians hung about the walls, and on the writing-table lay Blue-books, reviews, piles of newspapers.

After a few more minutes of silence, she again raised herself, as if with reluctant effort, from the fireside chair, and lit a lamp. Then she went to the window. Whilst lowering the blind, she gazed over house-tops at the northern sky, still broken and mottled with pale aftergleams of daylight. In the direct line of her view, far away, and set on an expanse of gloom above the city's horizon, shone steadily a clear, star-like beacon. It was the light upon the clock-tower at Westminster.

With look and movements of weary distaste, Mrs. Fleetwood began to turn over some of the periodicals on the table; a knock at the door interrupted her, and a female servant looked in.

"Mr. Budge has called, 'm. He wants to know when master is likely to be at home."

"Say not until late this evening," answered the lady, with a decision which evidently came of annoyance. But the voice was as far as possible from suggesting ill-nature. Her face, though excessively worried, had the lines of long-enduring gentleness, and pleased a fastidious eye. She was dressed becomingly and as a woman of simple tastes.

In less than a quarter of an hour the servant again showed herself.

"Mr. Willis, 'm. As master isn't in, he would like to see you."

Mrs. Fleetwood, plainly on the point of refusing, seemed to hold a brief debate with herself. It ended in the admission of the caller, whose step was heard briskly ascending. There entered a man of less than thirty, rather shabbily dressed, but with gloves and a silk hat; he stepped forward in a very animated way, and spoke at once, almost breathlessly—

"Have you heard the news, Mrs. Fleetwood? Merriman is dead—accident in the hunting-field. The evening papers have it. Your husband must stand! Of course he will stand?"

"I really can't say." She spoke with difficulty, a prey to sudden nervousness. "I—I don't think he is prepared——"

"Oh, that would be such an awful disappointment to all his friends! I am sure you will persuade him, Mrs. Fleetwood. Merriman had made himself awfully unpopular. It's a splendid chance for a Radical candidate. I'm convinced your husband has nothing to do but to show himself. When will he be home? Where could I find him? If he likes, I'll run down to Waterbury at once."

The lady sat with her cheek propped upon her hand; she had slightly coloured, and was thinking intently. Before she could speak a voice sounded from within the house, and at once she stood up.

"Here is my husband."

There was loud talk and laughter on the stairs. The study-door flew open, and Fleetwood, followed by a friend, made abrupt appearance. He looked nearly forty, a good many years older than his wife, and on his countenance, as on hers, turbid life had made an impression; his eyes gleamed with inordinate hilarity; his cheeks were on fire. It was not the face of a man endowed with high gifts; one could not credit him with the power of ruling; but a contagious faculty of enthusiasm he undoubtedly possessed, and it appeared at its full in this moment.

"Ha, Willis! Then you're before us with the news. I see Mary has heard it. Gimble, let me introduce you to my wife. You know Mr. Gimble very well by name, Mary. Willis, you'll stay and dine with us. We have to talk this business over. There'll be some other men dropping in later."

Mr. Gimble had not a prepossessing exterior; he was grizzled, snub-nosed, thick-necked, and baggy at the knees.

Mrs. Fleetwood shrank from the pressure of his fat hand. The necessity of having to provide for unexpected guests excused her speedy withdrawal from the room, and as soon as she was gone the three men began to talk noisily, uproariously. Peculiarities of speech seemed to prove that Fleetwood's excitement had been aided by strong liquor; the others were sober enough, but evidently did their best to maintain their host's mood of exhilaration. Willis, an irregularly employed journalist, came from the town of Waterbury, and spoke as though his services would be invaluable there during an election. The man Gimble, of obscure calling, seemed well acquainted with arts of political agitation, and professed a special knowledge of the borough just made memberless by Mr. Merriman's death.

"I can't promise, mind you!" Fleetwood kept shouting. "There are several things to be decided. I must have a distinct and respectable invitation in any case. I promise nothing!"

He had sat in Parliament, but only for half a year—the brief Parliament of 1886. On his presenting himself again to the electors of Waterbury, flood-tide Conservatism swept him out of sight. He stood again at the General Election of '92, and again was signally defeated. Now, only a year later, he had a reason for delaying his decision, which might, indeed, be suspected by his two friends, though they hoped the suspicion was unfounded. Fleetwood was practically at the end of his means; he knew not how to meet the expenses of a contest, still less how to subsist when it was over.

Fleetwood began life with plentiful provision, as the elder son of a man enriched by commerce. His convivial tastes, overflowing good-nature, and conspicuous cleverness, surrounded him with innumerable friends, not a few of them more or less harmful parasites. Nominally he studied the law, but at thirty his profession still served merely as a graceful disguise of indolent and wasteful life. With his father, though often incurring severe rebuke, he remained on friendly terms, until, in the year 1885, he began to take part in politics. Old Mr. Fleetwood would have nothing to do with a democrat. Against all his immediate interests, the young man took an extreme position on the popular side, and, in the year following, was elected member for Waterbury. One other thing he did which completed the alienation between himself and his father. To Mr. Fleetwood's satisfaction, Robert had shown himself impressed by the charms of a certain Miss Halley, an heiress and a brilliant person; there seemed every likelihood of a marriage between them. But here again politics intervened. Robert not only turned his back upon Miss Halley; in the flush of his success at Waterbury he wooed and wedded a young lady of no social distinctions, and dowered not at all. After this his father gave him no more countenance. Dying a year later, Mr. Fleetwood left his eldest son a mere competence; the mass of his wealth fell to the younger brother, Thomas, a prudent and amiable gentleman. Scarcely was the time of mourning over, when Thomas Fleetwood married Miss Halley—a consummation whereat Robert laughed with boisterous merriment.

By the wide circle of his friends, admirers, and hangers-on great things were expected of Fleetwood in Parliament. That he did nothing at all might be explained by the cruel fate which attached him to so short-lived an Administration. He had not even time to open his lips in the House. But this experience of public life was quite long enough to exert a disastrous effect upon Fleetwood's character and prospects. His excitable temper proved unequal to the strain of that half-year with its crowded emotions. When at the next election he had to go through a fierce struggle, ending in utter defeat, his health broke down, and so alarming were the symptoms that his young wife feared a mental derangement. They went abroad together, and Fleetwood seemed to become himself again; but the position in which he found himself after his father's death affected him more sensibly than he would confess. Hitherto intolerant of solitude, he now frequently spent a day in lonely brooding over his disasters. Thereupon came violent reaction: uproarious gatherings in his own house or elsewhere, when he played the part of "a man with a future"; intoxicated himself with flattery, genuine or interested; committed extravagances of every kind; and, as though intentionally, hurried on the day when he would be face to face with the bare problem of how to live.

Between him and his wife there existed a profound attachment—proof, it seemed, against every trial. Mary Fleetwood not only loved her husband, but admired him as a man of extraordinary powers, and for

THE LADY SAT WITH HER CHEEK PROPPED UPON HER HAND.

a long time maintained unshaken her belief in his future greatness. It was only when a conviction of his defects had been forced upon her that she would listen for a moment to the natural fears of a woman in her position. Accustomed to his moods of boundless exhilaration, she could not at first perceive that he was entering upon the vulgar path of the men who decline through drink. When the fact became indisputable, she exerted herself to the utmost for his salvation; and Fleetwood, often enough aware of the peril, wished nothing better than that his wife should save him. They tried lonely retreats, but the habits of a lifetime were too strong; the man rushed back into society, unable to exist without the sound of applauding voices. And each reaction of the kind brought him manifestly nearer to his doom.

Mary herself urged him to stand again for Waterbury at the election of 1892. She knew by this time how vain it was to hope that he would devote himself to any ordinary calling; but occupation he must have, or perish. She was still convinced, moreover, that Parliament offered him the career to which he was born; she still dreamed of sitting in the Ladies' Gallery and hearing her husband's voice ring forth in triumphant eloquence. Fleetwood threw himself eagerly into the fray. When defeat flung him into obscurity once more, he made a confession of dire things hitherto concealed from his wife. For some time they had been trenching upon their capital; a foolish speculation had ended calamitously; the only question now was—where to turn for the necessities of life.

They gave up their comfortable house at Hampstead, and went into seaside lodgings to review the situation. Here, one morning, Fleetwood alarmed his wife by an outburst of extravagant rage such as she had never known in him. He brought her a letter.

"This is from Tom. I wrote to him, asking for help. Wasn't it the natural thing to do? Isn't he very rich, and to some extent at my expense? Look what he writes!"

Thomas Fleetwood, with whom his brother had scarcely held any communication since the junior's marriage, wrote amiably enough, but declared himself quite unable to accede to Robert's request. Why had Robert done nothing all these years? Why had he lived such a very wild life, with profitless associates? No, no, he must play the man, and help himself out of his hobble.

"You know what this means?" cried Fleetwood. "It's his wife. She bears malice against me, and she hates *you*. That's her nature, as I told you. Thank Heaven, I stopped in time, when I felt inclined to make a fool of myself about that woman! She has Tom under her thumb: he daren't do anything without her consent. Simpleton! That woman wants to see you brought down—the lower the better. Well, this is just what I needed. Now to work! You shall have reason for your faith in me yet, Mary!"

Mary glowed. Hope reawoke in her, and for some days she kept a timid stillness, waiting some great step on her husband's part. The next thing she heard from him was that his brother had sent five hundred pounds.

"He has had to do it stealthily, you see. Of course his wife saw the other letter. In this he says that he will give not a penny more. Well, I shall take it; I don't know what to do without it. It supplies me with a foothold."

They now took this little house in South London, and Fleetwood seemed to work. Unhappily, comrades gathered about him. As was natural, his associates were no longer those of the day of prosperity; he made acquaintances in all sorts of ways and all sorts of places; men such as Willis and Gimble, far from satisfactory companions in Mary's view. Yet she knew that a circle was necessary to him; hopeless to think of his living without moderate conviviality, and the encouragement of admirers. He must feel himself a man of importance, a man with a future. And as the months went on he sank into the evil habit once more. His intoxication was nowadays more easy to distinguish from extravagant enthusiasm than in times of brighter hope. Mary saw him occasionally prostrate, and wept in shame.

After one of these bouts, Fleetwood fell a prey to voiceless dejection. At such times he would sit, in darkness, by his study window, and stare persistently towards the far-off light on the tower at Westminster. From something he once said, Mary learnt that in this way he strove to animate his ambition, to raise his soul from the slough of vicious indolence. So she let him brood alone. Her own influence, she sadly recognised, was not strong enough to rescue him, spite of his unfailing love.

Instead of a wholesome stimulus to effort, the thought of Parliamentary honours grew in him to a fixed idea, a morbid possession; sometimes it appeared

hardly distinguishable from the visions of an unsound mind. Undoubtedly his memory of the year 1886 had become self-deceptive; he spoke of things he had never done, of conversations with leading statesmen which he certainly had never held, as though they were the commonplaces of reminiscence. In other respects his intellect was sound enough, however shattered his will. As a matter of course, he lived with scant regard for economy. Mary suspected, and with justice, that his eulogistic friends were in one way or another paid for their devotion. Fleetwood never allowed it to be known how narrowly he was circumstanced, and the men now about him were such as would cling on for the sake of a dinner, a restaurant supper, or a casual sovereign at need. Probably no one believed in his chance of again sitting in Parliament for Waterbury or any other borough; but several of his parasites saw amusement and profit to be got out of a few weeks' electioneering.

This evening, after dinner, a company of half a dozen gathered in Fleetwood's study. Mary, shaken with alternations of hope and fear, heard the thunder of her husband's voice ever and anon rising above less authoritative shouts. Of course, the party had been supplied with abundant drink. When at length they broke up, one of them had a nasty fall on the stairs. Mary, dreading lest it should be her husband, ran out, but at once reassured, retreated hurriedly from the scene of bacchanalian tumult.

When all was quiet, Fleetwood's voice called softly. His wife at once joined him in the study, but so intolerable was the atmosphere that the first thing she did was to open the window. Fleetwood stepped up behind her.

"Look!" he said, in a voice thick from over-straining. "There shines the light! They're at it—they're at it!"

In the same instant the gleam disappeared.

"Gone! Has it gone? Or are my eyes——?"

"It has gone," said Mary, shuddering as the cold night air struck upon her. "Stand out of the draught, Robert. The room will be better in a minute."

"Mary!" He took her by the shoulders, and gazed at her with peculiar steadfastness. "Mary, how am I to manage it?"

To her surprise, she saw that he was not greatly overcome with the night's potations. Perhaps the momentousness of his position had helped him to refrain.

"You haven't enough even for the expenses?"

"I don't think so. No, I haven't. And afterwards?"

"But then—how can we think of it at all, dear?" she asked grievously.

"How can we *not* think of it?" Fleetwood cried, like a desperate man. "It's my last and only hope. Put me in Parliament, and I have a future. Deny me that chance, and I have no chance of any sort. No chance, by Heaven!"

He had never spoken in this clear-sighted way, with this peculiar accent of fatality. Mary had a stern conviction that he spoke the truth—at all events in his dread alternative. She could, moreover, still force herself to hope that Parliament might be his redemption.

"What plan have you?" she asked.

The man stood with eyes downcast, his attitude suggesting that he had conceived a project which, for some reason, he could not readily explain.

"So it is hopeless to look to your brother?" Mary added.

"I don't know. That's the question. Let us have the window shut; it's all right here now. I'll tell you something that I kept to myself when it happened. A few months ago, knowing a general election wasn't very far off, I wrote to Tom and asked him whether he would help me to get into Parliament again. I told him the plain truth—that Parliament was my one aim and hope in life. He answered that I mustn't expect anything more from him, and he tried to make out that the whole thing was a crazy idea. Why? Do *you* think so? Just tell me what you really think."

He fixed his reddened eyes upon her, and with so much pathos in his earnestness, that Mary could not have had the heart to discourage him, think what she might. But there was no need of putting constraint upon herself; her belief in him grew with the demand for it. She remembered his public speeches of the great year when Waterbury (though by so small a majority) elected him. Oh, the happiness of that time! How he shone against the vulgar background of party squabbles! His eloquence had the note of true enthusiasm—of a noble generosity. For all that had passed since then she still knew him pure at heart, utterly free from the petty forms of self-seeking; inspired, at all his best moments, by a proud ambition.

"He ought to help you," she exclaimed. "It is his plain duty."

"And he would, Mary—but for his wife."

In speaking, Fleetwood tried to gaze at her steadily and with meaning, but his eyes fell before hers.

"I know that woman," he pursued. "I know what she wants. She hopes I shall come some day, and beg—beg of *her*. That would gratify her malice."

"Impossible!"

"Impossible, you mean, for me to do such a thing? I all but feel capable of it. I half believe I *ought* to do it. And not for my own sake alone. I have to think of you, Mary, as much as of myself."

The thought revolted her, and she exclaimed passionately against it. Such conduct would be unworthy of manhood; nay, the circumstances of the case made it absolutely unthinkable.

"You may be altogether wrong in your opinion of her," she urged. "What grounds have you?"

He persisted with obstinate vehemence. His brother would not deny help; Tom was a good, generous fellow, but deplorably weak. He had heard things about him, all proving his subjection to the imperious woman. By suing to *her*——

"I won't hear of it," Mary interposed, with flushed face and eyes indignant. "We won't talk about it any more. It degrades you, Robert."

He turned from her, his head drooping, his countenance sunk in a profound despondency. Not another word was said of the matter in debate. In a few minutes Fleetwood went to the bed-room. Mary sat for half an hour by the dying fire.

After a short and troubled night she awoke at eight o'clock. Her husband was sleeping heavily; he might not stir for another hour or two. Mary rose and dressed with all possible quietness; she dressed, not in the ordinary way, but for going out. Downstairs, after drinking a cup of coffee, she hurriedly wrote a few lines, and put them into an envelope directed to Robert; the servant would give him this letter as soon as he came down. Then she left the house.

Between nine and ten Fleetwood received his wife's message, which ran thus—

"I think I shall be back to-night; but it is not quite certain. Don't be uneasy. I have thought of something which may help us. I shall certainly see you again to-morrow, if not to-night."

Fleetwood was astonished and troubled. The only conjecture he could make as to Mary's purpose seemed very improbable, and was so repugnant to his feelings that he tried not to entertain it. Through the morning, however, it kept recurring to his mind. Naturally feeling unwell after last night's excesses, he sat or reclined in the study until it was time to think of an appointment he had with Willis at a newspaper office. With the advancing day his spirits recovered something of their spring. Mary would not have gone off thus suddenly save on an errand which had rational hope in it. Most likely she had contrived something far more practical than his own wild ideas—she was one of the quiet women who upon occasion can show themselves full of resource. Already he glowed with gratitude to her. In one way, at all events, he could repay her effort on his behalf: to-day he would drink nothing. When Mary came back she should find him calm, sober, a husband worthy of her. Mary was very patient with him, perhaps too patient, too tolerant. He never lost sight of her loyalty, never ceased to remind himself that, for her sake, if on no other account, he must redeem the promises of early life. And if, indeed, she helped him to use this present occasion——

But there was no time to waste. Perhaps this very day he ought to go down to Waterbury. Willis, however, had promised to communicate by telegraph with certain people in the borough, and this afternoon there would doubtless be news.

It was nearly two o'clock when he met the journalist.

"Look here!" cried Willis, fluttering a telegram. "Borwick, of Waterbury—you know old John Borwick, of course—wires that you ought to come at once. 'Capital opportunity. Committee forming.' Didn't I tell you? When can you start?"

"Not till to-morrow. But we can get ready the address to the electors. You've had lunch, I suppose?"

Mr. Willis, having an appointment with Fleetwood at anything near luncheon-time, would have deemed it foolish to go to the expense of a meal before they met. Together they repaired to a restaurant, and refreshed themselves heartily. Without forgetting his resolve, Fleetwood saw no harm in a bottle of Burgundy; the journalist drank most of it. Had conviviality ended here, all would have been well; but, as a matter of course, Willis led his friend to resorts of talkative gentlemen somewhat out at elbows, where liquor was the inevitable accompaniment of political conversation. In a measure overcome before he knew it, Fleetwood ignored the state of his affairs, and talked as though

he would certainly contest the by-election at Waterbury. Impossible to resist the delight of being once more regarded and addressed as a "coming man." His eloquence made the wonted impression; strangers broke off their own dialogues to give ear to him, and asked, "Who is it?" Himself unconscious that he was drinking even more persistently than usual, Fleetwood at length excited smiles, and at this point Willis carried him off.

but his great end, gave a yell of joy. Willis took it up with a loud "Hurrah!"

"There!" exclaimed Fleetwood. "That's my wife's doing. There's a woman for you! Isn't her like in England. She isn't one of the talking women, Willis; but true blood—trusty to the core—such a wife as few men have."

Up in the study he again examined the telegram. It had been despatched from a place of which he barely knew the name,

UNCONSCIOUS THAT HE WAS DRINKING EVEN MORE PERSISTENTLY THAN USUAL, FLEETWOOD AT LENGTH EXCITED SMILES.

"Can't dine in town," explained the great man. "Expecting important telegrams at home. Come with me; we shall find a bone to pick, I daresay."

They got into a cab and reached Fleetwood's house at about half-past seven. Mary had not returned, but there was a telegram, and from her.

"Go at once to Waterbury," it ran. "All arranged. Shall return early to-morrow."

Fleetwood, careless now of everything and this puzzled him. He talked to himself about it, regardless of the journalist's presence. "What is she doing *there?* It isn't what I supposed, after all, then. How the deuce has she managed it? Never mind, I shall know soon enough. Can't go to Waterbury till she gets back, Willis. Brave little woman! She shall go down with us, of course."

A meal was set before them; they ate and drank, then sallied forth again in search of an acquaintance who lived in the

neighbourhood. At something after midnight Fleetwood regained his home; he was just able to climb the stairs, to distinguish his bed-room door, and to close it behind him.

He flung himself as he was on to the bed, but, after rolling there for a minute or two, his drunken soul felt a desire to read once more that wondrous telegram which he had been carrying about with him. He groped and staggered to the gas, managed to turn it on, and only then remembered that he had not yet found a match. There was a box in his pocket, but empty. He groped for the dressing-table, knocked some things down, and abandoned the search as useless. Presently he was back upon the bed, supine and snoring.

The gas, fully turned on, poured forth into the pitch-dark room, and continued to do so hour after hour.

* * * *

Mary Fleetwood was sleeping at an inn in the country town, whence she had sent her message to London.

Resolved to undertake herself the humiliating endeavour suggested by her husband, she had taken train that morning for a place distant some fifty miles, where Thomas Fleetwood had his ordinary abode. She reached the house, only to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood were together on a visit to friends in the same county, an hour's journey away. Feeling that her task must at any cost be carried through, she followed to the address given her, and here at length was admitted to the presence of Mrs. Thomas Fleetwood. It was the lady she had determined to see; not Thomas. The interview gave her every reason to believe that Robert was right in his interpretation of his brother's behaviour. Undisguisedly gratified by the abasement of her former rival, exacting to the uttermost all such pangs and long-drawn torments as refined feminine malice could invent, Mrs. Thomas Fleetwood was in the end graciously pleased to grant Mary's prayer; she would use her influence with her husband, and thought — with such a smile—that she could promise adequate assistance to the ambitious Robert. Thomas was then summoned to the room. Uneasy, obviously ashamed of himself, he watched the biddings of his wife's countenance, and confirmed the promise she had made.

To her grief Mary just missed the last train for London; but she had the satisfaction of telegraphing, and a great joy kept her awake through the lonely night.

* * * *

After all, Robert Fleetwood was not seen again at Waterbury. His name, however, appeared in the local papers, followed by a brief narrative of his career. "He had all the makings of a great man"—so said the Liberal organ.

THE MOST WONDERFUL TUNNEL IN THE WORLD.

HOW A ROAD WAS MADE BENEATH THE THAMES.

By J. M. BULLOCH.

THE best way to go over a river is to go under it. That, on the first blush of it, may strike you as a playful, catchpenny paradox; yet, if the dictum does not hold good of every river, it is absolutely true of all the great rivers that permit of heavy traffic. Thus the apparent paradox will translate itself for the Londoner into the plain prose of a million and a quarter sterling, for, before the tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall is finished, a sum running into seven figures will have been spent upon it. But not mis-spent, by any means. The money has gone to achieve the greatest subaqueous engineering triumph the world has ever seen; and has created before our eyes another of those wonderful romances of scientific skill, pluck, and daring that make the mere stories of imaginative literature pale into nothingness.

There are scores of longer tunnels than the one at Blackwall; there is not one with a bigger diameter—nothing less than 27 ft. it is. The American, posing as the modern Colossus, with all his gigantic structures, can show you nothing bigger than his 21 ft. diameter tunnel beneath the St. Clair River, which links Lakes Huron and Erie. The tunnel beneath the Hudson at New York, constructed for a company, let it be said, by the English firm that have made the one at Blackwall, has an external diameter of 19 ft., and even then only a third of it has been carried out. The funds of the American company have dried up. Thus the biggest city in the world holds proud possession of the biggest tunnel.

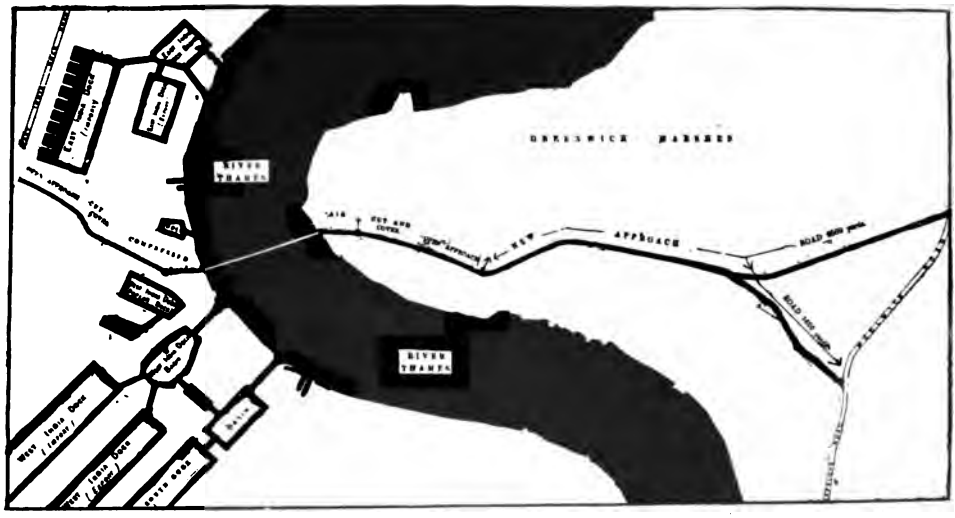


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DISTRICT WHICH THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL SERVES.

But that is not, by a long way, the greatest feat that has been going on before our eyes at Blackwall during the last four years. The American tunnels referred to have been bored through clay; soft clay, it is true, but still clay. The Blackwall Tunnel is carried through gravel;

ground—if it can be called ground—so dangerous that the most experienced of our engineers deprecated the idea of facing the enterprise at all. But the doubters have been silenced by accomplishment. Why and how has it all been done?

The tunnel was a dire necessity. Until 1894, when the Tower Bridge was opened, the 1,700,000 people east of London Bridge had had only three ways of crossing the river—by the subway at the Tower, built for foot-passengers only in 1869; by the tunnel between Wapping and Rotherhithe, which the great Brunel had taken seventeen years to construct (1825-42), and which is now used by a railway; and by the Woolwich Free Ferry, opened in 1889. There was not a single bridge east of London Bridge; and, to add insult to injury, the 1,700,000 people east of that had paid part of the £1,500,000 demanded in 1877 to free ten of the Pearson, one of the partners, is member for Colchester—to build one of 27 ft. external diameter. The price was fixed at £871,000, to which must be added about £350,000 for land, buildings, and the like, and £30,000 for approaches on the Kent side.

On looking at the accompanying diagram of the tunnel, what will probably strike you is its enormous length, 6200 ft. from end to end, to say nothing of the mile of new road which has been constructed from the Woolwich and Greenwich Road to the opening of the passage on the Kent shore. Now the actual breadth of the river to be crossed at Blackwall is only a fifth of this, or 1212 ft. The reason for this apparent extravagance is obvious. In order to get beneath the bed of the river, the engineers had to go down a depth of 80 ft. below Thames high water; and in order to make the approaches from the bank level to this point not steeper than

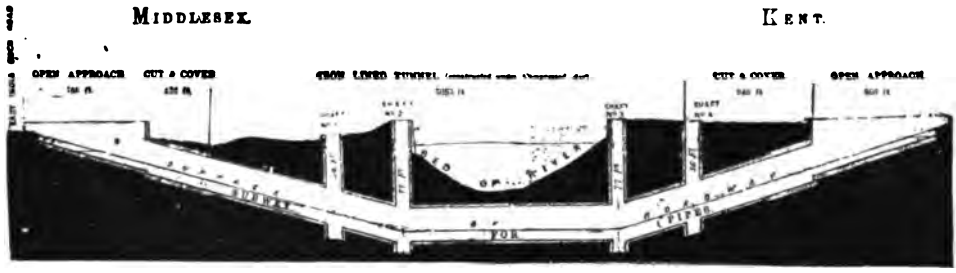


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TUNNEL AND THE ENTIRE PASSAGE FROM END TO END.

fourteen bridges up to Hammersmith from the importunate tollman. So Kent looked longingly across to Middlesex, but for the next seventeen years only one of thirty schemes for crossing the river was actually carried out, in the shape of Woolwich Ferry. Between that and London Bridge lay a stretch of nine miles without a crossing. Finally, Parliament by a special Bill, passed ten years ago, sanctioned the tunnelling of the river, and the Metropolitan Board of Works decided to make a tunnel for foot-passengers only at Blackwall, which is six miles east of the Tower Bridge, and is crowded with the great docks. They were on the point of closing with an offer of £318,840, for a passage of fifteen feet internal diameter when the County Council was born. With the daring of youth and ambition this body decided on a bigger tunnel; and in 1891 it accepted the offer of Messrs. S. Pearson and Son, of Westminster—Sir Weetman

the Haymarket (actually 1 in 36), the strange highway has had to be beaten out to more than five times the actual breadth of the river. Thus, you see the entire passage is the half of a huge hexagon, though it has not the acute angles that necessarily figure in a diagram.

But this has not necessitated its all being a tunnel; indeed, the passage has been constructed on three different principles. At the beginning on each side it is quite open to the sky. Then begins what may be called a bogus tunnel—that is, a tunnel constructed on the principle of digging out the soil, building a tubular passage of brick, and filling over again—technically known as "cut and cover." The remaining 3083 ft., about half the entire length, is a genuine tunnel, the passage being actually bored through the soil. That, as I have explained, is the great feat that has been accomplished, and the daring character of the scheme is due

to the Engineer of the London County Council, Mr. A. R. Binnie, after consultation with Sir B. Baker. Mr. Binnie has been admirably supported by two very experienced assistants, Mr. David Hay and Mr. Maurice FitzMaurice on behalf of the County Council; while Mr. E. W. Moir, who had gained great experience at the Hudson Tunnel, represented the enterprising contractors.

The undertaking has been carried out directly under the supervision of the Bridges Committee of the Council. This Committee has a limited jurisdiction of the river from Hammersmith to Woolwich—a stretch of nearly twenty miles—takes care, altogether, of thirty-two bridges, and has quietly brought the gigantic tunnel to a successful issue. Much is due to the chairman of the Committee, Mr. William J. Bull, an enthusiastic municipal reformer, who is still in his early thirties.

After many months of preliminary work, such as surveying the land and acquiring a great mass of vested interests, operations were begun in April 1892 on the Kent side, which was considered the easier to start from; and within two years the open passage and the cut-and-cover tunnel had been finished. The same operations were carried out on the opposite shore, so as to be ready by the time the passage under the river was bored. The cut-and-cover and open approach from the Kent side was comparatively

THE BACK OF THE SHIELD,
Showing the Clock-like Arms putting the Iron Segments for the Lining into Position.

child's play to the skilled engineers in charge; but it assumed a more difficult aspect from the point marked in the diagram "Shaft No. 4." At this point a vast caisson had been sinking, while cut-and-cover work was going on. This enormous iron cylinder has an internal diameter of 48 ft., and an external one of

THE FACE OF THE SHIELD,
Showing the Twelve Excavating Chambers.

58 ft., the intervening space being filled with concrete. The bottom was formed of 14 ft. of cement, and the magnitude of the whole may be gauged from the fact that the engineers took nine months to sink the caisson to the required depth. Fifty-six feet from the surface, a huge circle was made (and temporarily closed up during the process of sinking) in the two sides of the shaft to form the tunnel through the column. Three similar caissons were then made—giving each side of the river a pair—though the difference of levels required some of them to be sunk at greater depths. These shafts, while not essential to the construction of the tunnel, facilitated the engineers' work. Two of them will be of permanent use in allowing passengers who do not wish to go from end to end to come up to the surface, spiral staircases being built inside for that purpose.

It is, then, at the point where Shaft No. 4 was sunk that the real tunnel begins. Briefly stated, this section of the work, which is 3083 ft. in length, has been accomplished by three processes. The soil has been dug out by men working in a *shield*; the work has been carried on under *compressed* air; lastly, the walls of the excavated portion have been covered by a series of iron segments, so that the tunnel proper is simply a gigantic

iron tube swung right across the bottom of the river. Nothing but such a pipe would have sufficed in view of the extraordinarily treacherous character of the soil. You could not get a clearer idea of this than the fact of an artificial bed of clay having had to be deposited in the bed of the river from nearly the middle of the stream right across to the Middlesex shore. This was rendered absolutely essential because the natural clay stratum died out, and the engineers found themselves in Thames-ballast, which is nothing more or less than gravel-sludge. To make matters worse, there was only ten feet of that, bad as it was, above their heads; indeed, at one very critical point, no more than five feet. To minimise the dangers of an inrush of water they had to prepare this artificial bed in the river by sending a fleet of hoppers to deposit a layer of clay 10 ft. thick and 150 ft. wide. Under such difficult conditions work was possible at all only by corking up the end of the tunnel and inflating it with additional atmospheres sufficient to resist and keep at bay the water that would otherwise have poured in. How this was done I shall explain in detail later on.

THE TUNNEL IN SECTION, SHOWING THE CAISSON STAIRCASES TO THE SURFACE.

The artificial bed of clay in the river is indicated beneath the ship.

By the time the cut-and-cover process was finished, number four caisson had been sunk, and inside it the excavators found waiting them the wonderful instrument in which they were to voyage slowly across from Kent to Middlesex beneath the bed of the Thames. This was the shield, which had been built on the bank, and ingeniously floated down to the bottom of the shaft. The word "shield" may be somewhat misleading. If you think of a cheese-scoop you will have a clear idea of the character of the instrument. It was simply a vast steel tube (weighing 230 tons), 19½ ft. long, with a diameter of 27⅞ ft.—that is to say, eight inches bigger than the tunnel itself. The inside was divided vertically at right angles to the axis into two parts; and horizontally into four floors. The front which faced the soil to be excavated (the circumference of the shield forming a cutting edge) was partitioned off into twelve little chambers, two men working in each. About six feet back in the chambers a small sheet of steel came down from the roof, so that in case of water rising the workers could stand there with their heads out of water. The other half of the shield, forming its back, was made to serve exactly the same purpose as the brick barricade which corked up the end of the tunnel, and through which the compressed air was pumped. It had air-locks with air-tight doors in it, just as there were in the barricade, and the excavated material was shot by the spademen through these doors just as the mud-laden trolleys were run through the brick barricade air-lock. This steel barricade and air-lock in the shield was intended to intensify the compressed air—that is to say, to make the atmospheres in the front part of the shield greater than in the tunnel behind the shield. But, as a matter of fact, the engineers never had occasion to use it.

The principle of the shield was first resorted to by Brunel in making the tunnel at Wapping. Indeed the Thames has been the pioneer of nearly all the great improvements in subaqueous tunnelling; many of them were the work of the late Mr. J. H. Greathead, who just lived to see the completion of the great undertaking at Blackwall. Around the circumference of the shield there were twenty-eight powerful hydraulic rams. As soon as the excavators had removed enough soil, these rams, working at intervals (not continuously), with a pressure equal to 2800 and sometimes 4000 tons, forced the shield forward two and a half feet at a time. The rams also guided the shield, for, by removing the pressure at any point, you could regulate the direction of driving.

When the shield moved forward in this way, the next business was to put up behind it the segments of cast iron which form the lining of the tunnel. These segments were lifted by huge hydraulic

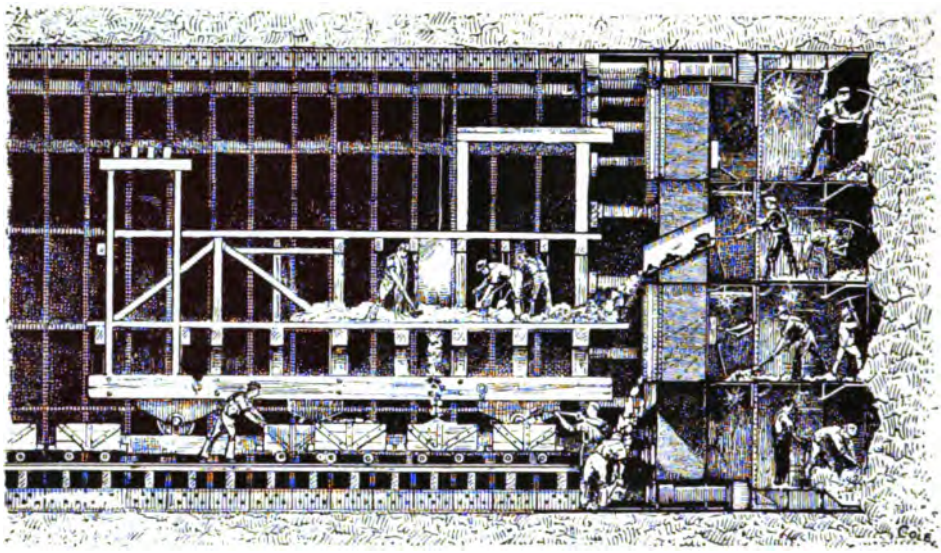
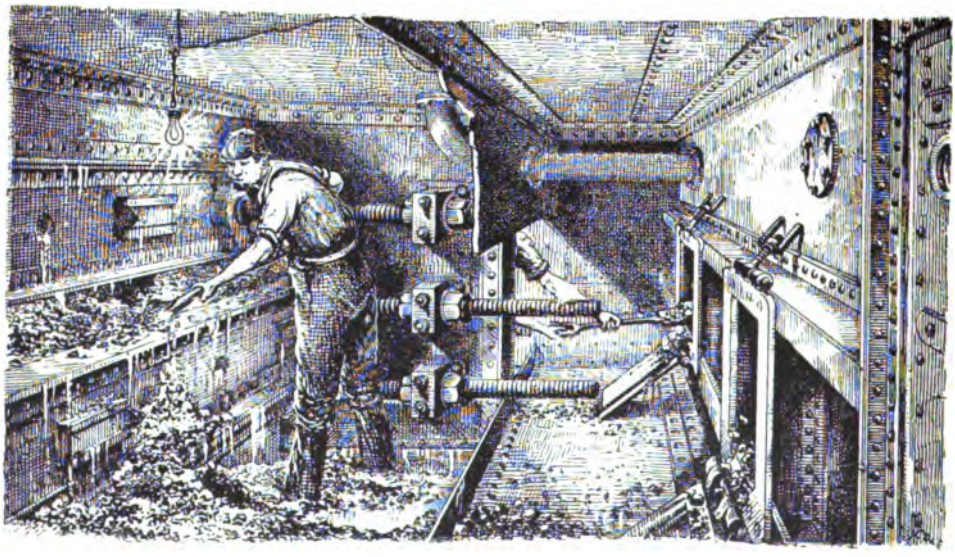


DIAGRAM OF THE SHIELD AND THE TRAVELLING PLATFORM BEHIND IT.

Reproduced by permission from the "Engineer."

arms, fixed to the back of the shield like the hands of a clock. There they were held in position till they were bolted at the flanges to the preceding segment. It required fourteen of these segments, each of which weighed over a ton, to complete a ring. Altogether more than 1200 rings were used to form the huge pipe, which weighs about 18,800 tons. The tail end of the shield always overlapped one and sometimes two of the completed rings at a time; and consequently, when the instrument moved forward, a little space was left behind the outside of the ring and the soil around it. This space was filled by grout, or liquid cement, pneumatically squirted from the inside through holes in the segments. The



CHAMBER IN THE FACE OF THE SHIELD WORKING IN SLUDGE, WHEN IT WAS NECESSARY TO USE SHUTTERS.

Reproduced by permission from the "Engineer."

grout, on solidifying, formed an additional resisting layer outside the tube, which would render the iron water-tight and prevent oxidation.

The shield began its journey on May 13, 1893, and on June 9 the first ring was placed in position. Having set forth on its long, perilous voyage, it made with mathematical accuracy for Shaft 3, which was meantime being sunk 600 ft. nearer the river. The work proceeded satisfactorily until the shield ran against a boulder of rock embedded in the clay, and this bent up the bottom corner of the cutting-edge (which was made of wrought steel four inches thick) as if it had been tinplate. It will give you some idea of the nature of the damage when you know that it took four months to repair, and involved an outlay of £10,000. The repairs were carried out in Shaft 3, as it was impossible to draw back the shield, which was worked for a time in its damaged condition. It took a whole year to travel the 600 ft. between the two shafts; and on March 24 (1894) the increasing difficulty of keeping water out had necessitated the tunnel's being placed under compressed air.

The principle of compressed air is exceedingly simple. It has nothing whatever to do, as some people seem to think, with maintaining the respiration of the workers. It is employed to keep out water, and would not be used under any other condition. You know that if a hole is full of air, water cannot get into it. Now, if the bed of the river had all been of clay, water would not have got through; but as it was merely gravel, the Thames would simply have poured in upon the workers below and drowned them like rats in a trap. So what the engineers had to do was to inflate the tunnel, as you would blow up a bladder, by corking up one end with a huge brick wall twelve feet thick and pumping in additional atmospheres. At the sea-level the atmosphere is equal to 15 lb. per square inch of body surface. Into this air-tight chamber the engineers pumped sometimes as much as an additional 35 lb. to the square inch, so that the workers were supporting about half a hundredweight of air on every inch of their bodies. In short, they were carrying on operations in an air-bubble which kept the river at bay, though it was on one occasion so powerful as to blow the meagre covering of soil right out. The river rushed in like a torrent, but fortunately the artificial bed of clay sank into the hole and closed it up before much damage could be done.

You may understand the process better if I describe a journey I made into the compressed air with Mr. Bull and Mr. Hay, resident engineer. At this time the excavation was being carried out on the Middlesex shore between Shafts 1 and 2. Having half stripped and equipped ourselves with rough woollen shirts, huge jack-boots, and leathern jackets—so that we looked like a gang of old-fashioned pirates—we sallied forth from Kent and trudged along the entire passage through mud and mire, noticing, en route, an army of men engaged on all sorts of work. Along the roof ran a line of electric lights, while in the dark corners the men used pink-coloured candles. A little north of Shaft 2, in which a lift was tearing up and down, taking the excavated soil to the surface, we came on the twelve-feet brick barricade, which effectually corked up the compressed air; and which, of course, had been moved several times as the work proceeded. Through this barricade ran two narrow passages about the height of an ordinary man. These were the air-locks. A little air-tight door, just like the door of a safe, opened—the air, of course, being let out in the process—and we entered. The door was closed after us, and we were left for some minutes in the lock to become acclimatised to the new atmospheric conditions of the tunnel beyond. To this end, certain valves were turned on, and the compressed air from the inner tunnel poured in with the deafening roar of a steam-nozzle. Then followed a curious little pantomime. My guides, holding their noses between their fingers, began swallowing vigorously, and signalled me to follow their example, speech being almost impossible, as sound depends so much on atmosphere. I felt a cracking in the drum of my ear, and little wonder, for the 6000 cubic feet of air which was being pumped in every minute was curving the membrane inwards; so that I had to swallow in order to clear the Eustachian tube and get the pressure on each side of the tympanum equal.

Then I began to feel distinctly exhilarated. The increased amount of oxygen pumped in was intoxicating me a trifle. The journey along the tunnel had been a little tiring, but now I felt sprightly. Here was the secret of youth; here was a practical demonstration of Jekyll and Hydeism. But at what an expense! I was living ever so much quicker than the man at the surface

above. Everything was living quicker. My cigar burned to ashes with the rapidity of a cigarette. When the process of acclimatisation was complete we emerged through the safe-like door at the opposite end of this marvellous chamber of youth, to find ourselves in the section of the tunnel which was worked under compressed air.

That presented a strange, unearthly appearance. You remember how Balzac

Dr. E. H. Snell. Mr. D. Hay. Mr. H. W. Bridges. Mr. FitzMaurice. Mr. Crooks, L.C.C.

Mr. A. Binnie. Mr. W. J. Bull.

A PARTY OF THE OFFICIALS AFTER A JOURNEY IN THE TUNNEL.

once described a street by its effect on all his senses. A similar index would have had to be used in describing the weirdness of this subterranean air-bubble in which we found ourselves. Black darkness all around, save for the line of electric lights running along the roof; a strange deathly chill; a touch of clamminess infecting everything. Our voices piped shrill and strange and ghostly. A long caravan of mud-laden trolleys from the shield were running down on rails to be emptied on the other side of the barricade, and here and there the shadowy figures of the mud-splashed workers were just visible. Three hundred feet farther on we came to the shield, working as I have described. In that little journey from the barricade to the shield one saw in exaggerated operation a series of physical laws that ordinarily escape one's attention—acoustics, pneumatics, hydraulics — in short, the entire range of physics. And what struck me more than anything was the fact that the whole thing was being worked by a brain on the bank of the river three-quarters of a mile away; for had the engineer there failed, the compressed air would have vanished and the tunnel might have been flooded, the hydraulic rams would have lost their cunning, and the electric light gone out. In fact, every living soul in the vast, gloomy chamber was in the keeping and at the mercy of the brain on the bank.

But that had been well provided for.

To give you an example of the extraordinary care which the Bridges Committee bestowed on every detail affecting the welfare of the workers, it should be stated that they engaged a very highly qualified physician (Dr. E. H. Snell, M.D. Lond.) to live at the works. The result of his observations will be found in a valuable and novel book on caisson disease, which had not been dealt with medically for forty years. Again, as the danger of chill from passing out of compressed air into the ordinary atmosphere was very great, a covered passage to the bank was provided for the men, and hot baths and dry clothes were

THE UPPER HALF OF THE SHIELD ON SEPT. 30, 1896, WHEN THE TUNNEL WAS QUITE BORED THROUGH TO THE CUT-AND-COVER PART ON THE MIDDLESEX SIDE.

waiting them. That is only one sample of the extraordinary precautions which attend such a work, and which seem as elaborate as the actual work itself. So admirable have the precautions been that, despite the enormous risk to the six or seven hundred men who have been working at the tunnel day and night for the last four years, not a single one has lost his life.

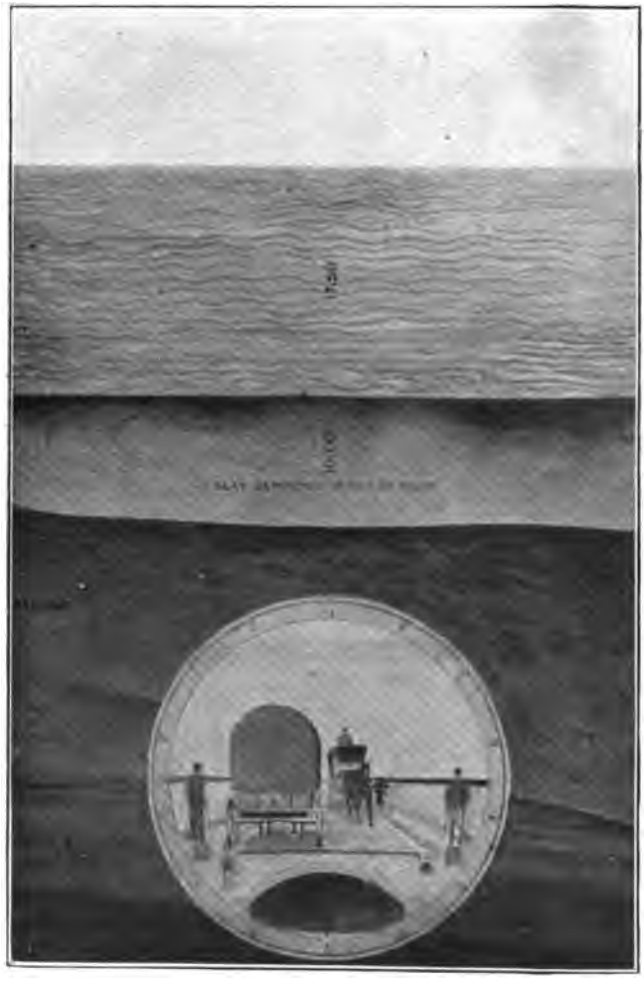
To tell the story of the tunnel day by day would fill many volumes. Suffice it to say that when clay was encountered the shield managed to tunnel from 7½ to 12½ ft. per day of twenty-four hours, with three shifts of men. But when the tunnel ran altogether into gravel, as it did about half-way across the river, the rate of progress was not more than two feet in the twenty-four hours; for a shutter had to be placed in front of the excavating chambers, so that only a slit remained for the material to be got through. The work was carried on from the very start without intermission night and day, Sunday to Saturday. On Sept. 23, 1896, the compressed air was withdrawn. Exactly a week later the tunnel was bored through, and within another week (Oct. 5) the iron lining was finished. The shield was left where it was to form the end of the tunnel, the inside of it being gutted for the passage.

Thus the colossal pipe which forms the tunnel took three and a half years to place in position between the two brick tunnels on the banks; and then a great deal of work was left to be done in the way of filling concrete into the iron up to the level of the flanges. Before this was begun every bit of the iron was washed and cleaned by hand and dried with as much care as if it had been the barrel of a rifle about to be shown to an inspecting officer. This was to ensure its being absolutely water-tight. Thus the walls of the tunnel consist of three distinct layers—the grouting, the iron lining, and the inside layer of cement, which is covered with white glazed tiles.

The tunnel has a roadway 16 ft. wide, which allows two vehicles to pass one another, and on each side there is a footpath 3 ft. wide. Beneath the road there runs a subway (5 ft. high) in which pipes

and telephone wires can be laid. A handsome arch (on the top of which is a keeper's house) guards the entrance of each of the open approaches, so as to form a gauge for cartloads. The tunnel will be lighted day and night with electricity. This will have a particularly brilliant effect in Shaft 3, which, rising in private ground, is surmounted by a ventilating chimney stack. Inside it is domed, and will be spangled with electric lights. This shaft will form, in fact, a splendid circus in the tunnel, and around the bottom seats will be placed for the weary traveller.

It is hoped that the tunnel will be opened in a few weeks by the Queen herself. Certain it is the successful accomplishment of this unique engineering feat is the most splendid way that could have been devised of celebrating the sixtieth year of a reign that has witnessed advances in the science of engineering that are as wonderful as the stories of "The Arabian Nights."



SECTION OF THE COMPLETED TUNNEL BENEATH THE RIVER.

MORE WARM THAN PLEASANT.

By OWEN HALL.

I WAS in New Zealand in 1886. How I came to be there may be expressed in a single word, and that word is rheumatism. I was a rheumatic patient, if, indeed, it can be considered anything short of an outrage upon language or probability to call any sufferer from rheumatism by such a name. A "patient." Good Heavens! Fancy a man patient who has had a bad attack of rheumatism! Imagine him helpless, yet racked with pains each of which would provoke the mildest of men to a war-dance; laid by from both work and amusement, yet deprived of the consoling dignity of danger. Picture him with red-hot joints and swollen limbs, not ill enough to evoke the anxiety of friends and relatives, yet more than ill-tempered enough—and justifiably so—to nip each tender emotion of sympathy in its earliest bud. Heaven alone knows—far be it from me to limit the flights of human virtue—there may be rheumatic patients who are patient indeed, but, like other saints, they are somewhat scarce, and I make no pretensions to having formed one of the select band. No—I may as well admit it frankly—I happen to be one of a large family who are distinguished by a spirit of candour when called upon to speak of their relatives—I was by no means a patient of the saintly pattern.

It was in Afghanistan, where I had been attached to the Frontier Commission, that I caught it. After three months of misery in India I was invalided home, where, like a celebrated lady of antiquity, though by no means a solitary case I'll swear, I suffered many things at the hands of many physicians, and was nothing the better, but rather grew worse. Allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy—I tried them all: perhaps I should say they tried me, at least I can speak for my temper; and they all failed to do me any good. I had nauseous medicines in large doses from one doctor, and tasteless medicines in small doses from another, with exactly similar results, except that perhaps I swore a little more at the big doses than the little ones. I was drenched, and kneaded, and packed, and steamed externally, with water which I presume was clean; and I was choked, and all but poisoned internally, with huge draughts of water which I believe to have been dirty, and know for a certainty to have been nasty; but all to no purpose. I had begun to despair, when by some Heaven-sent inspiration our old family doctor, who had given me up long before for a bad job, suggested New Zealand. There, he had heard, springs were to be found that could cure any rheumatism, and there was a climate which, if anything could set a man up again, was the very thing to do it. By this time I was nearly tired of life, and much more than nearly tired of rheumatism. I didn't much care where I went, and I couldn't help suspecting that my family would be resigned to my absence, even if it should prove to be a protracted one.

It was in this way it came about that I, Arthur Talbot, Captain in her Majesty's 21st Hussars, happened to be in New Zealand in the month of June, 1886. There was nothing very dignified in the position in which I found myself. As nearly as I can remember, I was seated on an air-cushion in an attitude which till then I had supposed to be sacred to the unspeakable Turk and the mendacious tailor, on the floor—it was an earthen floor, I need hardly say, and inclined to lumpiness—of a native hut in the Maori village of Rukuhia. The hut was the property of the chief Mohi, and perhaps its strongest point was that it was situated amidst a perfect network of hot baths within a hundred yards of the edge of Lake Rotomahana. In other respects it was capable of improvement. It was nearly water-tight, indeed, when the rain was not too heavy, but it was entirely innocent of furniture, and singularly ill-adapted for privacy, owing to the absence of any proper door. Nevertheless, I was able to view the situation philosophically. The frequent visits of almost naked children, possessed of inquiring minds and excellent appetites, had ceased to annoy me;

the irruptions of families of pigs, who investigated my baggage and made themselves comfortable beside my fire, had become matters of course; and even the frequent passing to and fro of more or less comely native girls with a marked general tendency towards the "altogether" in costume, had ceased to give rise to more than the most languid criticism.

The fact was that I was better. Only a fortnight before, I had arrived a mere collection of incorporate groans. I had been lifted helpless from a canoe, and carried on a blanket into the hut more dead than alive with pain. Already all this was changed, and with the change in my own sensations everything else had changed as well. I was not yet well, indeed, but as a rule I was free from pain. I no longer groaned when I moved, and I could even make my frequent journeys to one or other of the neighbouring baths with the help of crutches, and with only an occasional twinge. My life, indeed, for fourteen days had been one long bath. Morning, noon, and night had found me soaking in one or other of these fairy pools, whose slender cloud of steam rose softly from the scrub in a dozen places within easy reach of the hut. Yet there was nothing free and easy about the treatment. Never in the days of my bondage to the faculty, orthodox or the reverse, was I more entirely under orders than now. Mohi was not only my landlord and general provider, he was also my guide and physician, and he never failed for one moment to magnify his office. Not all the diplomas of learned Europe could have invested him with a greater dignity of demeanour or a more unhesitating confidence in the resources of his own pharmacopœia. Fortunately it was for external application only, for had it been otherwise I had scarcely energy enough to have rejected his prescriptions. Within the limits of his art, however, Mohi was indefatigable, and he found me a willing patient. Day after day he had moved me from one bath to another, and at every change I seemed to be treated to something hotter than the last, until I began to wonder where the limit to human endurance of hot water and yet hotter steam was to be found.

The life was strange but not unpleasant. There seemed to be some subtle narcotic in these baths and exhalations that quickly reconciled one to the amphibious life I led. Hour after hour of each day I spent in these soothing waters, or lying dreaming on a native mat, basking in the sun by the margin of a pool. To dream, only to dream, was a relief such as can hardly be expressed after months of agony and unrest, and during the last fortnight I had enjoyed it in a degree which increased day by day.

NEVERTHELESS, I WAS ABLE TO VIEW THE SITUATION PHILOSOPHICALLY.

Life at Rukuhia, indeed, was life in a bath, and would scarcely have done for a permanency, but for the time the baths were fairyland and the sensations heavenly—clear as crystal, blue as sapphire, green as emerald, with the breath of a tender exhalation of steam that lingered in faint wreaths above the basins and softly reflected

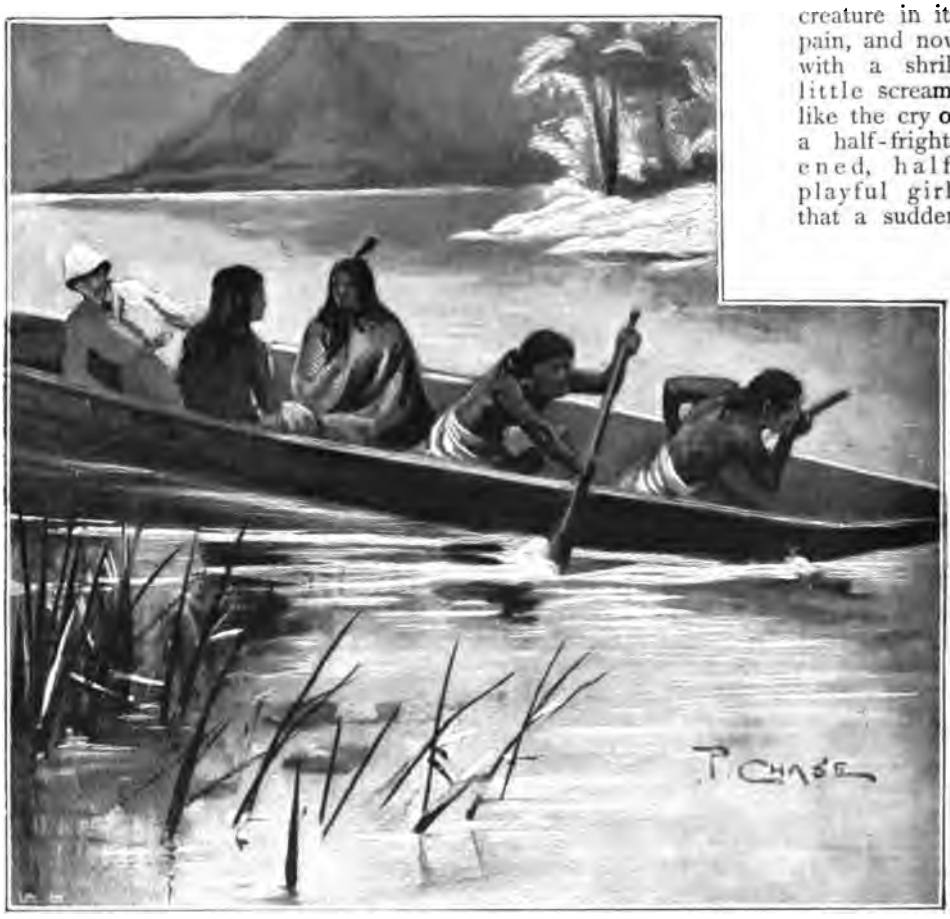
the tints below. To lie half asleep in the shallow margin of such a pool, each sensation of the long gnawing pains of the months that were gone lulled to rest at last by the soothing of the waters, was an almost unalloyed delight to one who had suffered so long. To rest on the margin of one of the deeper pools, and to gaze downward and downward still, through the transparent sapphire of the glistening surface into the translucent azure of the depths below, basking dreamily in the warm sunshine and half intoxicated by the soft vapour, this was a keener pleasure still.

It was out of some such dream that Mohi awakened me on the sixth day of June by proposing a change of treatment. With all his talents, his knowledge of conversational English was not Mohi's strong point. A dignified and imperative gesture of the arm, a slow motion of the head, or a faintly perceptible lifting of his heavy eyebrows, served to fill up many a gap in his remarks and lend weight and emphasis to many a defective sentence. On this occasion I won't undertake to say that I understood all the chief had to tell me, but I was able to gather that he was far from satisfied with the progress I had made towards perfect recovery. It was useless to assure him that I was satisfied, or even more than satisfied, for, after all, that was a matter of temporary and manifestly inferior moment in Mohi's eyes. What, indeed, was the satisfaction or the reverse of a single pakeha compared with the credit of a system and the reputation of his own peculiar baths? This view of the matter quickly dawned upon me when I observed the expression of tolerant good nature with which he received all my protestations of satisfaction, and immediately returned to his speech at the point where I had interrupted him. No; I ought to have been all right in the time consumed and with the attention and hot water I had been privileged to enjoy. These, beyond a doubt, were Mohi's sentiments, and as my rheumatism had not succumbed at once to the system—as I still had recourse to my crutches, which he indicated with a gesture of withering contempt—he had decided to take me to Mokihinau to complete the cure. With the unwillingness of your true invalid to try a change of place I would fain have remonstrated, but it was useless. No. To-morrow was the time, and Mokihinau the place, and there was no appeal from the decision. To my question where Mokihinau was, he only smiled superior as he answered, "Taihoa mohio. Mokihinau plenty water! Mokihinau plenty warm!" I can bear witness that Mohi was more than correct in his statement.

Next morning we started. Our baggage was limited in amount and simple in kind. My own cushions, rugs, and portmanteau, with a few tins of preserved meats, formed, indeed, nearly the whole of it. The natives of the party, numbering four in all, seemed to look upon everything beyond a supply of tobacco and fishing lines, and a basket of potatoes, as both burdensome and superfluous. It was a glorious day. Not a ripple stirred the soft green waters of Lake Rotomahana as our canoe glided over its surface; not a breath of wind disturbed the lazy wreaths of steam that rose and floated with a silver transparency over the lovely depths of the far-famed terraces. We floated rather than paddled down the little river that connected the lakes. The alabaster steps of the White Terrace glistened with a radiance that was dazzling as it broke upon our sight in its setting of green shrubs and drooping tree-ferns as we glided by. The Pink Terrace, rising tier above tier, flushed like the eastern sky just touched by the fingers of dawn, and half veiled by the wreaths of tinted steam that clung about its slopes, gleamed out upon us as we passed. It was fairyland all. Not a bend or reach of the little stream but disclosed some glimpse of unexpected loveliness.

At last we floated out upon the waters of Lake Tarawera, and a new kind of scene, wilder but not less beautiful, opened upon us. Far away into the distance the deep blue waters glowed and sparkled in the blaze of sunlight; here and there, dotted upon its surface, lay little islets of abrupt outline and of a greyish-green colour, which contrasted with the brightness of the water that lay between. To the right rose the bold mountain mass of Tarawera itself, its abrupt slopes flashing like steel under the midday sun, and its sharp outline and solid flat top conveying somehow a special impression of strength and stability. A crown of soft fleecy white clouds lingered lovingly overhead and seemed to lend to the blue depths of the sky beyond a still more lovely azure. Far away ahead of our canoe there seemed to nestle low on the surface of the lake a little greyish cloud. As we approached it I could just make out the darker shadow of low-lying land beneath. It was an island, so small that you could walk round its shore in ten minutes, so strange that you might explore it for days and never exhaust its marvels. It was Mokihinau.

The canoe floated into a little creek upon the further shore of the islet, and with the help of Mohi and my stick, I reached the land. The island, except at a single point, rose little more than three feet above the surface of the lake, and it was on the slope of this higher ground that there stood a native hut, towards which Mohi guided me. The distance was nothing—not fifty yards at most from the landing-place—and yet there was need of guidance to accomplish it in safety. Never had I seen or imagined a place like this. All the wonders of Rukuhia and its baths and geysers, strange and beautiful as they were, had not prepared me in the least for the wonders of Mokihinau. At each step we planted on the springy turf of vivid green, half-mossy grass, the soil threw out little puffs of steam, just as boggy ground gives out water when pressed. Here and there little jets of boiling water sprang clear and sparkling into the sunlight; but for the most part it was only steam, which rose lazily a few feet from the ground, and hung in a soft misty haze over the land. The place, too, was never silent for a moment, and its sounds were no two moments the same. Now it was with a faint and hollow groan, like some poor wounded creature in its pain, and now with a shrill little scream, like the cry of a half-frightened, half-playful girl, that a sudden jet would spring from beside a rock, or, darting upwards through a clump of ferns, rise in a spiral wreath into the upper air, and then subside as suddenly as it had risen.



NEXT MORNING WE STARTED.

The hut was neither beautiful nor imposing. It was, in fact, a mere shell, some fifteen feet long by ten or twelve in width. Its walls and roof were low and formed of reeds, enclosing a roughly levelled floor of earth. This, for the most part, seemed hard and sound enough,

except at one end, where there was an intermittent jet of steam which once in perhaps two or three minutes shot up nearly to the roof, with a strange, low, gurgling sound like the suppressed laughter of an asthmatic man. The hut was full of steam. It filled the end at which it rose with a soft grey cloud; it crept along the floor; it floated in lazy wreaths through the air; it hung in fantastic shapes about the eaves and around the roof-tree. In a few minutes the two men who had paddled the canoe had arrived, bringing my portmanteau and other goods, and I was fairly settled in my new residence. Nearly my first thought was suggested by my recent habits, and I asked Mohi where I was to bathe. He smiled, shook his head, then with a dignified and comprehensive wave of his hand towards things in general, replied—

"Plenty bath here! Plenty warm here! Taihoa, you all righty."

Mohi's manner didn't invite discussion, so I accepted the situation and made myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit at the driest end of the hut.

Experience justified Mohi's opinion. I soon found that while there were no baths on the island, the whole of Mokihinau itself was but one great steam bath. Where I lay on my cushions I faced the doorway of the hut—it didn't boast a door—and looked out on the blue lake and the sunlit mountain through a soft and steamy haze. The steam was everywhere. In the hut it eddied round from floor to floor in fleecy waves of mist. Outside it rose in glittering jets and floated away in billowy clouds overhead. It filled the air with a transparent mist, and crept stealthily amongst the drooping ferns and round the moss-covered boulders.

I abandoned myself to the novelty of my position, and for three days I enjoyed the sensations of a new state of existence. Yes, I certainly enjoyed it. Mohi had been right—it was "plenty warm" indeed. At times the heat would increase until it grew oppressive, and again it would diminish till it was little more than mildly warm. Sometimes the jets of steam grew wildly active, and the place, both within and without the hut, became for the time a very pandemonium of shrieks and whistles and strange unearthly noises; then gradually the groans and yells would die away into gentle mutterings, and the dense clouds of steam would rise and disperse.

Life at Rukuhia had been but a dreamy business, but at Mokihinau it was dreamier still. A gentle lassitude, a readiness to let all things take their course, a marked unwillingness to disturb them by moving—these were the prevailing feelings; and before I had spent twelve hours upon the island I found that I was wholly free from pain. When I compelled myself to walk my joints felt stiff, indeed, and moved wearily, but the pains—the pains that for a long twelve months had made motion a terror and life a misery—these were wholly gone. Mohi's last prescription was an undoubted success. When I tried to tell him so he only smiled gravely as he replied: "Kapai taihoa. You all righty by and by. Kapai Mokihinau!" The days passed dreamily away. The old chief, his daughter, and his two retainers spent nearly all their waking hours in silently smoking their short black clay pipes, an occupation from which they only desisted long enough to eat some of the food they had brought with them.

It was on the third day that I performed the feat of walking round the island for the first time, and found to my delight that the feeling of stiffness had nearly left my joints. It was a lovely evening; the sun, sinking slowly behind Tarawera Mountain, had clothed its broad shoulders in a robe of crimson splendour. The long reflection lay softly on the waters of the glassy lake. The shore, crowned with trees and ferns, took a thousand shades of colour as the western sky faded slowly from crimson into gold, and from gold to green and grey, while every here and there the eye rested on a shadowy cloud of steam rising slow and mysterious from some hollow into the still evening air. Behind me on Mokihinau itself I noticed that the steam clouds were rising with even more than their usual energy, but, as if hushed by the general calm, with less than their usual noise. Like the fabled genii of Eastern story, the grey clouds rose silent but gigantic into the upper air, displaying shapes out of which imagination might well have formed a hundred monsters.

I had laid aside my staff, and when I returned to the hut without it I found Mohi sitting smoking at the entrance. "You all righty now?" he asked with a questioning uplifting of his heavy eyebrows. "All right," I answered heartily; "thanks to you." He nodded his head as he replied: "Kapai Mokihinau! Haere Rukuhia apopo." (Mokihinau good. Return to Rukuhia to-morrow.)

For some time I lay on my cushions and lazily watched my companions as they sat round the embers of a small fire they had

used to cook their evening meal; a few muttered words, the only occasional interruption to the solemn silence in which they smoked. One by one the narcotic influence of the heavy cloud of steam seemed to affect them: one by one they drew their blankets over their heads and curled themselves up on the floor to sleep. The air of the hut had grown oppressive, so I wrapped one of my rugs around me and took a seat outside the hut, with my back leaning against the wall, and gazed half drowsily upon the scene. I had never looked on anything more peaceful. Many a night in other lands I had watched the sky as I was watching it now—on the hot plains of India, on the slopes of the Himalayas, on the table-lands of Afghanistan I had gazed half dreaming on the shadowy sky as I was gazing now, but I had never looked on anything more calm and soothing than that.

MOHI SITTING SMOKING AT THE ENTRANCE.

The night was dark, but the heaven was full of stars that shone steadily in the deep violet-blue of the sky, and sparkled in the mirror of the lake with a soft opalescent splendour. My ear had grown so accustomed to the sounds of the island that I scarcely noticed them now. I folded my arms and leaned back, while my drowsy eyes rested on the dreamy lake and the darker outline of the silent mountain. Even as I looked it seemed to me that a light was rising behind the mountain, throwing out the sharp outline into a strong relief. I stared sleepily at the strange phenomenon, and still it rose and spread till it looked like a vast tree-fern rising slowly from the summit of the mountain. It seemed to be of a dull copper colour, but the tips of the leaves gleamed like gold, and threw out sparks that alternately glittered and ceased like flashes from some huge electric battery.

I started, and rubbed my eyes, to get rid of the strange illusion, but only to find it there still and more vivid than before. I sprang to my feet and looked around. Then for the first time I noticed a singular thing—the steam jets of the island had stopped. There was not a sound from one of its thousand tiny geysers, not a single cloud rose into the clear night air. I felt startled, but not alarmed. It was evident that something new was happening, but I had no idea what it could be. It was worth examining, however, and I knew I should get a better view from the highest point of our little island than from the lower ground on which I stood, so I hastily gathered my rug round me and walked quickly up the slope. As I went I experienced a new sensation. There was a strangely sickening tremble and heave under foot that made me stagger for a moment and then stand still. Had my eyes deceived me, or did I really see the ground before me move? I recovered myself, and in a few moments I had reached the top of the slope, and had turned to face the mountain again. I started back! High, high, towering above the flat top of the mountain, the tree-fern I had seen now spread and glowed with dazzling brightness. The dull copper colour of the branches and trunks had changed to a

fiery crimson, and as I stared at it in a sort of stupid wonder it suddenly shot up to a vast height, and as it did so it threw off from its leaves showers of golden sparks, each of them more brilliant than any rocket. I gazed and gazed at the scene as if powerless to withdraw my eyes, yet utterly unable to grasp the meaning of what I saw. The lurid and awful splendour of the sight wholly baffles description, and yet, after the lapse of more than nine years, I have only to close my eyes and let my mind go back to the occasion to bring it all before me now. Far over both land and water that light appeared to penetrate in something more than mid-day splendour. The more distant uplands and forests were bathed in a dull crimson glow, wild and threatening, like the light of the sinking sun on a thunder-cloud. Nearer to the lake and along the shore the trees stood out black against that lurid background, but with leaves that seemed tipped with golden fire, while the waters of the lake itself blazed with a thousand lights, and quivered with a thousand dazzling reflections.

Until this moment my impressions had been those of sight alone. Like the giant pictures from some celestial magic lantern, each change had passed in silence. As yet, not a sound had disturbed the strange and, as it seemed, unnatural hush of the night. The voices of Mokihinau for once had grown still; even the lapping of the water on the shores of the island seemed to have ceased. Perhaps it was this that had given the sense of unreality which, I think, could alone account for the total absence of personal fear with which I had looked on. But now, suddenly, with a roar so vast, so wild, and so unearthly that my experience at least can supply no comparison which can even faintly indicate its character, the spirit of the volcano broke loose. As I gazed at the mountain before me I saw it heave and rock from side to side with a wild vibration, and then, in a single moment, its solid flat summit seemed to crumble, and split, and yawn, with a vast gaping chasm, and at the same instant masses of flaming rock and glowing cinders were hurled high into the heavens, only to descend in myriad showers of what looked like shooting stars. Far and wide, as far as my dazzled eyes could follow them, they rained down upon the land, and fell into the lake with a hiss and scream so wild and shrill that I could hear it even above the babel of sounds that rose on every side. Again and yet again, with roar after roar, the mountain cast up its blazing hail, at intervals of perhaps a minute, and at each convulsive paroxysm of fury it seemed to writhe and heave, like some vast creature in mortal agony, till the very heavens seemed to be on fire, and great columns of smoke rose from the land, and clouds of steam from the water.

I had stood like a man in a dream during the few minutes since the eruption had broken out. Emotions of wonder, admiration, and even terror had swept over me wave after wave, but up till this moment I can hardly say that I had thought how it was likely to affect my own safety or that of my companions. A

THE SPIRIT OF THE VOLCANO BROKE LOOSE.

shrill scream, either of terror or of pain, reached my ear at this instant, and recalled me to myself. The cry was human, and it was near at hand. I turned quickly, and as I did so a piece of blazing stone fell with a whirr and a hiss, like the stone from a giant's sling, and splintered into a hundred sparkling fragments upon the rock against which I had been leaning only a second or two before. At the moment, although I believe I started back, I hardly seemed to myself to notice it. I suppose the effect of great accumulated horrors is to dull the senses, and for the time to keep the smaller emotions of the mind in abeyance, for I am not conscious that either at that instant or later I felt any sensation of overpowering personal fear.

The scream had come from the hut not a hundred yards below the spot where I was standing. It was a woman's scream, and even as I turned to look I saw Mohi's daughter rush wildly out of the hut, the roof of which burst at the same moment into flames in half-a-dozen places where the hail of burning stones had fallen on the thatch. Once clear of the hut the girl stopped, and throwing back the long black hair that fell wildly over her face, gazed around her as if paralysed by what she saw. Suddenly, with another scream, she turned back towards the hut as if to seek her father. It was already too late! In one tremendous uproar, in which hisses, howls, shrieks, and yells seemed to be strangely and horribly mixed and blended, all the geysers of Mokihinau woke into life at once. From a hundred spots great jets of steam and fountains of boiling water sprang high into the air, covering the island with a dense shroud of vapour.

My eyes were fixed at the moment upon the blazing hut and the figure of the frenzied girl, and this was what I saw. In a single instant the steam jet, which had served to turn the hut into a natural Russian bath, burst upwards through the roof with an unearthly shriek, extinguishing the flames, and throwing high into the air a splendid geyser of boiling water, that flashed and glittered like a shower of rubies in the crimson light. I think the spray must have reached and scalded her, for I saw her stop and turn back as if irresolute. Then she began to run towards where I stood; and then the dense grey pall of vapour rolled down and hid her and everything else from my sight. Instinctively I shouted her name, and began to run towards the hut to meet her, but I had hardly taken a dozen steps in that bewildering grey darkness before I stumbled over a boulder and fell. I was on my feet again in a moment, but already I had lost all idea of direction, and I knew that I was just as likely to run away from her as in the course that would take me to her assistance. Turn where I would, I was met by that dense cloud of steam. In vain my eyes strove to pierce it or distinguish any object through its blinding haze. The hot damp breath of the raging geysers was on every side, and, turn where I would, it met me and seemed to warn me back.

There was light, indeed—a strange, dull crimson glow that seemed to fill the mist and light it up with a ghastly lurid brightness that was more confusing even than darkness. I groped my way step by step, unable to see my hand before me, but impelled to go forward at whatever risk by the still more terrible dread of standing still. Now met by a hotter blast, now arrested by the shriller scream of a new steam jet just opening in my path, I turned and wound from side to side without an idea where I was going, but driven by the overmastering instinct to escape. I could hear the rush and the patter of falling stones and ashes round me; I could sometimes feel the spray of the scalding geysers in my face; at times I could even vaguely see the more vivid flashes of electric light as for a moment they lit up the dull haze around me to an almost blinding radiance.

Again and again I stumbled and fell, and I knew vaguely as I struggled to my feet that I had cut and bruised myself against the rocks, but I was conscious of no pain. Again and again I only just escaped some falling stone that hissed past me and fell blazing at my feet. Still I struggled on, step by step, though more feebly and aimlessly now, for my newly recovered strength was almost spent, and I began to feel that it was nearly over. Slowly, hopelessly, despairingly, still I persevered.

Suddenly, through the red haze, a darker shadow loomed before my eyes. I put out my hand to ward off some unknown danger, and my hand touched it—it moved; it was alive. At my touch it raised itself, and I knew, although I couldn't see, that it was Mohi's daughter. "Pakeha!" (white man) she exclaimed in a trembling voice, as she grasped my outstretched hand with a fierce, convulsive clasp, which I half consciously returned. And so for a moment or two we stood; then, as fresh showers of stones and ashes fell around us, with one impulse we struggled on.

Suddenly I stumbled and fell forwards. I was partly supported by the grasp of my companion's hand, but yet I fell upon my knees, and I fell with a splash—we had reached the lake. I recovered my feet, and hand in hand we waded slowly on. The stones and ashes fell around us still, hissing as they reached the water, but here we were at least safe from the scalding steam and the spray of the boiling fountains. It was lighter, too. Close to the lake the haze was less dense and bewildering. Slowly, wearily, yet now with some vague unreasoning feeling of hope, we still struggled on. There was a shadow on the water before us—a step or two farther and we had reached it. It was the canoe! As my hand clutched feebly at its side I felt myself stagger. I felt my companion grasp me hastily by the arm. There was a crimson flash before my eyes; there was a strange roaring sound in my ears. I knew and felt nothing more.

I LOOKED IN VAIN—MOKIHINAU WAS GONE!

At last I awoke. I opened my eyes; there was light—daylight—round me once more as I lay in the bottom of the canoe. It was dull and grey and heavy, but it was daylight still. With an effort I gradually raised myself and looked around. In the stern of the canoe Mohi's daughter was seated, the paddle still clasped in her hand. Her head had fallen forward on her breast, and the masses of her black hair fell nearly to her feet—she had fallen asleep. Around us the lake lay, grey and sullen, but smooth as glass. A thick scum of ashes floated on the surface of the water. Beyond I could see in dim outline the blackened mountain—rent and torn, and smoking from a hundred cracks and fissures. I looked around; I searched the water far and near. No rock broke the still surface of the lake, no steam-cloud interrupted the view. I looked in vain—Mokihinau was gone!

THINK NOT BY DISDAIN.
By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

Celinda, think not by disdain
To vanquish my desire,
By telling me I sigh in vain
And feed a hopeless fire;
Despair itself too weak does prove
Your beauty to disarm;
By Fate I was ordain'd to love
As you were born to charm.

WOMEN'S COLLEGES AT OXFORD.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE casual visitor to Oxford nowadays cannot fail to observe the prettier touch given to the most collegiate streets by the mingling of girls' figures with bevies of "undergrads" going and coming from the lecture-halls. Although the battle for the granting of degrees to women-students did not end in victory in the spring of the present year, it had, at least, the excellent effect of increasing the public interest in a no longer unimportant branch of the student life of this most historic city of learning. For whilst Girton and Newnham have long been names to conjure with in the realm of intellectual achievement, the colleges that bear the names of Mrs. Somerville, Lady Margaret of Richmond, and St. Hugh have arisen and grown almost with the stealth which blushes to find itself fame. So, heedless of the fate of Cyril and his companions in Tennyson's "Medley," I turned from the ancient spires and towers in search of these new colleges which realised—as far as may be in a prosaic world—the poet's fancy.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MISS MAITLAND,
Principal of Somerville College.

Somerville, the largest, is in Woodstock Road, close to the old church of St. Giles. The building, which is approached through a pleasant lodge recently erected, was originally a private mansion, by name Walton House, on a small estate which is mentioned in some of the oldest records of English land. Since its purchase for its present high purposes in 1879 there has been much building and rebuilding, so that the appearance of an old manor-house has been largely obliterated in favour of that of a modern college. These necessities of bricks and mortar notwithstanding, there is still ground enough for three tennis-courts and for a pleasant stroll about the grass in the shade of some old trees. The building in which Miss Maitland, the Principal of the college, has her rooms is entirely new, and is separated from the old Manor House by a large lawn. On this side of the ground there is another entrance to the college, from Walton Street. Only an old wall of crumbling ivy-covered stone divides the college grounds from the great Radcliffe Infirmary. Certainly, for quietude and fresh air, the Somerville students might have much worse quarters.

The "mere man" who wished to penetrate the inner mysteries of girls' college life at Oxford had no need, I found, to take warning from the experience of the masculine interlopers in the imaginative realm of "The Princess," much less to think of their daring subterfuge. Miss Maitland received me very cordially in her sitting-room, and in a pleasant chat gave me such information as I desired prior to a tour, on which she was kind enough to conduct me, of the college rooms; in fact, before the day was over, I learned without surprise

that the girl students at Oxford sometimes entertain at afternoon tea their brothers and brothers' friends from the men's colleges—so little are they animated by the severe and unrelenting spirit of the Princess Ida towards the inferior sex. Speaking from one experience, I should think these fortunate undergraduates seldom found the five o'clock cup so pleasant a function.

Miss Maitland briefly sketched the history of the college, telling me how it started in humble fashion as "a hall of residence," with eight students, about seventeen years ago; how the number had gradually grown to nearly seventy, concurrently with the action of the University authorities in throwing open, one by one, their examinations to women on the same terms as men; how with the help of a few earnest and devoted friends all financial and other difficulties had been overcome, and the college placed on its present firm and satisfactory basis.

"Altogether about two hundred students, roughly speaking, have passed through the college," Miss Maitland says, in reply to my question, after referring to the register. "At first many came to study for a year or for two years, but nearly all now take the full University course of three years."

Photo by Futcher, Warminster.

MISS ELSPETH PHILIPPS.

A former Somerville Student; First Class in the Honour School of Modern History; now a University Extension Lecturer.

"And what have been their subsequent careers?"

"About the usual proportion have married, I believe, to begin with. Of those who have not, about half have entered the teaching profession, which is, of course, still by far the most important of the professions open to women; and we have reason to be very proud of the positions which many of them have secured. One or two have made a profession of medicine, and one or two were employed as clerks by the Labour Commission. An Indian girl — Miss Cornelia Sorabji — is now practising as a lawyer at Bombay. Miss Sorabji has the distinction of being the only Bachelor of Civil Law of her sex, having been admitted to that degree because she was already a B.A. of another University, namely, that of Bombay. The Organising Secretary of the Women's Trade Unions—Miss Marion Tuckwell—was a student here. Miss May Kendall, the writer, was likewise a Somerville girl. Many came to study here, of course, purely for the sake of study, without thought of any vocation. They have returned to their homes, where, nevertheless, they are doubtless doing good work of one kind or another, and doing it, I hope and believe, all the better for having been at Somerville. It is a calumny to say that college unfits a girl for home life; in our work here we never lose sight of the domestic virtues. Why, the lady whose name the college bears, besides being a brilliant mathematician, was an excellent housekeeper and nurse. Of course a girl who thinks of higher things can never be quite happy in a home which is full of silly frivolity, and possibly after living in college she will be still less happy. This is, I think, the worst that can be said of college life."

Miss Maitland then took me through the college—first to the capacious dining-room, then to the large, comfortable drawing-room, or "common room" as the girls, true to their surroundings, prefer to call it; after that to the library—or, perhaps, I ought to say the apartment in which nearly 4000 volumes of classical literature, history, philosophy and fiction—that is, of the principal standard authors—

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

MISS CORNELIA SORABJI,

A former Somerville Student, now practising at the Indian Bar.

are temporarily stored; for Miss Maitland cherishes the hope of a library such as Mr. Tate presented to the University College at Liverpool, and is patiently waiting for a second Mr. Tate to bring about its fulfilment. Let me mention one or two pleasant rooms for "coaching" and private study wherein I saw a portrait of Miss M. Shaw-Lefevre, the sister of the statesman, who preceded Miss Maitland as the first Principal of the college, and one or two copies of the work of Botticelli—the gift of Mr. Ruskin—before coming to what is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the interior of Somerville—the gymnasium. The sight of this comparatively new building raises the whole question of physical culture in relation to mental culture. It would seem that the women's colleges give themselves to athletics only less enthusiastically than the men's colleges. Somerville leads the way in having its own "gym" as well as hockey field. But tennis in summer and hockey in winter are equally popular with nearly all the girl students, and each college has its own boats on the river Cherwell. I believe there is a rule, however, requiring the "freshwoman" (if the term is permissible) to learn to swim at least fifty yards before joining the boating club.

"These athletic exercises are more or less popular with all your students, Miss Maitland, but do you find distinction in them accompanied by distinction in scholarship?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes. The present captain of our hockey team, for instance, has taken a History First. But I am sure all the girls derive great benefit from these facilities for physical recreation. It is not only that their bodies and brains are refreshed and nourished; in their inter-college contests at hockey and tennis the students learn to think and act for a side instead of merely looking at things from a personal point of view. In their present stage of development this is, I think, one of the most valuable lessons which women have to learn."

Lady Margaret Hall, which is about ten minutes' walk from Somerville College, is second in point of size, and shares with it the honour of the pioneer. Both institutions were the outcome of a conference nearly twenty years ago, which found itself hopelessly divided in opinion on the question of religion, with the result that one section established Somerville Hall, on an

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

LADY EVANS (NÉE MARIA LATHBURY).

A former Somerville Student; Second Class in the School of Litteræ Humaniores.

undenominational basis, and the other Lady Margaret Hall, in accordance with the principles of the Church of England. The latter, unlike the former, has not yet claimed the title and dignity of a college, but it has now about fifty students in residence, and this number will become much larger as soon as an extension of the building now proceeding is completed. Lady Margaret Hall was originally a large villa, and although it has already undergone alteration and extension, no attempt has been made to give it a collegiate appearance. Apart from its exceptional size there is nothing to distinguish it from the row of red-brick Gothic villas in Norham Gardens. In the pleasantness of their situation, however, both Lady Margaret's and St. Hugh's, which is its near neighbour, have the advantage of Somerville College. On one side of them is the open country, and in their rear, beyond large gardens, is the University Park, on whose broad surface many an exciting athletic contest takes place.

BOATING ON THE CHERWELL.

Miss Wordsworth, the Principal of Lady Margaret's, has grown grey in the service of education, but still shows that unquenchable zeal for religion and culture which might well be associated with the name of the poet and the bishop. The very atmosphere of her room, in the soft lamp-light of a winter afternoon, seems to have a subtle influence for good on those privileged to sit in its easy-chairs and listen to her quiet, earnest talk about the higher education of her sex. When she takes me round the large house, with its additional wing, looking into the dining-room, the library, and the chapel, and taking one or two glimpses into the students' own rooms, I get many a significant hint from the girls that we chance to encounter of the affectionate relations which prevail between Miss Wordsworth and those who for the time being are her wards. One young lady with a healthful glow of triumph on her fair complexion has to tell of the victory which has just been achieved by the hockey team of Lady Margaret over that of Somerville College. With another Miss Wordsworth exchanges a few bantering words about some amateur theatricals which are in preparation. The sight with which I was favoured of some of the students' sanctums in Lady Margaret's and St. Hugh's was extremely interesting in its bearing upon the character of the college girl. In taste, at any rate, she would seem to vary as much as her

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MISS WORDSWORTH,
Principal of Lady Margaret Hall.

sisters generally: while some of the comfortably furnished rooms were almost bare of ornament, others had a profusion of little pictures, knick-knacks, and flowers daintily arranged; in some only text-books and volumes of a similarly severe type were visible; in a few I believe I caught a glimpse of one or two much-talked-about new novels.

The morning, Miss Wordsworth tells me, is the chief time for hard study at Lady Margaret's. All the girl students have fallen into the old Oxford habit of making holiday in the afternoon: they play tennis or hockey, ride their bicycles—nowhere has the most remarkable "emancipating" movement of the day made greater headway than at Oxford—go off on country rambles, or even undertake shopping expeditions in "the High"; for the college girl of to-day makes no pretence of indifference to the modiste and the milliner. There will probably be an hour's work or so with a tutor between five o'clock tea and dinner at 7.30. After dinner there is chat, music, a meeting of the Shakspere or some other society. On occasions there will be a dramatic performance, a dance or a debate, for which functions the members of the three colleges sometimes pay each other visits. In the "common rooms" "lights out" at 10.30 is the rule, but in their private apartments students can, of course, burn the "midnight oil" if they please. Judging from their complexions, however, I should say that the college girls of Oxford have no faith in the doctrine that—

> The best of all ways
> To lengthen our days
> Is to steal a few hours from the night.

On the other hand, their success in examinations—although the right to take degrees has not yet been won—argues an ample measure of both capacity and assiduity in the pursuit of their studies.

In the dining-room at Lady Margaret Hall hangs Mr. Shannon's portrait of the Principal, which was presented to Miss Wordsworth by a number of old students and others. The old students at the girls' colleges appear to have all a man's enthusiasm for his *alma mater*. Scarcely a week passes, Miss Wordsworth told me, but what some old student of Lady Margaret's will revisit the scene of her college life. Two of the most successful of these *alumni*, by the way, are Miss Hogarth, the head of the lady clerks at the Bank of England and Mr. W. L.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Wimbledon.

MISS PEARSON,
Vice-Principal of Lady Margaret Hall.

Courtney's assistant on the *Fortnightly Review*, and Miss Margaret Benson, the daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the authoress of the recently published novel, "Subject to Vanity."

St. Hugh's Hall, which is "next door but one" to Lady Margaret's, was established ten years ago mainly by the efforts of Miss Wordsworth, who wished it to accommodate girls belonging to Church of England families on rather lower terms than those of her own Hall. Although the house was enlarged a year or so ago it has not room for more than twenty-five students. This room is all taken, there being, indeed, as at Somerville and Lady Margaret's, a list of candidates waiting for vacancies. I could not discover any material inferiority in its comforts as the sequel to lower terms, but it may be supposed that at table the St. Hugh's students are content to fare a little less luxuriously than their comrades of Lady Margaret's. Perhaps to this plainer living, coupled doubtless with equally high thinking, may be attributed the distinction which the youngest of the three colleges has obtained in athletics. At any rate, when the girl students of Oxford defeated those of Cambridge in their annual tennis contest at Wimbledon it was a St. Hugh's girl who became the champion player.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT LADY MARGARET HALL: "THE APPLE OF DISCORD."

At Cambridge the women's movement is confining itself to Girton and Newnham Colleges; at Oxford, on the other hand, it seems likely to bring into existence a community of colleges for women similar to those for men. St. Hugh Hall was put into the hands of trustees with a committee of administration only two or three years since, and before very long it may be expected that this step will be taken with regard to St. Hilda's and St. Kentigern's, which can at present be described only as hostels. St. Kentigern's—one of a crescent of houses near University Park—is the private enterprise of Miss Emma Tate; while St. Hilda's—a large picturesque residence, near High Street, which was once the abode of Sir Benjamin Brodie—is the private enterprise of Miss Beale, the

well-known head of the Ladies' College at Cheltenham. By the Association for Promoting the Education of Women in Oxford—whose functions I am about to describe—the students resident in these hostels are placed in the same category as those who have private lodgings of their own in Oxford.

To speak briefly, the Association acts as an intermediary between the women students and the University authorities. It has induced the majority of the University professors to admit women to their classes. As a rule, this matter rests with the professor himself, and everything depends upon his individual views of woman and "the woman question," therefore, as to whether the presence of a petticoat will be tolerated at his lectures. The Association has, moreover, organised a system of lectures of its own, to which girl students are admitted on payment of certain fees. It issues a list of the University "coaches" who are prepared, at certain rates of remuneration, to give private instruction to such students, supplementing the work of the half-dozen or so lady tutors attached to the various Halls. In the rooms placed at the disposal of the Association by the University in the venerable Clarendon Buildings there is a valuable classical library for the use of its members, a large part having been the property of the late Professor Nettleship, whose widow gave the books in memory of the warm sympathy he always showed with the girl students of Oxford. The Association organised the vigorous endeavour which was made earlier in the present year for the removal of the disqualification imposed upon women, because of their sex, in the matter of degrees. Notwithstanding their discomfiture upon that occasion, the women-students of Oxford have good reason to congratulate themselves on the rapid progress their cause of higher education has already made in what with only too much justice has been so often described as the home both of dead languages and of undying prejudices.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT LADY MARGARET HALL: "THE APPLE OF DISCORD."

Come, you pretty, false-eyed wanton,
  Leave your crafty smiling!
Think you to escape me now
  With slipp'ry words beguiling?
No: you mocked me th' other day—
When you got loose you fled away;
But, since I have caught you now,
  I 'll clip your wings for flying:
Smoth'ring kisses fast I 'll heap,
  And keep you so from crying.

A MODERN MARTYR.

By WINIFRED GRAHAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE scream of an engine, the slamming of a door, the quickening of Gertrude Freshwater's pulses, and the train sped through the green country which until this day had been her world.

"London!" she murmured under her breath, her plain features brightening beneath a straight, dark fringe.

The word held innumerable charms, countless fascinations.

"London!" she gasped again, a thrill of nervous excitement stirring her youthful breast — "Aunt Olive, and Grosvenor Square!"

* * * *

Pauline leant back in her low arm-chair and tossed the book she was reading on the floor.

"I don't think we had better leave that about for Gertrude to see," she said. "These country girls are sometimes dreadfully strait-laced. I have not seen her since I was twelve years old, and then I remember shocking her dreadfully by ordering trifle to be brought up to me in bed at ten o'clock at night."

The speaker was a slim, auburn-haired girl with a careless, fitful smile, sometimes very sweet, occasionally sarcastic, perfectly moulded features, and eyes that had won for her the reputation of being the loveliest woman in London.

They certainly were marvellously alluring and tender; all Pauline's soul seemed centred in their depths.

Lady Kingsley looked at a tiny diamond-circled watch on her châtelaine.

"Gertrude will be here directly. Her mother tells me she is vastly improved, and came out this spring at a local ball."

"So this is her first season, and my third. I am twenty-one—I think I was born old. I never remember being a child."

"A tragic confession!" said a masculine voice as the door opened, and Mr. Mainwaring-Clifford was announced.

"You heard?" murmured Pauline, holding out her white fingers, while she smiled entrancingly. "Have *you* ever been young?"

"Yes," he replied, "since the nineteenth of last month."

"How very pretty!" laughed the girl, turning to her mother, who had overheard. "That was the night of the Marshalls' ball."

"When I first had the pleasure of meeting you and Miss Kingsley," he added, taking Lady Kingsley's hand.

"Come and sit here, and don't talk nonsense," cried Pauline, drawing a chair forward. "Can you give me a recipe for making a success of a country cousin? She is coming to-day, and is quite on my mind. I want her to enjoy herself."

"Well, to begin with, she must not be heavy."

"You talk of her as if she were a pudding! But, after all, dull girls *are* indigestible!"

As Pauline spoke she rose and sauntered to the window. The balcony was a mass of flowers, and the tall white lilies impregnated the room with a stifling odour. Below stood a four-wheeler, out of which stepped a dark-haired maiden in brown Tussore silk and a hat that ill became her homely features, being large and overpowering, profusely trimmed with blue convolvolus.

"It is Gertrude Freshwater," said Pauline solemnly.

She waited without a word for her cousin to appear.

"So glad to see you, my dear," exclaimed Lady Kingsley, kissing her niece effusively.

As Gertrude advanced she felt shy and awkward; she returned her aunt's embrace clumsily, and stared in some confusion at Pauline. She was not prepared for her cousin's dazzling beauty.

"You *have* grown!" she declared; "I should not have known you."

Then Lady Kingsley introduced her to Mr. Mainwaring-Clifford, and Pauline swept the conversation into channels that made Gertrude feel instantly at home.

"How nice it must be to have the knack of talking! I never can think of a word to say," she confided to Pauline afterwards; "I envy your composed manner."

"Oh! it is easily cultivated. If you just prattle any nonsense that comes into your head you are sure to get on in society. What did you think of Mr. Mainwaring-Clifford?"

"Very good-looking," replied Gertrude frankly; "yet I did not like his face."

Pauline started slightly.

her own social shortcomings in Pauline's gay world; the second, that a storm was brewing in the family circle. One afternoon, while Gertrude was dressing to drive in the Park with her aunt, Pauline burst in, her beautiful eyes wild and tear-dimmed. She sank on Gertrude's bed, and clasped her hands over her forehead.

"It 's cruel, wicked, unfair!" she cried, swaying her slim form to and fro in a paroxysm of grief.

"What is the matter?" asked Gertrude, gazing at her, bewildered.

PAULINE LEANT BACK IN HER LOW ARM-CHAIR AND TOSSED THE BOOK SHE WAS READING ON THE FLOOR.

"Why not?"

"I should never trust him."

"Really! Well, father gets in a white heat whenever we mention the name of Mainwaring-Clifford. Now mother rather likes him."

"I enjoy studying people quietly," replied Gertrude.

"Oh!" retorted Pauline, raising her finely pencilled eyebrows and looking at her cousin with fresh interest.

Gertrude gathered from the tone that Pauline had not given her credit for any studying power at all.

During her visit the country cousin made two discoveries—the first being of

"The stronger domineering over the weaker, captivity in a free country, the scorning of true love, and trampling upon passion. Basil——"

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Mainwaring-Clifford. We worship each other—positively worship—there is no other word, and father——"

"Says no?"

"Yes; how could you tell?"

"Never mind, go on——"

"He not only absolutely refuses his consent to our engagement, but the crowning insult of all, the sting——"

"Is that he cannot speak badly enough of your lover——"

"You are like a witch, Gertrude," retorted Pauline, pacing the room with the air of a caged tigress. "But if you could only have heard the dreadful things he implied against Basil, calling him a good-for-nothing scamp, who only wanted me for my money, declaring that he was not worthy to touch the hem of my skirt, and if I wished to ruin my life, etc., etc. Bah! such tyranny sickens me."

She tossed her head defiantly, breathing hard.

"Perhaps your father is right," protested Gertrude mildly. "You know nothing of Mr. Mainwaring-Clifford's character, while he has taken the trouble to find out."

"How did you hear that?"

"He told Aunt Olive in the drawing-room last night when you went upstairs for your fan."

"Everyone is against me," moaned the girl. "I thought that you, being young too, might help me. But there is nothing but selfishness in the world."

Gertrude winced at Pauline's accusation, for she was not selfish by nature, and would have done much to save her cousin pain. So she pinned on her hat in silence, from sheer incapacity to express her feelings.

"I suppose," she said at last, "that you will not go to the ball to-night?" scanning Pauline's tear-stained face and miserable expression.

A faint smile crept for an instant over the pale features.

"Yes," she replied, speaking through her teeth, with a sudden flash of light in her moist eyes, "and I mean to *enjoy myself*!"

The words were followed by a short, reckless laugh, and Gertrude was left alone, staring after the retreating figure in speechless amazement.

"I have heard," she murmured, "that love makes women devils. Pauline certainly looked like a devil just now."

Then she walked down the broad staircase, easing on her gloves.

CHAPTER II.

"Who is the beautiful girl in the indescribable dress?"

"Pauline Kingsley. She is looking her best to-night."

Gertrude Freshwater overheard the remark as she seated herself beside Lady Kingsley on a sofa near the door. No one would ever ask that question about her, she knew full well, and just a faint spark of envy kindled in her heart. Yet Pauline was wretched; she had cried the whole afternoon.

There was a flush of excitement on her face now, Gertrude noticed, while her eyes wandered restlessly round the room.

Suddenly they sparkled with strange elation — someone was making his way through the crowd—a tall, clean-shaven man, with smooth brown hair and steely grey eyes. It was Basil Mainwaring-Clifford.

A thrill of fear for Pauline shot through Gertrude. She seemed to scent danger ahead as she watched their greeting. Pauline's off-hand manner was forced and unnatural, while the blood came and went swiftly in her cheeks.

Lady Kingsley smiled a casual welcome.

"Dear Pauline is so sensible," she confided to Gertrude. "She would never do anything foolish." The country cousin kept her own counsel, as she answered, "Oh, no! of course not."

But when her partner led her away to dance, she noticed that Pauline was whirling through the crowded ball-room in the arms of the man she loved.

"It was a mistake our meeting here to-night," whispered the fair Miss Kingsley, as they paused to rest. "Exquisite torture for the moment, and then—the hopeless nevermore."

"Nothing but death can be hopeless—such a word is unworthy of you, Pauline."

The man spoke with desperate determination. The girl trembled.

"You do not know my father."

"Come," he replied, guiding her down a long corridor to the shelter of a tall palm behind an ornamental screen, "sit here and listen"——

She sank unresistingly into a low chair, looking at him with loving yet fearful eyes, as he clasped his hand over her two small ones.

"It is simply a matter of money," he said almost fiercely. "Because I am branded by the crime of poverty, while you are cursed with the crown of wealth, our lives are to be divided—shattered—spoiled! If I were sure of your love, Pauline—if you would give me a proof—I believe I could work my way on in the world and gain the fifthy lucre that is to buy my wife!"

His bitter words lashed her to fury, while the thoughts of her wrongs were gradually sapping Pauline's reason.

"What is the good of being rich," she said, "if you may not choose your own husband?"

"Has your father anything against me except my very slender income?"

"Oh, yes! heaps of things," replied Pauline, turning to him with widely opened eyes.

"But *you* don't believe them?"

"Not one word!"

A sigh of relief escaped him.

"If," he whispered, "you would marry me secretly, Pauline, when once we had taken the plunge, your father, who loves you dearly in spite of all, would forgive and forget: you are his only child—he will not be long before your parents have taken you back in their arms. They are ambitious for you, but when they find you have chosen the true path of love they will in their hearts respect and admire you for your daring!"

"How brave you are, Basil!" she answered in a tremulous undertone. "You give me courage." She started forward with a little cry: "Someone knocked against the screen; I thought it was going to fall on me."

"A passing silken train brushed the

SHE SANK UNRESISTINGLY INTO A LOW CHAIR.

would never let you want. Do you love me enough, my darling, to trust yourself to me? You shall never regret the step."

For a moment Pauline was silent—only the wild beating of her heart, the surging of her brain!

Basil had drawn her close to himself; his burning kisses pressed her brow.

"To-night," he continued, speaking rapidly, "when you return, say that you are tired, and will sleep late in the morning. Give orders not to be disturbed. At four o'clock creep quietly downstairs, and I will be waiting without to drive you away. We will be married as soon as possible, and face the worst. I fancy it corner and shook it slightly," he replied. "You seem nervous and overwrought, Pauline. Have you the strength to carry out our scheme?"

She bowed her head, while a scarlet flush dyed her face and neck.

Her romantic soul, saturated with sentiment, became intoxicated at the bewitching idea of a modern elopement.

"At four o'clock this very morning, Basil," she said, gazing trustfully at her lover, "I shall be there!"

* * * *

Miss Freshwater seemed strangely agitated, but her partner was quite at a loss to account for the sudden change in

her manner. She had lost her programme, and waited in the corridor while he went to search for it. On his return he found her standing by a screen, white to the lips. Her conversation was almost incoherent, and she answered in monosyllables.

"A most trying person," ran his mental verdict as he took her back to Lady Kingsley.

"Really Pauline is very good," said the fond mother at the evening's close; "she has only danced once with that Mr. Mainwaring-Clifford, and it must have been a great temptation. He took you into supper, I think, Gertrude?"

"Yes."

"Did he appear much depressed?"

"Oh, no; apparently in excellent spirits."

"What actors some men are! Pauline is looking dreadfully tired, and I am going to take her home. Come, Gertrude."

The girl followed her aunt with an enigmatical expression on her face.

"I am worn out, dead with fatigue," declared Pauline, lounging back with a huge yawn in the carriage. "I sha'n't ride to-morrow, mother, but sleep late, very late."

"Yes, dear."

"Why are you looking so bored, Gertrude; have you not enjoyed yourself?"

The country cousin started.

"Bored!" she exclaimed, clasping her fan tightly between her fingers, "no; anything but that."

CHAPTER III.

"Good night, Pauline; rest well."

There was a touch of sarcasm in Gertrude Freshwater's voice. Pauline was bending over a pearl necklace, replacing it in a velvet case; she did not notice her cousin take the key and slip it on the outside of the door.

"It's past three," continued Gertrude, glancing at the clock.

Pauline gave a little shudder and pushed the pearls aside impatiently.

"Good-night," she said.

The country cousin stole softly to her room and waited. Her thoughts ran rapidly—

"I cannot tell Aunt Olive, it would be so mean! But Pauline shall never fling her chance of happiness away and wreck her life wantonly if I can spare her."

Gertrude opened the door and listened.

All was still.

She crept to Pauline's room and turned the key cautiously. No sound disturbed the peace of the sleeping household as she stole back with silent tread. How long the moments seemed as she gazed at the hands of her watch in nervous dread, following their steady flight! She was still in her white ball dress, with her cloak thrown round her shoulders.

Five minutes to four! Poor Pauline would be getting frantic now, thinking of her lover below!

With the picture of her caged and reckless cousin ever before her eyes, Gertrude slipped noiselessly downstairs into the dim hall. Faint daylight crept through the clinks of the shutters, giving the house a weird appearance. With difficulty she unbolted the front door, and, nerving herself to play a part, silent and retiring Gertrude Freshwater slipped out in the cool air of a summer morning.

Its balmy breath stimulated her. The dust and tumult of the great city seemed laid to sleep. A hansom cab was drawn up on the opposite side of the way, and a man pacing the pavement turned sharply at the sound of the opening door. He advanced with an expectant look, but started back confusedly at the sight of Gertrude.

"Miss Freshwater!" he ejaculated under his breath.

"Yes," drawing herself up and speaking coldly. "I am Pauline's representative. Are you not ashamed to look me in the face?"

He shook his head.

"Proud and happy—if you bring me a message from Miss Kingsley."

"Wait till you hear it. In a moment of over-excitement you worked upon my cousin's feelings, and induced her, a weak, inexperienced girl, to fly from her home with you. She consented, not realising the position. On her return a sudden revulsion of feeling took place, she saw your cowardly suggestion in its true and ugly light. When you urged her to this rash act you hastened your own downfall. Horrified at the influence you had obtained over her, she confessed the whole story, only keeping back from her parents the hour at which your meeting was arranged. I am here to caution you never to show your face again before Pauline or her people, or to attempt any communication." Gertrude spoke boldly. It was the first time in her life she had ever strayed from the truth.

A dark cloud settled on Basil's brow, he bit his lips viciously.

"Have you anything more to say?"

"No."

Gertrude turned, as if to re-enter the house.

"One moment. You may tell Miss Kingsley that I am going away, abroad, this morning, for a long time. She need not fear that I shall ever trouble her again."

"It is the best thing you could do," replied the country cousin, eyeing him up and down with fine contempt.

"Give her back this ring she gave me," thrusting it into Gertrude's hand.

"She won't want it. You had better throw it in the gutter."

"It is hers," he replied. "Let Pauline do that." He motioned the hansom, looking back once at Gertrude as she pushed the door open again. "Who would have thought Pauline such a traitress—such a fool, and false as hell?" he muttered under his breath. Then, raising his hat to the country cousin, Basil drove away alone! Gertrude heaved a deep sigh of relief, which changed to a startled cry.

A hand was laid firmly on her arm, and a tall indignant figure in a purple peignoir towered above the trembling girl.

"Aunt Olive!"

A solemn pause—only the ticking of a grandfather's clock in an old oak alcove.

"What have you heard?"

"Nothing, Gertrude. I saw you and that man together. It was enough for me."

Lady Kingsley spoke sternly.

"I—I——"

"Oh, do not make excuses! I wish for no explanation—your uncle was right, I see now what Mr. Mainwaring-Clifford is. But that you should have also fallen a victim to his wiles, and so far lowered yourself as to meet him at this hour, outside my house, is surprising indeed. Nothing will be said, but understand I shall expect you to return home to-morrow. You will be wiser to remain in the country, where temptations——"

"Oh, aunt, spare me your cynicism!"

The girl's head drooped, it was a mighty effort of self-control to suffer in Pauline's stead.

"I will see you to your room," said Lady Kingsley.

Gertrude followed silently, and as her aunt turned away, the look in the girl's eyes made her feel strangely uncomfortable.

"Perhaps," she faltered, "some day you may not think so badly of me."

The door closed. The country cousin was still grasping Mr. Mainwaring-Clifford's ring.

* * * *

"Why did she leave so suddenly, mother?" asked Pauline, who, appearing late the following morning, discovered Gertrude had gone.

"You must not ask, my dear; it is nothing fit for your ears, and between ourselves, I do not consider your cousin is a good companion for you. We shall not invite her here again."

"How strange!" replied Pauline, too sick and miserable at heart to pursue the subject, "I always thought her such a quiet little mouse."

"It only shows," declared Lady Kingsley, "how mistaken one may be."

* * * *

Pauline's days seemed long and aimless: no letter from Basil, no sign! What fate had frustrated her plans? Who was responsible for the locked door?

She asked herself these questions in vain, and a week later read of Mainwaring-Clifford's bankruptcy in the *Times*.

"I wonder," she said; "I wonder if it *were* money after all?"

A year later Gertrude Freshwater wrote to congratulate Pauline on her engagement.

"So you have met at last—the one man in the world—your king among men," she said, quoting from an effusive epistle on Captain Somerset's charms. "I enclose you a ring, which I have kept since four o'clock on a summer morning last June. There is a little story attached to it, connected with a locked door and a country cousin's reputation. I have written it in detail, word for word."

As Pauline read, her eyes filled with grateful tears, and she handed the paper to Lady Kingsley.

"Gertrude is a heroine!" she said. "I owe her my life!"

A DELHI ZENANA.

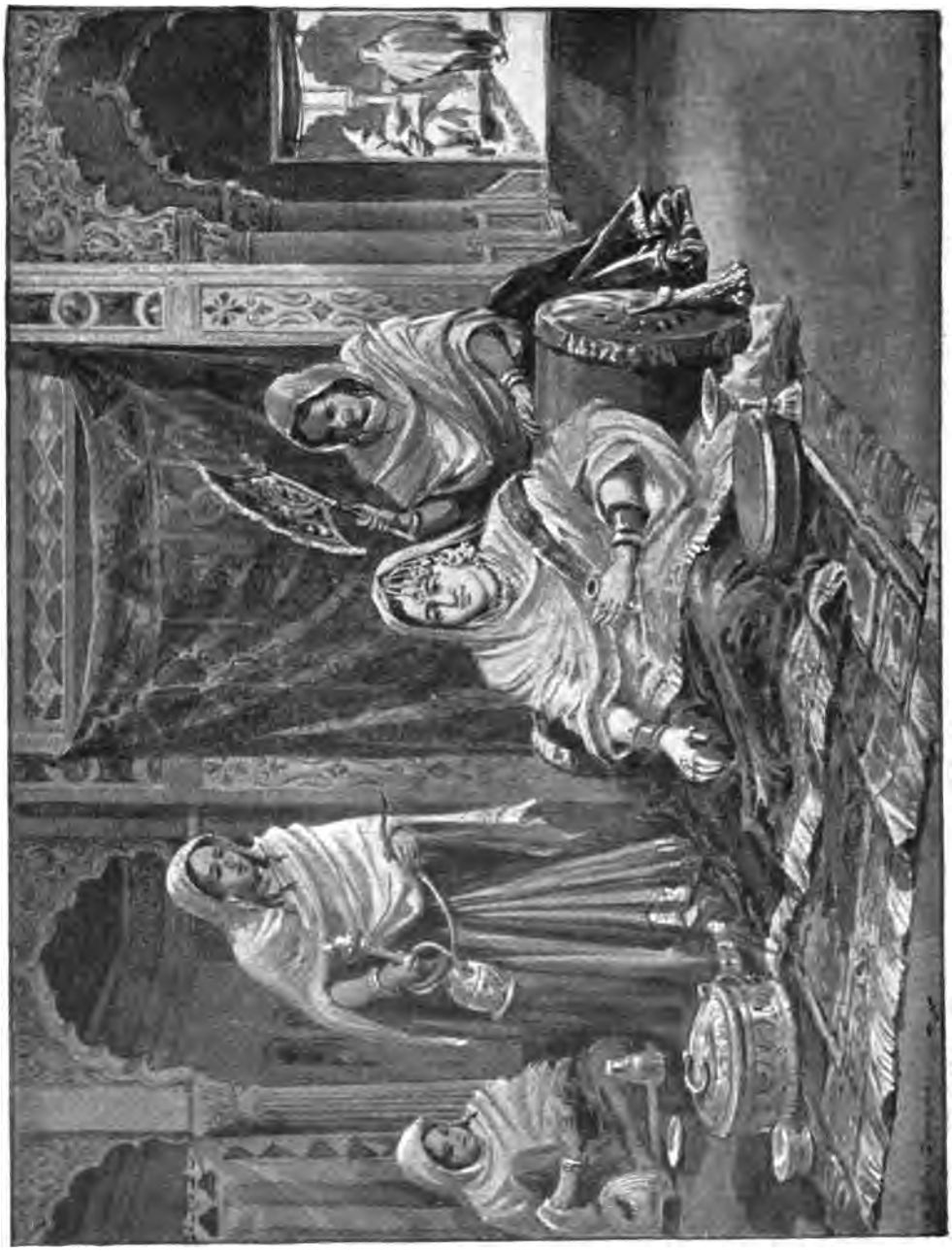
By WILLIAM SIMPSON.

IT is not every person of the male sex that can boast of having passed a day in an Eastern harem. In Oriental travel I have often been surprised at the power of the pencil as an "Open Sesame": the desire to be drawn is great among most people, and it has many times opened to me the door of forbidden places. A doctor might, perhaps, do more in this way than an artist; and I have often thought of providing myself with a harmless pill or two, and thus pass for a "hakim"; but this last resource was never required—the pencil I found was always a sufficient magic wand for my purpose. Still I doubt if even the pencil or the pill would enable anyone to pass a day sketching in the women's quarters of a strictly orthodox Mohammedan family in Delhi. The simple explanation of my experience, which I am about to relate, is that those in the house to which I was admitted were not orthodox.

There is a well-known family in Delhi whose history goes back to the time when Lord Lake was fighting with the Marathas and carrying on the siege of Bhurtpore, and I have heard some romantic details that relate to a previous generation of them before that—there is now more than one branch of this family in Delhi. When I was there in 1860 I chanced to make the acquaintance of a lady who was connected with this family. Knowing that she was familiar with native life, and on terms of intimacy with most of the well-to-do Mohammedan people of the place, I expressed my desire to see and sketch the interior of a zenana, if that were possible. The lady, knowing the purpose of my visit to India, which was chiefly to make illustrations of the manners and customs of the country, entered willingly into my objects, and promised to realise them. At first I had no idea how she intended to accomplish this, but it turned out that I was to go to the house of a gentleman belonging to the family above mentioned; the wife was a Kashmiri, and lived entirely in the native style. There was also a grown-up daughter, who, I understood, adopted Western costume when she went out of doors. These ladies had been on friendly visiting terms with the ladies of the Emperor before the Mutiny, and as they were familiar with every detail of the zenana of the Mogul Court, they had promised to prepare themselves and their surroundings for me exactly as I might have seen in the palace at Delhi. I was also told that the ladies were delighted at the idea of having their "taswirs," or pictures, drawn. The manner in which I was treated went a long way to confirm this; a carriage drawn by two large and handsome bullocks was sent to take me to the house, and a capital luncheon was provided for me. I might even add that a ball was got up in honour of the occasion; but that rather Western way of describing this part of arrangements might mislead a reader, and he would suppose that I may have led out the "Light of the Harem" in the first quadrille. Nothing of the kind; it was a "nautch." A party of nautch girls had been hired, and appeared in the after part of the day; and as I found so many details to sketch, I had to keep to my work during the most of the time that they performed; still, the nautch or dance was a part of the day's proceedings.

Delhi houses of the better class are very nice places. There is an inner quadrangle for the seclusion of the zenana, the centre is a garden with a fountain, and the rooms open out to it. The columns and arches are of reddish sandstone—the same stone that is seen in the forts of Delhi and Agra—and a good deal of picturesque ornament is carved on them. These rooms, with rich carpets and purdahs hanging about, are very pleasant, cosy places; so much so, that I think the imagination, if left to itself to conjure up the surroundings that ought to enshrine the beauties of an Oriental harem, could scarcely imagine anything more in harmony with the picture it was desired to realise.

On my arrival I found the two ladies



A DELHI ZENANA.

seated on carpets, with cushions to lean upon, and all the paraphernalia around them that is supposed to be necessary for ladies of high rank. This included a number of female attendants, whose duties were to watch and fulfil the slightest wish of their mistresses. I understood that the group before me was got up to realise what I would have seen in the palace of the Shah or any of the highest dignitaries of State. In carrying out this idea I was to call the older lady the "Begum," and I find a note in my sketch-book that the younger one was to be known in the picture as the "Shahzadee Begum." Begum may be rendered "Lady" or "Queen," and Shahzadee means "Daughter of the Shah," or "Imperial Daughter."

SPITTOON.

It was stated to me afterwards that each of the ladies had about £2000 worth of jewellery upon her. On realising what was before me, I determined to make drawings of every detail, so I did general sketches of the group, as well as particular parts so as to show the jewellery and the character of everything as minutely as I could. Most of these I am now able to reproduce here, and one merit at least they possess—they may be trusted for their accuracy; they are not evolved out of the inner consciousness of the artist, which in pictures of Eastern subjects was formerly the case.

When this was the practice, in the early part of the century, when the "East" was unknown to the general public, and painters were equally ignorant of it, "The Light of the Harem" was a favourite subject with painters; such pictures were often engraved, and might be seen on the walls of many drawing-rooms. A pretty face, with perhaps a turban as a head-dress, was enough to give all the distinctive character that was required. It did not occur to the artist of this sort of picture that "Noor Mahal" was far in advance of the "New Woman," and that she smoked, not an insignificant cigarette, but a hookah; still more, she chewed — not tobacco, but "pawn"—that is, betel-nut with a small quantity of lime; this combination is rolled up in the pawn-leaf in small lumps suitable for placing in the mouth. Each of the ladies who, I may say, became my models, had before her a large ornamented silver "pawn-dan"—the last word meaning receptacle. The pawn, when chewed, produces a bright red colour in the mouth, and this necessitates another accessory to Noor Mahal's belongings—that is, a spittoon. This article was faithfully sketched by me, and is here reproduced. The information may, perhaps, tend to destroy any ideas of sentiment or romance that may have been formed of an Oriental beauty living in the seclusion of a palace. To myself it does not: travel in many countries has taught me that custom makes all habits and manners appear as the ordinary course of things, and no conclusion ought to be drawn as to the feelings or motives of those that practise them. India has produced many true and devoted women, whose history is on record, and they, we

COSTUME IN THE ZENANA.

may assume, both smoked the hookah and chewed pawn like the others around them.

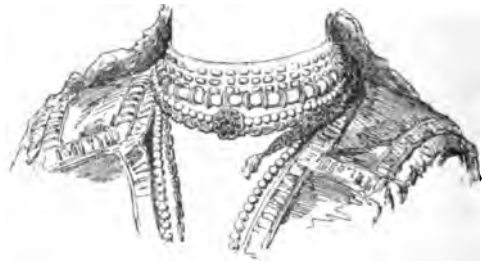
The "Begum," as I am in duty bound to call the elder of the two ladies, was a

Kashmiri, and quite as fair in her complexion as a European. She was tall, and still handsome, and must have been very

JEWELLERY WORN ON THE HEAD.

beautiful in her younger days. The "Shahzadee Begum," the daughter, was also a tall, beautiful woman; she too was fair enough to have passed for a lady of Western birth. The costume of both, although differing in material and colour, was of the same character. A small vest, trimmed with rich gold brocade, covered the breast, and left most of the arm bare. The nature of the nether garment never occurred to me while sketching, till it was explained, and it turned out to be what is known in India by the word "pyjamas," or to use a more familiar term, the garment was a "divided skirt." There was an ample fullness below, and in walking it left a train behind that swept the carpet. A newcomer to this part of India will be struck with a peculiarity of an ordinary Ját woman's costume—plenty of them may be seen about Delhi and the Punjab. In these there is a large hiatus between the vest and the petticoat, or pyjamas, as the case may be. With these women may be seen the strong influence of custom: in passing them on the road they will in most instances veil the face with their chuddar, but they think not of the portion of their bodies that remains uncovered below. The ladies of the zenana had the same peculiarity in their dress. In a manner the empty space was covered with the veil or chuddar, but that article was of such a thin gauze material it could not be said to conceal anything.

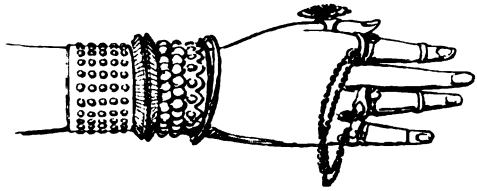
How am I to describe the jewellery these ladies were adorned with? Here I must trust much to the Illustrations—with me, in such a matter, the pencil can do more than the pen. Strings of pearls, springing from a gold ornament on the top of the head, streamed down, and fell like a cascade over the brow. To these were suspended golden crescents and other forms of delicate workmanship, at the making of which the jewellers of Delhi are master hands; these were set with gems of all kinds—rubies, turquoises, emeralds, diamonds, and pearls. Down the left side of the face this mass of glittering wealth connected with the ornaments of the ear. In India a woman has not merely one hole pierced in her ear, but has a series of them made all round the outer ridge of it, and according to her means she wears rings of various sizes in each, and with precious stones in them—that is, if she can afford such luxuries. In the case of my models, the ears could not be seen from the mass of jewellery that hung round them and fell down as far as the neck. Nose-rings may be said to be a necessary part of female decoration in India. The outer cartilage of the left nostril is pierced, and a ring is generally worn in it; often the ring is two or even three inches in diameter—I am under the impression that these articles can be easily removed, or they might be awkward, and very liable to accidents while eating or sleeping. The ladies of the zenana, instead of a ring, had a small jewel in the nose, formed with a precious stone surrounded with pearls. The "Begum" had a collar of solid gold round her neck, this had three rows of rubies; below that was



JEWELLERY OF THE NECK.

another collar formed of pieces of gold; then a string of large pearls, to which was attached in front a large jewel set with rubies. A number of bracelets were worn, one of them being large and of solid gold,

set all round with turquoises. There were numerous rings on the fingers, and a couple of small chains hung from the rings on the fore and little fingers. A



JEWELLERY OF THE WRIST AND HAND.

ring worn on the thumb had a small circular mirror, about the size of a half-penny, set like a stone, which enabled the wearer to see if the mass of jewellery round her face was in proper order. I have no doubt but anklets were worn, but owing to the long skirt these could not be seen.

Henna had been applied to the hands, and the mode of applying this is peculiar. It is red in colour, or it might be described as a rich reddish brown; a flat surface of some kind is smeared over with the henna, and the palm of the hand as well as the fingers is placed on the colour and gently rubbed once or twice along, the colour being left on the hand just as it chances to have been stained by the process—an irregular outline is the result, owing to the swellings and depressions of the muscles. The Illustration will make this easier of comprehension than the description. The custom in India was to treat the soles of the feet in the same way as the palms, but I cannot say whether the ladies had conformed to this detail or not.

How Mohammedan ladies living in the sphere of life such as those I saw usually spend their time was a matter that my visit did not give me any opportunity of acquiring information upon, and it scarcely comes within the intended scope of this article. Of course, it will be understood that the mass of jewellery I saw did not form part of their ordinary attire. They had on that occasion donned their best to appear and be drawn as ladies in a high rank of life. As most of the members of this family had been born and brought up in Delhi, their position had given them the privilege of visiting the imperial zenana. That was previous to the Mutiny. I learned that the ladies of the Palace at times amused themselves at cookery, and they produced nice dishes which they sent to their friends. And the ladies I saw were often treated in this manner, which was considered to be a high compliment. I have never seen this custom mentioned in accounts of zenanas, but it is quite in keeping with Oriental ideas; for it is the custom among the male sex, although they do not act as cooks themselves, to send dishes, with delicacies in them, to their friends. A good Eastern tale is founded on this practice. A man said to his servant one morning: "If you should see two black crows, call me to see them also, for that is a favourable omen, and if I see them someone may perhaps send me a nice dish or two of food." The servant, seeing two black crows, called his master, but before he could come one of the crows had flown away; and the master got angry at being called to see one crow—that being an unlucky omen—so he beat the servant. During the day a friend brought the master a dish of meat, and the master related the stupidity of the servant to his friend. After he had done so, the servant said: "Yes, the master saw one crow, and he has received a nice dish; I saw two crows, and I got a beating." The irony in regard to the value of omens conveyed in this tale is delightful.

As the word "purdah" is closely related to zenanas, it may be explained. It is the name of the curtain which serves as a door, and within which, in a zenana, no male, except the nearest relatives, ever passes. From this the ladies of the zenana are called "purdah women"; and when they pass beyond the purdah, they do so with their faces at least closely veiled. The

HENNA ON THE HAND.

idea connected with the purdah will be understood from a conversation I heard at the first investiture of the Star of India, which occurred at Allahabad in November 1861. One of the earliest recipients of this honour was the late Begum of Bhopal. As

she appeared at the ceremony without a veil or any covering to her face, someone asked her why she, a Mohammedan lady, did not keep the purdah. The Begum replied: "As my husband is dead, whose purdah shall I keep?" At the Grand Chapter of the Star of India, held at Calcutta at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit, the old Begum had passed away, and her daughter reigned in her stead. She appeared at the ceremony as one of the knights, robed in the mantle and with all the insignia of the Order; but as her husband was living, she had her face carefully covered with a light blue veil, tied tightly under the chin, through which she could see, and not be seen. A sketch of this lady, which I contributed, as she appeared on that occasion, will be found in the *Illustrated London News* for Feb. 5, 1876. I can relate another event connected with this same lady, which gives a peculiar illustration of the purdah in relation to Indian State ceremonial. In January 1861 Lord Canning received the late Begum of Bhopal in a Durbar at Jabalpur; and as that Queen's rank was high, Lord Canning made a return visit to her. She sat in the Durbar beside the Lord Sahib with her face uncovered. I was allowed the privilege of being present on the occasion, and saw Mr. Bowring, the secretary to Lord Canning, walking to the other end of the tent, where there was a door covered with a purdah. To my surprise I heard him conversing with someone on the other side of the curtain; I only caught the words at the end, in which the voice, a female's, sent "Many, many salaams to the Lord Sahib." Mr. Bowring returned to Lord Canning with the message, on hearing which he partly rose from his seat, and made a kind of obeisance in the direction of the purdah, as an acknowledgment. This was the Begum's daughter, who, being married, could not appear like her mother, but although invisible to us all, she was understood as being present in the Durbar.

This purdah custom, or system of concealing women, did not exist in India before the Mohammedan invasion of that country. The conquerors brought it with them, and the Hindus have to a certain extent adopted the practice. We know that this was the case from old sculptures, where in ceremonies we see the women represented among the men without any pretence of hiding themselves. There is also authority for this in the old books. Toru Dutt, in one of his "Ancient Ballads," says—

> In those far-off primeval days,
> Fair India's daughters were not pent
> In closed zenanas.

THE CLURK.

By B. A. CLARKE.

ALL the neighbours referred to the child thus, but his father and mother, for some reason, continued to call him George. There is reason to think that originally the title was bestowed in a spirit of derision. "I see the clurk a few minutes ago, playin' in the gutter," said a woman to whom Mrs. Want had been expatiating upon George's prospects. In the street it would have gone better with the lad if his mother's imagination had been less fertile.

The story goes back eight years, and begins with Mrs. Want stepping upon an unfastened coal-plate and falling heavily. George, who at the time was an infant in arms—her arms, unfortunately—suffered an injury to his spine that made infancy a martyrdom. In his ninth year a fresh complication sent him for two months into the Pentonville Hospital. He came out feeling surprisingly shaky, and the weeks went by without bringing any great increase of strength. He was an appealing little figure, walking slowly to school with his chin down on his chest, his wondering eyes, and peaked baby face. Cleanliness was not one of his strong points. The woman on the next floor described his week-day complexion as "children's pastry," referring to the dough the little ones beg when there is cooking in progress, and bake for themselves. It had just that dirty pallor. By a stroke of unmeant irony he was dressed in a sailor-suit. The Board School authorities made every allowance for him, indeed the head-master was so concerned that he resolved one evening to drop in upon the Wants, and make sure that the convalescent was being given a fair chance.

He found George half undressed in front of a fire, and a tall woman rubbing some strong-smelling lotion into his back. A working man looked up from a sporting paper discouragingly.

"I've come to have a chat with you about George," said the visitor, after he had made himself known.

"Speak to 'er then," Mr. Want replied, and returned to his reading. He was trying to spot the clubs that would survive the qualifying rounds for the English Cup. Mr. Want had kicked empty tins about the road in boyhood, and knew how football should be played. On all points connected with it he was a recognised authority, although, owing to there being no ground in the neighbourhood, it had never been his good fortune actually to witness a match. He gained his knowledge by evening study, and with this he allowed nothing to interfere.

For some time the visitor and Mrs. Want conversed in an undertone. When the schoolmaster rose to go, Mr. Want pushed back his paper and rubbed the back of his head sorrowfully. What he wanted to suggest was that his seeming indifference during the interview had been only a veil to hide feelings more than ordinarily creditable and profound.

"Har, Sir," he said, "this affliction of George's has bin a great sorrow to me—a great sorrow. I 'm sure I carn't think wot 's ter become of 'im when 'e grows up—unless, maybe, 'e 'll do fur a clurk. That 's it. Anyone can see 'e 'll never be fit fur a day's honest work. 'E 'll 'ave to sit at a desk hall 'is life and be a clurk. Jest a blooming clurk."

A couple of minutes later Mr. Want had obtained forgetfulness of his trouble in study (there is nothing like work in these cases), but the woman meditated upon the speech all the evening.

"I suppose there is no chance of your 'avin' made a mistake?" she asked at last, almost timidly. "George there will never be fit for a day's work, never so long as 'e lives?"

"Look at 'im fur yerself," said the man, pointing to a cot in the corner of the room. Although asleep, the child's face was drawn by pain. A white hand, almost transparent, it was so thin, hung down over the blanket.

"What kind of a workin' man is goin' to be made out of that?"

The woman's eyes clouded.

"'E carn't stand fur a 'arf hour without turnin' faint," the man continued reproachfully.

Mrs. Want went across and busied herself making the child more comfortable. The working man took up his position so as to absorb in his own person the entire heat from the grate, and lapsed into an abyss of self-pity.

"I 'ad 'oped," he said, "naturally, fur George to follow my own trade. Orfen when I've bin goin' to work I've seen 'im, as it were, by my side, straight as a scaffold pole, goin' to the same job as me, and proud and 'appy to carry 'is father's tools. Now 'e'll be jest a clurk, nothin' but a mere clurk."

Mrs. Want had finished rearranging the tumbled clothes, but she did not look round. She had fancied that George would one day become a foreman.

The following morning Mrs. Want broke the news to the street, knowing the value of the first word in such matters, and having no faith in her husband's ability to keep his grief to himself. To avert pity she represented the departure as an ambitious dream put into her head by George's astounding cleverness.

"'Ow cum you to think of it, Mum?" asked a woman respectfully. "If George 'ad belonged to me, I might 'ave looked at 'im for a lifetime without discoverin' that 'e was different to hanybody else."

Mrs. Want smiled indulgently. "You'd 'ave found out quick enough when you 'eard 'im tork. Some of the things that child 'as said—well, there!" She threw up her hands in despair of doing justice to such conversational excellence. "'E don't say 'is best things before strangers," she added.

"When I've 'eard 'im," said a woman with weak eyes, "'e 'as bin arskin' the boys not to thump 'im on 'is bad back. I carn't say I noticed anythink remarkable in the way 'e did it."

"George will be in a rare 'igh standard," said a woman who happened to know that the future clerk still languished in the first.

Mrs. Want did not attempt to hide her son's position, but explained it on the ground of his love of lessons. He had been hiding his talents for fear lest his period of schooling should be curtailed. "You should 'ave seen George's face yesterday, when Mr. Want promised, 'owever 'igh 'e might get, to let 'im stay on the full time."

"And now, of course, we shall see him shoot ahead," said the woman from the next floor spitefully.

"It don't take sich a power of learnin' to be a clurk," said the owner of a small washing connection. "Hall they 'ave to do is to write and hadd figgers, and I do that myself."

"It 's not the adding," said a man who had intruded into the conference; "it 's makin' the figgers cum the same. Some of them clurks could do a sum as many as a dozen times, and only 'ave one arnser. One arnser for a dozen times! That 's where they do us—makin' the figgers cum the same."

"Where I lived before," said a woman, "a boy becum a clurk. 'E wos in the seventh standard when 'e left school, and went on learnin' after that."

"I didn't know there was anything to learn after the seventh standard," said the man, and this was the general idea.

"'Ow will that suit your George?" said the weak-eyed woman sympathetically.

"First-rate," replied Mrs. Want, moving away. She did not wish to hear any more. She was committed to quite enough as it was.

The conference left Mrs. Want ill at ease. Even clurking, it seemed, demanded other qualifications than incapacity for manual toil. There seemed a strong chance of George's becoming nothing at all. Supposing, when the time arrived for his leaving school, it should find him with the fifth, sixth, and seventh standards—those educational peaks—unscaled. Her heart sank at the prospect. She resolved to make the young climber amend his somewhat leisurely gait, her own credit demanding that the improvement should begin immediately.

When George came home from school his progress was made the subject of searching investigation. The examiner was entirely illiterate, but the importance of this fact can easily be rated too high. Mrs. Want made little noises with her tongue against her teeth, and seemed depressed by each of her son's answers, and it is difficult to see what the most erudite parent could have done more. Her grief at hearing that in geography he was only doing South America was so poignant that the boy was reduced to the verge of tears.

"Wot 's the game?" Mr. Want inquired when he came home.

George, ink-splashed to the roots of his hair, was sprawling over the table. Mrs. Want explained that if George was to be promoted a standard in January, the best use would have to be made of the intervening time.

"If it means turnin' this into a night-school, I'd sooner 'ave 'im stop where 'e is."

"You kin read jest as well in the armcheer," said his wife, knowing where the shoe pinched. The workman doubted whether it could be done. Hitherto his method had been to read with his head between his hands, and the newspaper, opened to its fullest, covering the whole table. Another position he feared would not be so favourable to concentration of mind. Mrs. Want suggested that George should read the paper aloud. "I should like to 'ear a bit of noose myself, and it 'ud do 'im a power of good if you'd take 'im up when 'e went wrong."

"If it's to 'elp 'is schoolin', I don't mind," said Mr. Want, who, in spite of a surly manner, was always willing to give up a little personal discomfort to do anyone a good turn. Individual study, after all, was a little wearing to the elbows. He was not insensible, either, to the charm of sitting in judgment upon the work of a better performer. He drew the chintz-covered easy-chair toward the fire and settled himself down, supporting his feet against the top bar of the grate. The Clurk sat at the further side of the table with a lighted candle immediately in front of him, and holding a football paper within an inch of his eyes. He read deliberately, in a thin, high-pitched voice, breaking up all doubtful words into their component syllables. Now and again, when Mr. Want felt sure of his ground, the recital would be enlivened by an interruption.

HE READ DELIBERATELY, IN A THIN, HIGH-PITCHED VOICE.

"Smith turned the ball over to Johnson, 'oo, ne-go-ti-a-ting a difficult angel" (the reader looked up apprehensively, but his father continued to smoke calmly), "'ad

the mis-for-tune to strike the upright and——"

"Stop! Wot's the hupright?"

George made a bad guess, and his father had the satisfaction of setting him right.

The evening was a sample of many that came after. Mr. Want threw himself into this branch of his son's education with enthusiasm, buying all the football papers, and not allowing so much as an editorial to be skipped. His zeal made it the more regrettable that he should have misunderstood entirely the object of these readings. He rarely criticised George's pronunciation or elocution, and if he entertained ideas on the subject of voice-production, he kept them carefully to himself. He had it firmly in his mind that it was the subject matter that signified. He examined George on the lives of celebrated players as set forth in interviews, and would ask how many goals some dissatisfied club would have scored with their own referee, and other questions even more difficult and abstruse.

"Blowed if these clurks kin do anything," he would exclaim when George had to give one of these conundrums up. The woman regretted ever having taken Mr. Want into her plans. The loss of the evenings reduced her educational scheme to a shadow. To perfect George in writing and arithmetic was as high now as she dare aim. In the latter study she judged compound addition to be the prime need. There was one fearful problem she would dictate, the whole contents of a borrowed washing-book, including mention of the garments (George used to wonder whether there might not be some, as yet unmastered, table for dealing with these), and she would compare his answers with the original pencillings. Alas! they never coincided. Clearly, the clerical faculty of making figures come the same had yet to be acquired.

In writing the outlook was brighter. Acting upon the advice of a stationer, Mrs. Want had entered her son upon a course of green-covered copy-books. Starting with straight strokes (within the compass of anyone), the student was conducted, by sixteen equal steps, to ornamented copperplate. Mrs. Want purchased the series. Buying them thus, she was able to obtain the sixteen for one-and-a-penny—a moderate price to pay for the acquisition of such caligraphy. Here was a prospect George could understand, and he buckled to with a will. The first book was finished in a little over a week. He filled the second in five days. Without pausing to blot its last page, he threw himself upon the third. His mother, who was watching him, was at her brightest: she forgot the washing-book discrepancies and the football nonsense. She saw George passing the standards hand over hand, and already qualified for his new calling. The obstacles in the way had raised her opinion of it enormously.

Meanwhile, the neighbours had been following George's progress with the deepest interest, the subject of his mind dividing them into hostile camps. At first the tendency to scoff had been universal; but lately a good many things had come to light. Chance visitors had surprised the Clurk amusing himself with sums, and it had become public property that he sat up of nights reading his newspaper like a man. Mr. Want's football extravagance gave rise to a legend. On Saturday evenings people had seen him going home with different coloured papers in his hand. The child, said they, entertained political opinions in antagonism to his father's, and insisted upon being supplied with literature in harmony with his own views. Those who had listened upon the staircase said it was as good as a play the way George would go on reading aloud from his newspaper, trying, no doubt, to bring the old man round. The child had all the best of the exchanges. It was rarely that Mr. Want was able to find anything to read in reply. Even those who belonged to Mr. Want's political party were hoping to hear of his perversion.

People were always waylaying George as he returned from school, with a view of putting his abilities to the test. He soon learned to recognise the interviewer's note, and a genial hail would send him scampering, like a startled rabbit, towards cover; but it was not always that he managed to escape. There was one question that was accepted in the street as a touchstone of native shrewdness. Given the price of a herring and a half as three halfpence, how many could be bought for a shilling? At one time or other George must have given every number up to twenty (with the exception of twelve) in answer to this problem. Whatever he said the questioner found his preconception justified. "Did you 'ear that," one remarked, when the child had gone away. "'E said nine. 'E 's got no more mind than a hinfunt in petticuts."

The same reply sent an admirer into ecstasies.

"That 's about all you would get, depend upon it, and might think yo'rself lucky not

to be cheated out of more, perticiler if it 'appen to be 'orf a barrer. Jest fancy a little chap 'is hage takin' notice of that."

When he soared too high friendly criticism recognised a genius for marketing.

"Sixteen! Well, if you stuck out I wouldn't be surprised but wot you 'd get them."

On the whole the street preferred its mathematics a little mixed.

There was another problem about the quantity of rats a given number of cats could dispose of in twenty minutes, that while it raised an interesting point in natural history, was valueless as a test by reason of no one being acquainted with the answer.

All this discussion had the effect of making Mrs. Want more resolute. The very thought of failure with all those eyes upon her was intolerable. Not content with what was being done, she formulated a plan for squeezing every ounce out of George in the Christmas holidays. It included the engagement of a thirteen-year-old nephew, a boy of unfathomed appetite, who could be bribed to anything by promise of something to eat, in the capacity of private coach. In the meantime her own standard became more exacting. In writing, for instance, she insisted upon George following the directions upon the back of the copy-book. The unwonted effort to sit and hold his pen like the gentleman there depicted gave him cramp in the fingers. When his mother was out of sight he must sometimes have relapsed into his first style, or tears could not have fallen, as they did, upon his penholder, and running down into the nib rendered the succeeding characters pale and indistinct. It was the absence of outlook that crushed him. The "when I am a man" in a boy's heart will pull him through anything. In the past George had found the extremes of pain and weariness bearable, thinking of the burly insensible working man into whose image a few years would see him transformed. Mr. Want had often complained of the way the child's eyes followed him about. One little amenity of George's was entirely self-acquired. Before going to bed he made a point of going up and shaking hands with his father. The huge fist closing round his own tiny one always produced a feeling of surprised pleasure.

"'Ow that boy worships 'is father," said Mrs. Want enviously, when it was really George shaking hands with his grown self. Since the schoolmaster's visit the habit had been given up. The "'E 'll 'ave to sit at a desk hall 'is life and be a clurk" had spoilt a picture. George felt the putting away of his dream so much that it was inevitable that, sooner or later, he should discover the step to be unnecessary. He remembered that the trouble had begun with the assertion of his incapacity for honest work, and argued that he had only to show himself fit for something for it to disappear. He began to look out for a situation. It was a common thing in the street, though George had never done it, for children to hire themselves out in their play hours to busy neighbours. Sometimes the remuneration for their services would run as high as twopence a week. They entered these positions lightly, without consulting their parents, and resigned directly the duties began to pall. Occasionally they were dismissed, the latter fate about this time befalling the child who had the job of taking the baby from a coal-shop out for daily exercise and fresh air.

When George went round to apply for the post his reception was not encouraging.

"We don't want hany clurks 'ere," said the woman, who was no friend to the Wants.

"I ain't going to be a clurk."

The woman turned round and went on with what she had been doing.

"I kin carry the baby all right."

"Not you."

"I 've a muscle," said George, getting in front of her and bending his arm.

The woman sniffed incredulously.

"Them other children won't play with me."

There was more in this. Finally she consented to allow George a day on trial. He left the shop with the baby in his arms, no young mother ever prouder or more radiant. He walked down Bempton Street conscious that his employer's eye followed him. Then he turned a corner and leaned against a wall. He almost began to regret his precipitancy. By waiting, possibly a smaller infant might have been secured, or one less apt to become lead after fifty yards. He was obliged to put his burden down for a few minutes. Then he started on the return journey, clasping the babe, in wrestling fashion, round the shoulders. It was his intention to march past the coal-shop and take a good rest in the seclusion of his own passage. At a critical moment his strength gave out, and he was compelled to sit down on a doorstep within full view of the shop. The baby, whom George was beginning to regard with contempt,

sat upon his knee. Its abnormal fatness, goggle eyes, and, above all, its detestable trick of bubbling at the mouth, aroused his aversion and scorn. His employer caught sight of them.

"You Want!" she screamed across the road, "I don't pay to hev my child sit down. He kin do that at 'ome."

George rose with a sigh. This time he managed to get the weight well on to his shoulder. It seemed a bit lighter this way. Then he had pains down the back, and went shaky at the knees. Once a sudden coldness at the forehead warned him to put down his load and recline upon the nearest step. It was a cruel struggle, persevered in the more desperately that there was an internal foe to be overcome, a voice that told him he was not as other children, that his father's prophecy had been true after all. He was heartened wonderfully by hearing a girl anathematise the weight of a baby brother.

George returned to the coal-shop at half-past five, and the woman admitted grudgingly that he would do. Reaching home, he explained his lateness on the ground of having been kept in. Some of the other falsehoods he told in the course of the week were less specious. Mrs. Want was in despair. Between truancy and football home training was at a standstill. The child's obstinacy was proof against entreaties and even tears. One day George came home at the right time, his mother having waited outside the Board school, but the ruse broke down when it was tried a second time. On her way back from this fruitless errand Mrs. Want saw the delinquent disappearing round a corner. A large-headed baby was hanging over his shoulder. She did not attempt to follow, though she could easily have overtaken them. Her thoughts had travelled back four years to a baby of her own that had died at the age of ten and a half months (folks took him for eleven), for whom her arms ached still. It touched her to find that George felt it in the same way, and had been reduced to borrowing a strange baby to carry up and down. There had been times when, but for fear of ridicule, she would have adopted some such expedient herself. How all these years, she thought, George must have been envying the other children their loads! The boy was struck when he came in by the curious way his mother looked at him. It was obvious that she did not credit his rehearsed falsehood, and this being so, it bothered him her not being cross. When she went so far as to venture a caress, he was convinced that she was going to be ill. It was a relief to think that the period for thwarting her was nearing its close.

George awoke the following morning to the blissful consciousness that the holidays had really begun. He meant it to be his last day with the baby. When he had demonstrated that as regards ability to work he stood upon exactly the same footing as the other children, he would resign. The week's wages in his hand was the proof he waited for. He managed to slip out immediately after breakfast, being anxious to put in a long morning to make amends for the afternoon he had been compelled to miss. He felt almost friendly towards the baby, receiving it into his arms for the last time. It was a wonderful morning, a December foretaste of spring, and the street was looking its very brightest. Every woman who had a door stood at it, and the others leaned out of windows. The pavement was dotted with figures jigging up and down to the clamour of a piano-organ. Boys shoved and shouted in the middle of the road, and from the great thoroughfare that runs at the bottom came a faint roar of tradesmen and costermongers crying their wares. George's heart went out to it all. How during those weeks of enforced study and seclusion he had sickened for the street's liveliness and din! If he could only have found someone to whom he might confide these thoughts, and the baby from time to time, his happiness would have been complete. "Oh, you're too grand for us," the children said in reply to his advances. Even those who had no quarrel with the Clurk could not resist a sarcasm at once so crushing and obvious. In spite of these rebuffs George found it very pleasant being out in the warm fresh air (those who have most experience of Bempton Street air refer to it as fresh—its detractors are strangers invariably), and he discovered a really admirable place for sitting down. Situated in the heart of Bempton Street, it was as secure from observation as though it had been in another parish. The retreat was simply a flight of frayed stone steps leading to an unoccupied basement, so precipitous that the climb back usually undid about fifty per cent. of the benefit gained from the preceding rest. As the morning wore on an increasing proportion of George's time was spent there, until at last he was only emerging at long intervals to make an ostentatious parade, to and fro, past his employer's shop. This accomplished, he disappeared once more

beneath the surface. Having nothing there with which to occupy his eyes but a dozen or so wicked-looking steps, his thoughts turned, naturally, to accidents. He pictured himself falling down the whole flight, and wondered what position his limbs would take in the cramped area at the bottom—a form of amusement that did not tend to make the subsequent ascent particularly speedy.

When the cattle-market clock struck twelve the Clurk said good-bye to this haven. He wanted the last half-hour of his engagement to be above reproach. Having got so near to victory he was not disposed to leave anything to chance. Ascending he was so occupied planting his steps securely as not to notice the racket of a dozen boys struggling on the pavement above. He had just gained the top step when one of them cannoned into him, knocking him headlong into the area. He gave one cry as the edge of a step caught his injured back, and then lay, just as he had seen himself, a distorted heap under the window.

When George next opened his eyes he found himself in his own room. A strange gentleman was bending over the bed.

"Shell I hev——?" he began faintly; but the doctor seemed to know exactly what he wanted to say.

"You will never be a clurk," he replied.

The invalid dropped off to sleep again, smiling. He had been afraid the accident might have spoilt his plan.

He awoke again an hour or so later, and the slight noise brought Mrs. Want to his side.

"Wot is it, dear?" She could see that there was something upon his mind. "If it's the baby, he wasn't hurt at all. You dropped him before you fell."

George displayed very little interest.

"Your wages?"

The child's eyes sparkled.

"Mrs. Peters sent round this," said Mrs. Want, holding up a bright shilling, which the woman from the coal-shop had given, partly as a thank-offering.

The child's fingers closed round the coin reverentially; but there was still an appeal in his eyes.

"The doctor sez you must be kep' quiet." The words gave the wished-for clue.

"'E sez I will niver be a clurk."

"Wot?"

George could see the cords tighten in his mother's throat.

"The doctor said it for certain. You're glad, ain't you?"

"Yes."

The invalid disengaged his hand from hers. "You've hurt it," he said, surveying the injured member ruthfully.

Mrs. Want did not catch the words. She was standing with her back to the bed. As an excuse for not turning round she walked across the room and busied herself tying up the whole of the educational paraphernalia, including some books her nephew had sent round, into a neat parcel. "There'll be no more use for them," she said, thinking aloud.

George hugged himself. The week with the baby had accomplished everything he had hoped. It was a golden day: kind messages, accompanied in some cases by presents, kept coming up, and but for the woman on the first floor who waylaid callers upon the staircase and turned them back, the sick-room would never have been clear. A couple of street boys got round her by representing themselves as George's bosom friends. They did not stop long, doing little more than put their heads round the door; but long enough to remark "Wot cher?" to the sufferer with unmistakable friendliness. George's cousin, the educationist, came round about midday, bringing with him a couple of cocoanuts (he had been given money for grapes, but had his own notions of what was likely to strike a juvenile eye), and was so concerned to see George lying there that he went away without even hinting at the desirability of something to eat. Before the afternoon was over, the table was quite heaped with flowers and fruits. George was pleased, but it all seemed perfectly explicable. The street was coming round to him because he was going to be well and strong. Some years before a philanthropist had rescued him from the hands of his schoolfellows.

"What were they hitting you for?" the good man inquired.

"The boys don't like me."

"Why should they dislike you?"

"Becos I have got a bad back."

The converse seemed equally natural.

There is no cynicism so thoroughgoing as that of a wronged child.

All day long the invalid was listening for his father, who, however, did not leave work before the usual time. Coming up Bempton Street, Mr. Want walked like a stricken man. He regarded his affliction as a pedestal whereon he would stand and be gazed at by the neighbours with compassionate awe. Outside the rag-shop a woman stopped him and expressed regret for the accident. The working man drew

a hand heavily across his eyes. Someone emerging from his house at the moment, she hurried off to secure the latest bulletin, and never gave him another thought. Obviously her sympathy had really been for the child. A parent's feelings, it seemed, were considered of no account. The same idea was emphasised by his wife's greeting. She was awaiting him on the first-floor landing. She expressed no solicitude as to how he was bearing up, but gave a number of directions for continuing George's preposterous happiness. Mr. Want was not even allowed to commiserate himself.

"The doctor sez I shall never be a clurk," the child whispered when his father approached him.

In accordance with his wife's prompting, the workman mumbled something about being very glad. The same authority was responsible for his sitting down by the bedside and allowing George to take possession of his hand. "You must stay there all the evening," the woman had said; and although Mr. Want was accustomed to treat women in the manner of the Grand Turk, there was that in her face now that made him unwilling to disobey. After a time, George fell asleep, passing from the rosy present to a vision of the bright future it pointed to, and awoke to find the dream seated by his bed. Then he dozed again. Thus slipped by the last hours of George's great day. Shortly after nine he fell into a deep sleep, and Mr. Want crept away to his club. Mrs. Want took his place and sat for some time staring blankly at the opposite wall. She was wondering how George would bear it when he learned that he was bedridden for life.

ALLOWING GEORGE TO TAKE POSSESSION OF HIS HAND.

By YOUNG STEWART.

SINCE first human intelligence awoke to the realisation of the fact that there might be something in existence beyond the limited surroundings which it had been accustomed contentedly to consider its world, not only has the passion for exploration developed from infancy into a gigantic manhood, but first as proofs of the veracity of what might have been considered travellers' tales, next as courtly gifts to sovereigns, and later for profit and instruction have the denizens of savage lands been transported to the centres of civilisation and commerce.

As far back as the régime of Assyrian monarchs, the large collection of wild beasts herded for sport in the vast gardens of Nineveh and Babylon rendered a promenade in the royal domain a dangerous enterprise even for the court favourite. The treasures of Africa and Asia were poured out at the foot of the throne of Solomon; while later the Roman amphitheatre offered a wholesale market for all sorts of the larger carnivora, which butchered each other, gladiator or Christian, with a savage impartiality, to make a Roman holiday. In mediæval times the possession of a collection of lions and tigers was apparently as necessary an adjunct to royal dignity as the crown itself; and now, in our more enlightened days, large collections of strange animals, birds, and reptiles are carefully preserved for public edification.

As there are, however, millions of our fellow-countrymen who even in these days of cheap excursions have neither the time nor the means to visit the Metropolis—admitting, in short, the practical impossibility of every Mahomet visiting the mountain—enterprising speculators have for years solved the difficulty by bringing the mountain to the village Mahomet in the form of a travelling "Zoo," menagerie, or, in the parlance of our boyhood, wild-beast show.

It is of the difficulties encountered in the collecting and launching of such a peripatetic zoological exhibition that this paper treats.

When first my friend broached to me the intelligence that he was about to start a travelling menagerie, I trembled for him, as I had always heard that animals in show business spelt that disastrous

word of four letters which a late theatrical manager attributed to Shakspere in dramatic speculation. It was, however, with intense interest that I accepted his invitation to watch the enterprise in its incipient stages.

With sufficient capital to start with, the selection of animals *on paper* was not a difficult matter; but the inspection and purchase of them involved much journeying, much bargaining, and much risky

work for the veterinary surgeon. Simultaneously with this came the preparing of suitable residences for them, the building of which was a matter of time and expense. As many animals—fortunately this time all of one species—had to be selected for draught purposes; a staff of men and business people, including, besides grooms and stablemen (used to menagerie work), a tent-master, a lion-tamer, and an elephant-master—not to mention the band—had to be engaged, and as each advertisement evoked on an average nearly a hundred applications, the weeding of this mass of correspondence was no easy matter. The choice of an attractive design for the proscenium of the show and the superintendence of its execution was an anxiety; for experience had taught my friend Mr. Webster (a name well known among showmen) that artists in this line are apt to place spots on their pictures of leopards and stripes on the tigers at so much a dozen; while their stumpy, thick-set lions have such an overfed appearance as to deprive them of any ferocity of mien. It is not a delectable sight for the purchaser to have constantly before his eyes the spectacle of a plethoric lion springing on to the back of a giraffe whose neck must, in proportion, be some thirty feet in length. These artistic blemishes were in a great measure absent from the grand front of what I will call for convenience' sake, our show.

All January and February the large yellow wagons were in course of erection, the contractors hurrying the work on as there was a prospect of a mild and early spring. It would be rather awkward if the miscellaneous live stock were to arrive before their habitations were complete and free from the smell of paint. We could

scarcely put the lions out to disport themselves in the meadows, for the days of the Millennium are not yet, and till such time the authorities and others might object. At last our colony of twenty-four animal-wagons, besides those for baggage, fodder, and living, was congregated at our base of operations, a small town in Monmouthshire, where our chief concentrated his forces for the invasion of South Wales.

Presently the animals began to arrive in packing-boxes of abnormal thickness and no mean weight, and it was amusing to note the sighs of relief with which the railway servants yielded up their formidable charges. Although there was absolutely no risk—for the animals were actually more secure in the boxes than in the cages, as was afterwards proved—yet a sullen growl or roar from a crate in his immediate vicinity is apt to make a man look to the fastenings, if duty or the exigencies of railway-travelling prevent his retiring to a safe distance. There is an inevitable element of cruelty in the conveyance of dangerous animals, as in the interests of public safety the space in which they are confined must be so limited as to preclude the use of their limbs. They arrive, therefore, cramped, bewildered, and utterly cowed, and it is almost as difficult to get them out of the boxes as it was to get them in.

The introduction of the lions to each other was a scene of some excitement, but they fortunately settled down in amicable fashion after their first astonishment was over. We were not so fortunate with the leopards, who evidently attributed their recent discomfort mutually to each other, and in spite of the application of iron rakes, they lashed themselves into a state of demoniacal fury; their language seemed about the worst in the feline vocabulary, and finally, with a simultaneous spring, they grappled, rolled over each other, and fought with tooth and nail. "Part 'em! Part 'em!" roared poor Mr. Webster, in whose memory the invoices were very fresh. "If anything happens to them, there 's seventy pounds gone wollop!" Nothing serious *did* happen, and it was most extraordinary to notice how little damage those terrible teeth and mighty clawed paws had perpetrated. We all expected to find them terribly lacerated. It was amusing later, when peace had been established, and each provided with a shin of beef (or horse, this deponent sayeth not), to observe them licking their wounds, and looking quite domesticated in the operation.

There was a comical resemblance in the arrival of the elephants, camels, and the zebra to the entrance of the fortunate representatives of their species into the Ark. The contemptuous indifference of the dromedaries reminded me of his lordship's late arrival at the tenants' ball, really very condescending to put in an appearance at all. The exemplary docility of the elephants formed a striking contrast to the stubborn pertinacity of the zebra's efforts to escape, which consisted chiefly of an all round lashing out with his hind feet, which immediately secured for him an ample space for exercise.

At last all was ready, the organisation complete; war was declared against the pockets of the inhabitants of South Wales, and early in March we crossed the frontier.

Those who in the study of military history have felt surprise at the very few miles a day covered by an army on its march, should travel with a menagerie on an indifferent road. The shoes that are shed, the ordinary obstructions of the track, the eccentricities of some of the draught animals, all tend to render the earlier journeys of a tour painfully slow, and unreliable as to time.

We made our first stop in fairly punctual time, however, and pitched on good ground. We were, indeed, the observed of all observers, the miners turning out in crowds to see us, it being the dinner-hour of those above ground. Even the bright sunshine could scarce invest either the town or the surrounding country with anything approaching beauty. Perhaps it looked more dreary to us as we had just left the beautiful Wye. Webster, with the enthusiasm of the showman rising far above any æsthetic considerations, exclaimed, "Never mind, there 's money here!" He was correct in his surmise, for hour after hour a stream of people passed before the cages, and a large volume might be filled with the remarks they made; some of them so primitive that to repeat them here would lay the writer open to a charge more flattering to his inventive genius than to his veracity. There was only one drawback to our enjoyment of what was an unqualified financial success and a quite triumphal commencement of the enterprise, and that was one shared alike by man and beast—everything smelt and tasted of coal-dust.

The sun, which had smiled upon us for fully a fortnight, and had thus lured us into the belief that spring had actually set in, treacherously deserted us on the night

of our first day's exhibition. The superfluous lights had scarcely been extinguished before an ominous rattle upon the roof informed us that a sharp shower was doing its best to test the waterproof qualities of our new covering. Hardly had we got under way when the shower developed into a drenching rain, which converted the roads into black quagmires. Every moment it was apparent that the strain on the horses was becoming greater. At first Webster and I congratulated ourselves on the possession of a commodious living-wagon, the constant pattering and splashing on the roof of which only made us appreciate more heartily the comfort within. But in a very short time the numerous checks and the consequent concussion which each occasioned, coupled with Webster's anxiety as proprietor, induced us to don our macintoshes and thick-soled boots, and dodge from one wagon to another to see that all was well. The cold had become intense, and an extra long stoppage involved a walk, or rather stumble, right along the line of march; only to be informed when we reached the head of the column that our guide had lost his way.

We happened to be the rear-guard that night, so that we had almost a quarter-of-a-mile walk; now slipping down towards a ditch of unknown depth, anon brought up suddenly against the corner of a wagon out of the line, and then we were compelled to stand for over an hour ankle-deep in mud while our pilot ascertained his locality. I cannot say that we were any less exasperated when he returned after a reconnaissance with a beaming and streaming face and told us "it was all right!"

To give an itinerary of this eventful tour would occupy a space far beyond the limits of this article, but there are certain "moving accidents by flood and field" a record of which will be sufficient to illustrate some of the difficulties of conveying a zoological collection from place to place.

On one journey we only covered seventeen miles in thirteen hours and a half, owing to two wagons being overturned by the wind, and when we arrived at our destination we found that the ground which our agent had selected was in a hollow. The consequence was that the first wagon stuck, sank in the mire, and on the extra inducement of a powerful team being brought to bear, it overturned, much to the disgust of the inmates, who made their grievances known like very Socialists. Boards were laid down and the caravan righted. Number two advanced, and, in spite of great and elaborate precautions, shared the same fate. Number three having followed suit, the ground was condemned and the show abandoned. Night after night the wind continued to blow a hurricane, and again and again were wagons capsized on the road. On one occasion a very droll development followed the "upending" of a carriage. The usual stoppage took place and the usual inquiries were made, information reaching us that the monkey-cage had come to grief and was lying in the road with one end "stove in." Webster, full of ardour, dashed along the line, and climbing with alacrity on to the uppermost side of the wagon peered over the injured end. Imagine his horror when he found himself face to face with a leopard, which was looking up at him out of the darkness. I never saw a man skip down into a muddy road on a dark night with such agility. In an agitated voice he called for the lion-tamer, and all was soon made right. On my chaffing him he replied: "No, hang it all! I don't mind monkeys, but I pay another fellow to take the risk of the beasts of prey!"

To give some further idea of the force of the wind, I may relate that one night when we were sitting, well, very nearly trembling in our living-wagon, and when it was impossible to hear each other speak, we were alarmed by a double or treble thud on the roof, as though we were striking against some overhanging boughs. The commotion was afterwards ascertained to have been caused by an empty barrel which had been blown off one of the foremost wagons, and had travelled on earth or through air for a distance of over a mile and a half, the procession being that night very much detached.

At another place our agent, wishing to wipe out his former mistake, chose an admirable piece of ground for us, but unfortunately by the route we travelled it could only be approached by crossing a narrow river, and there was not a bridge for miles; the only alternative was a feat of engineering skill which would have taxed the resources of the Royal Engineers, as we had no pontoons. After hours of labour we erected something resembling a bridge, and one or two wagons actually got over; but as there were about thirty which did not achieve the task, and as one settled down gracefully in mid-stream, the attempt was abandoned.

For nearly three weeks we were the sport of the elements, wind, of course,

being our greatest enemy. Many times we never attempted to spread the canvas; and more than once when we did, a terrible gust would either rend it or cause it to give such premonitory symptoms of a breakdown that we have had to give the money back to spectators and audiences who had just crowded the tent. I need not add that in many cases more money was returned than was taken.

The better class spectators quite as often afforded as much amusement by their quaint remarks on and stranger inquiries about the animals as the simple miners in the coal and iron towns. One afternoon I found the lion-tamer surrounded by the schoolmistress, governesses, and older pupils of a ladies' seminary, who anxiously inquired if the subjugation of the animals was the result of kindness; from the ingenuous smile on the face of our Ethiopian tamer I am afraid he was answering in the affirmative, and I trembled lest they might ask for an explanation of the lameness with which one of the lionesses was afflicted. The fact was that this royal lady had set on the tamer the moment he entered her den, and it was in self-defence

entirely that he struck her with his loaded whip-handle, inflicting a simple fracture of one leg. A curious incident followed as a sequel to the adventure, which serves to illustrate the complexity of our nature. This man, who braved these beasts daily, and who entered with a light heart the cage of a really untamable lion, could not bear to hold the limb of the injured lioness while it was being set and she was lying under the influence of chloroform.

The mention of an untamable lion, and

this is really not an exaggerated description, reminds me of an occurrence illustrative of the instinctive nobility of these animals. One of our employés having had a dispute with the manager, received notice to leave, whereupon he proceeded to drown his sorrows and imaginary wrongs in the flowing bowl. Returning after copious libations after the show was closed, he made his way, with what intent I cannot say, to the cage of the savage lion. An alarm was immediately raised, a loud voice, "Hush!" On the morning of their visit something had irritated our lion, and he emitted roar on roar till one could literally not hear one's own voice. Many were the wishes expressed for his silence, till at last my old friend walked up to the cage, and uttered her usual "Hush!" Completely astonished, the lion was mute, and then retired sullenly to a corner, where he lay in solemn silence for an hour afterwards.

Before parting from the lions, I must

but when we arrived at the wagon, expecting to find him a mangled corpse, to our dismay and subsequent amusement we found the man standing, thumb in armhole, in an utterly drunken attitude, and the noble beast at the other end of the cage eyeing him with unmitigated contempt.

Now that I have told a story to the lion's credit I must tell a little joke against him. Meeting in one town a theatrical company, many of the members of which were acquaintances, I invited them to the show. One, the old lady, had a droll habit, whenever she got the worst in an argument, of raising her hand and saying in relate the story of the escape of one in a town we visited in Somersetshire. Like wildfire the news spread through the little place that a lion was loose, and every house and shop was immediately shut up and barricaded. The tamer and, in fact, almost everybody connected with the show, set out on horse or foot to hunt the beast. When some of our horsemen had reached the outskirts, they encountered an old gentleman who was standing in his garden, gun in hand.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked one of our people.

"Shoot that lion dead if he comes this

way. It's a confounded shame that such——"

"There he is, governor!" exclaimed the wit of the party. In the twinkling of an eye that old gentleman was indoors, and a rattle of bolts and chains told our men that he was not hospitably inclined towards the lion at any rate.

The poor beast was afterwards killed while drinking at a brook; and our consideration for the public safety in not incurring further risk by an attempted capture was rewarded by the rumour that the lion had died, and that the hunt and killing of him were merely an advertisement.

Another valuable beast we lost was a bear, which the tamer accidentally strangled when hauling it into position to have its nails cut. After skinning the animal our difficulty was to dispose of the carcase. After some hesitation, during which it began to make its presence felt unpleasantly, we decided to bury it, which we did by dead of night; we had thought of casting it into the adjacent sea, but were afraid that such a foreign element might not be accepted by the coastguard as ordinary flotsam and jetsam. Twenty-four hours had scarcely passed when our domicile was invaded by the rural police, who professed to have their olfactory nerves offended, even through some four feet of loam. Peremptorily we were commanded to exhume the carcase, but no alternative destination was suggested for it. Finally, we decided to cremate it; so calling all hands together we broke up some three pounds' worth of timber we carried with us for various purposes, and pouring huge quantities of paraffin over it, placed poor Bruin on the pyre, and applied a light; the result was a conflagration which could be seen for miles, a diffusion of the odour of burnt flesh which could be smelt for miles, and a chronic taste of bear's grease in the mouth which lasted for months.

There are many other incidents which I would like to relate but must retain for a future occasion; but the foregoing will give some idea of the work, difficulties, pleasures, adventures, and anxieties connected with a

"ZOO ON WHEELS."

HER COMING.

I shall know when she is coming,
For the rosebuds will unfold,
And the sun will ope his coffers
And send down a shower of gold
And a wave of joy will pass
O'er the seas of emerald grass,
And the wind will hold his breath
When this way he wandereth.
Every leaf shall gleam and glisten,
All the streams stand still and listen
To the coming of my queen.

I shall *feel* when she is coming
By the tumult in my blood,
And the thronging in my pulses
Of the rapturous red flood;
And with love's wings on my feet
I shall fly to meet my sweet.
Not a word shall then be spoken,
But in silence, deep, unbroken,
I shall hold her close and tender,
And in one long kiss shall render
My heart's homage to my queen.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN.—By W. Mulready, R.A.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs Graves, Pall Mall, S.W.

IN THE DEVIL'S CRADLE.

A SPANISH FISHERMAN'S YARN.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

AY DIOS, Excellency; yonder is the great rock—how you say?—Finisterra; oh, yes, you shall see him well presently, and the wonderful sea and the great high mountain-hill all the way to Santander. You know Galicia, you know my country, Señor—you have been to the great city not at all? *Bueno!* then I shall tell you things. Come this way, Milord, and let us sit ourselves where we shall see the fine ocean and the big, long, rolling waves, and the beautiful green waters. How they beat upon my Spain, Excellency! how they come roll, jump, tumble over the beautiful sands! Yet she laugh—what you say?—she cock the eye, so; for she is big and strong and great, and her mountains shall not be push aside. Mother of God, what a coast it is! How the little rocks stick up—you count one, two, three, hundert thousand—for to catch the ship! Oh, ah! the English ship pass by long far off—she go to where the world make the ball, Excellency; she sail round presently, so that her mens stand upon their heads. *Dios de mi vida*, the Padre says so—and how shall I say no? *Ojala!* I am but a poor fisherman, and I know when the childrens cry for bread.

Sit here, Excellency, and let the sea blow upon your face. To-day she is good to us, but when the winter come—*Maria purisima*, she thunder, and is angry so that you hear her long far off, and her great wave run up the mountain, and she dash, dash, dash, and the body come next day and we bury him. I have buried many, Milord—one, two, three, hundert thousand; mens and womens and the little ones—white asleep and very cold—oh! God is good to the child in death, Señor; she die and you not say that death; she sleep and wake presently—*Ojala!* But I tell you—she blow you off your leg, the wind; and down there, where you see the Devil Cradle, she boil and beat and roar like all the trumpets of the world. Oh, I know him well, the Devil Cradle, and you shall know him too. He stand up—half, quarter, mile from the shore—what, you see him—all splash and white with water. Is he not like a basin that you Englishmans wash your hands in? *Muy bien*, but he is bigger and you not wash there. God of my life! how many have die upon that rock, Señor! Sit here with me and watch the winter day, and you shall see the old devil come up out of the sea to feed the little one with the body of poor fishermans. God witness if I speak truth. Never but once did a man set foot on that rock, Excellency, and live to tell the great tale. *Valgame Dios*, but he was a holy man, and the good God sent a saint. Oh, you shall hear about that presently.

It was five year ago; the good summer weather when the great sea beat gentle upon the sand and the sun sparkle, sparkle, sparkle all day so that you say we never die, we never have winter never more. We fishermans sing at our work; our wives and children at home, they reap and play in the field; all is good, no night then; even the holy men upon the hill—you see the monastery, white and green, much high upon the mountain?—well, even the holy men who live there they get up and not say, "How cold it is this mornings!" Oh, they up early, Excellency, very early to pray for you and me so that, by and the by, we have plenty money and give them some. Well, Don Alonso, he very holy man, very grave and big fat face, he their—what you say—capitan, padre, prior, procurador, first man over the other first mans, he come out one morning that beautiful summer to say his prayer upon the hill, and he walk, walk, walk up and down here where the beautiful airs blow; and he see the sparkle, sparkle of the sand and the great green mountain of Finisterra and the English ship going away long far off to where the world is not flat. *Maria purisima*, how glad he find himself then! how kind he think of you and me! how he say, "I pray for all poor sinner!" Yet he not laugh, not at all; he not dance, not at all; he too holy man for that. *Ojala*, if I was such a man like that!

Muy bien, I will tell you, Excellency. Don Alonso, he walk long here and say

"WHEN SHE SING, HE WANT TO SING; AND WHEN SHE PLAY THE GUITAR HE WANT TO DANCE."

his prayer, and presently he think it right time to go get breakfast. Oh, ah, he very hungry then, and he think how good, that fine summer weather, to see the wine in the glass and the egg upon the plate. Well, he turn round and walk a little way, when he hear someone sing—*valgame Dios*—the beautiful song, better much than the song of the night-bird; and he know presently that the song it come out of the little wood where the great trees grow; and he say, "I go to see who make the music"—for there is no one in San Marta—that how we call our village,

Excellency—there is no one in San Marta who can sing better than the night-bird. God of my life! they have throats like big black ravens. Well, he go to the wood, and what does he see but—how shall I tell?—one, two, three hundert—that is, Señor, great, wide party of lady and gentleman; and, Holy Mother! they wear, oh yes, gold, and silver, and green, and blue, and white. And they so fine and great—rich caballeros from the city—and they laugh and sing; and one, she sing all for herself—*que buena moza*—she have the face of the angels, and her voice was like the voice of the wood-birds. "La la la, la la la," she sing, and her jewels shine, and presently she drink wine, and the caballeros they cry, "Brava! brava!" and they drink wines too; and Don Alonso, he say, "Do I sleep?" and he pinch himself, for never once—no, not at all—have the stranger so fine come to our Spain hereabouts.

Excellency, you may wait many a day upon these hills of Galicia before you shall see the face of brother. We are people to ourselves—*que lastima*, we live and die and know nothing of the great city and the big world across the sea. Even the Padre he have forgot how the caballero talk, for he speak only with poor fisher folk, and we—*ay Dios*—you see what food we have and what clothe for the back. It is all the silence or the boom, boom, boom of the big ocean; you walk all day upon the hill and hear nothings but the cry of the shepherd and the grunt of the swine—one, two, three, hundert thousand. How then should Don Alonso carry himself when he spy sudden the fine company of caballeros and of lady mans? I tell you, he very much surprised, he very much confused, he say, *me lo figuro*, "Good morning, lady and gentlemans, you are well come to the village of San Marta." And they say, *sabe Dios*—oh, the fine compliment, the long big word, long as that; and they call out very pleasant that Don Alonso shall take the wines with them; and he, he could not to refuse since the stranger come to the village; and he sit down, and the corks go pop, pop, pop, and the peoples say they here to visit Galicia thereabouts, and all merry as upon the day of the Rosary.

Excellency, the fine company was very good to Don Alonso, especially the señoritas. As for the lady that sing—much better than the night-bird—she make herself gracious and cock the eye at him—so; and when she sing, he want to sing; and when she play the guitar, he want to dance—she so gay as that. But he remember what he is, and he good grave man, he not dance at all, nor sing, but drink the wines and ask the caballeros if the King still live—for he know nothing of the city, where he was not since—oh, long far off when he a boy. By and the by, out shines the big round sun, and all the peoples much hot; and Don Alonso, he cry that the wine very strong and bring blood to the head, and he cover himself with his—what you say?—pocketchief—yes, that him—he cover himself with his pocketchief, and find nice sweet shade under the green tree, and he sleep. Oh, how good, Milord, to sleep in the woods of Galicia when the day is grown and the sun make all the sea blind and the hill fresh with breeze, and all the world dream, dream, dream, just because she very tired, and only the clock awake to go ting tang in the mountain. *Dios*, how Don Alonso sleep! but when he open his eyes by and the by, God of my life, he not in the wood at all, but out there all alone upon the Devil Cradle, and the sea go boom, boom all around him, and he know that death come quick.

For a great long while, Excellency, Don Alonso sit quite still upon the big rock and heard the cruel sea wash just where his feets was. He think much, yet not able to tell himself at all how he got there, for he saw no ship upon the sea, and he say, "You not get out half-quarter-mile over the waters unless the ship carry you." By and the by, he thought that this was the dream, and he pinch himself again, and say, "*Corriente*, I shall wake up in the beds presently, and little brother Juan he will come to tell me that the bell has rung for Matins." But the more he pinch, the less he wake; for he dream no dream, but just sit there in the Devil Cradle, and the water, oh! she so cold upon his feets; and he look away and see the monastery tuck up in the beautiful green wood; and he say, "The sun go to bed soon, and then they leave me to die here." *Valgame Dios*, to die cold and slow upon the Devil Cradle, with the sea to boom, boom, boom, and the water to choke you and the cruel rock to tear the limb from limb. Jesus, have pity! I have seen many die like that.

I have said that it was a fine day of summer when the great round sun shine hot upon the water, and all the world sleep because she tired, Señor. *Muy bien*, if it had been winter, Don Alonso he not lie long in the Devil Cradle; oh, certainly, not at all—the ocean she beat him off like I do beat this fly; he go down quick

with the other dead mans who have cried loud, oh, pitiful loud! when the waters choke them, and the great waves pitch the body like the ball. But the sea, she very gentle that day; she come splash, laugh, run away, ripple, ripple, and she play with Don Alonso so that all his hair is wet and his robe very much wash, and he say, "I sit here long times if the tide not rise." But he knew that the tide rise just now, and then, *Christi!* how he pray that they see him from the hill! how he pray that the fisherman come by in the ship! how he pray to be saved from the devil! how he run up and down the rock to wring his hand and ask the good God to save him from the peril! Certainly he knew that it was the devil who have taken him out there. He remember the caballeros and the young lady girl—*que buena moza*—and he say it all the devil's work, they all devils everyone; he have sin for to have breakfast with them. He knew he die soon, and all because he drink the wines which the old devil give him. *Dios*, to die in the cold sea with the bells ringing from the hill, and all the friends you love not hear one word! Oh, that make strong man cry!

Excellency, Don Alonso, he sit one, two hour upon the rock, when he discover something which make him more sure that the old devil bring him out there to the Cradle. He see it all of the sudden; the bright diamonds shine upon his robe; and when he look down, he behold the cross of precious jewels pinned there upon his breast. He remember then that the young lady—she who sing like the night-bird—she wear it when she drink the wine upon the hill and go "Tra la la, tra la la!"—oh, beautiful to hear, so that you dance and want to kiss her! But Don Alonso, he say she the most particular fine devil of all; and he fear to touch the diamonds, and he open his robe to see if there was any red burn upon his breast, for the devil-stone burns, Milord, so that he who have him on the arm shall see the red scar there. *Muy bien!* Don Alonso, he find no mark there certainly, but he quite sure that the cross was the devil cross, and he tear it off and drop it into the sea. Oh, he was a holy man, or I not believe that. Me and the other fishermans, we go to the Cradle every day—one, two, three months—and we not find no cross there. But he tell me so, and I believe—*ojala!* I am only a poor fisher folk, and I know when the sun is hot, Excellency.

Well, the good Padre, he throw the jewel into the sea, and how shall I tell what follow? *Buena!* it is like a tale of the fairies, and yet I witness it upon the Gospel. They saw that fire, she come up where the cross splash the long green waves, but that is not of what I speak, Excellency. Oh no, not at all—it is of the good saint who was sent to save the holy priest at the very instant when he cast the precious diamond. *Hola!* it was like a miracle of the Scriptures—and yet, *Maria mia*, it was a stranger miracle than that. I tell you, Don Alonso, when he see the saint swimming in the water, he not look that way, for she have the face of the señorita who sing "La la la, la la la"; and she wear a pretty blue dress all tied with ribbons at the throats. He not look that way at all, but he just say, "*Exorcizo te*"; and then he remember where he was, and he cry that she should save him for the pity's sake. But she laugh—oh, loud!—"Ha, ha, ha!"—a very sweet laugh, Milord, like bells upon the sea; and when he tell her that the sea come by and the by to drown him, she laugh again, and say, "Why to drown you, holy father? Why you not walk ashore? It is not much water here—look, I can stand up in it. Why you not walk home to supper?"

Excellency, Don Alonso see then what a great big fool he had been. He venture to look down at the lady, and he feel sure that it was not the señorita who sing "Tra la la," but the good San Marta come to make the waters shallow and to save him. The devil deceive him to think it the señorita, but it not so. Oh, what a great cry he give when he tuck up his skirts and put his foot into the big, deep ocean. He never have been in water before in all his life, and now he go shiver much; but he remember his supper at home, and he find only a little shallow sea, as she say, and he splash, splash, splash, half, quarter-mile, until he fall on the sand, and he thank the good God—oh! how he thank—that he come home safe. I have heard tell that he watch the saint swim right out to the seas, round by the great highland yonder, and that she swim away singing "La, la, la"; but the devil make him think that, and she go back to heaven, as the Padre tell us afterwards. *Valgame Dios*, what a miracle it was! for next day, when Don Alonso—he dry now—pray in church, he find a big diamond cross upon the statue of Our Lady, and he know that the saint send a new cross for the one he drop into the sea.

I believe that—oh, ah! I believe it, Excellency. *Dios di mia alma*, does not the Padre tell us so? And look you,

my brother Pedro, he not believe it at all; he cock the eye—so. He say there was no devils, not one, upon the hill, but a party of lady and gentlemans from boat, so that when he wake he think the old devil have him. Pedro say that; but he liar. God of my life, there is no greater rogue in all Galicia than my brother Pedro.

"TO DIE COLD AND SLOW UPON THE DEVIL CRADLE, WITH THE SEA TO BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, AND THE WATER TO CHOKE YOU."

the theatre of the great city, and they have the big beautiful yacht ship round the high point, so that Don Alonso he not see her. By and the by, they give the Padre too much of the strong wines, and row him out to the Devil Cradle in the little small

You not listen to him, Milord; you come to me and I tell you things. Holy Mother, you shall love my country as a child of your own heart, and she shall be glad because she have found a son. Exceliency, you have heard my story.

THE MERRY BROWNE BOWLE.

A REMARKABLE FUNGUS.

THE VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR (CORDYCEPS ROBERTSII).

By JAMES BUCKLAND.

NEW ZEALAND has been described, perhaps not inaptly, as a land of wonders, but among the many interesting objects of natural history which have been made known to science since the colonisation of this country few surpass in curiousness the vegetable caterpillar.

At first sight one almost might be pardoned for disputing the genuineness of this singular curiosity, and for believing it to be "manufactured" after the manner of the late Mr. Barnum's cleverly constructed mermaid. It was some time even before naturalists could decide whether the biological riddle should be described under the fauna or flora of New Zealand. At one period of its existence it is as much an animal as a vegetable, but as it is vegetable and nothing else in its final stage, it has found a resting-place with the flora.

Insects are subject to attacks from many kinds of parasites, both animal and vegetable. The vegetable parasites are all, or almost all, of the great class of fungi. In the New Zealand bush there are various fungi which attack certain winged insects—the household fly, you will be pleased to hear, among the number. These fungi vary considerably, although their action as regards the insects is approximately the same. They take possession of the whole of the interior of the body, and at the fructuous stage push through the skin and disseminate their spores.

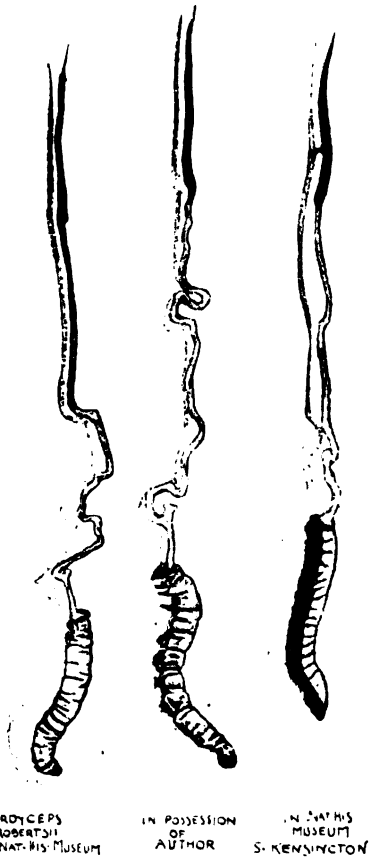
In all probability the action of the *Cordyceps*, which takes possession of the *awheto*—as the subject of this article is called by the Maoris—would have been the same had the caterpillar not been subterranean. That, however, being the case, the fungus, in order to scatter its spores, had to push a long stem through the earth and develop its spawn at the terminal part. This is the history of the origin of this strange-looking object.

The fungus and the caterpillar together ordinarily measure from nine to twelve inches from end to end. In the finest specimens the caterpillar attains a length of a little over three inches. The image—for it is no more—of the insect, and the greater portion of the stem, is found buried. The part which shoots above ground through the dead leaves and decaying vegetation is covered for three or four inches from the apex downwards with closely set spores. So much does this terminal part resemble the head of a diminutive bulrush that the settlers in some districts call the *awheto* the "bulrush caterpillar." As a rule, the fungus has but one stem, which, springing from a point between the back of the head of the caterpillar and the first fold of the neck, curves and twists more or less, according to the number of obstructions it meets in its progress, until it reaches the open air, after which it assumes an erect character. Sometimes the stem bifurcates before it reaches the surface, the terminal part of both branches being, as usual, covered with densely packed spores. Occasionally, but rarely, one finds an *awheto* with a stalk at either end of the body, and both fertile. I have been told that specimens have been found having a many-branched stem, producing as many as nine points, all fertile. I have dug up dozens of these curious objects during my sojourns with the natives in the interior, but I have never come across a case of this kind. All the same, I do not for an instant wish to call the matter into dispute.

For the rest, the accompanying drawing, which is a truthful copy of an *awheto* in my possession, will give you a general idea of what the vegetable caterpillar is like—an idea which will be strengthened if you will imagine the whole thing to resemble, both in colour and appearance, a piece of dried leather. You will observe that the stem of this specimen did not

reach the surface without meeting with two severe checks by the way.

The caterpillar, in its progress into the earth, which appears to be made always



THE VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR.

tail foremost, invariably maintains an upright or an almost upright position, and the fungus, making straight for the light, shoots away from the head of the insect like a bowsprit from the stem of a cutter. Now, in Frank Buckland's "Notes to Gilbert White's Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne," and in Edward Wakefield's "New Zealand After Fifty Years," the caterpillar is represented lying in a horizontal position, with a dumpy stalk of fungus standing up at a right angle to the body like the tail of a terrier at a rat-hole. Nothing could be more incorrect. In the former case the mistake is perhaps excusable, as, in all probability, the artist who illustrated the work planned the engraving from hearsay, or by guess-work. But the same argument will not apply in the second case. There is no excuse for so erroneous a figure appearing within the leaves of a book with such a title upon the cover.

The statement, too, which is copied by one writer from another and reiterated in all books on New Zealand, that the *awheto* is found only under the *rata* tree is not true. If I were in the Colony at the present moment, searching for specimens of the vegetable caterpillar, the last place I should think of looking would be about the roots of this particular tree.

But these mistakes are but insignificant details compared with the absurd things which have been said from time to time in various lively descriptions which have been published of the *awheto*. One gentleman has cited it as "a curious instance of a retrograde step in nature," while a compeer, not to be outdone in originality, has spoken of it as "a curious instance of how closely the root of a plant can imitate a caterpillar!"

The *awheto* is found in the bush, and is plentiful in the southern parts of the North Island and in the Napier, Taupo, and Rotorua districts. You may look for it anywhere among the dead vegetation littering the ground in the localities which it frequents, although, as a rule, the higher you ascend the densely timbered ranges the more likely are you to meet with success. But as we do not know upon what tree, or shrub, the larva feeds, search for it in the dreary solitude of the gloomy and almost impenetrable bush is often a long and tedious business. To make matters worse, the bulrush-like head is so similar in hue to its surroundings that only a practised eye can detect it. Even when you have found a specimen, considerable care is required to get it out with a knife—the only tool you are likely to have with you—without injuring it. The slightest attempt at forcing it up will snap the stem.

When the fungus takes possession of the caterpillar it rapidly permeates the whole body with vegetable tissue, its growth being circumscribed by the skin of the insect. But the outward appearance of the latter is not affected in any way by this transformation of the animal substance, as the vegetable matter which takes its place exactly fills the caterpillar in every detail, even to the horny part of the head, the mandibles, the legs, and the claws. It is just as if the insect had been prepared for exhibition by a skilled taxidermist. Strange to say, the outer skin itself has been also converted into vegetable tissue—at least, it burns without swelling, and does not

give any indications of the presence of chitine or other animal substance.

That the fungus should thus absorb, or assimilate, the whole of the substance of the caterpillar, and yet retain the form of the insect as it lived, is a very startling and extraordinary thing, as it is conclusive proof that the animal is not dead until filled in every part with vegetable tissue. If this were not the case, some portion of the caterpillar would decompose and the skin become contracted or expanded beyond its natural size, whereas an *awhelo* touched with rot is a thing which, so far, has not been unearthed.

A fresh specimen of the transmuted caterpillar is a compact, pulpy vegetable substance. As it is spotless in colour—that is to say, when the cuticle is scraped off—fragrant, and with a pleasant nutty flavour, it is by no means disagreeable to the palate. It is often rooted out and eaten by "Captain Cookers"—as wild pigs are called in New Zealand—while the ubiquitous *weka*, or Maori wood-hen, digs it up with that prying beak of his and devours it with evident relish.

As soon as a vegetable substance has been substituted for an animal substance, the fungus dies and becomes dry; but it does not shrivel to any extent.

THE HOME OF THE VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR.

Case 30 in the Botanical Gallery of the

Natural History Branch of the British Museum at South Kensington contains four specimens of the *awheto*. Unfortunately the exhibit is not in a position which admits of it being seen to advantage. To examine it closely you have to go down on your knees upon the floor. It is a pity it is not in a table-case.

The foregoing is all that can be said of the vegetable caterpillar with any certainty that we are pursuing the matter aright. Some of you doubtless have read that the minute spores of the fungus get lodged in the folds of the neck as the insect descends into the earth for the purpose of seeking a refuge for its impending change. This was Sir Joseph Hooker's theory, but it is one which must be received with the greatest caution. Nevertheless, like the story of the *rata* tree, it is still copied from book to book by writers who blindly follow the lead of others. As a matter of fact we do not know how the spores attack the insect in the first instance; but, as the fungus is never found without the caterpillar—so to call it—attached to it, and the caterpillar is never found without the fungus growing out of it, it seems probable that they are passed on by the moth through the egg and grub, as in the case of the pebrene of the silk-worm.

Again, it is constantly being repeated in books that the grub is the larva of a large night-flying moth of the genus *Hepialus*. This is not true. It certainly is the larva of a moth whose habits are strictly nocturnal, but that moth is not of the genus *Hepialus*.

If we could but get the caterpillar free from the fungus we might ascertain what it is. But both the moth and the grub are coy, and elude our grasp. Perhaps they have not been properly looked for, or perhaps they are so closely assimilated in colour and general appearance to the trunk and leaves of the tree which they frequent that detection is almost impossible. Be that as it may, nothing so far has been done in the way of identification. Nor is any information to be extracted from the Maoris on the subject. They know that the *awheto* offers some temptation to the appetite, and that when reduced to a cinder by burning it supplies a black pigment which is excellent for tattooing purposes, but beyond this they know nothing whatever about it.

Insignificant as the subject may appear to the general reader, it is nevertheless one of the deepest interest to science, and the man who solves fully the mystery is to be envied. Here is a chance for some young entomologist to distinguish himself! By residing in a locality favourable for the purpose, and by assiduously devoting himself to the task, he might obtain for examination a number of moths and caterpillars, and so enable us to determine not only to what genus the insect belongs, but also if any cases occur of fungus development without the larva coming in contact with the earth. Then the key to this cryptogamian puzzle would be in our possession.

THE FATE OF MRS. CLINTON.

By LOUIS BECKE.

AS the sun set blood red, a thick white fog crept westward, and the miserable fever-stricken wretches that lay gasping and dying on the decks of the transport *Breckenbridge* knew that another day of calm and horror waited them on the morrow.

Twenty miles away the dark outline of the Australian shore shone out green and purple with the dying sunshafts, and then quickly dulled again to the sombre shades of the coming night and the white mantle of fog.

On the high quarterdeck the master stood gazing seaward with a worn and troubled face, and as he viewed the gathering fog a heavy sigh broke from him.

"God help us!" he muttered, "ninety-six dead already, and as many more likely to die in another week if this calm keeps up."

A hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning he met the pale face of the surviving surgeon of the fever-stricken ship.

"Seven more cases, Belton—five prisoners and two marines."

The master of the transport groaned aloud.

"Can nothing be done, Doctor? Look! over there is a settlement, but I dare not send a boat ashore. There are not ten sound men in the ship, and if an easterly wind springs up I could not keep my ship from going ashore."

The young surgeon made no answer for awhile. Ever since the *Breckenbridge* had left Rio, one or more of the convicts, seamen, or military guard had died day after day. The cause he knew well: the foul, overcrowded 'tween decks, where four hundred human beings were confined in a space not fit to hold a hundred, the vile drinking-water and viler provisions, the want of even a simple disinfectant to clear the horrible, vitiated atmosphere, and the protracted passage had been the main causes of their present awful condition.

Presently the surgeon spoke—

"Nothing can be done, Belton."

"How is Lieutenant Clinton, Sir?" asked the master, as the surgeon turned to leave him.

"Dying fast. Another hour or so will see the end."

"And his wife and baby?"

"She bears up well, but her infant cannot possibly live another day in such weather as this. God help her, poor little woman! Better for her if she follows husband and child."

"Who is with Mr. Clinton, Doctor?" asked the master presently.

"Adair—No. 267. I brought him into the cabin. Indeed, Clinton asked me to do so. He thinks much of the young fellow, and his conduct ever since the outbreak occurred deserves recognition. He has rendered me invaluable assistance with Clinton and the other sick in the main cabin."

"He's a fine young fellow," said Belton, "and his good example has done much to keep the others quiet. Do you know, Doctor, that at any time during the last three weeks the ship could have been captured by a dozen even unarmed men."

"I do know it; but the poor wretches seem never to have thought of rising."

"What was Adair sent out for?" asked Belton.

"Lunacy; otherwise, patriotism. He's one of a batch of five—the five best conducted men on the ship—sentenced to end their days in Botany Bay for participating in an attack on a party of yeomanry at Bally—somewhere or other in Ireland. There was a band of about fifty, but these five were the only ones captured—the other forty-five were most likely informers and led them into the mess."

A hurried footstep sounded near them, and a big man, in a semi-military costume, presented himself abruptly before them. His dark, coarse face was flushed with anger, and his manner insolent and aggressive. Not deigning to notice the presence of the surgeon, he addressed himself to the master of the transport.

"Mr. Belton, I protest against the presence in the main cabin of a ruffianly convict. The scoundrel refuses to let me have access to Lieutenant Clinton. Both on my own account and on that of

Mr. Clinton, who needs my services, I desire that this man be removed immediately."

"What right, Sir, have you, a passenger, to protest?" answered Belton surlily. "Mr. Clinton is dying and Prisoner Adair is nursing him."

"That does not matter to me, I ——"

The surgeon stepped in front of the newcomer.

"But it *shall* matter to you, Mr. Jacob Bolger, Government storekeeper, jailer, overseer, or commissary's runner, or whatever your position is. And I shall see that No. 267 suffers no molestation from you."

"Who are you, Sir, to threaten me? The Governor shall hear of this when we arrive at the Settlement. A pretty thing that I should be talked to like this by the ship's doctor!"

"By God, Sir, I 'll give you something to talk about," and the surgeon's Welsh blood leapt to his face. Advancing to the break of the poop, he called—

"Sergeant Matthews!"

The one remaining non-commissioned officer of the diminished convict-guard at once appeared and saluted. He was a solemn-faced taciturn man, devoted to Clinton.

"Mr. Belton," said the doctor, "in the serious illness of Lieutenant Clinton I now assume charge of the military guard and convicts on this ship, and as a first step to maintain proper discipline at such a critical time, I shall confine Mr. Bolger to his cabin. Sergeant, take him below and lock him in."

Bolger collapsed at once. "I beg your pardon, Doctor, for my hastiness. I did not know. . . . I was——"

The surgeon cut his apologies short. "Go to your cabin, Sir. I shall not have you locked in, but, by heavens! if you attempt to go into Mr. Clinton's cabin I 'll put you in irons, Government official though you are. I am well aware that your presence is particularly objectionable to Mrs. Clinton."

With an evil look Bolger left them, and the surgeon, turning to Belton, said: "That settles *him*, anyway, for a time. He's a thorough scoundrel, I believe. Mrs. Clinton has a positive horror of the man; yet the brute is continually pestering her with offers of his services. Now I must go below again to poor Clinton."

In the dimly lighted cabin the young officer lay breathing heavily, and as the doctor softly entered he saw that the time was now very near. By her husband's side sat Marion Clinton, her loosened wavy black hair hiding from view her own face and the dying hand which she held pressed to her quivering lips. At her feet, on a soft cushion on the floor, lay her infant, with one thin waxen hand showing out from the light shawl that covered it; at the further end of the cabin stood a young, broad-shouldered man in grey convict garb. As the doctor entered he stood up and saluted.

The sound of the opening door made Clinton turn his face. "Is that you, Williams?" he said, in slow, laboured tones. "Marion, my girl, bear up. I know I am going, old fellow. Do what you can for her, Williams. The Governor will see to her returning to England, but it may be long before a ship leaves. . . . Marion."

"Yes," she answered brokenly.

"Is baby no better?"

"No," she answered with a sob, as she raised her tear-stained face to Surgeon Williams, who shook his head. "There is no hope for her, Harry."

His hand pressed hers gently. "God help you, dear! Only for that it would not be so hard to die now; and now I leave you quite alone."

She stooped down and lifted the fragile infant, and Williams and No. 267 turned their faces away for awhile. Presently Clinton called the surgeon.

"Williams," and his eyes looked wistfully into the doctor's, "do what you can for her. There is something like a hundred guineas among my effects—that will help. Thank God, though, she will be a rich woman when my poor old father dies. I am the only son."

The surgeon bent down and took his hand. "She shall never want a friend while I live, Clinton, never."

A light of thankfulness flickered in Clinton's eyes, and the pallid lips moved; and then as wife and friend, each holding a hand, waited for him to speak, there came the sound of a heavy sob. Convict 267 was kneeling and praying for the departing soul.

Slowly the minutes passed, the silence broken but by the creaking and straining of the ship as she rose and fell to the sea, and now and again the strange, mournful cry of some night-fishing penguin.

"Marion," Clinton said at last, "I would like to speak to Adair before I die. He has been good to you and me."

Walking softly in his stockinged feet, Adair advanced close to the bed.

"Give me your hand, Adair. God bless you," he whispered.

"And God bless you, Sir, and all here,"

answered the young Irishman in a husky, broken voice.

"Hush," cried the surgeon warningly, and his eyes sought those of the watching wife, with a meaning in them that needed no words. Quickly she passed her arm around Clinton, and let his head lie upon her shoulder. He sighed heavily and then lay still.

The surgeon touched the kneeling figure of Convict Adair on the arm, and together they walked softly out of the cabin.

"Come again in an hour, Adair," said Dr. Williams; "you can help me best. We must bury him by daylight. Meanwhile you can get a little sleep."

No. 267 clasped his hands tightly together as he looked at the doctor, and his lips worked and twitched convulsively. Then a wild, beseeching look overspread his face. "For God's sake don't ask me!" he burst out. "I implore you as man to man to have pity on me. I *cannot* be here at daylight!"

"As you please," answered Williams, with a surprised expression; and then as he went on deck he said to himself, "Some cursed Irish superstition, I suppose, about a death at sea."

* * * *

Slowly the hours crept on. No noise disturbed the watcher by her dead save the low voices of the watch on deck and the unknown sounds that one hears at night alone. Prisoner Adair was sitting in the main cabin within near call of Mrs. Clinton, and, with head upon his knees, seemed to slumber. Suddenly the loud clamour of five bells as the hour was struck made him start to his feet and look quickly about him with nervous apprehension. From the dead officer's state-room a narrow line of light from beneath the door sent an oblique ray aslant the cabin floor and crossed the convict's stockinged feet.

For a moment he hesitated; then tapped softly at the door. It opened, and the pale face of Marion Clinton met his as he stood before her cap in hand.

"Have you come to take"—the words died away in her throat with a sob.

"No," he answered, "I have but come to ask you to let me say good-bye, and God keep and prosper you, Madam. My time here is short, and you and your husband have made my bitter lot endurable."

She gave him her hand. He clasped it reverently in his for a moment, and his face flushed a dusky red. Then he knelt and kissed her child's little hand.

"Are you leaving the ship? Are we then in port or near it?" she asked.

He looked steadfastly at her for a moment, and then pushing the door to behind him, lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Mrs. Clinton, your husband one day told me that he would aid me to regain my freedom. Will you do as much?"

"Yes," she answered, trembling; "I will. I shall tell the Governor how you——"

He shook his head. "Not in that way, but now, now."

"How *can* I help you now?" she asked wonderingly.

"Give me Mr. Clinton's pistols. Before daylight four others and myself mean to escape from the ship. The guard are all too sick to prevent us, even if we are discovered. There is a boat towing astern, lowered with the intention to sending it ashore to seek assistance. Water and provisions are in it. But we have no fire-arms, and if we land on the coast may meet with savages."

Without a word she put her husband's pistols in his hands, and then gave him all the ammunition she could find.

"Do not shed blood," she began, when the convict clutched her arm. A sound as of someone moving came from the next cabin—the one occupied by Jacob Bolger—and a savage light came into Adair's eyes as he stood and listened.

"He would give the alarm in a moment, if he knew," he muttered.

"Yes," she answered, "he hates you; and I am terrified even to meet his glance."

But Mr. Jacob Bolger made no further noise; he had heard quite enough, and at that moment was lying back in his bunk with an exultant smile, waiting for Adair to leave the cabin.

Then the convict, still crouching on the floor, held out his hand.

"Will you touch my hand once more, Mrs. Clinton?" he said huskily.

She gave it to him unhesitatingly.

"Good-bye, Adair. I pray God all will go well with you."

He bent his face over it, and whispered "Good-bye," and then went up on deck.

* * * *

As No. 267 stumbled along the main deck he saw that all discipline was abandoned, and even the for'ard sentry, that for the past week had been stationed to guard the prisoners when on deck, had left his post.

At the fore-hatch four shadowy forms approached him, and then the five men whispered together.

"Good," said Adair at last. Then they quickly separated.

* * * *

Six bells had struck when Jacob Bolger opened his cabin door, peered cautiously about, and then, stepping quickly to Mrs. Clinton's door, turned the handle without knocking, and entered.

"Why do you come here, Mr. Bolger?" said Marion Clinton, with a terrified look in her dark eyes. "Do you not know that my husband is dead and my child dying?" And, holding the infant in her arms, she barred a nearer approach.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Clinton; but I come as a friend, first to offer you my poor services in your great affliction, and secondly—but as a friend still—to warn you of the dangerous step you have taken in assisting a party of convicts to escape from the ship."

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Bolger, have some pity on me! My dear husband is dead, my child has but a few hours, perhaps minutes, to live. Do not add to my misery."

"I shall not betray *you*!" and he advanced a step nearer to her; "but it is my duty," and his cunning eyes watched her shrinking figure keenly, "to prevent these men from escaping." And then he turned as if to go.

Her courage came back. "Mr. Bolger"—and she placed her hand on his cuff, shuddering as she did so—"you are not a rich man. Will you — can I — will a hundred guineas buy your silence? It is all I have. Forget that which you know. Let these wretched men escape. What harm can it do you?"

His savage, brutal nature came out, and he laughed coarsely.

"None, but—but you would like to see them get away, would you not?"

"Yes," she answered, looking at him with dulled eyes, "Adair has been very good to us."

"Well, look here; money cannot buy my silence, but *you* can. Now do you know what I mean?"

"No," she answered despairingly, "how should I? What is it you wish me to do?"

"This"—and he bent his evil-eyed face close to hers, "promise to marry me three months from now."

She gave a gasping cry, and sank back upon her seat. He followed and stood over her, and then spoke quickly—

"Ever since I first saw you I have loved you. You are a free woman now, and I shall have a good position at the Settlement."

She made a gesture of horror, and his voice grew savage and threatening. "And unless you make me that promise I'll give the alarm now, and Adair and his confederates shall hang together. Come, think, and decide quickly—their life or death rests in your hands."

For some moments she bent her gaze upon the pinched and sunken features of her dying child; then she raised her head, and a swift gleam of fire came into her eyes.

"I will do as you wish. Now go."

Without a word Bolger turned and left the cabin.

As he walked quickly through the main cabin he did not see the tall figure of Sergeant Matthews standing a few feet aft from Mrs. Clinton's cabin-door. The moment Bolger disappeared the Sergeant tapped and called—

"Mrs. Clinton!"

A new terror beset her as she recognised the Sergeant's voice; but she bravely stifled it and bade him come in.

The solemn, wooden-faced soldier looked at her steadily for a second or so, and then, being a man of few words, got through with them as quickly as possible.

"Beg pardon, Madam, Doctor sent me with a message to Mr. Bolger, telling him he was at liberty to leave his cabin; found he was gone; heard his voice in here; waited to see if *I* could be of any assistance to you, Madam."

There was a kindly ring in his voice which encouraged her.

"Matthews, did you hear what Mr. Bolger was saying?"

The Sergeant looked stolidly before him. "I did, Madam—part of it."

"Part?" she repeated agitatedly.

"Yes, Madam—about Adair and some other men."

She pressed her hand to her throat. Matthews was an old, tried servant of her husband's in former years. "Close the door!" she said suddenly.

Opening a locker she took out a leathern-bound writing-desk, unlocked it, and in a moment or two more turned to the Sergeant with a small but heavy purse in her hand.

"Sergeant," she said quietly, "this money, nearly a hundred guineas, is for you. I may not live to reach the settlement at Port Jackson. And I would like to reward you for—for——" The rest died away.

Matthews understood. He took the money, saluted, and with softened tread left the cabin. He was not a hard man,

TILL DAWN THE CONVICTS URGED THE BOAT ALONG THROUGH THE FOG.

and had meant to do his duty when he heard Bolger speak of Adair's intended escape; but a hundred guineas was a large sum to him.

As the door closed after the Sergeant, Marion Clinton, holding the infant close to her bosom, saw the grey shadow deepen on the pallid face, as with a gentle tremor of the frail body the child's head fell back upon her arm.

* * * *

No one on board heard a soft splashing of the water as Adair swam to the boat towing astern and cut the painter where it touched the water-line; the dense fog hid everything from view. Holding the line in his left hand he swam silently along, drawing the boat after him, till he reached the fore-chains. Then four figures clambered noiselessly over the bulwarks and got into the boat, which was at once pushed off.

Wrapped in the white mantle of fog, they drifted slowly away, watching with bated breath the misty outlines of the towering spars grow fainter and fainter, and then vanish altogether, till, although they were but forty yards away, the position of the *Breckenbridge* was discernible only by a dull blurr of sickly light that came from her stern ports. Then suddenly there came the sound of a splash, followed by trampling of feet and Belton's hoarse voice.

"Hands to the boat, here! Mrs. Clinton and her baby have fallen overboard."

Lights appeared on the deck, and then a voice called out, "The boat is gone, Sir!"

"Clear away the starboard-quarter boat then!" roared Belton; "quick!"

But before the quarter-boat could be lowered, the sound of oars was heard, a boat dashed up, and a man leaning over the side, grasped the drowning woman and lifted her in, her dead baby still clasped tightly in her arms.

"Have you got her?" called out Williams and Belton together.

"No," came the answer, and those in the boat began rowing again, but instead of approaching the ship, she seemed to be swallowed up in the fog, and the click, clack of the oars momentarily sounded fainter.

"By Heavens, the scoundrels are pulling away!" shouted Belton. "After them, you fellows in the quarter-boat!"

But the dense, impenetrable mantle of fog made pursuit useless, and the quarter-boat returned an hour later with an exhausted crew.

At ten o'clock next morning a keen, cold air came from the south-east, and two days later the *Breckenbridge* brought her load of misery into Sydney Cove, and her master reported the escape of Edward Adair, Michael Terry, William O'Day, Patrick O'Day, and Daniel McCoy, and the death by drowning of Mrs. Clinton and her baby on the same night.

II.

Till dawn the convicts urged the boat along through the fog, then they ceased rowing and ate ravenously of the food in the boat's locker.

Lying upon the sail in the bottom of the boat, Mrs. Clinton slept. The night was warm, her wet clothing did her no harm, and her sleep was the sleep of physical and mental exhaustion. As the rising sun sent its rays through the now lifting fog, Adair touched the sleeping woman on her shoulder.

She opened her eyes and looked wildly about her, then at the outline of a little figure that lay beside her covered with a convict's coarse jacket, and seizing it in her arms, looked at the five men with eyes of such maddened terror, they thought her reason was gone.

But rough, unkempt, and wild-looking as were Adair's four companions, they treated her with the tenderest pity, and watched in silent sympathy the bitter tide of grief that ere long possessed her. As the sun rose higher, the glassy water rippled here and there in dark patches, and the men looked longingly at the sail in which she sat, holding the infant, but hesitated to disturb her. Away to the westward the dim summits of a range of mountains showed faintly blue, but of the *Breckenbridge* there was no sign, and a grey albatross sailing slowly overhead was their only companion. Already Adair and the others had cast away their hated convict garb, and clothed themselves in tattered garments given them by some of the transport's crew.

Another hour passed, and then helping Mrs. Clinton to a seat in the stern, they hoisted the mainsail and jib, and headed the boat for the land, for the breeze was now blowing freshly.

What Adair's intentions were regarding Mrs. Clinton the others did not ask. Theirs was unquestioning loyalty, and they were ready to follow him now with the same blind and fateful devotion that had brought them on board the *Breckenbridge* in manacles.

As the boat sped over the sunlit sea Adair spoke—

"Mrs. Clinton, I shall try to reach a settlement near here. There we may be able to put you ashore."

She only smiled vacantly, and with a feeling of intense pity Adair saw her again bend her head and heard her talking and crooning to the dead child.

"Sure 'tis God's pity has desthroyed her raison, poor darlin'," muttered a grey-headed old prisoner named Terry; "lave her alone. We'll take the babe from her by an' by."

Between the boat and the faint blue outline of the distant land lay the rounded wooded slopes of Montagu Island, showing a deep depression in the centre. As the boat sailed round its northern point a small bay opened out, and here in smooth water they landed without difficulty. Carrying Mrs. Clinton to a grassy nook under the shade of the cliffs, she unresistingly allowed old Terry to take the infant from her arms, and her dulled eyes took no heed of what followed.

Forcing their way through the thick, coarse grass that clothed the western side of the island, and disturbing countless thousands of breeding gulls and penguins, Adair and Terry dug a tiny grave on the summit under a grove of low, wide-branched trees, and there the child was buried.

As they were about to descend, the old man gave a shout and pointed seaward—there, not a mile away, was a large ship, whose many boats showed her to be a whaler, and quite near the shore a boat was pulling swiftly in towards the landing-place.

Rushing down to their companions they gave the alarm, and then a hurried consultation was held.

"We must meet them," said Adair, "we can't hide the boat. If they mean mischief we can take to the woods."

In another five minutes the newcomers saw the little group and gave a loud, friendly hail. Stepping out from his companions, who followed him closely, Adair advanced to meet the strangers.

A young, swarthy-faced man, who steered, jumped out of the boat and at once addressed him. He listened with interest to Adair's story that they had escaped from a ship that had gone ashore on the coast some weeks before, and then said quietly—

"Just so. Well, I'm glad that I can assist you. I've just come from Port Jackson, and am bound to the East Indies, sperm-whaling. Come aboard, all of you, and I'll land you at one of the Dutch ports there."

Adair's face paled. Something told him that his story was not believed. What should he do?

The captain of the whaler beckoned him aside. "Don't be alarmed. I can guess where you come from. But that doesn't concern me. Now look here. My ship—the *Manhattan*, of Salem—is a safer place for you than an open boat, and I'm short-handed and want men. You can all lend a hand till I land you at Amboyna or Ternate. Is that your wife?"

"Yes."

"Well, what are you going to do—stay here or come aboard?"

"We accept your offer gladly," answered Adair, now convinced of the American's good intentions.

"Very well; carry your wife down to the boat while my men get some gulls' eggs."

* * * *

For two weeks after Mrs. Clinton was carried up the whale-ship's side she hovered between life and death. Then, very, very slowly, she began to mend. A month more and then the *Manhattan* hove-to off the verdant hills and shining beaches of Rotumah Island.

"You cannot do better than go ashore here," the Captain had said to Adair a few hours before. "I know the natives well. They are a kind, amiable race of people, and many of the men, having sailed in whale-ships, can speak English. The women will take good care of Mrs. Clinton" (Adair had long since told him hers and his own true story); "have no fear of that. In five months I ought to be back here on my way to Port Jackson, and I'll give her a passage there. If she remains on board she will most likely die; the weather is getting hotter every day as we go north, and she is as weak as a kitten still. As for yourself and old Michael, you will both be safe here on Rotumah. No King's ship has ever touched here yet; and if one should come the natives will hide you."

That evening as the warm-hearted, pitying native women attended to Mrs. Clinton in the chief's house, Adair and Terry watched the *Manhattan's* sails disappear below the horizon.

* * * *

There for six months they lived, and with returning health and strength Marion Clinton learned partly to forget her grief, and to take interest in her strange surroundings. Ever since they had landed Adair and old Michael Terry had devoted themselves to her, and as the months went

by she grew, if not happy, at least resigned. To the natives, who had never before had a white woman living among them, she was as a being from another world, and they were her veriest slaves, happy to obey her slightest wish. At first she had counted the days as they passed; then, as the sense of her utter loneliness in the world beyond would come to her, the thought of Adair and his unswerving care for and devotion to her would fill her heart with quiet thankfulness. She knew that it was for her sake alone he had remained on the island, and when the six months had passed, her woman's heart told her that she cared for him, and that "good-bye" would be hard to say.

But how much she really did care for him she did not know till one day she saw him being carried into the village with a white face and blood-stained garments. He had been out turtle-fishing, the canoe had capsized on the reef, and Adair had been picked up insensible by his native companions, with a broken arm and a deep jagged cut at the back of his head.

Day by day she watched by his couch of mats, and felt a thrill of joy when she knew that all danger was past.

One afternoon while Adair, still too weak to walk, lay outside his house thinking of the soft touch and gentle voice of his nurse, there came a roar of voices from the village, and a pang shot through his heart—the *Manhattan* was back again.

But it was not the *Manhattan*, and ten minutes afterwards four or five natives, headed by old Terry, white-faced and trembling, came rushing along the path.

"'Tis a King's ship!" the old man gasped, and then in another minute Adair was placed on a rude litter and carried into the mountains.

It was indeed a King's ship, bound to Batavia to buy stores for the starving settlers at Port Jackson, and in want of provisions even for the ship's company. Almost as soon as she anchored, the natives flocked off to her with fruit, vegetables, and such poultry as they had to barter. Among those who landed from the ship was a tall, grave-faced Sergeant of Marines, who after buying some pigs and fowls from the natives on the beach, had set out, stick in hand, for a walk along the palm-lined shore. At the request of the leading chief, all those who came ashore carried no weapons, and, indeed, the gentle, timid manner of the natives soon convinced the white men that there was no need to arm themselves. A quarter of a mile walk hid the ship from view, and then Sergeant Matthews, if he did not show it, at least felt surprised, for suddenly he came face to face with a young, handsome white woman dressed in a loose jacket and short skirt. Her feet were bare, and in one hand she carried a rough basket, in the other a heavy three-pronged wooden crab-spear. He recognised her in a moment, and drawing himself up, saluted, as if he had seen her but ten minutes before.

"What do you want?" she asked trembling; "why have you come here—to look for me?"—and as she drew back a quick anger gave place to fear.

"No, Madam," and the Sergeant looked, not at her, but away past her, as if addressing the trees around him, "I am in charge of the Marine guard on board the *Scarborough*. Put in here for supplies. Ship bound to Batavia for stores, under orders of Deputy-Commissary Bolger, who is on board."

"Ah!" and she shuddered. "Matthews, do not tell him I am here. See, I am in your power. I implore you to return to the ship and say nothing of my being here. Go, go, Matthews, and if you have pity in your heart for me do all you can to prevent any of the ship's company from lingering about the village! I beg, I pray of you, to ask me no questions, but go, go, and Heaven reward you!"

The Sergeant again saluted, and without another word turned on his heel and walked leisurely back to the boat.

An hour before sunset, Adair, from his hiding-place in the mountains, saw the great ship fill her sails and stand away round the northern point. Terry had left him to watch the movements of the landing-party, and Adair but waited his return. Soon through the growing stillness of the mountain forest he heard a footfall, and then the woman he loved stood before him.

"Thank God!" she cried, as she clasped her hands together; "they have gone."

"Yes," he answered huskily, "but . . . why have you not gone with them? It is a King's ship . . . and I hoped—oh! why did you stay?"

She raised her dark eyes to his, and answered him with a sob that told him why.

Sitting beside him with her head on his shoulder, she told him how that morning she had accompanied a party of native women to a village some miles distant on a fishing excursion, and knew nothing of the ship till she was returning and met Sergeant Matthews.

"WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE—TO LOOK FOR ME?"

"And now," she said, with a soft laugh, "neither King's ship nor whale-ship shall ever part us."

* * * *

Another month went by all too swiftly now for their new-found happiness, and then the lumbering old *Manhattan* came at last, and that night her captain and Adair sat smoking in the latter's thatched hut.

"That," said the American, pointing to a heavy box being borne past the open door by two natives, "that box is for Mrs. Clinton. I just ransacked the Dutchmen's stores at Amboyna, and bought all the women's gear I could get. How is she? Old Terry says she 's doing 'foine.'"

"She is well, thank you," said Adair with a happy smile, and then rising he placed his hand on the seaman's shoulder, while his face reddened and glowed like a boy's.

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" said the American with a good-natured laugh. "Well, I 'm right pleased to hear it. Now look here. The *Manhattan* is a full ship, and I 'm not going to Port Jackson to sell my oil this time. I 'm just going right straight home to Salem. And you and she are coming with me; and old Parson Barrow is going to marry you in my house; and in my house you and your wife are going to stay until you settle down and become a citizen of the best country on the earth."

* * * *

As the merry chorus of the sailors as they raised the anchor from its coral bed was borne across the bay, old Terry sat watching the ship from the beach. No arguments that Adair and the Captain used could make him change his mind about remaining on the island. He was too old, he said, to care about going to America, and Rotumah was a "foine place to die in—'twas so far away from the red-coats."

As he looked at two figures who stood on the poop waving their hands to him, his old eyes dimmed and blurred.

"May the howly Saints bless an' kape thim for iver! Sure, he 's a thrue man, an' she 's a good woman!"

Quickly the ship sailed round the point, and Marion Clinton, with a last look at the white beach, saw the old man rise, take off his hat, and wave it in farewell.

TO PRISCILLA.

Ah! never can it be confess'd
What grace of thine I hold the best—
Whether of look, or smile, or speech,
So vers'd in all that love doth teach;
Or whether in that dainty hand
Whose lightest touch is a command;
Or whether in those mirthful eyes
That beauty lurks which most I prize.

Perchance it is some vagrant curl
Loos'd from the slender strings of pearl;
Perchance it is that air demure,
Potent to baffle and allure;
Perchance thy laughter it may be;
Or some sweet inconsistency
That proves my lady-queen, in fine,
Most lovable, and least divine.

But one thing, dearest, I would pray,
That whatsoever lips essay
To woo thine ear with amorous song,
Thou wilt not heed their music long,
But turn and look on one who brings
No costly gift, nor featly sings,
Yet loves thee with a happy heart,
So altogether dear thou art.

L. G. ACKROYD.

OUR GREAT NAVAL HERO.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NELSON.

By CLARK RUSSELL.

"Sweethearts and Wives."

In August 1781 Nelson found himself in command of the *Albemarle*, a frigate of twenty-eight guns. He speaks with great pride of this appointment, and of his ship. He says she "has a bold entrance and clean run." Later on, in a letter to William Locker. he tells him that his ship is able to give the *Argo* (a new forty-four) the go-by.

There is something magical in the very word *frigate*. All the romance of the glorious Service enters her. Even then—but how much fairer in later days!—she was a thing of beauty. Whether at anchor, with all her yards symmetrically braced, softly bowing to the south-east heave of sea in the Downs, or whether under full breasts, with courses climbing into milky heights of topgallant-sail and royal, her sides brilliant with the lights of the deep and the day, here and there her decks spotted with the red coat of the marine, the frigate was ever to my mind the bravest and the most picturesque of all the thunderous guardians of these coasts. Marryat has described life on board of her. But he could not paint a ship, he could not tinge it with poetic colours, nor find in the fabric a hint of the spirit of the Great Mother whose spacious breast she walked.

One there was, however, who could—Michael Scott, the most masterful of them all in marine revelation. Here is a sketch by him, and it might stand as a portrait of the *Albemarle*, omitting only the "milk-white streak": "The press of canvas she was carrying laid her over until her copper sheathing, clear as glass and glancing like gold, was seen high above the water throughout her whole length, above which rose her glossy jet-black bends, surmounted by a milk-white streak, broken at regular intervals into eleven goodly ports, from which the British cannon, ugly customers at the best, were grinning, tompion out, open-mouthed at us; and above all the clean, well-stowed, white hammocks filled the nettings from tafferel to cathead. Oh! that I had been in one of them, snug on the berth-deck! Aloft, a cloud of white sail swelled to the breeze till the cloth seemed inclined to say good-bye to the bolt-ropes, bending the masts like willow-wands (as if the devil, determined to beat Paganini himself, was preparing fiddle-sticks to play a spring with on the cracking and straining weather shrouds and backstays), and tearing her sharp wedge-like bows out of the bowels of the long swell, until the cutwater and ten yards of the keel next to it were hove clean out of the sea, into which she would descend again with a roaring plunge, burying everything up to the hawse-holes, and driving the brine into mist, over the foretop, like vapour from a waterfall, through which, as she rose again, the bright red copper on her bow flashed back the sunbeams in momentary rainbows."

I trust I shall be forgiven this lengthy extract; it is a sketch by one who lived closer to Nelson's time than we do, who wrote in years when the Nelson traditions and inspirations were the influence they had been in the time of Trafalgar. Not yet had the paddle-wheel been introduced to churn romance away astern. Small wonder that the seaman of old loved his ship. To him she was a thing of life. She could do everything but talk. He would have loved her better but for the Admiralty habit of shifting crews from one vessel to another. Nelson quarrelled with this short-sighted practice, knowing as a seaman that affection in a sailor is the flower of association.

I am not writing the life of Nelson: I am merely attempting to depict certain scenes of his splendid and devoted career. There is little, then, to talk about when we come to this passage of the *Albemarle*. Again he was pestered by the convoy, and wrote: "Two hundred and sixty sail the convoy consisted of. They behaved

as all convoys that ever I saw did: shamefully ill; parting company every day." Before he and a portion of the ships he was looking after fetched Yarmouth Roads, a privateer was reported in the thick of the merchantmen. Nelson, in his frigate, gave chase, and rapidly overhauled the pirate, but after an hour's pursuit was obliged to return to the fleet, lest other sea-wolves should be among the clumsy craft. It is interesting to think of Nelson chasing a pirate—of all the enemies of man the basest, the cruellest. "Give the privateersman the stem!" used to be the old cry. Other foes deserved mercy at the hands of their British captors; the pirate none.

One or two anecdotes of dramatic interest are related of Nelson in connection with this cruise. When he was off the coast of North America he captured an American fishing-schooner belonging to Cape Cod. As he was in want of a pilot he took the unfortunate master of the schooner on board the frigate, and the fellow served him very faithfully. That plant of rare cultivation, gratitude—as Dr. Johnson calls it—was one of the qualities always in full bloom in the breast of the man whose individuality was even then the most fascinating afloat or ashore. When the poor skipper had completed his work, Nelson called him aft and said, "You have rendered us a very essential service, and it is not the custom of English seamen to be ungrateful. In the name, therefore, and with the approbation of the officers of this ship, I return your schooner, and with it this certificate of your good conduct. Farewell, and may God bless you." There is a theatrical touch here, and many might suspect the accuracy of this story in consequence of that hysterical "God bless you." But Nelson was essentially an emotional man, just the sort of sailor out of the fullness of his heart to round off the cordial phrase of gratulation with a benediction. Anyway, there was long, and there may yet be in existence the certificate which Nelson gave to Nathaniel Carver, master of the schooner *Harmony*, on Aug. 17, 1782.

It is told that whilst at Quebec Nelson fell in love with an American lady. He would have been no true sailor had he not been fond of the girls. Doubtless he had poured down many a glass of grog to that famous old forecastle pledge, "Here's the wind that blows, and the ship that goes, and the lass that loves a sailor!" The *Albemarle* was ready for sea when Alexander Davison, a great friend of Nelson, who was standing upon the beach, saw the young commander coming ashore in a boat. "What brings you back?" asked Davison. "I'll walk with you to your house," answered Nelson, "and explain matters. The fact is, Davison, I find it utterly impossible to leave this place without again waiting on her whose society has so much added to its charms, and laying myself and my fortunes at her feet." Davison bluntly told him that, situated as he was, such a step would ruin him. Nelson persisted. Davison probably exerted physical force. He may have passed his arm through his friend's, and, eloquent with entreaty, but always moving towards the sea, got him to enter his boat that was ashore. He watched Nelson rowing away to his frigate, and no doubt considered that in rescuing him from this marriage he had preserved a valuable life.

It does not seem that the image of the beautiful American lady long troubled him. She was not one of those shapes which "come not at an earthly call," and "will not depart when mortal voices bid." He was sent to the West Indies, but the fighting was over, and the *Albemarle* returned to England in June 1783. He took a lodging in Salisbury Street, Strand, and devoted himself to the task of procuring the wages for his crew whom with delightful sympathy he calls "my *good fellows*." Such was his popularity that when his ship was paid off, the whole of the men offered, if he could get another ship, to enter for her immediately. He seems, however, to have had no thought of going to sea just then. Living on board ship cost more than he could afford. Extravagance of living probably attended King George's entering his third son, Prince William, as midshipman in the Navy with the idea of popularising the Service. I do not know that this device made forecastle Jack much more numerous, though its object was this primarily; but it certainly filled the quarter-deck with nobs and snobs. A derisive story is told of a lieutenant of a man-of-war hailing the mizzen-topsail yard, and shouting: "My lords and gentlemen, and all you right honourable lubbers, bear a hand and roll up that sail and lay down!" This influx of swells doubtless brought extravagance of living along with it, and Nelson, who had nothing but his pay to support him, remained ashore.

In October he applied for leave to visit France on "my private occasions." And early in November we find him dating a letter to William Locker at St. Omer.

Nelson in France! Nelson in that country whose foundations his thunders of the Nile and Trafalgar were to shake to their heart! In after years "Down, down with the French!" was his ceaseless cry. He sent William Locker a very diverting account of his journey. They left Dover at seven o'clock, put to sea with a fine north-west wind, and at half-past ten "we were safe at breakfast in Monsieur Grandsire's house at Calais." Nelson was much amused by the ridiculous figure of the postillions in their jack-boots, and their rats of horses. He slept at Marquise on a straw bed, and supped off two pigeons served on a dirty cloth, with wooden-handled knives. At Montreuil he lodged in a house whose landlord had recommended Le Fleur to Sterne. The voyagers steered for St. Omer, where they fell in with two naval captains, Ball and Sheppard. One was afterwards Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander John Ball, and Nelson's close friend. The other died Vice-Admiral of the Red. When Nelson saw them, he conceived a strong dislike to them both: they wore fine epaulettes, and he thought them great coxcombs for that. Nevertheless, a few years later—that is, in 1795—epaulettes were ordered to be worn as part of the British naval uniform.

Nelson began to learn French. He made slow progress. He made quicker progress in love. He met the daughters of an English clergyman named Andrews, and lost his heart to one of them. The memory of the American beauty went out of his head. "She has such accomplishments," he says, speaking of the girl, "that had I a million of money I am sure I should at this moment make her an offer of them: my income at present is by far too small to think of marriage, and she has no fortune." Love mastered him, for here was a greater conqueror even than Nelson. What broadside equals in fatefulness the arch and sparkling glance of a beautiful woman's eyes? Nelson

"I RETURN YOUR SCHOONER, AND WITH IT THIS CERTIFICATE OF YOUR GOOD CONDUCT."

hauled down his flag, but that was all he could do; the girl declined to take possession of the prize whose colours he had struck to her.

How perfectly human, genial, tender; how in full touch with all human sympathy was the noble nature of this glorious little man, may be seen in his letter to his uncle William Suckling, dated Jan. 14. 1784. He sets out with a solemn countenance; he is axiomatic: "There arrives in general a time in a man's life (who has friends) that either they place him in life in a situation that makes his application for anything farther totally unnecessary or give him help in a pecuniary way if they can afford and he deserves it." And then he tells Suckling that he is in love. The critical moment of his life has arrived: he is to be happy or miserable—it depends solely on Suckling. His income, Nelson points out, does not exceed one hundred and thirty pounds a year. Miss Andrews has but one thousand pounds to her fortune, and she and Horatio can't live upon that. Will Suckling, then, make him a yearly allowance of one hundred pounds until he has increased his own income to that extent? He winds up in the well-known language of the fond shepherd: "I am prepared to hear your refusal, and have fixed my resolution if that should happen; but in every situation I shall be a well-wisher to you and your family, and pray they or you may never know the pangs which at this instant tear my heart." To think of Mr. Suckling, of the Customs, with his heart torn by pangs of love!

Needless to say, Nelson did not marry the lady. His liberal uncle would have acceded to his wishes, but the lady declined. This was Nelson's one defeat, but it happened ashore, and must not find a place in the list of his battles.

On March 19, 1784, he wrote to his brother, who was now the Reverend William Nelson, that on the preceding day he was appointed to the command of the *Boreas* frigate. The ship was full of young midshipmen, and his treatment of them is but another example of his sweet and noble character. Some of the lads were afraid to climb the masts, and, let me say, if you are constitutionally nervous, the task of climbing the rigging, straining, like a fly on the ceiling, over the futtock shrouds into the top, thence to the cross-trees, upwards to the giddy height of the royal yard, is painful and distressing. The horizon has opened into boundlessness, the large surge has dwindled into a ripple, the figures moving upon the decks are pigmies; the sails fall from you in swelling rounds of fleece-like clouds filled with the thunder and the music of the wind. There you are perched close to heaven; the melodies of the rigging might be the quiring of the opening skies; but how to get down? Nelson quite understood all this, and to encourage the timorous among the midshipmen gazing with dread aloft, he would say: "I am going a race to the masthead, and beg I may meet you there," then would spring into the lee-shrouds, while the nervous younkers squeezed the tar out of the weather-rigging. When they met in the top he would hearten the lads with cheerful speech and say: "How much any person was to be pitied who could fancy there was any danger or even anything disagreeable in the attempt!"

Can you wonder that this man should have been beloved by his officers and crew? Moreover, he was studious, at the cost of all personal inconvenience, to set a good example. He was always first to arrive on deck at noon to take an observation. Every day he would enter the school-room of the frigate and listen and watch while the lads worked. This we have on the authority of Lady Hughes. He was carrying her Ladyship and her daughter to the West Indies. Lady Hughes was the wife of Admiral Sir Richard Hughes, of whom, after his arrival, Nelson would think and write with contempt and aversion as Commander-in-Chief. Lady Hughes he equally disliked. He could not know the sympathy and intelligence with which she was observing him during the passage. With Nelson also went his brother, the Rev. William, as chaplain. This person makes a very disagreeable figure upon the Nelsonian stage, and the more one reads about him the less one likes him. He was a born cadger, sleek, insincere, clamorous with professions when something was to be got, a round man in a square hole. The character of his old father stands high beside his; though everyone must wonder that a clergyman should sanction such an association as that of Lord Nelson with Lady Hamilton by expressing willingness to dwell under the woman's roof. The worst that one can say of old Edmund Nelson is that he was a bore; he carried the clerical habit of sermonising people who stood in no need of his admonitions to a degree that must often have set Nelson's teeth on edge. The Rev. William, sick of the sea and stung by

NELSON ENCOURAGING THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMEN TO GO ALOFT.

mosquitos, left the ship shortly after her arrival.

Loyalty and dutifulness rendered Nelson's life a very uneasy one in this period of his career. The Americans had ceased to be colonists, and our Navigation Laws forbade the foreigner from trading in British possessions. When Nelson came upon the scene he found that a very large illegal traffic was being carried on, and, to his disgust, he discovered that Sir Richard Hughes, faithlessly indifferent to British interests, was secretly conniving at what was going forward. Nelson forthwith went to work to suppress all this wrongdoing. He captured many vessels. It will not be supposed that his zeal was much appreciated. He retorted with a saying worthy of some great admiral or general of Cromwell—that men-of-war were sent abroad for other purposes than to be made a show of. He recommended the indignant Sir Richard Hughes to study the Navigation Acts. Sir Thomas Shirley, Governor of the Leeward Islands, a beef-faced man with a liver enriched by draughts of sangaree, blustered out to Nelson that, "By God, Sah! old generals, Sah, are not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen, Sah!" "I am as old as the Prime Minister of England," answered Nelson contemptuously, "and think myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as that Minister is of governing the State."

But we will pass from this dry record of Navigation Acts and contraband Yankees to a passage of pure romance. The beautiful American had been one; Miss Andrews had been another; and now in a third he was to meet his fate. When he was at the Island

of Nevis he went ashore to dine at the house of a Mr. Herbert, who was then President of the island. At the table sat a lady who seemed to find something very curious and interesting in the little captain of the *Boreas*. She watched him attentively, and when she went home she wrote an amusing account of him to Mrs. Nesbit, a great friend of hers then at St. Kitts. Little did this good and critical young woman foresee the issue her underlined and chatty letter was all unconsciously shaping.

Who was this lady's great friend, Mrs. Fanny Nesbit? She was niece of the Mr. Herbert with whom Nelson dined: a widow with one child; her husband, Josiah Nesbit, had died mad eighteen months after his marriage. To Mrs. Nesbit the critical lady who had sat at dinner with Nelson described how the little captain came up just before the meal was ready, much heated; he was very silent, though he seemed to think the more. He drank no wine till the toasts of the King, the Queen, the royal family, and Lord Hood were given, and then "this strange man," continues Mrs. Nesbit's correspondent, "regularly filled his glass and observed that those were always bumper toasts with him." After he had passed the bottle he sank into silence. The lady's critical inspection of him became a sort of trouble to her. She must have stared very hard, and if she was not pretty Nelson might not have felt flattered. She tells her correspondent that she was very much puzzled; she could not make out the little man's real character. His demeanour was stern and reserved, but she noticed that when he spoke he always said something worth attention. "If you, Fanny, had been there you would have made something of him; for you have been in the habit of attending to these odd sort of people."

Not many months later this "odd sort of person," as the lady would have termed him, was writing thus at seven in the evening to Mrs. Fanny Nesbit: "As you begin to know something about sailors, have you not often heard that salt water and absence always wash away love? Now, I am such a heretic as not to believe that Faith, for, behold, every morning since my arrival I have had six pails of salt water at daylight poured upon my head, and instead of finding what the seamen say to be true, I perceive the contrary effect; and if it goes on so contrary to the prescription you must see me before my fixed time. At first I bore absence tolerably, but now it is almost insupportable, and by and by I expect it will be quite so."

He was head-over-ears in love; he had met the young widow at Nevis, and found her very pretty, young, of a most engaging disposition, and very cultivated. His letters to her show all the warmth of a devoted lover. The apologists of Nelson's connection with Lady Hamilton represent Fanny Nesbit, afterwards Lady Nelson, as cold, wanting in tact and in sympathy with her husband's noble profession. But *he* had to wait until he met Lady Hamilton to find this out.

He wrote to his uncle, William Suckling, asking for pecuniary help—in short, the gift of a thousand pounds. Suckling appears to have behaved kindly, for Nelson wrote to his Fanny, March 3, 1786, "From my uncle Suckling I have a very kind letter, saying he will do everything in his power to add to my happiness; and if I should want it, that he will give me pecuniary assistance." Then, again, there was Fanny's uncle, Mr. Herbert, a very rich man as wealth went in those days—his negroes and plantation stock were valued at sixty thousand pounds.

A striking and characteristic anecdote is related of Nelson at this time. One day, while the *Boreas* was lying at anchor in Nevis Road, a French frigate passed to leeward, close along shore. It reached Nelson's ears that the object of the frigate's presence in those waters was to survey the British West India Islands, for which purpose she had on board two general officers and some engineers. Nelson at once weighed and gave chase. He found her next day at anchor in the Road of St. Eustatia, and he anchored his frigate about two cables' lengths on the Frenchman's quarter. There was much civility, of course: mutual salutes, bows, and grimaces; and then the Dutch Governor invited Nelson and his officers to meet the French officers at dinner. They met; the scene is full of humour to an English reader, for you are quite sure of the way in which a sea affair will be worked out when Nelson has the handling of it and when he is dealing with Frenchmen. The conversation was brisk, the wine went the rounds; then Nelson spoke. "I understand, Sir," he said in effect, addressing the French commander, "that it is your intention to visit the English islands, and, this being so, I consider it my duty to accompany you in my frigate that attention may be paid to the officers of his most

Christian Majesty, which I am sure every Englishman in the islands will be proud of an opportunity of doing." The offer was by no means relished by the French officers, who, with all contortions of native politeness, begged to be excused from Nelson's attendance, as their intention was merely to cruise round the islands without stopping at any one of them. Nelson, however, was not to be outdone in civility, and his ship continued to ride hard by the French frigate. His drift could not be mistaken. In a few days the Frenchmen abandoned their project, got under weigh, and beat up to Martinique. Nelson beat up to Barbadoes, thus contriving to keep the Frenchman in sight until he reached the island he had come from. He refers to this thorough "Nelson touch" in a letter to Mrs. Nesbit: "For the last week a French man-of-war has been here [he means in West Indian waters], and going about with them so much in the sun has given me violent headaches."

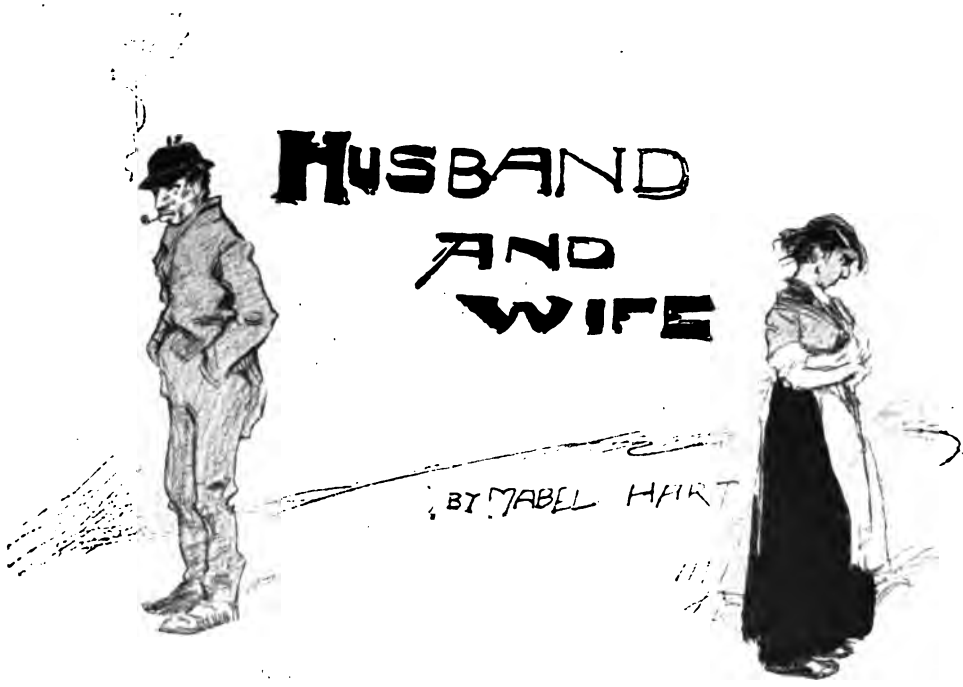
Nelson married Fanny Nesbit March 12, 1787. The *Pegasus*, in command of Prince William Henry, was on that station at this time under Nelson, and the Prince had expressed his desire to be present at the marriage, that he might give the bride away. This he did, and very naturally Nelson felt himself extremely honoured. The Prince was unquestionably a sincere admirer of Nelson. He seems to have expounded him with a prophetic gaze. The relations of the two in the West Indies make pleasant reading: on the Prince's part all was sailorly sympathy, kindness without condescension, with just so much of reserve as should distinguish his exalted position and make his friend easy by perception that the character of his friendship was nicely understood; while on Nelson's all was good taste and tact, everywhere self-respect and dignity strongly coloured by loyalty; in short, not a hint of snobbishness. His character greatly rises in one's esteem in the perusal of this intercourse.

"THOSE WERE ALWAYS BUMPER TOASTS WITH HIM."

Fanny's maiden name had been Woollward. She was born about 1763, and was some twenty-four years old when she married Nelson. A month after this marriage the *Boreas* was found to be rotten; and Nelson, writing from Antigua to the Admiralty, says "that if the ship does not reach England before the hurricane season, she will be too bad for the voyage." She reached Spithead July 4, 1787, but Mrs. Nelson made the voyage home in a merchantman. Hard times were now at hand for Nelson. His means were small. He could not obtain employment. It was some months after her arrival before the *Boreas* was paid off. And Nelson complains that he was as much divorced from his wife as if he had remained in the West Indies. The frigate lay at the Nore as a slop and receiving ship. It is declared that Nelson felt his neglect so keenly that had he possessed an independency he never would have gone to sea again. Sir Harris Nicolas finds no foundation for this in his "Correspondence." Professor Laughton is also very positive: "There is absolutely no reason," he says, "to give the slightest credence to the story that, in his extreme disgust, he determined to throw up his commission and quit the service." This writer is an apologist for "my Lords," and not only what the hero did, but what he thought, must be strictly in correspondence with Admiralty requirements. Long subsequent to this date Nelson wrote that he was a man, and that he could not help *feeling* as a man. No one was more sensitive to neglect. No man of genius more thoroughly understood his own powers and possibilities. He had done great work for the country in the West Indies, and for some years he was to remain without employment. Would not the ardent soul of such a man fret? But does it not fret in that "Correspondence" which Nicolas himself edited? How does Nelson write, for instance, on May 6, 1788? "You have given up all the toils and anxieties of business, whilst I must still buffet the waves—in search of what? That thing called Honour is now, alas! thought of no more. My integrity cannot be mended I hope, but my fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the Service: so much for serving my country."

There is no more painful reading than Nelson's applications for a ship. He asks for the *Raisonnable*, his first sea-home; nay, it is asserted, and Nicolas scarcely denies, that he begged command of even a cock-boat. He went to live with his wife at Burnham Thorpe. His irritable spirit throbs like a pulse of fever in the picture of his life at this time. There could be no repose when Nelson is unemployed and ashore. But little of the truly rural spirit enters into the account his biographers give of his killing the time by digging in his father's garden, hunting for birds' nests with his wife, shooting with a gun, but so awkwardly that his piece was a menace to the lives of everything but the object he aimed at. They tell us he was fond of coursing. He mused upon charts, read the current prints, drew plans. One day he went to the fair to buy a pony. Whilst he was absent, two rough fellows arrived at the Parsonage and asked for Captain Nelson. Mrs. Nelson informed them that he was out, whereupon they handed her a writ on the part of the American captains, who laid their damages at many thousands. Nelson's sensations on his return may be imagined. He is reported to have exclaimed: "If the Government will not support me, I will leave the country." It is even declared that he wrote to the Treasury and threatened that if a satisfactory answer were not sent him by return of post he would take refuge in France. He was to go first; and Mrs. Nelson was to follow, ten days later, under the care of his elder brother, Maurice. If this is a lie, it is very circumstantially related by those whom Nicolas frequently quotes.

War gave him his chance, but not till the early months of 1793. On Jan. 7 in that year Lord Chatham, with many apologies, offered him the command of a sixty-four gun-ship, and on Jan. 30 he was appointed to the *Agamemnon*. "*Post nubila Phœbus!*" he wrote to his wife, "after clouds comes sunshine. The Admiralty so smile upon me that really I am as much surprised as when they frowned."



"WHAT 'S the matter, Mamie?"

The sick girl moaned.

"They Harveys, mother! They 've been at it again, going on so as I couldn't sleep a wink, after all night that I 've laid awake with the pain. Nag, nag, nag, and fighting, and using words which was awful!"

Mrs. Smith looked all the virtuous indignation that she felt.

"It *is* too bad! A noosance, that's what it is! If they can't behave decenter they ought to live by theirselves, and that 's what I 'll tell Mr. Paxman next quarter-day, s'elp me! Folks like that has no business living in a row with respectable neighbours—ought to be put in a cage like the wild beasts, *I* say. Well, don't you take on, now, Mamie. He 's gone off to the oast; I met him outside, so maybe there 'll be a bit of peace for you."

But the child was peevish.

"They 've been and woke me up, so as I don't think I *can* sleep now, and the pain coming back, and—oh, hark, mother! I do believe he 's there again."

The poor, fretful, worn-out little body began to cry, and Mrs. Smith raised her head to listen, while her jolly face grew stern.

"Your father 'll have a word to say to Paxman, and not wait till quarter-day to say it, neither. Now you stop crying, my lamb, and I 'll carry you to the boys' room, and you won't hear them any more. You should be there altogether but for the cold—the window so leaky, and being an outside wall, and the corner, and all; I 'd be afraid to have you there windy days. But it 's warm enough, in all conscience, to-day, and you can just lie in the quiet, and forget all about the Harveys."

Meanwhile the Harveys confronted one another in their kitchen; the man in one of those blind furies to which a slow and sullen nature can work itself; the woman passionate and defiant.

"Well, what's to do, that we 've got you back again?" she demanded. "Thought I was rid of you for one while."

"What d' ye mean, giving me that stinking dirt?"

He threw a tied handkerchief at her across the table, which came to the ground with a crash, as the basin inside the handkerchief broke, sending a mess of victuals sopping through upon the floor. The woman stamped.

"Now you 'll just take and clean that yourself, and make your supper off it if you can! I 've done scrubbing and cooking for you."

He attempted a sneer.

"Call that *supper*, and *cooking*? Dog's meat is what *I'd* call it!"

"And so would I, if it was roast beef and plum-pudding, and *you* ate it!"

It took time for the sarcasm to pierce. When it did he rushed upon her.

"Devil! I'll learn you call me names!"

THE CHILD WAS PEEVISH.

"I'll learn you knock me about, you beast!"

"What have you done with that hare now? Tell the truth—you've sold it!"

The hare was in the cupboard. She had meant to cook it on the following day, but now she would have died sooner than have said so.

"Where'll *you* be," she retorted, "bringing hares and birds in here? One of these days you'll meet the keepers, clever as you are, and fine you'll look then. Law, I shall laugh!"

"Keepers had best not meet *me*, that's my advice to keepers!" he boasted.

"So you'll run your head into the noose that way, and bring trouble to an honest woman's house? Not that it would be trouble to me if they took you—a good riddance I'd say."

"I'll make you glad to see your husband in prison!"

He struck her, and she shrieked out like a maniac, losing all control over herself in her rage and pain.

"Glad to see you in prison? I'd be gladder to see you dead—*hanged*—go on, I *would*! I'd like to see you die, and I'd hope it would hurt you sore, and I'd like to see the devil catch you and burn you, and burn you, and——"

Her mad words changed to inarticulate screams and cries as he got hold of her.

He left the cottage, still breathing threatenings, while she slowly picked herself up from the corner where he had thrown her, made sure—somewhat to her own surprise—that no bones were broken, and began mechanically to straighten her clothes, and smooth back the thick brown hair which was hanging about her face.

All the time she was choking with dry sobs, and muttering between her teeth—

"I hate him, I hate him, the beast! I'd be glad for him to die and go to torment—and I hope he will. I wish, I wish he would! But he won't, not before me—he'll see me go first, see if he doesn't. Blast him!"

The sun set while her wrath blazed.

She tried to eat her supper, but her head ached, and she could touch nothing but a cup of tea. She wondered if she should be able to sleep if she went to bed. She did not expect Harvey back before the morning, for he was on night duty at Farmer Paxman's hop-oast, tending the fires which dried the hops.

This would be a long night for him, with nothing to eat all through it, and she had heard men say how they hungered in the night—well, she was glad of it; it served him right, and was his own fault!

She went to bed, but she was too excited to sleep. She heard all the little comings and goings in the village street, the "Good-nights" exchanged, the buzz of gossip at cottage doors, the tap of the blind man's stick along the footway as he made his way home, presently the deep tones of a dozen men's voices, which told her that the Red Lion was shutting up.

She hated her bed. She rose, and put on her clothes again, scarcely knowing what she did, not knowing at all what she was going to do.

All at once it seemed to her that the silent street was astir once more. Footsteps were in it, and voices, hushed yet eager. Doors opened and shut. Something must have happened very much out of the common to arouse such a neighbourhood at such an hour.

Ada Harvey ran to her own door, and drew back the bolt. A little group of women was standing in the road just before her cottage, and without a thought but of curiosity she joined it.

"What is it? What's happened?" she asked, with ears and mouth open.

Two or three of the women turned round.

"Oh, Mrs. Harvey!" one said, "you did make me jump—I 'm feeling that upset!"

"Why, what is it, then?" she repeated.

"Not heard? Why, the awfullest thing! The young keeper—Livingston—he 's dead—*murdered*—found in the wood—right on the path to Paxman's—blood—cruel—police—his mother, poor soul!"

Ada's head swam. She asked two or three more questions eagerly.

"No, they hadn't found anyone—*yet*; but it wasn't likely the murderer would escape, and the body not cold. Lucky Mr. Paxman's father-in-law should pass when he did. He saw him first, and raised an alarm at once."

"Poor old man, though, it did give him a turn!"

"And so it would, a thing like that—only fancy!" etc.

Ada went hot and cold. She wondered if these women could read her thoughts in her face. Instinctively she turned away to hide them, when one stopped her—

"Why, Mrs. Harvey!"

Ada glared at her. "Well?"

"Whatever have you been and done to your face?"

She put up her hand, and shrank involuntarily from the touch of it. Her cheek was bruised and swollen: what a sight she must be, she thought petulantly—for Ada had been a comely girl once, and had appreciated the fact—for Sis Hardwick to make it out in such a dim light!

"Ran my head against the cupboard door in the dark," she said quickly, and tried to laugh, but couldn't, for she saw the women look at each other, and felt a wild impulse to dash her fist in their peeping faces. The tale of how the Harveys lived was no secret in the village. Had not Ada complained more than once, and bemoaned herself in the sympathetic ears of gossips who had likewise been gifted with tongues? She reddened, and drew back, as four or five men passed the group of women, steadily tramping down the road with quick, business-like step all together.

"Going to help the policeman," a girl whispered, awestruck, and Ada heard her as she re-entered her house.

She stood on the spot where her husband had stood when she had "cheeked" him. But she did not think of that now. Indeed, she did not think at all. She *felt* that he had done the deed which was in men's mouths. She did not stay to think much of that, either—whether excuses might be found for it, or whether it was in truth unpardonable, cowardly, cruel, as the gossips had said. She only knew that through it he was in danger of the most gruesome fate which can approach a man. Dully she wondered—not whether she should, but how she could save him from it.

She hastily got together a change of his

"CALL THAT SUPPER, AND COOKING?"

clothes—there had been talk of blood, and his clothes might incriminate him. Then as much cooked food as there was in the house she put into the bundle, remembering, but without compunction, that he had eaten nothing since his tea.

Now she was ready to go, but not by

the street, where the women still stood talking. She ran out through the wash-house and the little ragged garden at the back, and crouched for a while beneath the fence which bounded it. All was quiet. She threw over her bundle, and climbed the stakes, which bent and cracked beneath her weight, and caught in her clothes. Finally, she fell over into the meadow-grass beside her bundle.

At another time such a fall would not have hurt her, but now she was bruised and sore. She stood up again, and doggedly began to run. Where? To him. It was her one idea. He had started for the hop-oast, so she ran there, which was very stupid of her, as it was not likely that the murderer would have quietly betaken himself where everybody would know where to look for him. But she did not know where else to go, and it did not occur to her dull brain that he would not be there.

She did not take the shortest way, by the wood-path, where *that* had happened. She felt afraid of what she might see there. And she was equally afraid to cross the open fields, where she might be observed, even in the darkness. If Harvey had been suspected, or tracked from the scene of the murder, he could have been taken a dozen times before she got to him, while she ran round the fields by the hedges, where the grass was rank and wet, and her petticoats got soaked through and clung round her legs. Only in the few fields where the hops stood ungathered did she dare go straight across, hidden from the eyes of her enemies in the dark alleys between the rows of hop-poles.

A LITTLE GROUP OF WOMEN WAS STANDING IN THE ROAD.

It was like a horrible dream—to run, and run, and pant, and fail, yet seem all the time only to crawl. When she came to a turnip-field she stumbled and fell more than once over the roots, which she could scarcely distinguish. A covey of partridges whirred up in front of her, whereat she could have screamed.

Above the grey fields stretched the black lines of the wood, where, unreasoning, she thought of the dead man still lying, and she knew that her husband's pursuers were abroad, with the merciless determined faces which she had seen pass

her in the street—she almost wished that she could meet them now; it was so awful to know that they were out, and yet to see and hear nothing.

The twilight of the summer night had almost worn away before the fragrance of drying hops reached her, borne on the moist breeze. She spied the mass of the building which she sought, upon the ridge of a low grassy hill. The three cowls stood up against the sky, like three gigantic weird women's figures bending forwards.

Ada dragged her tired limbs up the hill, and paused at the door of the furnace-room. She was nearer than she had been to the dreaded wood. She could hear the night-wind sigh among the branches there. One of the great cowls creaked. Within the oast was a sound, regular and slow, of snoring. Ada could have laughed to hear it; she did not know precisely what she had expected, but it had been something more terrible than this.

She pushed open the door, and stood for a moment dazed, in the red glare and warmth of the fires, before she passed to the recess between two of them, where the watcher's bed was made. There he lay, in his clothes, upon a sack. The crimson glow made his face blood-red. His mouth was open. One arm was thrown upwards round his head. He seemed to lie in the deepest slumber, yet, so practised was he in sleeping and waking to rule, that, as the fires burned low, he would be sure to wake, and rise to heap on more charcoal, with a handful of the brimstone whose fumes give to the hops the right marketable colour; then, ere the fresh fuel had had time to glow, be back once more on his hard bed, to snore again.

Turnip-parings littered the ground about him, and near his hand lay a big swede with his knife stuck in it. So that had been his supper! Ada wondered dully how he had had opportunity to gather turnips—no turnips grew in the wood.

She stood and looked at him. So sound his sleep, so great his danger! There was something in the soundness of his sleep in such circumstances that appealed to her pity. She found it hard to wake him. As she watched him the tears gathered in her eyes—stupid tears, but not to be despised, for at least they were all unselfish.

Of a sudden a sound outside sent the blood to her heart: two men's heavy steps approaching, and their voices in talk. Surely *they* were coming *to take him*!

Ada had dropped her bundle. She sprang in front of her sleeping husband, snatching up the knife which was stuck in the turnip. She had no time to consider, nor to wake him, to bid him be on his guard. It was instinct which threw her between him and his foes, and bade her fight those who had never done her harm, to save him who had beaten and abused her, whose dead body she had declared her willingness to see. Instinct would have made her die fighting, rather than surrender him to them. If it is heroic to die for another, then was Ada a heroine, for it would never have occurred to her to do other than stand between them till she died. If it is love which makes a man lay down his life for his friend, then did Ada love the man whom she had cursed. But, as she waited, with fixed eyes and heaving bosom, she dreamed not at all of love nor of hate.

MR. PAXMAN'S FATHER-IN-LAW.

The footsteps, instead of entering at the furnace-room door, ascended the outside stair leading to the loft where the hops lay heaped upon the floors of the drying and cooling rooms, in rustling heaps of golden-green, with the ravishing, dream-giving odour which nobody knows who has not passed September in a hop-county.

Ada heard the men's thick boots clumping through the heaps, and the sound on the floor of the toothless rake with which they turned them, and she remembered, what she had quite lost sight of, the existence of Joe Avison, who shared watches with Harvey. Certainly, for a heroine, Ada was a blunderer! She wondered what she should have done had

Joe been by the fires when she came in, and then she wondered who the other man might be.

The fires burned steadily, and Harvey never stirred, though the men's voices might have wakened him, plainly heard through the flooring, which was built to let the heat pass through it. The sense of what they said came at last to Ada's brain.

"Oh, he'll swing, right enough! He said as much as he knew it to Tule" (the policeman).

"Was it Tule took him?"

"Not he! And mad enough at that. But he wasn't long behind with the handcuffs——"

Joe Avison laughed. Ada knew his laugh. "I'm glad he's took, anyway," he said, and added, "I take it friendly, you coming to tell me."

"Saw the light of the fires, and that sort of put me in mind you'd like to know. But I near missed you, through your going out to the charcoal-heap just then. I did look in below, but Harvey was there, sleeping like a hog, and didn't look pretty enough to wake."

Joe Avison laughed again.

"Not over-safe to wake him, neither," he said. "Came in to-night in the devil's own tantrums, he did. But I say, Bowles," with gruesome curiosity, "was there *blood* on him, or anything? How do they know it was him?"

"Blood? I believe you! Poor Livingston's and his own. A desp'rate struggle, they say, it must have been. Besides, he's confessed, the pikey [gipsy] has, a dozen times, in spite of the warning Tule gave him, quite above-board and professional. 'Anything you say may be used against you,' Tule says to him. 'Best shut up,' he says, which I must say was going rather far, to help a man who had done murder, and a pikey too! But the pikey was mad; 'I'm not agoing to shut up,' he says. 'What's the good of saying I haven't done it, when you *sees* I have? I've read the young man a lesson in meddling, anyways,' he says. Like enough he'll sing a different tune when he's sober."

"Drunk, was he?"

"Not to say drunk, but not too sober neither. Well, now, my old woman will be looking out for me. Ooay! these hops make you sleepy, don't they? Good-night, Joe."

"Well, good-night, Bowles."

One pair of boots shuffled down the ladder, while the others remained above; and the swishing and scraping on the floor continued, as the hops were turned.

As soon as she thought that Bowles would be out of sight, Ada picked up her bundle again, and crept forth from the oast, while her husband slept on.

The chill white mists were creeping up from the meadows, like an army of ghosts fleeing before the approach of day. The east was like a Gloire-de-Dijon rose, yellow, flushed with red. From withered grass-stalk and hop-vine, and all along the hedges, the cobwebs hung, grey with dew. Ada shivered as she hastened homewards.

She no more avoided the wood. She even evinced curiosity when she reached *the place*—easy to tell, with its trampled soil, and the stain upon grass and bracken. The struggle, as Bowles had said, must have been a desperate one. In the pure, grey hush of the dawning, such signs of the red-hot cruelty of men's strife and crime were doubly horrible. Even Ada, with her blunted sensibilities, felt it, and did not linger. The waking birds were chirping among the beeches and hazels as she hurried on, and an early squirrel ran across the path before her, with crooked legs and little humped back, out of all proportion to the glories of its tail.

All at once a bright beam shot through the trees on the eastern edge of the wood—another, and another—leaf, and twig, and blade, cobweb, and dew-drop were ablaze with iridescent fire, which turned to sunlight, warm and mellow and wholesome, as a new day shone upon the earth.

When Harvey returned from the hop-oast in the morning, his wife, worn out, still lay asleep upon the bed. No fire was lit, no breakfast ready, yet the man did not complain, beyond emitting a low growl—that came by habit more than anything else—as he shuffled about the place, doing for himself as best he could. He looked down at Ada's bruised face, with a feeling in his heart that was scarcely fine enough to be pity, but which was not at all unfriendly; and this shows that there was a certain touch of generosity in his nature, for it is not every man who refrains from hating that which he has marred.

But for Ada, never again did her life touch a heroic moment, like that in which she had stood at bay among the furnaces, ready to shed innocent blood for the sake of a guilty man, or to share the worst of his fate.

Never again did she come so near happiness. For occasionally it is easier to die for a man than to live with him.

LUCY ROSE FROM THE BENCH. "OF COURSE," SHE BEGAN ICILY, "IF YOU THINK IT A PROPER SUBJECT FOR FLIPPANCY——"

See "Our Novel."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

OUR NOVEL.

BY A. E. W. MASON.

"YOUR mother," said I moodily, "was quite firm. She said that half the misery in existence comes from people marrying on insufficient incomes."

"But three years!" exclaimed Lucy, with unnecessary emphasis. The words were sufficiently significant in their naked simplicity. "Why, the world may come to an end before they do."

"That's precisely what I told your mother."

Lucy looked up with a sudden hopefulness. I shook my head. "She replied that as decent Christians we ought to hope that it would."

We were sitting on the bench beside the little stream which runs just behind the garden hedge, and for a while we both stared at the water in silence. Then Lucy gave a start. She looked at me, then back again at the water, then at me a second time.

"Jack!" she said. "Couldn't you write a novel?"

"Certainly not," said I, with the utmost decision.

Lucy's expression fell from enthusiasm to disappointment, and from disappointment to reproach. There are some girls who take an unfair advantage when they look reproachful. Lucy is one of them, and I turned away.

"I think that you might try," she said gently. "I read in a paper that one author made seven thousand pounds out of a single book."

"*One* author," I replied. "And how old was the Johnny?"

Lucy magnificently brushed the question aside.

"What does that matter?" she asked. "I am sure it is better to be young; one has so much more imagination."

"One is certainly less hampered with knowledge," I agreed.

"Seven thousand pounds!" said Lucy, clasping her hands on her knee. "Just think." She turned quickly to me. "What's seven thousand pounds at five per cent.?"

"Forty-three pounds six and eightpence," I answered with equal quickness.

Lucy appeared dissatisfied. She made several calculations with her fingers; then she said—

"Nonsense! it's three hundred and fifty." She made another calculation: "Why, that's all we want!"

The enthusiasm was returning to her voice, and I interrupted hastily—

"But, Lucy, what on earth shall I find to write about?" I looked across the stream to the little red-brick town asleep in the meadows half a mile away. "Nothing happens here."

Lucy stared at me.

"Oh, how can you say that?" she asked slowly, and her tone showed that she was hurt. "There's us!"

"Oh, yes; of course there's us," I concurred immediately. "But don't you think that the story would be rather——" Lucy was eyeing me closely, and I felt myself that I was upon delicate ground. "Well, that sort of thing has happened once or twice before."

Lucy rose from the bench.

"Of course," she began icily, "if you think it a proper subject for flippancy——"

"Well, hasn't it happened before?" I interposed.

"Yes, yes," said she with a certain amount of testiness; "but not in the same way. Oh, Jack, how could it have?" and she resumed her seat.

"I see," I rejoined weakly. "It would all depend upon the way."

"Exactly. The story would have to be a sort of—you know."

"Idyll?" I suggested.

"Yes, with this brook running all the way through it."

"A sort of rippling undertone," I commented absently.

"Jack!" cried Lucy. "I am certain you could write a beautiful novel."

I roused myself in alarm.

"I am certain I couldn't. For one thing, I haven't got the time."

"It would mean a little extra work, no doubt," she replied, with extreme distance and a shrug of the shoulders.

"For another," I continued, with what I considered to be some ingenuity, "I shouldn't like to put you into a book which was written solely to make money."

Lucy softened at the argument, but that was all.

"But I don't mind, dear," she said. "Besides, all authors put their wives into their books."

"Their wives, yes!" said I, jumping at the word. "Their *wives*, and not their wives until they have been married for some months. At least, one gathers that from the tone of their stories."

Lucy cast one withering glance at me, and rose a second time. She turned her back, and it was rigid with offence.

"Oh, very well," I groaned. "I'll do it."

Lucy sat down again instantly.

"First of all," she said in a business-like voice, "you'll want a title."

"If that were all!—I mean yes, I shall want a title."

"The story's to be written from the man's point of view?"

"From the man's point of view," I repeated obediently.

"Then why not call it 'The History of a Life'?"

"Why not?" said I.

"You will end it, of course, with his marriage."

I laughed.

"That's jolly funny," I began; but I perceived from Lucy's expression that her irony had been quite unintentional, and I stopped abruptly. She commenced to draw out a scheme of the novel, and had got half-way through the third chapter when an idea occurred to me.

"Stop, Lucy!" I said. "We are on the wrong tack. The book's to make money, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's no money in Idylls. We must make our novel a Human Document," and I paused impressively on the words.

"What's that?" she asked, with a shade of anxiety.

"A record of infinitesimal details and an analysis of infinitesimal motives. We must lay bare our souls, and all that sort of thing. We must show how a number of impulses, all of them commonplace and some of them discreditable — for since we're human some of them must be discreditable, mustn't they ——?"

"I suppose so," she answered, with some reluctance; "but they needn't all be commonplace."

"In a Human Document they must be," I replied, "all commonplace." I saw that Lucy's enthusiasm was waning. I became all the more enthusiastic on that account. "We must show how these commonplace and discreditable motives have accidentally combined to produce an engagement between two people."

"Oh, but I remember," Lucy objected, "you once said you believed our lives had been drawing steadily together long before we had met."

"That would be all very well in an idyll," I rejoined. "But we have changed our point of view. In a Human Document all motives are discreditable and all combinations of them accidental. Oh! and there's something else," I went on. "If the book is to do any good it must be thorough in its analysis. So whenever you say anything, you must think what makes you say it, and let me know."

"Always?" Lucy asked despondently.

"Always," I replied, kindly but firmly.

"The book's to be a sort of prying into everything."

"I should prefer to call it a moral vivisection."

"From the man's point of view?"

"It was your suggestion, and a very good one, I think. Yes, from the man's point of view."

Lucy prodded the toe of her slipper thoughtfully with her parasol.

"I don't think it will be at all a nice sort of novel," she said at length.

"That will entirely depend upon whether you have anything to be ashamed of," I replied.

Lucy became indignant. "Not at all," she exclaimed, and she repeated the remark several times. Then she sat for a few moments in silence.

"Jack," she said doubtfully, "do you think people could keep on being fond of anyone they were vivisecting?"

"Let's keep to the book, Lucy," said I. "What do you say to changing the title?

'The History of a Life' sounds sentimental, doesn't it? Let's call it 'The History of an Emotion.' There's something literary about that. And we'll make it all end miserably and——"

"Oh, but why end miserably?" Lucy interrupted.

"Aha!" said I, "that's where art comes in. For no reason at all—don't you see?" And I leaned back and looked at her triumphantly. "Yes, the engagement must be broken off. She must remain a spinster, and he a bachelor—or no, I'll marry them both to persons they don't care twopence for. We must get the atmosphere of Hardy all over the book — a pastoral district with doom crouching over it, don't you know? We can turn the brook into a river with rapids. Why shouldn't we send them both down the rapids in the end—joined at last, you know, and their heads going whack, whack against the stones. Why shouldn't we——"

I rose from the bench and stood in what I believed to be the proper attitude of inspiration, when Lucy began really to talk.

"I suppose a good many people," she said, "wait three years before they get married?"

"Cases might be discovered," I said incidentally, and then went on: "Why shouldn't we——"

"Yes, why shouldn't we?" said Lucy.

"It's for you to say," I remarked, and sat down again.

She thought for a little.

"Are you sure there's no money in Idylls?" she asked.

"Not a farthing," I replied, and that was the last I heard of our novel.

THE EXTRAVAGANCES OF A MILLIONAIRE

By X.

THE majority of millionaires are elderly, shy, cautious. It is but seldom, therefore, that the public hears of the expenditure of enormous sums of money for the private gratification of the whims and fancies of individuals. Young men suddenly succeeding to great properties have repeatedly ruined themselves in a few years, and after supplying a text for a few dozen sermons and the dinners for a few thousand leader-writers, disappear from the public eye. Prodigal outlay for the gratification of private taste is, however, by no means confined to young men. Half-secret indulgence of an inordinate taste for comfort, luxury, and everything that can either save pain or give pleasure to themselves is characteristic of many of the millionaires of the present day.

I will give a few examples of what may be called extravagant indulgence by very rich men. Some of these examples may possibly be known to the public, such as that of the late Duke of Portland's investment of over half a million sterling in burrowing underground, by which that passion for secrecy characteristic of the Bentincks obtained its full development.

An idle millionaire of my acquaintance who had exhausted almost all the pleasures of life and who made his personal comfort a religion held with the tenacity of a Moslem fanatic, took to yachting late in life. The yacht was extravagantly furnished. The pictures in the saloon, which were bought through a well-known London firm of dealers, cost upwards of £30,000. Lorenzo the Magnificent, as the owner of the yacht may be called, in thus encouraging art did not forget himself. Though not a great sufferer from sea-sickness, on one occasion he had a fright crossing the Bay of Biscay, when, the wind and the current being in opposite directions, the sea was choppy, and knocked the yacht about to a considerable extent. Even though the vessel was hove-to, Lorenzo was a great deal bruised, and vented his displeasure on his captain. That mariner, who was a fine seaman and well accustomed to the whims and caprices of rich patrons, told his employer that the only possible way to avoid the distressing shock

of an agitated sea when the tide and wind were contrary was to throw oil upon the water to the windward of the yacht. Next time a gale of wind began to blow this plan was tried. It was not a success. Lorenzo, finding his sacred person subjected to fresh indignities by the movement of the boat, flew into a worse passion than before with his unlucky commander. When the storm had blown over and Lorenzo had regained his equanimity, the captain explained to him that the only effective method of protecting the yacht from being swept by the seas in rough weather, and thus diminishing the pitching and tossing, was to arrange for the oil to be deposited on the sea two or three hundred yards to windward of the yacht herself. The only way this could be done was by chartering a vessel as tender to the yacht, specially fitted with oil-tanks and taps for her whole length, and placing her under the command of a thoroughly competent seaman with instructions to smooth the troubled seas whenever it was necessary to do so. Lorenzo spent some £3600 in fitting a vessel with the necessary appliances, and he has added to his yacht's annual expenses nearly £4000 by providing that oil shall be cast on the water whenever the sea is rough. Even in his Mediterranean trips he is accompanied by the oil-tender to grease the waves, but the device has only been resorted to on one occasion; it must be added, however, with perfect success. In talking the matter over with Lorenzo, he denied that the oil was the chief motive in his mind in providing a tender to the yacht. The safety of his person, and the prudence of having a vessel at hand more strongly built than the yacht, and with no other duty to perform than to attend the vessel in which Lorenzo entrusted his precious self, were the reasons he gave for providing it.

This Lorenzo was a great lover of pictures, and the description even of some of his more important dealings with the owners of paintings he has coveted would fill this Magazine. The romance of picture-buying is only known to a few behind the scenes. That great prices have been given for great pictures is obvious, but what is not known is the prices which have been refused. The Ansidei Raphael, which was sold to the National Gallery for £70,000, is generally believed to be the picture that has beaten the record for price. A much larger sum, however, was once offered by Lorenzo for a well-known picture in the possession of a comparatively poor man, who until lately was a member of the House of Commons. This picture was a magnificent specimen of the artist at his best period. Lorenzo's collection of the same master included no such specimen. He took a fancy to this picture, knowing that the owner was comparatively poor, and told the latter that he had taken a fancy, and more than a fancy, to the picture, and would give him a blank cheque for it. If sold at Christie's, after being well advertised in the ways known to professional salesmen of high-class works of art, the picture might have fetched from £16,000 to £20,000. When Lorenzo's blank cheque was refused, he relapsed into gloomy silence and went away without a word. In a few days he had worked himself into a fever. Something he had wanted was denied him. He wrote to the owner offering £50,000 down and £2000 a year for life if the picture were delivered to him within twenty-four hours. In the course of the afternoon, he received a letter from the owner which, as far as I can remember, ran as follows—

Dear Baron ——, You do not seem to have understood me the other day when I intimated to you that my picture is not for sale. In declining the extraordinary offer which you now communicate to me, I feel sure that in the course of a year from now you will recognise that I have placed you under an obligation. The offer, though tempting, is unacceptable to me, and I trust that you will relinquish any idea of obtaining possession of a picture with which I do not intend to part.—Sincerely yours,

——.

On receipt of the letter, Lorenzo became more disturbed than ever. His anxiety to obtain the picture became redoubled, and the means he adopted for its possession illustrated Max Nordau's theory of degeneration. Yielding to the passion of self-gratification, he offered the owner a lump sum of £300,000, which was curtly declined. The owner in the interval between the two offers had succeeded to a considerable fortune through the death of a relative.

If there were anything heroic in Lorenzo's passion for a few feet of painted canvas, my next example of a millionaire's selfishness is that of a capitalist who indulged himself with a new pair of trousers every day of his life. To clothe his lower limbs he spent annually £912 10s. This eccentric creature was not specially extravagant about his coats or even his hats, but the rich man particular about his trousers is well known in Society to-day. This gentleman has also a curious taste for old wine, and has constantly given £20 a

dozen for rare vintages of champagne, port, or claret from cellars of known excellence. He does not drink wine himself—indeed it is uncertain if he knows anything about it, but the practice of giving good wine to one's friends is a form of self-indulgence which should not be discouraged even among millionaires with a passion for strange joys.

A very wealthy Jewish gentleman who recently amassed a great fortune rather from the credulity of the investing public than from the richness of the mines he presented to their notice, has built himself a country-house in which he has adopted the odd device of providing four bedrooms for himself to meet the climatic and meteorological conditions of the year. Summer, autumn, winter, and spring are each considered in the fitting and adornment of these four rooms. In the winter room, for example, the windows, which are small, are arranged on the Russian plan, double, with cotton-wool between them. The summer room has very large bow windows with hanging mats of fragrant cuscus grass fitted outside and moistened with a continual spray of scented water. The rooms themselves are painted and decorated in accordance with the spirit of the seasons, and, although the arrangement began as a hygienic fad, it must be admitted that the effect is charming; and if the occupant were a lovely girl instead of an elderly financier with a bulbous forehead, who makes a noise when he eats his soup, no reasonable objection could be raised by the sternest democrat.

It need scarcely be said that the gratification of the passion for horseflesh is constantly indulged in. A moneyed acquaintance who is occupied all day in the City and who has no time that he can call his own except Sundays and after dinner, has spent a very large sum of money in fitting up stables in connection with his town house of a pattern that Nero would have admired when he made his horse a consul. The stables themselves, with the exception of the stalls and loose-boxes, are fitted up exactly like the dining or drawing room of a man of taste. Exquisite cleanliness is maintained by arrangements which need not be detailed, A long corridor communicates between the stables and the house, and it is a common thing for the owner to inspect one after the other half-a-dozen horses in his dining-room while smoking a cigar after dinner. He says that he finds the society of horses a relief after the experiences of the Stock Exchange, and each of the animals brought into the dining-room receives his piece of sugar and banana as naturally as if he were a Dandy Dinmont. Shod with india-rubber, the horses do no harm to the carpets. In the last century it was not uncommon for country squires to have their horses brought to their dining-rooms after dinner, and the extravagance of my stock-broking acquaintance in respect to his stable is at all events due not to the love of display but to a sincere delight in the society of animals.

Another example of extravagance is the case of a well-known millionaire who built himself a castle in one of the Midland counties. The water of the place was pure and sufficient, but a case of scarlet fever occurring in the village at a little distance from his residence he took a dislike to the local water supply, and at a cost of over £80,000 provided himself with a fresh supply from a distance of eighteen miles. Without children or wife, and a great traveller, he does not inhabit his own country place for more than three months in the year. Although he drinks no wine, his water is an expensive beverage. Allowing only three per cent. on the money, with one per cent. sinking fund, his water costs him £50 for every day he visits his castle. This supply, it should be added, is limited to the one house. There is really no reason why it should be shared with others, for, as I have said, the local supply is ample, and of good quality.

The vagaries of the fashion are accountable for much of the dramatic extravagance of millionaires which is unsuspected by the general public. To middle-class people, a new set of linen, china, and glass, a new chair, sideboard, or bookcase, is an event in the annals of the family. To some of the wealthy families of my acquaintance, incessant and drastic change in the domestic appointments is the normal condition of life. Within the last five years, one of these millionaire families, with three grown-up daughters, have twice completely refurnished and redecorated from the top to the bottom both the town and country house. What is unintelligible to the average person who struggles for a living is that this wholesale condemnation of furniture, carpets, decoration, glass, nicknacks, and other amenities of life, is not because they are inconvenient, ugly, or out of repair, but simply because they have ceased to be in the very latest fashion. So far is this extravagant

subservience to fashion carried that when red bricks — which Mr. Norman Shaw has done so much to bring into vogue — were replaced by those of the more fashionable parti-colour, two wealthy votaries of the goddess actually rebuilt the fronts of their houses in order to march with the times.

In speaking of fashion, it would be impossible to ignore the enormous expenditure on ladies' dress. The dress of an elderly wife of a City magnate, newly rich, who was presented at a recent Drawing-Room, cost 3000 guineas, and will never be worn again in the form in which the Princess saw it. I am not sure, from what I know of the lady, that she would consent to have it rearranged. A thousand a year is by no means an unusual dress allowance to the wives and daughters of the rich. One lady recently expressed her inability to dress properly under £3000 a year, and she declared when sable tails were introduced as an article of dress, that she would require £600 more unless she were to go into Society unfit to be seen. In the matter of shoes, most ladies will have noticed that in the trousseau of Princess Maud over one hundred pairs were provided. This number has been largely exceeded by many members of the extravagant circle. Diamonds and other jewels may be regarded as investments or extravagances according to the objects for which they are obtained. Diamonds are the most mysterious of minerals. Nearly five tons of them have been dug out of the Kimberley Pit, and most of the love-making in Europe and America has been assisted and consummated by their aid. These tons of diamonds are indestructible. Nevertheless the price keeps up, and during the late boom of prosperity in South African affairs presents of sprays and parures of diamonds, costing from £1000 to £3000 apiece, were not uncommon offerings on the part of millionaires. Diamonds are now going out of fashion. Like the ostrich feather, they will soon descend to the "donah" of Whitechapel. The passion for expense among people of good taste capable of gratifying it now runs in the direction of pearls. Good pearls have doubled in price during the last fifteen years; and although necklaces like those of Lady Dudley or a solitaire pearl like that of the late Lady Rosebery are seldom to be found, the enormous prices they command are eagerly given by the modern millionaire. If the author of "Merrie England" had known something of the extravagance of millionaires, from the supplying of their own comforts to the tailoring and valeting of their pet dogs, a greater impulse would have been given to the advance of Socialism in the United Kingdom.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

I.

SAYING nothing of his purpose—to whom, indeed, should he speak now that Christel was dead?—the little old man set forth. This, in substance, is the tale he told the lawyer whom he journeyed to town to consult:

His name was Jakob Bleibtreu, a peasant of Sonnenheim, seventy-three years old. He had lived a laborious and honest life. None of his race was ever charged with crime or misdemeanour. For more than two hundred years they had tilled the soil of Sonnenheim, toiled in their cornfields and vineyards, wronged no man, and been gathered, ripe in years of stainless reputation, to their fathers. Such had been the Sonnenheim Bleibtreus—not, indeed, among the richest, but a solid, thrifty, law-abiding race.

He had owned his cottage, his father's and grandfather's before him. In it, on his own land, he had lived forty-nine years with his wife Christel. During that long time they had met their share of good and ill luck with cattle, wine, and crops, had lost both sons—good lads and sturdy as you'd seldom find—in the war; one daughter had married and moved away, and one had died. There had been storm as well as fair weather, yet, all in all, he would not say they'd not been peaceful and prosperous enough, and he could complain of nothing, for he and his old Christel had got on rarely together from the first.

It was two years and one month now since he had begun to build his new-fangled house near the village. What induced him to do it he knew not. He had never been one of those that are troubled with ideas; never been tempted to start up and do things; was always content to plod along the safe way of his forefathers. But other men were building. They talked large at the village inn over their beer. Times were changing, they said. Some even prophesied that before many years the shriek of the steam-engine would be heard in those quiet meadows. It was like a fever, that talk at the Waldhorn. Solid men, they said, should come forward when land was going up like pancakes, and show themselves enterprising and public-spirited, not stick in their shells like snails. Projects, advice, figures, and probabilities were paraded until his head swam.

He used to go home across the fields and try to explain what he had heard to Christel. He remembered better than yesterday the first time he broached the subject. He came into the kitchen and took off his boots, and she fetched him his carpet slippers and skull-cap—all still and friendly, as was her way. After they had had their usual supper of good boiled potatoes and thick sour milk, which they always ate in silence—for it was best to give your mind to your meals—and after she had handed him his long pipe and tobacco-pouch, and he had puffed awhile, he began to talk, and not before; for when he had anything to say he liked to sit down quietly and get ready and not feel hurried.

So he sat in his chair and smoked, and spoke between his whiffs while Christel sat in hers and knitted and said nothing. But somehow in the still cottage, away from the men's encouragement, things sounded altogether different. At any rate he could not rouse her to any sense of their importance or make her understand. She listened quite unconcerned, and clicked on busily, asking no questions and making no comments. But when nine o'clock came and she got up to lay aside her spectacles and knitting, and look after fire and lights, she said in her quiet way—she was always a quiet woman, his wife Christel—she thought she and her good old Jokel would be apt to sleep well and long on it before they took up outlandish notions. And somehow it secretly irritated him that she felt so secure, and every day at the Waldhorn the men's talk pulled him the other way.

It was long before she seemed able to grasp the fact that he was in earnest; and

no wonder, for never before had they two divided opinions upon any course whatever. When she at length perceived his mind was made up, she opposed most bitterly. Why at their age, so near the grave, build houses? Why have notions? Why sink their hard-earned savings in building when they had their own good Haus und Hof? Why vex themselves with noise and change? Were they not well enough and content? Let strangers come to the village—and the railway with loads of money-bags, if such things were to be; but all was not gold that glittered, and the Queen of Sheba and her gorgeousness had not yet arrived. Sonnenheim was pretty much as she remembered it going on sixty or seventy years, except for an unusual lot of foolish men-folk's talk. Surely she and her Jokel would not grow feather-brained, but go on steady and sure, hand in hand, and keeping to old fashions.

The more she pleaded, the more stubborn he became, as if in his old age suddenly possessed of a devil. He might have remembered Christel was always right. Never a woman of many words, but what she said rang true. An eye for a horse, for cattle—well, sharper than his own or any man's he knew; a sound head at market and for farm work, and judgment in all things. But he in anger told her men's schemes were too deep for women-folk. And so it came about they had their first hard words about that house, and Christel said she'd die before she'd so much as even look at it.

They quarrelled, and had been man and wife nine and forty years, and never before discontented with each other one whole day—no, not really for an hour. It was known far and wide that they two pulled strong and smooth together, and, old as young, sat snugly side by side. At weddings in the whole region round about it was customary to wish the young pair wedlock as long and peaceful as old Jokel's and his Christel's. That is what they were until he built the new house.

Well, he built it. It cost more than he had reckoned. It swallowed all his savings, and even that was not enough. Ill-luck pursued him from the day he laid the foundations. Somehow, all his money transactions went wrong. He had to mortgage his cottage and his farm. Then came the great drought, and distress on every side; no crops, no fodder, and his cattle sold for a song. Finally his health gave way, and Christel sickened and died. He buried her on the ninth of November, seventeen months gone. She had drooped from the time he began building, she took it so to heart. That is what the new house cost him.

There it stood, empty and useless. No one would buy it. He hated it. The cottage of his fathers where he and Christel had lived half a century in good and evil days, and where their children were born, he was obliged to sell. The newcomers left him his old sleeping-room which he occupied. A lonely old man, he came and went silently, troubling nobody. The new faces and voices fretted him sorely. Day and night he missed his Christel and brooded over his misfortunes.

The new house was his curse. Had he not built it he would not have lost his health, his money, his home and farm, his peace of mind and his good old wife. Over the very thought of it they two fell out for the first time in their lives. She kept her word: never looked at it building; never saw it done—it was hardly finished when she died. Had he listened to her all would still be well. Thus he brooded continually, and a dull impotent rage possessed him more and more, a sense of personal enmity toward the house which neither he nor anybody else wanted, and which had robbed him of his Christel—the blessing of all his days.

One evening the previous November he was returning from a neighbouring market town with some of the villagers. He had done little enough business, merely a few small matters which he had undertaken for the young couple in his cottage, and once he was one of the most important and respected men on the market. Such reflections galled him. It was hard in one's old age to lose the fruits of all the patient labour of one's life, as well as the consciousness one is of weight in the community.

So he was taciturn, and came away with the others—mostly young men—merely from habit, and because they were all from Sonnenheim; sat with them in the Drei Mohren and the Schwalbe and the Traube and the other inns where they stopped for beer or cider or new wine, yet drank nothing himself except one glass of the new wine—young Thomas Bolz, who was a bit merry, insisting upon it—and hardly heard their boasts and laughter, so lost was he in his own dreariness.

Finally, however, on the road homeward, their loud wit turned upon him. Bolz, chaffing him noisily about what people now called Bleibtreu's Folly, asked him if he was going to hang lace curtains

in the windows and have a door-bell like city folk; perhaps—who knew!—a piano, or even a smart young wife—such things had happened before now to sly old men. Bolz joked on, not unkindly, but after the jovial fashion of young men who have partaken at brief intervals of beer and cider and new wine. Yet, as they parted at the stile, for Bleibtreu's way lay over the fields, the others' down the highroad to the village, young Bolz was not too merry to notice how wearily the old man walked, and to turn and accompany him a bit across the fields—holding his arm; and reasonable to suppose he had retraced his feeble steps and gone the long way twice—late and alone. The young couple, too, had bade him good-night when he returned. They protested it would have been impossible for him to leave or enter the house without their knowledge. There he was sound asleep at five o'clock. Does a man commit a deed of that sort and sleep like an innocent child?

He went about silent as usual for a few weeks, after which his various bodily infirmities culminated in a long illness, and he was more or less bedridden all the

AND SO IT CAME ABOUT THEY HAD THEIR FIRST HARD WORDS ABOUT THAT HOUSE.

this was not much after ten o'clock, as all of them could and did testify.

Toward five o'clock on the following morning Bleibtreu, sleeping soundly, was waked by the young couple, who informed him his new house was burned to the ground. He made no comment, got up, went over and quietly surveyed the scene of the conflagration, returned and ate a better breakfast than usual.

The authorities, as a mere matter of form, examined him and discharged him promptly. No shade of suspicion clung to him for a moment. The building was uninsured. What motive, then, could a man have to destroy his own property? Besides, the young men testified Bolz had assisted him some distance on the night of the fire, and it seemed scarcely winter, but seemed able to bear his lot placidly; in fact, the young couple thought him rather less melancholy than before.

Meanwhile, in the sober little village where one robust sensation might afford entertainment for years, the motives of the mysterious incendiary were exhaustively discussed. The peasants confronted the gruesome possibility that their own good farmhouses and fat barns might blaze up at the touch of the same miscreant hand. Unimaginative pates produced and proclaimed monstrous theories. A certain agitation and suspicion inflamed late oratory over beer-mugs at the Waldhorn. Young Bolz was the last person seen in the street by the watchman on that fatal night. Some good folk knew for a positive fact that nobody but he set Bleibtreu's

new house afire. For what motive? Why, for devilry. Was that not motive enough for Thomas Bolz? Perhaps when people were grilled and roasted in their beds, they would begin to perceive what a dangerous and reprehensible young scamp he was. There was a distinct anti-Bolz faction. A poor lad, who once in a pet — but this was years ago — had threatened to set fire to somebody's mill, was anathematised by another group.

But rare and mild versions of such rumours reached the ill old man during the winter. People, curiously enough, were too intent upon the mystery of his burned house to concern themselves much about him. Late in March he ventured out for the first time, listened to stern as well as foolish talk at the Waldhorn, became suddenly cognisant of the strong feeling that had been accumulating steadily for a half-year, and perceived that public sentiment was like a swollen stream seeking an outlet.

So, saying nothing to anybody—for to whom should he speak now that Christel was dead?—he got a lift to the market town and came down by rail for the first time in his life to the capital to tell to the learned gentleman—whom, Bleibtreu said, men at the Waldhorn and the Drei Mohren had called the Friend of the Folk—all the evil that had befallen him; and to confess that he himself, the night that the young fellows, meaning no harm, jeered him, and his grief and rage were greater than he could bear, had recrossed the fields, hid himself from the watchman, waited until all was still, stolen into the new house, brought down and distributed everywhere straw which was stored in the garret, set fire to the accursed place at several points, locked the door, and crept away unseen and unheard as he came. From afar he watched it begin to blaze; his heart then and there threw off a great load of wrong toward his good old Christel, and he went to bed and slept soundly.

He had not one moment, on his own account, repented of his deed. It was his own house that he had destroyed. In nearly fifty years the building of it was the first wrong he had done his wife, Christel, and it had broken her heart. He wished he had but burned up the accursed thing before she died. Still, it was gone now, burned to the ground, and that was well.

But what he could not bear was that innocent men should be accused in his stead. There was angry talk, and good men were named for a fault not their own, and harm might still come of it. But even if not, he could not bear it, for his conscience gave him no rest day or night; and somehow the concealment in itself weighed heavy on him. Therefore he had journeyed to the great town to give himself up, for speech was less stumbling before strangers than to men who have stood with you at market two score years and more, and seen you regular in your seat at church, and have drunk many a mug with you at the Waldhorn, and always bidden you a neighbourly "Grüss Gott," and respected you all your days.

Infirm, sad-eyed, mild, and slow, the old man told his tale. He seemed surprised to learn if he denounced himself he

HE SET FIRE TO THE ACCURSED PLACE.

would be placed in custody. Somehow he had not thought of that, he said.

After some reflection he replied the Bleibtreus had been a law-abiding race, and he was an old man now; still, as his conscience gave him no choice and he had come to town to speak and take the consequences, he should not retract.

Moved with exceeding pity his legal confessor urged him to consider well; no man was compelled to incriminate himself; he must remember the village authorities had pronounced him innocent; the affair was six months old; the excitement must soon abate and be forgotten; now that he had thoroughly freed his mind he would no doubt feel easier: he'd better go quietly home, and if later, say in five or six months more, he should want to reopen the subject, the legal gentleman was heartily at his service.

Bleibtreu gently shook his head.

Informed if he insisted upon formally confessing then and there, the police must

be notified, and would forthwith detain him, he seemed for a moment a shade more dreary and desolate, and replied humbly that as he had not understood it would be necessary to lock him up, he thought it would be best for him to go home and put everything in order; particularly because it being already April and good sowing time, he should like to give some instructions to the young couple who were not yet acquainted with the ways of his land.

He departed, and the lawyer sincerely hoped he should never see the poor old fellow again. But in five days he reappeared, and was handed over to the august manipulations of the Law.

II.

The massive stone building, rich with carving, cost approximately eight million marks: ten million francs, two million dollars, four hundred thousand pounds sterling—a stately and sonorous sum, however reckoned, in this instance derived chiefly from the milliards extorted as war indemnity from a great conquered nation, and otherwise from the taxes under which the people groaned.

Rotund burghers, the rectitude of whose incomes led them not into temptation—that is to say, into certain forms of temptation—smirkingly pointed out to strangers the beauties of the huge and imposing edifice, but the poor and those of no repute looked askance at it. Such as they, once in, rarely emerged under pleasurable conditions.

It was lighted by electricity, warmed by steam, and employed a retinue of liveried servants, who stood about assiduously with somewhat haughty mien. Keen-faced men with portfolios under their arms hastened in every direction along its spacious corridors and up and down its marble stairways, smiling at one another—like the augurs—as they passed toward some lofty hall which would shortly resound with their eloquence, or withdrew to a still nook to prepare their repartees and impassioned bursts of oratory.

Guards, splendid of presence and gleaming as to uniform, decorated all chief portals; busts of eminent law-givers, classic and modern, awed even the ultra-flippant into a passing sense of nothingness, while the average serious-minded mortal was incited to considerable exaltation. Instinctively the human breast inflated, the spine straightened, the foot trod proudly under these august influences. It was impossible to so much as walk through the building without paying this involuntary tribute to the majesty of the Law and to one's own remote, abashed, yet, as member of the universal human brotherhood, indisputable connection therewith.

To maintain this superb Palace of Justice, its oligarchy of incorruptible magistrates, its learned and zealous prosecutors for the Crown, its troop of recorders, clerks and scribes of various sorts and degrees, its gendarmerie with the air of Vikings, its troop of well-paid menials conscious of rectitude, its libraries, reading and writing rooms, studies, and countless other amenities for the initiated, perhaps four hundred thousand marks were annually required: five hundred thousand francs, one hundred thousand dollars, twenty thousand pounds sterling—an appetising morsel, however reckoned.

On a certain summer morning, in one of the larger court-rooms, the benches reserved for the public were crowded, and although it was haying-time, a conspicuous and sturdy contingent of peasantry sat manfully along the front in their knee-breeches, scarlet waistcoats, and many rows of ancestral silver buttons.

It was long before the court opened, much after the academic quarter; but who would venture to expect here the lowly virtue of punctuality? The public waited silent and docile. Chaste, temple-like, the noble proportions and discreet light of the high and oblong judgment-hall tended to restrain unseemly chatter. Even the careless and such as had strayed in from mere curiosity became gradually hushed, and astonished at their own elevated sentiments, as they vaguely meditated upon the transcendental wisdom permeating the atmosphere, gazed ingenuously upon those lofty precincts drenched, as it were, in that virtue which we deem the most godlike attribute of man, and stared meekly at the empty and portentous judges' daïs across the opposite end of the room, where behind a fine railing of demarcation were a long and vastly erudite table and five magisterial Gothic chairs—a sort of Sinai in carved oak.

High above the vulgar a row of small loges, skirting the hall and entered by glass doors from the gallery without, were occupied by privileged guests; those favoured by great lights of the tribunal, or strangers of distinction. Peradventure astute men in royal livery might also unlock loge-doors for travellers who presented no credentials beyond a deft swift movement of the hand. It is not difficult

to guess why the great statue of Justice in that gallery preferred to wear a bandage over her eyes.

The vast machinery began at length to revolve. Two gleaming sentinels swung open the great doors on the right and stood on guard. A pause—long enough to whet the public's appetite for a felon of large dimensions. A stir. Should, then, a culprit let the righteous wait? Two stalwart blond warriors successfully conveyed the malefactor in and deposited him in a pew-like receptacle against the

A MILD-EYED, WHITE-HAIRED OLD PEASANT.

right wall; a mild-eyed, white-haired old peasant, walking with extreme difficulty, who shrank small and motionless into the corner and stared at the floor.

His counsel, a rather young augur with pleasant eyes, entered in black gown and cap, seated himself on his bench below the prisoner, opened a portfolio and studied Acts with a commendably absorbed expression. Presently more stout guards unflinchingly did their duty, swung open other doors, and ushered in the Prosecutor for the Crown, who, also in "Talar" and "Barett," took his place at the right of the daïs and bent with impressive intentness over his papers. Strongly guarded, a herd of thirty unhappy-looking jurors stamped in. The Clerk, likewise capped, gowned, and immensely preoccupied, took the left chair on the daïs.

Finally, a phalanx of three caps and gowns together advanced with dramatic effect from what may be designated—purely for convenience—the stage back, and the President of the Tribunal and two other species of learned judge filled with amplitude of person and sombre dignity the vacuum in the centre; so that five black-robed figures prepared to weigh human souls in the balance now loomed from that judgment-seat and presented a ghastly likeness to Rhadamanthus, Minos, and Aeacus flanked by two more sinister shapes like unto them. A flock of timorous witnesses—all villagers—under reassuringly strong escort, were marshalled to their seats, back to the public, and mercilessly facing these five gentlemen exhaling subterranean gloom.

Nothing, in point of fact, had as yet transpired. The participants had but assembled. Yet already the wondering layman was convinced of three things; that the law has indeed other methods of procedure than our careless, unimpressive, unhistrionic ways of coming into rooms and sitting down among our fellow-creatures quite simply, as if naught depended on the action; that the armed force in that building in time of peace could—unless its looks belied it—withstand an invasion of barbarians; and that if one were personally led innocent before that awful Five, the ominous environment well might hypnotise one into confessing unattempted and undreamed of crimes. Still the world moves; the Council of Three and the *Vehmgericht* wore masks—one patch of black prognostication more.

Meanwhile, the thankless old man, for whom all this pageant was unfolded, sat small, humble, and unheeding in his corner, and never raised his eyes or had any proper appreciation of the complicated and imposing apparatus in movement at the moment solely for him; never once thought of the enormous expenses of that Temple of Justice, the Honorarium of each of the five Sublimities, and the salaries of the vassals, all accruing during the time required for his case, in a certain sense exclusively on his account—that, in short, justice might be done him.

Eighteen things now happened in due course; all indispensable, beyond a doubt, as that which had preceded, or surely wisdom and learning, at the very thought of which the laical brain reels, would never have ordained and crystallised them in adamantine form, to shake which ever so lightly were sheer profanity.

But since it was publicly known the prisoner had confessed his deed and

delivered himself up to the authorities, homely common-sense was altogether in a bad plight and well-nigh discouraged before the legal bill of fare was half completed. The originally clear questions of right and wrong became hardly perceptible, so wadded were they in herewiths, hereins, to wits, aforesaids, heretofores, and such judicial mufflers. Things at other times of no import, the pushing about of pink-covered Acts and inkstands by the five transcendental ravens, became, after the triumphal impressiveness of their entrance, fraught with subtle significance. The Prosecutor for the Crown, regarding his well-shaped hands, seemed no mere mortal inspecting ordinary human nails, but a supernal being drawing pure νοῦς from those polished sources. Only a little group of the augur fraternity, bending sharp busy faces over documents, were quite unmoved by all the florid circumstance—they best knew why. While always in his corner—small, passive, detached, remote, with downcast brooding eyes, sat the meek old man.

1. The names of thirty worthy men were read out by the Clerk.

2. After much rejection on the part of Prosecution or Defence, twelve of the thirty were finally impanelled as jurors.

3. Johann Senfft, joiner; Karl Bauer, vintner; Adam Mollenkopf, plumber, etc., were sworn, a process which they, being a little heavy tongued, unaccustomed since their remote schooldays to public feats of verbal repetition, and doubtless, like everybody else, in deadly fear of the black Sublimities, found curiously embarrassing.

4. Blood-curdling admonition to rustic witnesses to tell the truth, and warning against perjury. Witnesses, already more dead than alive, reconducted under strong guard from court-room to place outside, and held in a sort of limbo.

5. Interrogation as to name, age, parents, religion, and occupation of accused, and whether previously indicted.

6. Reading of the accusation—a rare privilege for the unjuridical. In most serious and abstruse language was alleged of a man who, voluntarily confessing he had burned down his house, had surrendered himself to the authorities, that he was under the impeachment of affording sufficient grounds for suspicion that he on a certain date did wilfully, deliberately, consciously, intentionally with malice prepense, etc., by setting fire to his dwelling house, perpetrate arson.

7. Jakob Bleibtreu was transported by the giants on guard to the very foot of Sinai. Being an aged man, infirm and ill, he was permitted to remain seated. He still preserved his weary, sad, and unconscious demeanour. The public could see little but the top of his bowed white head. He never glanced at the jury.

At first, under the presiding Magistrate's examination, Bleibtreu's voice was almost inaudible, but as he continued and related in his own fashion what had happened, the court-room became hushed, and his slow and gentle accents were distinctly heard.

In him truth spoke and grief. The pomp and circumstance which had preceded and surrounded him vanished like mist. Bent, wizened, humble, unlearned, unmindful of effect, uneloquent, he alone for a brief period dominated that forum. When he ceased, a great stillness prevailed. What that loving, remorseful, single-hearted, dazed and baffled old man had done, what he had felt and endured was clear as light. What ought now to occur—no less.

When a child confesses a fault because he will not see a mate blamed for it, what decrees the tender wisdom of mothers—by no means the least sound code on earth? What were those familiar words in the Book all Law Courts profess to venerate? *If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.* That aged, infirm man had already been in custody three months awaiting trial. Were it not rank heresy one fain would choose for Bleibtreu and his like, instead of this vast enlightenment of judicature, some ruder *plein air* method of early shepherd folk. It might have better served the purpose.

Vague speculation, too, upon the essential meaning and uses of punishment followed. What dire convulsions would have rent the Commonwealth had it straightway forgiven the broken-hearted man of threescore and thirteen years? *There is no worse torture than the torture of laws,* wrote one named Francis Bacon, bidding judges "beware of hard constructions and strained inferences." Then—the solemn thought arose unbidden and lingered—were Christ there that day how would He judge—how look upon this gentle old culprit? But these at best were mere laical visions, idle, irrelevant, and distinctly lawless. Bleibtreu was reconducted to his corner and the business of the court went relentlessly on.

8. Witnesses one after another were called, questioned, and cross-questioned by the counsels for prosecution and defence to prove, it would seem, that Bleibtreu did the deed he had confessed. Their testimony went apparently to establish the mooted points that Jakob Bleibtreu had had a house, a wooden house, a hereinbeforementioned now (presumably) burned, house — and its distance, thirty yards or more, from other buildings, was made manifest by a diagram at which Johann Senfft blinked long.

9. Examination of "experts" who declared Bleibtreu to be of sound mind, and who—one knew not the cause of this favouritism—had been permitted to remain in the hall instead of being promenaded painfully back and forth by gendarmes.

10. The President of the Tribunal, but in no such plebeian terms as follow, framed the questions to be determined by Senfft and Co.—

1. Was the prisoner guilty of setting his dwelling-house afire, thereby committing the offence of arson?

2. If so, were there extenuating circumstances?

11. The Prosecutor for the Crown and the Counsel for the self-accused pleaded long, with *Replik* and *Duplik*. But what was here to prosecute? the ignorant and merely human person asked himself, aghast.

The learned Counsel for the Crown intimated, indeed, that on account of the

"BUT, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, WHAT IF THE WIND HAD BEEN SOUTH-EAST?"

infrequent circumstance of self-denunciation he should in this instance overflow with magnanimity. He then proceeded to paint a picture of an inky black night, a peacefully sleeping village, a dangerous old man speeding across fields, the bursting forth of lurid and hungry flames—until Johann Senfft, Karl Bauer, and Adam Mollenkopf began to tremble for their roofs.

And what was in the prisoner's mind as he stole stealthily across those midnight fields? What, Gentlemen of the Jury, were his i-n-t-e-n-t-i-o-n-s? A dwelling-house was thirty yards north-west of Bleibtreu's. Forty yards in another direction stood a well-stocked, unsuspecting barn. What loss of life and property might not have ensued had there been in that still and sheltered valley a tornado, a cyclone? What mercy had Bleibtreu on the slumbering and respectable fathers and mothers of large families and their innocent and promising babes? Here Johann Senfft and the eleven gazed round-eyed at the speaker, and even the patient little old man in the box glanced up once, mild and wondering.

The wind, it appeared, was north, but, Gentlemen of the Jury, *what if the wind had been south-east!*

The augur, usually a young thunderer, for some occult reason, was moved on this occasion to speak with peculiar gentleness and briefly. Is it conceivable that even augurs may sometimes long for simplicity? No word of his, he said, could deepen the profound and memorable impression produced by his client; claimed that his manliness in voluntarily submitting at his age to the humiliation of imprisonment should have great consideration in the verdict; accentuated the fact that no self-interest actuated the deed, no other property was harmed; dwelt upon his heavy sorrow, his mental depression, his irreproachable life, his years and his infirmities — pleaded strongly for acquittal.

12. The prisoner, being informed the last word was his privilege, shook his head wearily.

13. The President charged the Jury as if instructing twelve hopeless idiots, so long, often and strenuously did he repeat his utterances. Yet, if their intellects felt as shattered as those of most unprofessional persons present, his method was, perhaps, not ill-advised. What should chiefly govern their deliberations must be, it appeared, whether the prisoner, in setting incendiary hands upon his own property, had or had not — oh, marvellous mazes of jurisprudence! — incendiary designs upon the property of others.

14. The Court withdrew, Bleibtreu was removed, and the crushed public wandered drearily about and stared at Moses, Solomon, Solon and Lycurgus. Honest Johann Senfft, joiner, Carl Bauer, vintner, Adam Mollenkopf, plumber, etc., were convoyed by the still unexhausted guard to some stronghold and remained absent a full hour—conscious the eyes of the nation were upon them—while they officially made up their minds whether or no Jakob Bleibtreu had deliberately, wilfully, intentionally, and with malice prepense set fire to his dwelling-house, thereby committing the offence of arson, and, if so, what were his motives in doing it.

15. The Court—it were impious to suspect their Honours had stooped to beer in the long interval—sailed in again, black and majestic. The prisoner was detained without. Carl Senfft, being called upon, announced in stentorian tones the verdict:

"In answer to the first question—*Yes, with more than seven voices.*"

"In answer to the second question—*Yes, with more than seven voices.*"

16. Whereupon the two Samsons in charge of the prisoner brought him in and held him up that he might listen with fitting respect to what Carl Senfft and the others had determined were the ultimate facts of the case.

"*Prisoner at the bar, hear the verdict of the Jury,*" was thundered down from Sinai.

The Clerk then proclaimed the oracular utterance: "In answer to first question—*Yes, with more than seven voices.*" But as he did not re-read the question, and as the prisoner had long since forgotten or indeed never grasped it, the truly legal beauty of this situation was that the person most concerned could not possibly comprehend whether he was acquitted or found guilty.

"In answer to second question—*Yes, with more than seven voices.*"

17. Considerable discussion and pleading as to degree of severity of Bleibtreu's penalty.

18. Rhadamanthus, Minos, and Aeacus retired to concentrate their combined genius upon the sentence. After a prolonged absence they reappeared, their august, sable state quite unimpaired, and the prisoner was once more shoved and propped into deference to hear his doom:

TWO YEARS' IMPRISONMENT, AND RECOMMENDED TO THE MERCY OF THE KING.

As at this season the Sovereign was busy entertaining foreign potentates, and as the formalities of the law must proceed with inexorable circumstance whoever pines and dies, it happened that some weeks elapsed before Jakob Bleibtreu's humble griefs could be laid before the Throne. In the meantime, another monarch, all-merciful, came unannounced by night and released the weary old man from prison and from pain.

IN THE MEANTIME, ANOTHER MONARCH, ALL-MERCIFUL, CAME UNANNOUNCED.

[*This Story is Copyright in the United States of America by the Bacheller Syndicate, 1897.*]

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

Last year I was yours for a look or a word—
Yours, body and soul; yours for evil or good.
But to-day I could meet you with pulses unstirred,
Unimpassioned in mood.

Had you chosen to speak in those days that are gone,
Yours was it to speak, it could never be mine.
Now the hour is over, the dream now is done.
Can it be you repine?

Is it strange, do you think, that my love has grown cold,
Starved to death, for the lack of a word, of a smile?
Once it might have been yours, friend, to have and to hold,
Had you thought it worth while.

LYDIA M. WOOD.

OUR GREAT NAVAL HERO.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NELSON.

By CLARK RUSSELL.

St. Vincent.

ON the forenoon of the 11th of February, 1797, two British frigates, the *Minerve* and *Romulus*, were lying at anchor off the then new mole in the Bay of Gibraltar. At Algeciras floated three Spanish line-of-battle ships. The wind blew a fresh breeze from the east, and it was a fine morning.

Presently the *Minerve*, which flew a Commodore's broad pennant at her masthead, got under weigh. There was never a fairer sight than the picture of a British frigate getting her anchor and flashing into canvas. As if by magic she was clothed from waterway to royal yardarm, and heeling from the breeze and under command of the helm, while a foreigner would be leisurely sheeting-home his topsails, and getting into a mess forward with his jib sheets to windward.

No sooner had the *Minerve* started than two of the three Spanish line-of-battle ships were observed to be in motion. In short, it was speedily seen that they intended to chase the British frigate. Spain had declared war against Great Britain and was in coalition with France, and she had sent forth upon those seas which she never could command a flotilla designed to annihilate that ancient foe, whose merchant seamen, led by buccaneering chieftains, had swept her Armada up Channel into the North Sea, and so left it to struggle round about to its own destruction.

On the quarter-deck of the *Minerve* two persons were walking. One was Commodore Nelson, whose broad pennant was at the masthead; the other was Colonel Drinkwater, afterwards Bethune. Since Nelson's appointment to the *Agamemnon* he had seen a good deal of service; he had fought in a not very glorious battle with the French, thanks to the withering prudence of Hotham, the Admiral in command of the British; he had lost the sight of an eye in Corsica; in many directions had he been active. He was now sailing to join the fleet under Admiral Sir John Jervis, doubtless to be met with somewhere in the waters off Cape St. Vincent. The Spanish line-of-battle ships brought the steady east wind along with them; the *Minerve*, on the other hand, was for some time bothered by the eddies and baffling flaws which you get near the Rock when the wind is east. But presently she took the breeze full and fair, and slanted along with fairly nimble French heels; for French she was by birth, having been captured in the Mediterranean in 1795.

When it was discovered that the Spaniards were after her, the frigate was cleared for action. Her situation was critical, even though Nelson was on board. Two huge line-of-battle ships opposed to a little frigate! Colonel Drinkwater said to Nelson as they walked the deck together, that there seemed every probability of the enemy overhauling and engaging the *Minerve*. "An engagement is quite possible," answered Nelson. "The headmost ship appears to be a good sailer. But," he added, looking up at his broad pennant, "before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting I will have a struggle with them, and sooner than give up the frigate, I'll run her ashore." Here the Captain of the frigate (Cockburn) who had been viewing the chasing enemy through a spy-glass, stepped up and said that he believed the headmost ship was gaining upon them. This conjecture did not hinder the company from going below to dinner, which was just then announced. Before Nelson quitted the deck the order was given to set studding sails. At table Colonel Drinkwater was seated next to Lieutenant Hardy (the "Kiss me, Hardy!" of the *Victory's* cock-pit, always a favourite of Nelson's; he had fallen into the hands of the Spaniard, and had recently been

exchanged. The Colonel was offering him his congratulations when the dreadful cry of "Man overboard!" echoed into the cabin through open skylight and companion-way. The ship's officers rushed on deck. Drinkwater ran to the stern windows to see if the unfortunate man was in sight. Instead of the man, he saw one of the frigate's boats with a party of sailors, and Hardy at the helm. The current of the Strait set strongly eastward, and soon the boat was far astern of the *Minerve*. Apparently the man had sunk on striking the water—he was never seen again.

Hardy speedily signalled that the man was lost, and his crew put all their weight of British muscle into their oars to regain the frigate. What an extraordinary situation! A boat full of men struggling against the deadly set of the current, and beyond her the snow-white towers of the huge Spaniards sharpening upon the eye into distinctness as they drove the brine boiling from them with metalled forefoot! Nelson, casting one look at the boat and another at the enemy, cried out, "By God, I'll not lose Hardy! Back the mizzen-topsail." This was done, and the frigate's way was arrested, and the brave hearts astern, with redoubled exertion, drove their clumsy boat through the snarl of sea.

Now how would a novelist rescue the British frigate from this situation of extraordinary peril? Would he dare invent the escape that really happened? Perhaps it would not have happened but for the terror excited by the name of Nelson, even *then*, albeit the mighty tragedies of St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar were yet to be enacted. It was known by the Spaniards that Nelson was on board the *Minerve*. The foremost of the pursuers on seeing the frigate bring her mizzen-topsail to the mast believed that she meant to fight. Let it be credited that the captain of a Spanish ship of the line did not consider himself an equal match for a British frigate with Nelson on board! The Don shortened sail to allow her lubberly consort to join her. This stratagem of fear enabled the *Minerve* to drop down to her boat, and having picked up Hardy and his crew, she proceeded on her voyage under a press. By sunset both the hulking Spaniards were out of sight.

Amongst the passengers in the *Minerve* was Sir Gilbert Elliot, the Viceroy of Corsica, by whose side, in a cot in the frigate's after-cabin, slept Colonel Drinkwater. On the night following the alarms of the day the Colonel was awakened by the opening of the cabin door; a light was burning in the fore-cabin. He observed some person enter, and after peering, made out by the dim light that it was Nelson. "Is Sir Gilbert awake?" Nelson asked. "No," answered the Colonel; "has anything fresh happened?" Nelson stepped to his cot, and said in a low voice, he had every reason to believe that the *Minerve* was at that very moment in the midst of the Spanish Fleet. Their signals assured him it was not Sir John Jervis's. "The night is foggy," continued Nelson. "The *Minerve* is now between two very large ships, within hail of each of them; others are close aboard on all sides. Neither Cockburn nor I have the least doubt that the strangers are Spanish." "This is out of the frying-pan into the fire," said the Colonel, who was clearly now very wide awake, though the Viceroy continued to snore. "We have certainly got into something like a scrape," said Nelson. "It is quite unavoidable on account of the night and the fog. With address we may extricate ourselves. If they are not the Spanish Grand Fleet, they may be a convoy or a detached squadron proceeding to the West Indies, and destined to strengthen the Spanish naval force in that quarter. If so, it is of the first moment that the British commander on the West Indian Station should be early apprised of these movements of the enemy. This duty I shall undertake instead of joining Sir John Jervis." The Colonel listened with consternation. The idea of being conveyed to the West Indies was horrible. He hoped to find a means of escape in the Viceroy. "What will you do with Sir Gilbert Elliot?" he asked. "It is of the greatest importance that he should not only see Sir John Jervis, but reach England with the least possible delay."

Nelson answered, "I'll go on deck and see how things are there."

Sir Gilbert still snored, and the Colonel was considerate enough not to waken him. The *Minerve* was so manœuvred as to seem to belong to the ships. As they wore or tacked so did she, contriving, nevertheless, to edge away insensibly. Thus she managed to scrape clear of what actually proved to be the Spanish Grand Fleet. Nelson shaped a course which he believed would give him a sight of the ships of the night, and settle his doubts one way or the other. But, in spite of a bright look-out, nothing hove into view, until at day-break on the 13th of February, when, in

the haze of the dawn, a brig and a cutter were sighted, and soon after a larger sail, which proved to be the British frigate *Lively*, an outskirt of Sir John Jervis's fleet.

The curtain now rises upon one of the most majestic sea-pieces on record. A battle was to be fought, and the British

NELSON STEPPED TO HIS COT, AND SAID IN A LOW VOICE THAT THE "MINERVE" WAS IN THE MIDST OF THE SPANISH FLEET.

Admiral, Sir John Jervis, was overheard to say to himself, "A victory is very essential to England at this moment." Public alarm in this country was great indeed. We feared that the Spaniards would effect a junction with the French and sweep the Channel from Land's End to the South Foreland. Colonel Drinkwater declares that "nothing but England's disgrace and downfall was foretold and talked of throughout the kingdom." It was even coming to the closing of the Bank of England and the general suspension of cash payments. In these times of peace, which all must hope will long continue—in spite of the old West Indian naval toast, "A bloody war and a sickly season"—it is hard to realise the very uneasy lives led by people who dwelt in the towns on our coast. Families visit Ramsgate or Brighton nowadays, and not the least idea of a crescent of French and Spanish ironclads bombarding their apartments disturbs the enjoyment with which they view the children sporting in the surf or digging in the sand. Very different was it a hundred years ago. The spy-glass of the longshoreman ceaselessly swept the line of the horizon in search of the topmost cloths of the gigantic enemy who hoped to shake

these kingdoms to their foundation. Indeed, down to 1805, the scare of invasions, of huge floating armaments, was continual. Not a hundred years ago! Has the demon of steam worked such a change that our longshore panics never can recur? Let us hope it has.

On falling in with the British Fleet, Nelson at once went on board the *Victory*, Jervis's flag-ship, and on the same afternoon shifted his broad pennant to the *Captain*. The Spaniards were not far off. Nelson was able to report this for certain, and before sunset on the evening of the day preceding the fight, the signal had been made for the British ships to prepare for battle. Throughout the hours of darkness the vessels kept in close order. There is something wonderfully impressive in the picture of those fifteen towering giantesses whitening the dusk of the night with a light of glimmering canvas, moving slowly, stately, grimly onwards, a hush upon the decks, little to be heard but the sob of the sea at each thrust of cutwater. The human expectation in them, the hopes but not the fears, gave them a sentience of their own; they moved like lofty goddesses, instinct with the spirit of the high and splendid hearts that crowded them.

The preparation for battle was not then as it now is. Cutlasses were ground, pikes sharpened, pistols flinted: these were for the boarders. They filled powder and fitted well-oiled gun locks to the great cannon, and slung their lower yards with chains. One who was present in that memorable battle says that Signal-Lieutenant Edghill called from the main yard of the *Barfleur*, peering into the haze, "I have a glimpse through the fog of their leeward line, and they loom like Beachy Head. By my soul they are thumpers! for I distinctly make out four tiers of ports in one of them, bearing an Admiral's flag." "Don Cordova in the *Santissima Trinidad*," says Vice-Admiral Waldegrave, "and I trust in Providence that we shall reduce this mountain into a molehill before sunset."

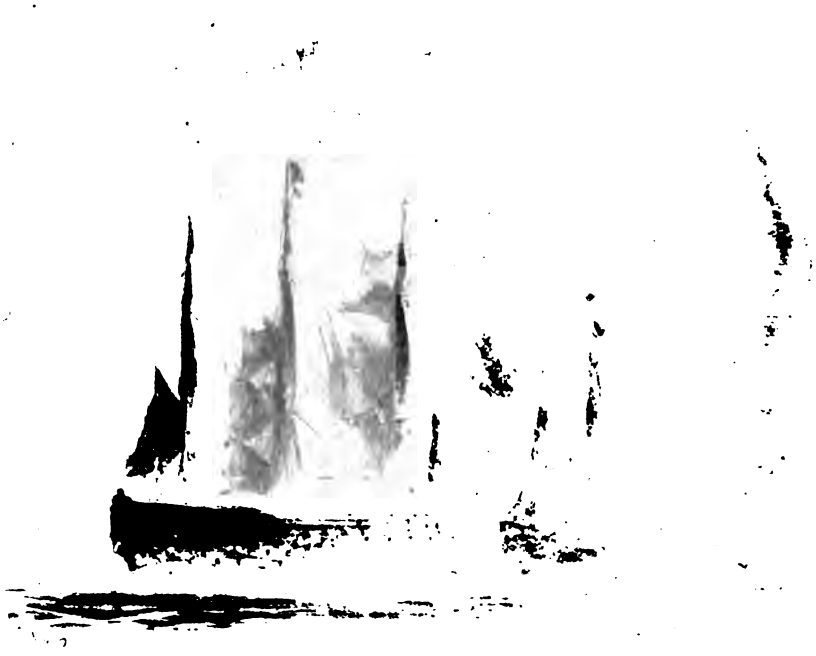
Whilst this was passing aboard the *Barfleur* the gallant Jervis was walking the quarter-deck of the *Victory*. "Make the signal to prepare for battle," said he. How all that is noble, heroic, gallant, dashing, in the long and glorious sea-story of our country leaps to our appreciation with the mere utterance of the name of Jervis! As he walked, the hostile numbers were reported to him as they appeared by signal. "There are eight sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, Sir." "There are twenty-five sail of the line." "Very well, Sir." "There are twenty-seven sail, Sir John," and this was accompanied, says my authority, by some remark on the great disparity of the forces, Jervis's fleet consisting of fifteen sail of the line only. "Enough, Sir! No more of that!" exclaimed Jervis. "The die is cast; and if there were fifty sail I would go through them." Captain Hallowell—the eccentric officer who after the Battle of the Nile presented Nelson with a coffin—was so delighted by Jervis's speech that, gently clapping the Admiral on the back, he cried out; "That's right, Sir John; that's right. By God! we shall give them a damned good licking!"

The Spanish foe was a splendid but a formidable sight. He floated in mountains grinning with artillery. The *Santissima Trinidad* sat like a cathedral in her enormous bulk of timber pierced by the teeth of a hundred and thirty-six guns. She was believed to be the largest ship in the world. Unfortunately, in our day somebody has discovered that she was not a four-decker, and so another harmless tradition nods to its fall to the blast of old Dryasdust's blunderbuss. It was immediately noticeable that the Spaniards, however formidable they looked, were making a very ill figure in a tactical sense. Parsons, who, as an eye-witness, I am willing to quote, says: "They made the most awkward attempt to form their line-of-battle. And they looked a complete forest huddled together." Jervis formed his fleet in line-of-battle, and headed so as to cut off some of the Spanish ships to leeward. Several Spanish line-of-battle ships and frigates, separated from their main body, stood away on the starboard tack, aimlessly firing as they went. The leading British ship was the *Culloden*, commanded by Troubridge, one of the finest and bravest of the sea-officers of that day of marine giants. As she floated into the wake of the Spaniards the signal was made to tack in succession, and the *Culloden* instantly put her helm hard down. It is not for me to say what Jervis should have done. There are plenty who have passed their opinions freely on the subject of this signal. There can be no doubt, however, that the signal to tack in succession was an error of judgment. Such a strategy would oblige every British ship to arrive at the point where the ship immediately ahead of her had tacked before shifting her helm for the signalled manœuvre, and this would give the

Spaniards plenty of time to go clear of their foe and either put themselves into a proper posture of battle or sail right away for home. It was Nelson who, observing the blunder flying at the *Victory's* masthead, determined not to heed it, and, with the instincts of a consummate seaman and the perception of a born tactician, he put his helm up and headed for the *Santissima Trinidad*. The mighty Spaniard was compelled to put his helm down. This gave time to Troubridge and other headmost ships to arrive. Nelson's bold and decisive manœuvre was a breach of discipline, a

replied Sir John Jervis, "I will forgive you also."

Let us now attend to the proceedings of Nelson. Having wore ship as we have seen, he passed between the *Diadem* and the *Excellent*, and was speedily engaged with the leewardmost of the Spanish division. He was in the thick of the *Santissima Trinidad*, the *San Josef* and *Salvador del Mundo*, both of one hundred and twelve guns, the *San Nicolas*, and two other first-rates. Sir Gilbert Elliot and Colonel Drinkwater, watching, on board the frigate *Lively*, this marvellous sight



THE SPANISH FOE WAS A FORMIDABLE SIGHT.

defiance of Jervis. It is an illustration, however, of his amazing spirit and impetuosity of character. He saw what was the right thing to do, and did it without giving an instant's thought as to what the consequences might prove to him, not, indeed, if his one ship should be defeated and silenced by her gigantic opponents, but if Sir John Jervis, the tautest of disciplinarians, should deal with him afterwards. He might, perhaps, have guessed he had nothing to fear on this score. Jervis loved him. After the battle, Captain Calder said something to Jervis in depreciation of Nelson. "If ever you commit such a breach of your orders,"

of one comparatively small British ship engaged with a cluster of towering Spaniards, naturally expected to see Nelson annihilated. Indeed, they thought his conduct extraordinary and unaccountable. He was presently supported by the *Culloden*, Captain Troubridge, but for an hour or so these two vessels were fighting the most unequal battle on record. The iron hurricanes of the Spaniards had almost wrecked the *Captain* aloft. At last arrived the *Blenheim*, which passing to windward of them, and ahead, to use Nelson's phrase, "eased us a little." The *Salvador del Mundo* and *San Isidro* had dropped astern, and were compelled by Collingwood's

passing broadsides to hoist English colours. Collingwood was in command of the *Excellent*. He and Nelson were old and affectionate friends. They had served together in the West Indies, and by a strange chance, which had something of destiny in it, when we think that these two men came together at Trafalgar again, the ships which Nelson had commanded in the West Indies had proved so many links in the promotion of the career of Collingwood.

The *Excellent*, having delivered her smashing broadsides, held on for the support of Nelson, whose situation was certainly very critical. To use the language of Nelson, Collingwood disdained the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, and "most gallantly pushed up to save his old friend and messmate." The *Captain's* plight was little less than that of the sheer hulk's. She had lost her foretopmast. Every sail had been shot away. Every shroud and rope was an end. And the wheel was gone. She could prove of no further service in the line or in chase. The *Excellent* ranged up with every sail set, and passing within ten feet of the *San Nicolas*, the ship that Nelson was fighting, poured into her one of Collingwood's most awful and tremendous drenches. The wretched Spaniard luffed, and the *San Josef* fell on board her. That cool, austere, and wonderful seaman Collingwood then passed on for the *Santissima Trinidad* at the time when Nelson ordered his helm to be shifted, and called for the boarders.

There were some soldiers of the 69th on board, and headed by their lieutenant (Pierson) they were the first to make the attempt to board the huge *San Nicolas* of eighty-four guns. Boarding was always the toughest of the many tough and grim duties of the seamen of those days. A very small swell of sea would suffice to keep the two flaming antagonists reeling and parting, reeling and parting in regular pendulum tick. By the boarding-pike was the prowess of our country established, and her greatness maintained, not in the capture of line-of-battle ships, but in marvellous cutting-out expeditions and in single ship actions. The ironclad has removed a deadly weapon from the hands of the Jacks, but let not the enemy exult, for if the pike has foundered the heart is still afloat, and the heart must always be first.

The earliest to gain the *San Nicolas's* mizzen-channel was Berry, the First Lieutenant of the *Captain*. A soldier broke open the upper quarter gallery window, leapt, and was followed by Nelson and others. The cabin doors were fastened, and the Spanish officers fired down through the skylights with pistols. But one broken door sufficed to liberate the boarders, the soldiers fired a volley, and the Spanish Commodore fell. Nelson rushed on to the quarter-deck, and found Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. The ship was in their possession. But another trouble was alongside, for just then the *San Josef* began to fire muskets and pistols from the Admiral's stern gallery. Nothing was to be done but board her, and so seize and silence her. Little risk attended this. Scarcely had Nelson entered her main chains when a Spanish officer, looking over the quarter-deck rail, exclaimed that the ship had surrendered.

Possibly this was the most thrilling moment in Nelson's life. Two line-of-battle ships captured by boarding! Even after the battle is over and Nelson sits down and muses he seems unable to realise it all. "The more I think of our late action," he wrote to his wife, "the more I am astonished; it absolutely appears a dream." And he writes to Sir Gilbert Elliot: "To receive the swords of the vanquished on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate can seldom fall to the good fortune of any man. "Memorable and wonderful is that picture of the wrecked British man-of-war lying alongside her two huge prizes, with Nelson on the quarter-deck of one of them receiving from the Spanish Captain, who bends his knee, the honourable sword of a man who had done his best and could do no more. He said that the Spanish Admiral was dying of his wounds below. Nelson gave him his hand, and requested him to inform his officers and the ship's company that the vessel had surrendered. This he did. "And," says Nelson, "on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which, as I received, I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen."

The flag-ship, the *Victory*, in sailing past the amazing marine triplet, thrice cheered with lungs of storm, and when Nelson afterwards went on board this ship to see the Admiral, Jervis received him on the quarter-deck, embraced him, and thanked him again and again in fifty kind expressions for his magnificent services. The Battle of St. Vincent was really won by

THE CABIN DOORS WERE FASTENED, AND THE SPANISH OFFICERS FIRED DOWN THROUGH THE SKYLIGHTS WITH PISTOLS.

Nelson. There is no doubt, but for his prompt and extraordinary measure, the meeting of the fleets would have ended in little more than a futile distant cannonading. The Spaniard would probably have withdrawn to his port, and awaited another opportunity for putting himself into a more powerful posture of defence by junction with the Frenchmen at Toulon. How high and generous is the heart of the seaman! All will admit that Collingwood bore a large part in Nelson's achievement on this glorious Valentine's Day. Yet with what modesty does he refer to his share! "My dear good friend," he writes, on the day following the battle, "first let me congratulate you on the success of yesterday, on the brilliancy it attached to the British Navy, and the humility it must cause to its enemies; and then let me congratulate my dear Commodore on the distinguished part which he ever takes when the honour and interests of his country are at stake. It added very much to the satisfaction which I felt in thumping the Spaniards that I released you a little. The highest rewards are due to you and *Culloden*. You formed the plan of attack, we were only accessories to the Dons' ruin, for had they got on the other tack they would have been sooner joined, and the business would have been less complete," and he signs himself, "I am ever, my dear friend, affectionately yours, C. COLLINGWOOD."

Small wonder that the great novelist, Thackeray, should have found something to almost reverentially admire in this simple-hearted, modest, noble-minded sea-warrior! How tender was the regard of those sailors for one another! How unaffected their enthusiastic admiration for the heroic qualities, and how superb is the diffidence everywhere manifested! They fight as only Englishmen do fight at sea, and then, with the sweat and reek of the battle still upon them, they sit down and write affectionate congratulatory letters one to another, and they write home cheerfully to their wives, and send their blessings to their children, and every syllable that falls from their lips or their pen glows and lives with manly loyalty and devotion to the Throne and the country they love.

I limit myself in this reference to the Battle of St. Vincent to Nelson's share in it. It would carry me beyond the purpose of these contributions to describe the battle at large. Nor, indeed, does the relation of a conflict at sea make very entertaining reading. Nothing is more insipid than to hear that at fourteen seconds past nine H.M.S. *Noah's Ark* hauled up her courses and fired her larboard bow gun at the enemy. We need a large general canvas, a gorgeous Turneresque confusion, volumes of white powder-smoke scarlet with the lancing flash, the crash of the falling spar, the yells of the wounded, the cheers of the victors. One must always regret, however, that the *Santissima Trinidad* made good her escape. We hear, indeed, of her again at Trafalgar, where, of course, she is properly accounted for. But so noble a heap of frowning timber would, of them all, have most gallantly graced that British conquest. Nelson's rewards consisted of the freedom of the City of London in a gold casket, and a sword of honour. The freedom of the city of Norwich was also conferred. The King made him a Knight of the Bath. He was promoted rear-admiral, though it seems that this recognition was not owing to his claims as a conquering hero.

"Joy sparkles in every eye, and despondING Britain draws back her sable veil and smiles," wrote turgid old Edmund Nelson to his son. Lady Nelson's letter was more to the point. "What can I attempt to say to you about boarding? You have been most wonderfully protected. Now may I—indeed I do—beg that you never board again. *Leave* it for *captains*."

A PILGRIMAGE TO BYRON LAND.

By METCALFE WOOD.

IT would be difficult to describe with anything like accuracy the relief and satisfaction I experienced as I felt the train glide quietly out of King's Cross station one hot morning last August. After travelling for about a couple of hours and a half, I arrived at the quiet old town of Newark. On alighting, I was invited to indulge in the luxury of six-pennyworth of 'bus, or the delights of a very up-to-date looking hansom, but I determined to tramp the half-mile which divides the station from the centre of the town.

The most prominent feature is the church with a lovely old spire, standing on some rising ground. Its old grey stone forms a striking contrast to the red-brick little town which clusters under its shadow.

Newark is a delightfully sleepy old place, which wakes up once a week to welcome the neighbouring countryfolk to its Wednesday market. On that day the market-place is filled with picturesque old booths, where fruit, flowers, cheap crockery, and patent medicines lie side by side in marvellous profusion.

There is probably no town of its size that has played a more important part in the history of its country than the quiet old town of Newark, once dignified by the title of "the key to the North." The place teems with recollections of the past. It was in this very market-place that Prince Rupert and King Charles came to angry words after the loss of Bristol. It was here, again, in our own times that Gladstone made his first political speech, speaking from a window of the Clinton Arms Hotel. And it was here, in 1806, that Lord Byron's first poems were printed, under the title of "Fugitive Pieces." His publisher, Mr. C. J. Ridge, had his shop on the east side of the market-place. The print on page 560 shows the shop as it then existed, and though the window has been somewhat modernised, the fabric still remains the same.

His Lordship had his rooms at the Clinton Arms Hotel, or, as it was then called, the Kingston Arms, and it was from this inn that the impatient young poet used to make his incessant visits to Mr. Ridge's house—his *house* in preference to his *shop*. The house-door was in line with that of the shop. There were two steps up to it, as there are still. Byron, we are told, used to skip up the two steps to the house-door as best he could with his lame foot, give with the brass knocker his hurried *rap-a-tap*, which from its peculiarity always foretold his awaiting presence without; so that after scarce a moment's delay the door was opened, and my Lord was forthwith shown upstairs into the drawing-room, where in due course he was respectfully waited upon by Mr. Ridge, generally with his hands full of "proof-slips," and mentally prepared to undergo the perplexity and trouble to which the "second thoughts" of the apprentice author would too often subject him, involving as they did alterations extending to remodelling of couplets, and even to the substitution of one poem for another. In 1807 came "Poems on Various Occasions," while later on in the same year he published for general sale his first copies of "Hours of Idleness."

I called upon the present Mr. Ridge, who showed me the printing-press that was used by his grandfather on these occasions, and also the first copy of "Hours of Idleness."

"These," he said, handing me some old blocks, "are the original head and tail-pieces."

After wandering for some hours about the interesting old streets, which are dotted here and there with quaint gabled houses, I made my way to the Midland Station, pausing as I passed to admire the Castle, a picturesque old ruin memorable as the place where King John breathed his last. Some few years ago, I am told, the old keeper of these ruins had a stuffed Gordon setter, which he used to introduce to credulous-looking visitors as *King John's favourite hound!*

Photo by J. McLeod, Newark.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY: FRONT VIEW FROM THE DRIVE.

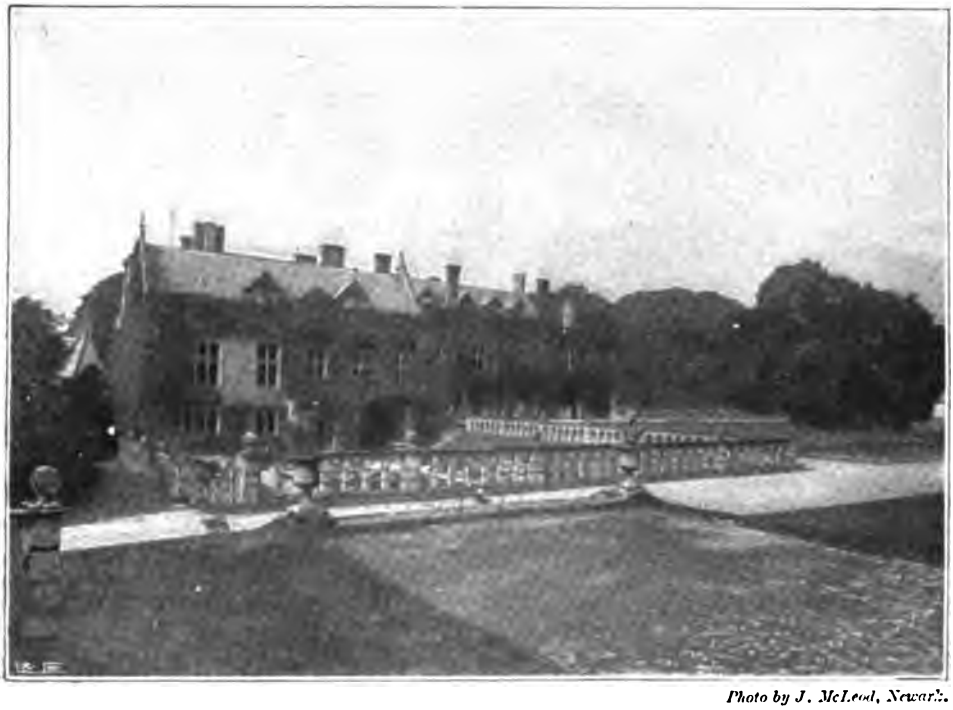


Photo by J. McLeod, Newark.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY: FROM THE GARDEN.

Showing Boatswain's Tomb on the extreme right.

From Newark to Southwell is a journey of about five or six miles. It is a single line of railway, and the eight or ten passengers who travelled by the little train bade one another a friendly "Good-day" on alighting. They all seemed to belong to one happy family, everybody knew everybody else. I alone appeared to be the intruder. Walking from the station to the town, or rather the city, one ascends by the side of a grassy slope known as Burgage Green. Overlooking this green from the top stands an old white house known as Burgage Manor. It was here that Byron spent his Cambridge vacations with his mother. Just opposite this stands Miss Pigot's house. Moore, in his Life of Byron, says: "The idea of printing his juvenile poems first occurred to him in the parlour of that cottage which, during his visits to Southwell, had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not before aware of his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the poems of Burns, when young Byron said that he too was a poet sometimes and would write down some verses of his own that he remembered. He then, with a pencil, wrote those lines beginning: 'In thee I fondly hope to clasp,' which were printed in his first unpublished volume. He also repeated to her the verses: 'When in the hall my father's voice,' so remarkable for the anticipations of his future fame. From this moment the desire of appearing in print took entire possession of him." The biographer then goes on to say that to Mr. Ridge, of Newark, fell the honour of receiving his first manuscripts.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY: FROM THE LAKE.

About a couple of hundred yards distant from Burgage Manor stands the house of the Bechers, built in Georgian style, whose present occupant, Major Becher, possesses, I believe, one of the two surviving copies of "Fugitive Pieces." The remaining copies were burnt by the author in the presence of the Rev. John Thomas Becher, who had objected to a certain poem for its too warm colouring.

Strolling down the other side of the hill upon which these houses stand I came across a pretty little trout stream looking delightfully fresh and cool as it rattled playfully over its gravelly bed and disappeared under the shade of a small copse. This little stream is known as the Greet, and in a pool not far distant Byron was wont to bathe regularly, and dive for shillings which were thrown in by himself and his companions. Some

further wanderings brought me by way of a pretty country lane round into the main street, on one side of which stands the stately old minster, particularly noted for the wonderful foliage-carving that adorns its chapter-house. On the leads of the centre tower Lord Byron has marked the outline of his foot. If Newark may be spoken of as being sleepy, Southwell may be fairly described as being fast asleep, and in spring-time I have no doubt the noise from the rookery which surrounds this peaceful old pile requires but little imagination to suggest snoring.

It was from Southwell, in consequence of what Byron himself describes as a "collision" with his mother, who in her temper hurled the poker and the tongs at him, that he beat a hasty retreat to London.

On alighting at Newstead station the prospect is hardly inviting, for after passing several coal-mines on the way, another stares you in the face as you arrive at the station.

The abbey is some mile and a half distant. There is no fear, however, of losing your way, for an avenue of beeches and oaks leads straight into the grounds. At the two lodges I was challenged for my passport, or, in other words, my "ticket." This I did not possess; but having satisfied Cerberus that all was well, I was allowed to proceed without further demur. All along the drive countless rabbits were at play, and they did not appear to be frightened at my near approach. Suddenly turning a bend I found myself in full view of the abbey. As will be seen from the accompanying view the ruin joins that portion of the building which is inhabited. The carved figure above the old ruined window represents the Madonna and Child, to whom the abbey is dedicated. The main entrance is somewhat to the right of the picture. This door leads into the entrance-hall, formerly the crypt of the abbey. It is filled with Colonel Webb's sporting trophies, most prominent among which are a lion, an alligator, and a wild boar. Here I introduced myself to the housekeeper, who kindly explained many of the objects of interest as we wandered from room to room.

Photo by J. McLeod, Newark.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY: THE BYRON CORNER.

Photo by J. McLeod, Newark.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY: LORD BYRON'S BEDROOM.

Photo by J. McLeod, Newark.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY: BANQUETING HALL.

Up four steps and we were in what in olden times was the monks' parlour, also filled with sporting trophies, while a visitors' book lay open upon the table. "It was in this parlour that the monks used to rest before going into the cloisters," said my guide, as she led the way up a massive stone staircase into the banqueting hall, the refectory of the abbey. It is handsomely panelled in oak, as the Illustration shows. The banners bearing the arms of the owners of the abbey, those of Lord Byron, hang over the spectator's head, so to speak. However, they are shown upon the shield which supports the foremost beam of the roof. The helmets and breastplates hanging upon the walls were brought by Colonel Wildeman, the previous owner of the abbey, from Waterloo. Leading out of this hall is the abbot's parlour, used by Lord Byron as a dining-room. In it are his sideboard and cellarets, and also a model of the brazen eagle found in the abbey lake, now used as the lectern in Southwell Minster.

There is a courtyard in the centre of the building, and around three sides of this, on the first floor, runs a corridor. The remaining side is occupied by the library. Through these corridors I was next escorted, passing innumerable cases of stuffed birds, brought from almost every conceivable part of the world, which form one of the finest ornithological collections in existence. At the end of one of these corridors is what may be termed "The Byron Corner," containing a collection of relics of the poet.

The little round table is the very one upon which he wrote "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" and the earlier part of "Childe Harold." Upon it, in a box, lies one of the two surviving copies of "Fugitive Pieces," his boxing-gloves, candlesticks, cup, plate, the collar of his favourite Newfoundland dog "Boatswain," and a small medallion of himself. The helmets are the ones he wore in Greece, while his swords hang underneath.

At the other end of the same corridor is "The Livingstone Corner," containing several interesting relics of the great explorer, who was an intimate friend of Colonel Webb, the present owner of Newstead. Passing first through Charles the Second's bed-room, hung with magnificent Gobelin tapestry, and then taking a peep into the panelled bed-room of Edward III. with its handsome inlaid mantelpiece, my guide bade me follow her up a little spiral stair-

NEWARK MARKET-PLACE.

Showing the Clinton Arms on the extreme right and Ridge's shop on the left.

case, pointing out a small painted window on the way. "That glass," she said, "is seven hundred years old."

At the top of this staircase is Byron's dressing-room. Every article has a small brass plate attached, bearing an inscription to the effect that it was the property of the poet. In this little room are two portraits, one of Jackson, who taught him to box, and the other of his faithful servant, while views of Oxford and Cambridge hang on either side of the door.

Leading out of this is his bed-room, with its faded yellow upholstery, its canopied bedstead, its old-fashioned green wall-paper, and its quaint furniture, all kept exactly as he left it.

Once more descending the little spiral staircase, we entered the cloisters, adjoining which was Byron's swimming-bath, now used as the stoke-hole of the heating apparatus.

My walk through the interior being now complete, my extremely courteous guide bade me good-bye, and handed me over to the care of the gardener, whom she had summoned by means of a large hand-bell. He showed me the lake in which the brazen eagle was found, and the tomb of the faithful Boatswain, bearing its well-known epitaph. A terraced garden, with large beds full of stocks, nasturtiums, asters, and the like, with the ivy-clad ruins standing in the background, go to complete one of the most delightful old-world pictures I have ever seen.

It is but a few stations from Newstead to Hucknall Torkard, concerning which there is apparently nothing of interest save the church, which is the last resting-place of the poet. There is an unpretending tablet on the south wall of the chancel, placed to his memory by his sister, the Hon. Augusta Leigh; while a plain marble slab, just above the chancel steps on the right-hand side, marks the spot where he is buried. It was placed there some fifteen years ago by the King of Greece, and bears in brass letters the simple words—

RIDGE'S SHOP, IN NEWARK MARKET-PLACE, IN 1806.

BYRON,
BORN
JANUARY 22, 1788,
DIED
APRIL 19, 1824.

Around this inscription are two sprays of laurel, also in brass.

Probably nothing could be more in keeping with the last wishes of the poet, which he expresses in the following lines, written in 1803—

> My epitaph shall be, my name alone:
> If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
> Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay.

LIEUTENANT CHANNING'S EAST INDIAN COUSIN.

By LOUIS BECKE.

NEARLY eighty years ago, when the news of Napoleon's downfall at Waterloo had not yet reached England's colonies in the far East, a small ship named the *Nourmahal* sailed from Madras for the Island of Singapore. The object of her voyage was not known except, perhaps, to the leading officials of the Company's establishment at Madras; but it was generally believed that she carried certain presents from the Indian Government to the then Sultans of Malacca, Johore, and Pahang. Sir Stamford Raffles, it was known, had urged the occupation and fortification of Singapore as a matter of importance to England's supremacy in the Eastern seas. And, indeed, three years later he began the work himself.

But the presents destined for the Rajahs never reached them; for from the day that she sailed from Madras roadstead the *Nourmahal* was never heard of nor seen again; and a year later no one but the relatives of the few Europeans on board thought any more about her. She had, it was conjectured, foundered in a typhoon, or been captured by pirates on her way through the Straits of Malacca.

The master of the missing ship was an Englishman named John Channing. For twenty-five or more years he had served the East India Company well, and his brave and determined conduct in many a sea-fight had won him not only a high place in the esteem of the directors, but considerable wealth as well. In those days it was not unusual for the captains of the larger ships belonging to or chartered by the Honourable Company to accumulate fortunes as the result of half-a-dozen successful voyages between England and Calcutta, and Captain John Channing had fared as well—or even better—than any of his fellow-captains in the service. For many years, however, he had not visited England, as, on account of his intimate and friendly relations with both the Portuguese and Dutch in the East Indies, the Government kept him and his ship constantly employed in those parts. Jealous and suspicious as were both the Dutch and Portuguese of English influence, they yet accorded Channing privileges granted to no other Englishman that sailed their seas. The reasons for these concessions from the Dutch were simple enough. A Dutch war-vessel conveying treasure to Batavia had been attacked by pirates, and in spite of a long and gallant defence was almost at the mercy of her savage assailants when Channing's ship came to her rescue and escorted her to port in safety. With the Portuguese merchants he was on most friendly terms, for twenty years before the opening of this story he had married the daughter of one of the wealthiest of their number, who was settled at Macassar, in Celebes. They had but one child, Adela, who when the *Nourmahal* sailed from Madras was about eighteen years of age, and she, with her mother, had accompanied her father on his last and fateful voyage. In England the missing seaman had but one relative, a nephew named Francis Channing, who was a lieutenant in the Marines. Nearly a year after the departure of his uncle's ship from India, all hope of his return was abandoned, and as he had left no will an official intimation was sent to the young man by John Channing's Calcutta bankers, informing him of his uncle's supposed death, and suggesting that he should either obtain a lengthened leave or resign from the service and come out to India to personally confer with them and the proper authorities as to the disposal of the dead man's property, which, as the owner had died intestate, would, of course, be inherited by his sole remaining relative. But the ship by which this letter was sent never reached England. A week after she sailed she was captured by a French privateer, one of several which, openly disregarding the proclamation of peace between England and France, still preyed upon homeward-bound merchantmen; and all the letters and despatches found on board the captured vessel were retained by the privateer captain, and were doubtless lost or destroyed.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Channing, quite unconscious of his good fortune, had sailed in his Majesty's ship *Triton* for the

Cape and East Indies. With no influence behind him, and nothing but his scanty pay to live on, he had nothing to hope for but that another year's or two years' service would gain him his captaincy. Of his uncle in India he had scarcely ever heard, for his father and John Channing had quarrelled in their early lives, and since then had not corresponded.

Although at times quiet and reflective in his manner, his genial, open-hearted disposition soon made the young officer of Marines a general favourite with everyone on board the *Triton*. The captain of the frigate, one of those gallant old seamen who had distinguished himself under Nelson and Hyde Parker, knew Channing's worth and bravery well, for they had served together in some of the bloodiest engagements that had ever upheld the honour of England's flag. Unlike many other naval captains who in those days were apt to regard somewhat slightingly the services rendered by the Marines, Captain Reay was, if not an ardent admirer of the corps, at least a warm-hearted advocate for and friend to it. Perhaps much of the feeling of friendship shown to Channing was due to the fact that before he joined the *Triton* her captain had told a certain story of his own experiences in the West Indies, in which the officer of Marines was the central figure. Captain Reay had been sent by the senior officer of the squadron to demand the surrender of a fort on the Island of Martinique, when by an act of treachery he and his boat's crew were made prisoners and confined in the fortress, where he was treated with almost savage brutality by the commandant. The frigate at once opened fire, but after four hours' bombardment had failed to silence a single gun in the fort. At midnight it was carried in an attack led by young Channing, then a mere lad, and who, although two-thirds of his small force fell ere the walls were reached, refused to draw back and abandon Reay and his men. From that day Reay became a warm and sincere friend.

* * * *

The best part of a year had passed since the *Triton* had sailed from Portsmouth, and now, with only the faintest air filling her canvas, she was sailing slowly along the shores of a cluster of islands, high, densely wooded, and picturesque. They formed one of the many minor groups of the beautiful and fertile Moluccas. Ten days before, the frigate had left Banda, and, impelled upon her course by but the gentlest breezes, had crept slowly northward towards Ternate, where Captain Reay was touching for letters before reporting himself to the Admiral at Singapore. On the quarterdeck a party of officers were standing together looking over the side at the wonders of the coral world over which the ship was passing. For many hours the *Triton* had sailed thus, through water as clear as crystal, revealing full sixty feet below the dazzling lights and ever-changing shadows of the uneven bottom. Now and again she would pass over a broad area of sand, gleaming white amid encircling walls of living coral many-hued, and gently swaying weed and sponge of red and yellow, which, though so far below, seemed to rise and touch the frigate's keel and then with quivering motion sink again astern. And as the ship's great hull cast her darkening shadow deep down through the transparency, swarms of brightly coloured fishes, red and blue and purple and shining gold, and banded and striped in every conceivable manner, darted away on either side to hide awhile in the moving caverns of weed that formed their refuge from predatory enemies. So slowly was the frigate moving, and so clear was the water, that sometimes as she sailed over a valley of glistening sand the smallest coloured pebble or fragment of broken coral could be as clearly discerned upon the snowy floor as if it lay embedded in a sheet of flawless crystal; and then again the quivering walls of weed and sponge would seem to rise ahead as if to bar her way, then slowly sink astern in the frigate's soundless wake.

But if the strange world beneath was wondrous and fascinating to look upon, that above was even more so. Three miles away on the starboard hand a group of green and fertile islands shone like emeralds in the morning sun. Leaning over the rail, Francis Channing gazed at their verdant heights and palm-fringed beaches of yellow sand with a feeling but little short of rapture to a man with a mind so beauty-loving and poetic as was his. Familiar to the wild bloom and brilliance of the West Indian islands, the soft tropical beauty of the scene now before him surpassed all he had ever seen, and, oblivious of the presence and voices of his brother officers as they conversed near him, he became lost in reflective and pleased contemplation of the radiant panorama of land, sea, and almost cloudless sky around him. Thirty miles away, yet so distinctly defined in the clear atmosphere that it seemed but a

league distant from the ship, a perfect volcanic cone stood abruptly up from out the turquoise sea, and from its sharp-pointed summit a pillar of darkly coloured smoke had risen skywards since early morn; but now as the wind died away it slowly spread out into a wide canopy of white, and then sank lower and lower till the pinnacle of the mountain was enveloped in its fleecy mantle.

As the young officer watched the changes of the smoky pall that proclaimed the awful and mysterious forces slumbering deep down in the bosom of the earth, he was suddenly aroused from his reflective mood by the shrill whistles and hoarse cries of the boatswain's mates, and in another minute the watch began to shorten sail: a faint greenish tinge in the western sky, quickly noted by the master, who was an old sailor in Eastern seas, told of danger from that quarter.

Although the typhoon season had not yet set in, and both Captain Reay and the master knew that in that latitude (about 4 deg. south) there was not very much probability of meeting with one, every preparation was made, as violent squalls and heavy rain, at least, were certain to follow the greenish warning in the sky. In a very short time their surmise proved correct, for by four in the afternoon the *Triton*, under short canvas, was battling with a mountainous sea and furious gusts of wind from the W.N.W. The presence of so much land around them, surrounded by networks of outlying reefs, the strong and erratic currents, and the approaching night, gave Captain Reay much concern, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that he acceded to the master's suggestion to bring the ship to an anchor in a harbour situated among the cluster of islands that the ship had passed early in the day.

"We can lie there as snugly as if we were in dock," said the master; "the holding ground is good, and there is room for half-a-dozen line-of-battle ships." Then, pointing to the chart lying before him, he added, "The place is called Tyar, and, curiously enough, was first made known to the Admiral at Calcutta by a Captain Channing, one of the Company's men. This plan of the harbour is a copy of the one he made ten years ago."

"Channing's uncle, very probably," said Captain Reay, who had been told by his Marine officer that he had an unknown uncle in the Company's service. "Very well, Mr. Dacre, let us get in there by all means. I am most anxious to see the ship out of this before darkness sets in and we get piled up on a reef."

A mighty downpour of rain, which fell upon the frigate's deck like a waterspout, cut short all further speech by its deafening tumult, and although it lasted but a few minutes, it killed the fury of the squall to such an extent that the ship, unsteadied by her canvas, rolled so violently that no one could keep his feet. Suddenly the torrent ceased, and a short, savage, and gasping puff struck and almost sent her over on her beam-ends, then swept away as quickly as it came, to be followed a minute later by another almost as fierce, but of longer duration.

Without further loss of time the reefs were shaken out of the topsails, for darkness was coming on, and, wearing ship at a favourable opportunity, the *Triton* kept away for Mr. Dacre's harbour. The wind, now blowing with steady force, sent her through the confused and lumpy sea at such a speed that before sundown she ran through the entrance to the harbour, and, bringing-to under a high, wooded bluff, dropped anchor in ten fathoms of water, quite close to a narrow strip of beach that fringed the shores of a little bay.

The place in the immediate vicinity of the ship appeared to be uninhabited, but as darkness came on a glimmer of lights appeared along the shore some miles away, and at daylight a number of fishing prahus approached the frigate, at first with hesitation, but when they were hailed by the master in their own tongue, and told that the ship was English, they came alongside and bartered their fish. They assured the master that the stormy weather was sure to continue for some days, until the moon quartered, and Captain Reay was pleased to learn from them that a certain amount of provisions, fish, vegetables, and fruit would be brought off daily to the ship for sale.

The wind still blew with violence, and although the ship lay in water as smooth as a mill-pond, the narrow strip of open ocean visible from her decks was whipped foaming white with its violence.

In their conversation with the master the natives had told him that at a village some miles away from where the *Triton* was anchored, there was a white man and his wife living—French people, so they said. A year before, a French privateer, running before a heavy gale and a wild, sweeping sea, had run upon the barrier-reef of one of the outer low-lying islands of the group, and, carried over it by the surf, had foundered in the lagoon inside. Only ten

people were saved, and among them were the Frenchman and his wife. Two months afterwards, eight of the male survivors took passage in a prahu belonging to the Sultan of Batchian, having heard that there was a French ship refitting at that island.

"Why did the two others remain?" asked Mr. Dacre.

The natives laughed. "Ah! the one man who stayed was a clever man. When the prahu from Batchian came here he said he was sick, and his wife feared to sail so far in a small prahu. He would wait, he said, till a ship came."

"And then?" asked Dacre.

"And then, after the other Frenchmen had gone, he came to our head man and said that if they would keep faith with him he would make them rich, for he knew that which none else knew. So he and they made a bond to keep faith with one another, and that day he took them to where the ship had sunk, and pointing to where she lay beneath the water he said: 'Is there any among ye who can dive down so far?' They laughed, for the wreck was but ten single arm lengths below, and then they said: 'Is this where thy riches lie? Of what use to us is this sunken ship, save for the guns on her decks?'

"Then he said: 'In that ship is gold and silver money enough to cover as a carpet the beach that lies in front of thy village, but to get it the decks must be torn up. I, who was second in command, know where the treasure lieth in the belly of the ship. Now let us talk together and make a plan whereby we can get this money. It was for this I lied to those who have gone and said I was sick.'

"Then, as soon as the tides were low, the Frenchman and the head men made rafts of bamboos and timber, and floating them on the wreck they took thick ropes of rattan, and divers went down and lashed the ends thereof to the cross-beams under the decks. Then when this was done more bamboos were added to the rafts above, and as the tide flowed the rattan ropes stood up like iron bars. For two days the people worked at this, and yet the decks kept firm, but on the third day a great piece tore out, and the sunken rafts sprang to the surface. And then the divers again went down, and by and by they brought up money in bags of canvas and wooden boxes. And half of which was gotten up the Tuan took, and half he gave to the head men, according to the bond. And much more money is yet in the ship, for it is only when the water is clear and the current is not swift can we dive. Yet every time do we get money."

"The rascal!" said Captain Reay when Dacre translated this. "I suppose this money was from plundered English prizes. Only that we are at peace with France, I'd like to take every coin from both the piratical scoundrel himself and his Malay partners. And, indeed, if the *Triton* were not a King's ship, I'd send a boat there, and take it now. But I suppose I can't interfere—confound the fellow!—now that we are at peace with France."

The wind was still blowing with great force, and as there appeared no prospect of the weather breaking for another day or two, Captain Reay and his officers made preparations for excursions into the country. The natives showed a very great friendliness towards the *Triton's* people, and at about ten in the morning two boats left the ship for the shore, and Channing, accompanied by one of his Marines, who carried a fowling-piece, set out along the winding path that encircled the narrow littoral of the island off which the frigate lay. The captain had ordered that the shore party was not to remain later than sunset, so, determined to see as much of the place as possible, Channing and Private Watts set off at a brisk pace. A three hours' walk brought them to the windward side of the island, and then emerging from the palm-shaded path, they suddenly came upon the principal village of the island. Their appearance was hailed by the natives with every manifestation of pleasure, and a number of young men escorted them to the house of the principal head man, where they were offered a simple repast of fish and fruit, and small drams of arrack served in cocoanut-shells.

Leaving Private Watts to amuse himself with the villagers, who apparently took much interest in his uniform and accoutrements, Francis Channing set out for a walk. The path led along through the sweet-smelling tropical forest at about a cable's length from the shore and then suddenly emerged upon a little cove, the beach of which was strewn with wreckage; spars, hempen cables, and other ship's gear covering the sand at high-water mark. Several rudely constructed rafts of wreckage, timber, and bamboo were moored a little distance off, and Channing at once surmised that the spot was used as a landing-place by the wreckers working at the sunken privateer.

As he stood looking about him, uncertain whether to go on or turn back,

A WOMAN WAS SITTING UNDER THE SHADE OF THE THATCHED EAVES, NURSING A CHILD.

a man approached him from a house that stood at the furthest point of the bay, and saluted him politely in French.

"I presume, Sir," he said as he bowed and extended his hand to the Englishman, "that you are one of the officers from the English frigate anchored at Tyar. I have heard that peace has been declared between our two nations, and I rejoice."

Channing made a suitable reply, and gazed with interest at the stranger, who was a handsome man of less than twenty-five years of age, dressed in a rough suit of blue jean and wearing a wide-rimmed hat of plaited straw. His face was tanned a rich brown by the Eastern sun; and rough and coarse as was his attire, his address and manner showed him to be a man of some education and refinement.

He seemed somewhat discomposed when Channing, in a very natural manner asked him the name of his ship, and answered—

"*L'Aigle Noir*, Monsieur; and my name is Armand Le Mescam."

"I have heard her name mentioned by our master," said the Marine officer with a smile. "He has had the honour of serving in many engagements with your country's privateers in these seas, in which our ships have not always secured a victory."

The Frenchman bowed and smiled, and then—feeling, no doubt, that he could do so with safety to himself, and that, even if the cause of his presence on the island were known to the *Triton's* people, he would suffer no molestation—invited Channing to walk to his house and take a glass of wine.

"Ah!" said Channing with a laugh; "then you have got wine as well as money from the wreck of *L'Aigle*."

The Frenchman's face darkened, and he stopped short.

"You know, then, Monsieur, the reason of my remaining on this island."

"I have heard," answered Channing frankly, and then, noticing the agitation expressed on the Frenchman's face, he added, "but that does not concern me, nor, indeed, anyone else on board the *Triton*—not now, at any rate, since France and England are at peace."

Monsieur Le Mescam seemed greatly relieved at hearing this, and in another minute, chatting gaily to his visitor, led the way into his house. The building was but little better than an ordinary native dwelling, but it was furnished with rude couches and seats made from the wreckage of the privateer, and scattered about were many articles, such as weapons, crockery, cooking utensils, clothing, etc. Two or three native servants, who were lounging about, at once presented themselves to their master, and one of them, bringing a small keg, filled two silver cups with wine, and Channing and his host, bowing politely to each other, drank.

For some little time the two men conversed pleasantly, and then the Frenchman, who so far had avoided all allusion to the treasure, offered to conduct his guest a part of the way back to the native village. That he had not presented Channing to his wife did not surprise the latter, who imagined that she could scarcely be clothed in a befitting manner to meet a stranger, and he therefore did not even let his host know that he was aware of his wife being with him on the island.

Drinking a parting cup of wine together, the two men set out, the Frenchman leading the way past a number of sheds built of bamboos, and covered with atap thatch. As they reached the last of these buildings, which stood almost at the water's edge, they came upon a woman who was sitting, with her back turned to them, under the shade of the overhanging thatched eaves, nursing a child.

In a moment she rose to her feet and faced them, and rough and coarsely clad as she was, Channing was struck by her great beauty, and her sad and mournful face.

For a moment the Frenchman hesitated, and with a quick "Sit you there, Adela, I shall return shortly," was turning away again with Channing, when they heard the woman's voice calling in French, "Armand, come back!" and then in another moment she added in English, as she saw Channing walking on—"and you, Sir, in Heaven's name do not leave me! I am an Englishwoman."

In an instant Channing turned, and quick as lightning the Frenchman, whose face was dark with passion, barred his way—"Monsieur, as an honourable man, will not attempt to speak to my wife when I request him not to do so."

"And I beg of you, Sir, as my fellow-countryman, not to desert me. I am indeed an Englishwoman. My father's ship was captured, plundered, and then sunk by a French privateer, within sight of Malacca. Both he and my mother are dead, and I was forced to marry that man there," and she pointed scornfully through her tears to Le Mescam. "His captain, who I thought had some honour, promised

to set me ashore at Manila, but when we reached there I was kept on board, and ill and scarce able to speak, was married to Lieutenant Le Mescam, against my will, by a Spanish priest. Oh, Sir, for the sake of my father, who was an English sailor, help me!"

Channing sprang towards her. "Madam, I am an Englishman, and there is a King's ship not four miles away. You, Sir"—and he turned to the Frenchman, whose handsome face was now distorted with passion—"shall answer for your cowardly conduct, or I very much mistake the character of the gallant seaman under whom I have the honour to serve. Ha!"—and with sudden fury he seized Le Mescam's right arm, the hand of which had grasped a pistol in the bosom of his coat—"you cowardly, treacherous hound!" and wrenching the weapon from his grasp, he struck the Frenchman in the face with it, and sent him spinning backward upon the sand, where he lay apparently stunned.

Then Channing turned to the woman, who, trembling in every limb, was leaning against the side of the house. "Madam, I shall return to the ship at once. Will you come with me now, or shall I go on first? That our captain will send a boat for you within an hour you may rely on. He will take quick action in such a matter as this. If you fear to remain alone, I shall with pleasure escort you on board now."

"No, no," she pleaded; "he," and she pointed to the prone figure of the Frenchman, "would never hurt me; and I cannot leave him like this—I cannot forget that, wicked and cruel as he has been to me, he is the father of my child. Return, Sir, I pray you, to your ship, and if you can help me to escape from my unhappy position, do so. Were it not for the money that my husband is employed in getting from the sunken privateer, my lot would not have been so hard, for he would have returned with the other survivors to Batchian; and from there, by the weight of my poor father's name, I could easily have escaped to Macassar, where my mother's relatives live."

"Do not fear then, Madam," said Channing kindly, "I shall leave you now, but rest assured that a few hours hence you shall be among your own countrymen once more." Then as two native women appeared, as if searching for their mistress, he raised his hat, and walked quickly away.

* * * *

Armand Le Mescam, with the bitterest rage depicted on his swarthy features, rose to his feet, and instead of returning to his house went slowly along towards one of his storehouses, without even glancing at his wife, who stood watching him from where Channing had left her. In a few moments she saw his figure vanishing among the palms, but not so quickly but that she perceived he carried a musket.

His intention was easy to divine, and with a despairing look in her eyes, she began to run after him, carrying the infant in her arms.

* * * *

Private Watts, meanwhile, had very much enjoyed himself with the natives, who, by reason of the Polynesian strain in their blood, were a merry, demonstrative, joyous people, unlike most of the Malayan race, who are much the reverse, especially toward strangers. For some time he had been watching the native boys throwing darts at a target, and his attempts to emulate their skill aroused much childish merriment. Suddenly the lengthening shadows of the surrounding palms recalled him to the fact that it was getting late, so bidding good-bye to his entertainers, he shouldered his fowling-piece and set off to meet his master, taking the same path as that by which Lieutenant Channing had left him. Half-an-hour's walk brought him to a spot where the path lay between the thick forest jungle on one side and the open beach on the other, with here and there jagged clumps of broken coral rock covered with a dense growth of vines and creepers.

Two or three hundred yards away he could see the tall figure of Lieutenant Channing walking quickly along the path; and, so sitting down upon a little strip of grassy sward that skirted the beach side of the track, the soldier awaited his master.

With the approach of sunset the wind had fallen, and though a mile or two away the thundering surges leapt with loud and resounding clamour upon the barrier reef, only the gentlest ripple disturbed the placid water of the sheltered lagoon. Overhead the broad leaves of the coco-palms, towering above the darker green of the surrounding vegetation, drooped languidly to the calm of the coming night, and great crested grey and purple plumaged pigeons alighted with crooning note upon their perches to rest.

As he lay there, lazily enjoying the beauty of the scene, the soldier heard the loud hoarse note and whistling and clapping of a hornbill, and turning his

head, he saw the huge-beaked ugly bird rising in alarm from one of the vine-covered boulders of coral that stood between the path and high-water mark with a vague feeling of wonder that he was kneeling, and peering cautiously out upon the path below. Further along, Watts could see his master, now within a

LIEUTENANT CHANNING ASCENDED THE GANGWAY CARRYING IN HIS ARMS A WOMAN.

not thirty yards away, and at the same moment he caught a gleam of something bright that seemed to move amid the dense green tangle that covered the rock; and then a man's head and shoulders appeared for a second in full view. His back was turned to Watts, who now saw hundred feet of the boulder, and walking very quickly. Then an exclamation of horror broke from him as the kneeling man slowly rose, and pointed his musket full at Channing; but ere the treacherous hand could pull the trigger, the Marine had levelled his piece and fired; without a

cry the man spun round, and then pitched headlong to the ground at Channing's feet.

"My God, Sir!" panted Watts, as a minute later he stood beside his master, who was gazing with stupefied amazement at the huddled-up figure of Armand Le Mescam, who lay with his face turned upward, and a dark stream trickling from his mouth, "I was only just in time. He had you covered at ten paces when I fired."

Le Mescam never spoke again. The bullet had struck him in the back and passed through his chest. As the two men bent over him, a woman carrying a child burst through the jungle near them, sank exhausted on her knees beside the dead man, and then fainted.

* * * *

There was much excitement when the last boat returned to the *Triton*, pulling as her crew had never pulled before. Then there was a rush of pig-tailed bluejackets to the gangway, as a murmuring whisper ran along the decks that the "soger officer was a comin' aboard, holdin' a woman in his arms," and the news was instantly conveyed to the captain, who was that evening dining with his officers, with the result that as the cutter ran up alongside, Captain Reay, the master, and half-a-dozen other officers were standing on the main deck.

"By Heavens, gentlemen, it's true!" cried Captain Reay to the others. "Here, show more light at the gangway!"

And then amid a babble of excitement, Lieutenant Channing, pale, hatless, and excited, ascended the gangway, carrying in his arms a woman whose white face and dark hair shone clearly out in the darkness under the blaze of the lights held aloft by the seamen. As he touched the deck, the sleeping babe in her arms awoke, and uttered a wailing cry.

"Take her to my cabin, Channing," said Reay, without waiting to question him. "Here! give me the youngster, quick! Sentry, pass the word for the doctor."

The moment the officers had disappeared a buzz of talk hummed, and Private Watts was besieged with questions. "Give us a tot, an' I'll tell ye all about it, afore I'm sent for by the captain," was his prompt answer; and then swallowing the generous draught provided him, he told his story in as few words as possible.

A big, bony sergeant slapped him on the shoulder, "Mon, ye 'll hae your stripes for this."

"Ay, that he will," said a hairy-chested boatswain. "Well, it's a uncommon curious ewent: this 'ere young covey goes a-shootin', and bags a Frenchman, and the soger officer brings a hangel and a cherrybim aboard."

* * * *

The officers of the *Triton* sat long over their wine that night, and Lieutenant Channing was the recipient of much merry badinage; but there was behind it all a sincere feeling of joy that he had escaped a treacherous death. Private Watts being sent for, was excused by the Scotch sergeant, who gravely reported that he was bad in the legs, whereat the officers laughed, and straightway made up a purse of guineas for him. Suddenly, as Captain Reay entered, the babble ceased.

"Gentlemen, let Mr. Channing turn in; he wants rest. The lady and her baby are now sound asleep. She has told me her strange story. To-morrow, Mr. West, you can take a boat's crew, and bring aboard a large sum of money concealed in a spot of which I shall give you an exact description. It belongs to this lady undoubtedly, now that Watts's lucky shot has settled her ruffianly husband."

* * * *

The frigate had cleared her harbour of refuge, and was bowling along her course for Ternate two days after, when Captain Reay sent for Lieutenant Channing to come to his cabin.

"Channing," he said, taking his hand with a smile, "it is my happy lot to give you what I know will prove a joyful surprise. This lady"—and he bowed to Mrs. Le Mescam, who was sitting looking at him with a bright expectancy in her dark eyes—"is your own cousin, Adela Channing. There, I'll leave you now. She has much to tell you, poor girl; I have decided to go straight to the Admiral at Singapore instead of touching at Ternate, and if old Cardew is worth his salt he 'll give you leave to take her to Calcutta."

* * * *

Scarcely had Lieutenant Channing reached England, and married the lady he had escorted home by the Admiral's permission, when he received the news of the inheritance that had fallen to him by John Channing's death.

Ex-Sergeant Watts, of the Marines, followed his master when he retired from the Service, and was for long the especial guardian of the "cherubim," as Adela Channing's eldest boy had been named by the *Triton's* people—until other sons appeared to claim his devotion

A DAY'S FISHING.

By A NON-FISHERMAN.

THE self-made martyr of modern times differs in many respects from the early examples of the type to which he would liken himself. These latter, leaping into the flames with joyous countenance, and singing withal from cheerfulness of spirit, were quickly consumed, and left to the less ambitious beings, who remained without the fiery circle, the task of chronicling their virtues, and the wrongs inflicted on them by a persecuting and unsympathetic age. Our present-day victim, however, with tearful eyes and a certain pleasing petulance of lip, calls the world to attention to witness his patience under affliction, and listen as he details the suffering wrought upon him by those who should have been his friends. Notwithstanding this, I must confess a liking for the pose, which has seldom failed to move my weaker associates, and, being steadily persisted in, dulls even the most boisterous of my acquaintance.

Thus I perceived my opportunity when, dragged from my bed at an early hour one chill February morning, I found myself shaving by the grey light which showed without the window scarcely sufficient to illumine the shadows between the houses, and accentuate the varied silhouettes of the chimney-pots which rose in long procession against the eastern sky. To these self-same witnesses of my endurance I made my last appeal, muttering imprecations which might bring denunciations on the head of my friend Thorburn, who the previous night had invaded my rooms and requested—nay, insisted—on my company to an estate on the Buckinghamshire border where he would make a day's fishing, and I might enjoy the beauties of a country within easy reach of town. Protests and pleadings for work were unavailing, bringing on me the accusation that I was becoming "moss-grown." Well, I went out with a fisherman once before, and my belief is that on that occasion Job's record was wiped out, and that for ever encircling my head shines the golden-leaved crown of unexampled patience—a brilliant witness to all men that I am not as they.

The heart of London smiled at the spectacle of knickerbockers and gaiters as, with the sense of repleteness born of a hasty breakfast, I was hurried to assist in the purchase of tinned food at a buttershop redolent of fat and lard, and even the worn-out hansom hack which ambled quietly to the terminus whisked his tail jeeringly as I shivered in the interior, sandwiched between a rod-case and straw pike-basket in no pleasant humour. Thorburn smoked his pipe cheerily, and said it promised a good day; but then he 's a fisherman.

ENCIRCLING MY HEAD SHINES THE GOLDEN-LEAVED CROWN OF UNEXAMPLED PATIENCE.

By the time we made our appearance in the old town near to our destination I had revived somewhat, and the whiff of fresh pure air as we drove up the broad street, with Cromwellian associations and the history of more than one sharp, bloody fight which had resounded amongst the old houses, put me in better mood. Beyond the town the grey mist was slowly rising, revealing the faded outlines of the hills and the nodding horses at the plough, while the rattle of our wheels brought the crowds of plover settled in the fields to

"MY SYMPATHIES, I AM AFRAID, GENTLEMEN, ARE ENTIRELY WITH THE FISH."

wing, circling with sharp cries till we had passed.

The country wished us "good morning," pleased that it might interest the city dwellers, though the year as yet had barely awakened. On arrival at the house we found the owner away, but through the yard-gates we came upon the gamekeeper in the gun-room, where a cheerful faggot fire warmed our finger-tips after a four-mile drive. Then down a winding path to the river-bank, among the sprouting daffodils and across a wooden bridge, looking for Chichester, the fisherman; not a difficulty, for he is always at the water's edge—a red-faced, serious man, who, when he smiled, seemed to do so

beneath the skin, the exterior result being but visionary. Thorburn consulted him carefully as to the more likely stretches where a greedy pike might seize his bait, and so before the morning had yet grown to full day I found myself watching the putting together of tackle amidst the bleached rushes and purple osiers.

Winding in curves, the river glided gently under the bare forms of weeping willows and tall elms until it tumbled over weirs or came to a placid standstill in quiet backwaters; on the ground the dead leaves, stripped of all flesh by damp decay, disclosed the exquisite fretwork of their anatomy; and in the stream, lurking here and there near the shelter of a large stone, the dusky trout kept their noses pointing against the current with a quivering motion of the tail. Thorburn had engaged a boy to carry his bag and gaff, a fresh country youth, despising the cutting wind though his hands were purple, and a half-congealed tear or two glistened in the corners of his eyes. He regarded me curiously with my up-turned collar and thick gloves, and seemed to inquire my object in being there—a matter concerning which I was not altogether satisfied myself.

Nevertheless, Thorburn in breeches and

gaiters was a picturesque feature in the landscape, and for some five minutes I watched with a certain pleasure his experienced

THORBURN WAS ENGAGED IN EXTRACTING A HOOK FROM THE BACK OF HIS LEG.

casts, and enjoyed the rhythmic rattle of his line as his bait shot out to mid-stream; then numbed finger-tips led me for a walk up the river-bank, where I found more fishermen busied in preparations for the fray. "My sympathies, I am afraid, gentlemen, are entirely with the fish," I remarked; a condition of mind which often causes me to be regarded with astonished humour by a certain section of my acquaintance. Then, thinking I might be selfish, I returned to watch Thorburn again. He was going slowly down stream as before, the silvery bait rushing out at his throw, to be checked and returned in artful revolutions as the line was slowly drawn in by his left hand; at first I thought the action pretty, but it soon became monotonous, photographing itself so plainly on my brain that I could close my eyes and see it jerking in pale blue on a black ground.

Nothing came of it, however, and I ventured the remark that "sport" was not good, which drew from Thorburn a delicately worded sentence to the effect that it was more than could be expected, seeing that I persisted in standing in front of him, and that if I wished to halt I had better walk on a mile and stay there. This sent me down to the fisherman's cottage, where I sat down under the eaves of his thatched roof watching the tumbling water as it coursed over the ancient weir and fell in a turmoil below, gyrating and twisting, combating wavelet with wavelet, shooting forward and eddying back into corners, casting up spray and foaming into bubbles, until it smoothed out again and went calmly on its way with nothing but a few white specks on its broad breast, like the "kisses" on our nursery cup of tea—departing tokens of the fierce battle of a few moments before.

The marvellous rapaciousness which is so characteristic of my fishing friends is not, as seems at first sight, peculiar to them, but is the result of the unsatisfied nature of the human race, and is manifested in different ways according to the occupation of the individual. The business man accumulating a fortune, however great his success, is still held from contentment by the need of a few more thousands

THE WEIR.

to complete his schemes; the forthcoming pictures are the only ones which can yield the painter any satisfaction; and the peg-top which he has not is a steady delight in the eyes of the boy surrounded by many toys.

So the fisherman has never been known to catch sufficient fish to stay his hand for the time being, or, if the number be large, the weight is such as to render it inconsonant with his dignity to desist from his efforts. Not that Thorburn's exertions had been so rewarded that he might have ceased from slaying, for so far his bag was empty, and when he reached me, a slightly humbled mind, as I thought, caused him to relent somewhat and suggest that the moment had arrived for lunch.

We sat to our simple meal under the mild and benignant gaze of Lady Randolph Churchill, surrounded by primroses of an exceeding yellow, and stirred to deeds of heroism by a representation of Grace Darling pulling easily over mountainous waves in an impossible boat; while an old dog, kept from wandering by an attachment of cord to the leg of the table, snuffled at our knees for the morsels of bone from our plates. Afterwards Thorburn decided to try the river from the

ATTEMPTING TO WARM THEMSELVES WITH THE LAST FEW DROPS OF A WHISKY-FLASK.

Chichester interceded for us with his wife, who consented to warm a tin of soup and provide the minor necessaries for a meal; she was, if possible, more serious than her husband, and even the row of half-crowns which my companion left upon the table at our departure failed to raise the slightest expression on a visage which seemed cast in stolid indifference to all around it. Her cottage parlour, as might have been expected, was a painful model of tidiness, a museum of extraordinary specimens of cheap china and unaccountable curiosities, and boasting a grand display of stiff starched angular antimacassars, the unyielding banners of respectability among the poor.

other side, and I set out, fortified, to follow the water's edge to the borders of the estate.

Glories never-failing unfolded themselves in the afternoon sunlight to me in my course. First the river and I sauntered through flat meads by pollard willows, while on either side the landscape stretched pleasantly to farms where the mingled noises of cattle and poultry murmured a gentle complaint against the world; then we dived between dark woods, full of solemn mystery, where all was quiet and the river seemed to rush more quickly, changing colour as it received its sombre reflections; through bleached rushes, taller than my head, where the small trees shone

a livid green born of a humid atmosphere; over a hatch or two, and skirting the simple garden of a workman's cottage until a tall fence brought me to a standstill, watching my companion's onward flow as it sought its way to the big waters.

Then I returned and crossed to the other side, to find that Thorburn had been doing execution. The path he had taken was marked at intervals by shining olive-green pike lying in the grass, their long grey noses extended as if regretting that their last unthinking greediness had been their end. Thorburn was farther on, and at the moment of my arrival was engaged in extracting a hook from the back of his leg. This, together with hands chilled purple and dripping with water, and damp feet, are, I understand, the pleasures of such sport. I am not a fisherman, so, of course, I cannot dispute it, but the remarks which fell from my friend's lips are not such as are commonly used to express an agreeable sensation.

He had killed six fish, but, as I expected, their size was unsatisfactory, and I quitted him to make another dive into the country. Of course I was repaid, if only by the spectacle of two more sportsmen attempting to warm themselves with the last few drops of a whisky-flask, while my skin tingled as the blood coursed through my veins in response to sharp exercise. So the afternoon wore on, and the east wind began to chill as the sun sought the level of the tree-tops, and when we stood at the gates waiting for the vehicle to take us back to the station, he sank, a golden ball, behind the hills, and left us to dream of a comfortable fire and substantial supper. Soon the train was bearing us into a smoky atmosphere, and not long after we had left the old quiet town in the twilight we were making our way through the flaring lights of the great city, against which the black figures skurried to and fro, returning from work or hastening with excited pulse to pleasure, like the seething contents of a boiling pot, hustling and bustling in the joys and bitternesses of a life that is hard to live.

When I took my pipe and slippers that night to the fireside, and lay back in the arm-chair with tired limbs and closed eyes, I heard again the rushing water of the weir, I saw the moor-hen scuttle across the river to her home among the reeds, the water-rat dive to reach his hole. Well, perhaps, Thorburn was right, and I had been getting "moss-grown"; anyhow, the scent of God's earth, untainted by the life men lead, unspoiled by the soul-destroying efforts of the jerry-builder, is good, and brings a man back again to the essentials of his nature, freed for the nonce from the superficialities of the social fabric.

THE PASSENGER TO CUDGELLICO.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

IT was ten after ten o'clock, and though the coach to Cudgellico was due out at ten-fifteen, no one seemed in any hurry to get away. Instead of working, the driver and stablemen stood in talk which died out in whispers if anyone approached them out of the heavy shadows that ran up blackly between lighted windows to the intense blue sky above. In the darkness, and from a little distance, Rush's ugly square botch of an hotel, dumped unpicturesquely by the mean creek under some ragged gums, looked fairy-like and fantastic; the shadows were dark avenues; its lights the suggestion of a summer garden. And overhead was a starry heaven, luminous and translucent in intense calm. The foliage of the trees was so still that the branches and pendant leaves looked as if they were carved from ebony—as if, indeed, at the bottom of that sea of deep blue air they had risen rigid like strange black coral. And the coach, with its lamps unlighted, stood motionless in the track of dust that led away from the creek and the trees into the plain. But the horses champed at their bits and dropped a little hot foam, while the boy who held them did not curse the others for not relieving him. He chewed tobacco sombrely, and only said, "Well, I'm damned!" at intervals, or "Hold up, there!" when a horse with growing impatience shook its head or reached suddenly to rub its nose against its leg. For now the team began to wonder irritably at the slow order of events; they pawed up the blinding dust. They at least knew they would be glad to get going fast on the long plain, to have the stage over and done with. For the stable-doors yonder and fifteen miles away yawned for them blackly. To-morrow they might return in the hot day intolerable with flies, but this night waned already. What was the human world waiting for? Why did the entire universe betray them? They turned their heads to the boy to ask him.

"MINE, MA'AM," SAID THE OWNER, A LITTLE SNAPPISHLY.

But two women complained more impatiently on hard chairs in the long, barren eating-room.

"As if it wasn't bad enough to have to leave home and travel up here in this beastly country," said one, "and then to be kept waiting hours on end!"

"It's shameful," said the other, who was very weary. She wanted to sleep badly when comfortable rest was out of the question till the morrow night.

"Let us go and take our seats," said Mrs. Jones. "We may just as well sit there as here, and maybe our coming will hurry them."

She rose and grabbed for some stray parcels. She annexed one belonging to Mrs. Gordon.

"Mine, ma'am," said the owner, a little snappishly.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Jones with some hostility.

But they went out together.

"Pore things," said the woman who looked after the bar and was waitress as well. "Pore things, they do look tired, and I think it's a shame, a downright shame, I do."

"You hold your clack now," said Mr. Rush, suddenly putting his head in through the door. "I heard you, and it ain't your business. If you don't, I'll talk to you afterwards."

If he meant to say any more he was stopped by the angry reappearance of the two passengers.

"If you will wait five minutes, ladies," said a stableman who poked his slouch-hatted head in after them, "the coach will be ready."

IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE WAS DRUNK.

"It should have been ready hours ago," they screamed at him in chorus. But he only murmured apologetically "a bit of a haccident," and went off leaving the door open.

"Shut the door, Tom," said someone outside, and Tom, returning, pulled it to.

"They'll be making a 'ell of a dust," he said vaguely.

And then three men came to the back-door of the hotel, staggering heavily across the yard. As they went through one window's light and then into darkness and then into the glare from the dining-room, it was obvious that the man in the middle was drunk, so drunk indeed that he seemed difficult to handle. He made odd and unexpected lurches like an iron-clad in a heavy seaway, and twice nearly threw his helpers down.

"Hold up, you drunken swine," said one. And the other rebuked him.

"You ain't no need to miscall the poor chap. He's paid for many a drink for you."

"And you?" said the man who spoke first.

"I don't deny it; but I didn't miscall him."

Just as they got to the coach the women came out again. But Tom, the stableman, jumped in between them and it.

"Not yet, ladies, if you please. Not yet," said he, "for we ain't quite ready. They're putting it to rights, and making it so as you'll be comfortable."

But in spite of the darkness, Mrs. Jones had very quick eyes.

"That man that's going in is drunk," she said sharply. "I shall complain to Mr. Jordan at Cudgellico, for it's well I know him. Why don't you put him to bed here? It's disgraceful, that's what it is."

Rush came from the coach.

"There's no call for you to cry out afore you're hurt, Ma'am," said he. "If so be as he is drunk, he's respectable, and I'll lay a sovereign he don't say an uncivil word to you between this and Cudgellico. And there you'll be by four o'clock."

"And we're 'alf an hour late now," wailed Mrs. Gordon, who was fat and less energetic than Mrs. Jones.

The landlord approached her.

"It's quite an accident, Ma'am, as he's drunk. For he's Mr. Beaman, the Mayor of Cudgellico, and most respectable. And well in, well in, Ma'am."

He slapped his pockets as he spoke, to accentuate what he said. For everyone knew that George Beaman, of Cudgellico, had plenty of money. The fat woman relented.

"Mr. Beaman, is he?" she said. "My brother knows him. And I know, Mr. Rush, that a respectable man may get too much to drink. For what with the tricks of the makers of liquor and what with putting tobacco in the casks, and young fellows playing jokes and filling up the jug with gin instead of the pure helement, it might be so with any gentleman. And if he's the Mayor——"

She moved for the coach.

"Wait one minute, Ma'am," said Rush, who did not by any means relish her allusion to tobacco in the cask. "We'll let you know when things are ready."

He spoke so sternly, and bulked so large in the semi-darkness, that, as he moved towards them, Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Jones retreated, and reaching the verandah sat down on it as if they had been violently pushed.

Rush went to the coach again, and peered in.

"Well, ain't he done yet?"

"Strike a match," said a voice from inside.

And Rush struck a match.

"And gimme another strap, or two if you can. He's as heavy as a bag of wet sugar, and sags down most awkward."

Rush sent Tom for the straps.

"Look in the box-room, or anywhere. Hook 'em out of my portmanteau!" he yelled after the young fellow, who jumped on the verandah like a kangaroo.

Tom came back in less than a minute.

"By the Holy Frost," said the man inside; "but this is a job. The sweat's pouring off me. Why the Devil can't we lash him on top?"

"Because you jolly well can't," said the driver. "We're chock full on top with stuff as it is. It's full outside, and," he added, "very full inside. I guess the women will say it's only room for one. If there's trouble, Rush——"

"There'll be none," said Rush, hastily. "Didn't I hear him swear he had to be in Cudgellico alive or dead by the morning. If it costs me the coach fare from here to hell, to Cudgellico he'll go."

"The Lord forgive you and us," said the driver; "but if this isn't a queer start for the Mayor I'm a Chinaman. But are you ready now? To get there in anything like time I shall have to lambaste blazes out of the horses. I'm off. Call those other folks."

And at Tom's call the women came out with the usual feminine complement of bandboxes and other fragile travelling gear. They walked apart, and had evidently been having a few words together.

"It's all very well for Mrs. Gordon not to object, if she likes this kind of thing," said Mrs. Jones spitefully. "But as for me, I do object."

"Then you must stay here to-night and go on to-morrow," said Rush, shortly.

"I can't."

"Then get in," said he, and he moved them in pretty much as he had shoved them back on the verandah. He propelled Mrs. Gordon from behind with his shoulder, and she subsided on a bandbox lamenting.

"I hope we sha'n't be insulted, Mr. Driver," said Mrs. Jones, with a side look at the end of the coach. "And where 's the inside lamp?"

"It's being mended," replied the driver, lying very promptly. "Now, are you all right?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gordon; "and I'm sure the gentleman will behave as such."

"Bless your heart!" said the man who had called for the straps, "he 'll be as quiet as a lamb. He 's dead-drunk. That 's what he is."

The landlord caught him by the shoulder and sent him reeling.

"You sanguinary idiot, hold your row!" said he furiously. "It 's all sweet and easy, and don't you spoil it or I 'll spoil you! Now then, Collins!"

"Let go!" said the driver, and the horses, released at last, sprang into the collar and swept the coach round a long curve into darkness and the open plain.

HE DRANK ANOTHER, AND WENT OFF TO BED.

"Why didn't you keep him here?" asked Jackson, the man who had reproved the other for abusing the Mayor.

"Why didn't I?" said Rush. "Well, because I didn't. Was I to salt him? And they all know I hate him and he me. No, let them have him as chose him as Mayor and wouldn't have me. Let them find out what 's the matter with him. I 'm not in it."

And going to the bar he took a nobbler of brandy which would have made him drunk that day at noon. But after that queer's evening's work it only set him square, and just a little over. He burst into a shout of laughter.

"Hurrah for the blooming Cudgellico

Mayor gone bung!" he shouted. "If it ain't a rowdy-dowdy farce!"

He drank another, and went off to bed.

Meantime, the coach with its three passengers went on through the night, across the barren plain which began nowhere and ended in the uncharted north. Mrs. Gordon was on the left of the Mayor, and Mrs. Jones upon his right. When either of them spoke it was to the empty air, not directly to each other. But they had to speak.

"I don't think it should be allowed. And what if he is a Mayor?" said Mrs. Jones. "Drunk, indeed. Why, what next?"

The coach gave a lurch in a rut, and the Mayor lurched with it.

"Please keep your place, Mr. Mayor," said Mrs. Gordon, with fat and tired dignity.

"Don't try and aggravate the poor man," said the contrary Mrs. Jones. And the Mayor bobbed to her.

"Thank you, Mr. Mayor," she said, returning his salute and relaxing. "I'm sure Mrs. Gordon didn't mean to say anything as she'd be sorry for. But then you see you did keep the coach waiting, and it's natural for a body to get a trifle cross this weather. Poor thing, I do believe she's fast asleep!"

For even in the creaking and the ceaseless rhythmic rattle of the swaying vehicle a rousing snore was distinctly audible. Mrs. Jones looked at her with all the contempt one woman feels for another who so forgets herself as to go to sleep in public, and forgetting that it was much too dark for the Mayor to notice her, she shook her head and leant towards him.

"Don't you mind her, Mr. Mayor," she said in a loud confidential whisper, "she's a fat, vulgar thing, and never really had the best of tempers, that I'll lay, though they do say as content runs to fat, and if I've heard true they talk of her husband being ruined with strong drink, if you'll excuse me mentioning it. Well, I never!"—and Mrs. Jones held up her hands in virtuous astonishment. For Mrs. Gordon was reclining ungracefully against the Mayor, who, for his part, ignoring Mrs. Jones, bent over her in a manner which, to say the least of it, suggested a keen interest in her welfare.

Mrs. Jones sniffed vigorously, and, retreating into the farthest corner near the door, sat there bolt upright. But with the heat and the motion and her fatigue, the rigidity gradually went out of her spine, and she too fell asleep. When she woke, half an hour later, they were changing horses in the open plain. She put her head out, and smelt the air as the driver came round to her.

"Are you all right, Ma'am?" he asked rather nervously.

"Indeed, I'm all right, Mr. Driver," said Mrs. Jones. "And I'm sure the others are very comfortable. Yes, quite comfortable, I'm sure. For her head is resting on his arm, and I've heard them talking ever so long."

"Oh, that be damned, Ma'am," said the driver, with such severe emphasis that Mrs. Jones fairly jumped like a rock wallaby off its tail. She was furious.

"If you don't believe me, bring your lamp here," she said angrily. "Not that I want to see, for I don't hold with such carryings on. For even if she was a widow, which to the best of my knowledge and belief she isn't, though she's done her best to be, if what I've heard is true of the way she's treated that unfortunate creetur, her husband; even if she was a relict, I don't approve of relicts acting

THE MAYOR DROPPED HEAVILY.

so. And even second marriages are not, in my opinion, the thing for a nice woman to indulge in."

When the driver got a chance he fairly laughed.

"I'D GO, IF I WAS YOU, MA'AM."

"You bet your life she'll never marry him, if that's what you're driving at," said he. "If she does it'll be a rum start. And I don't believe they're talking much. He's a bit silent; he never was a man to say much, and he says less now by a power than he ever did. He's not like some when the drinks in."

He climbed upon the box again, and with his long whip laid on them, a new team went galloping through the coolest hours of the hot night. The white dust rose in clouds under the leader's hoofs, and rushing back at the coach it drifted into every crack till the passengers choked, and Mrs. Gordon woke. Looking out she

saw the cloud of dust tailing off into the distance over the big plain, and for very loneliness she turned to the others. But the new motion had sent Mrs. Jones dreaming, and she had to take up with the Mayor herself.

"I'm sorry to see I leant upon you, Sir," she began, looking up at the odd white face with its drooping eyelids. "And now with its getting a bit lighter or my eyes being more used to it, I can see you was hurt last night. And with your jaw being tied up and with me leaning on you it was very kind of you to say nothing. And I daresay, if the truth were spoken, she has worrited the life out of you, for she can talk for ten."

The Mayor bobbed to her, but did not say anything, and no conversation was possible. Mrs. Gordon nodded again. When a heavy jolt woke her, she found her hand on the man's arm.

"Why, bless my soul!" she exclaimed; "if they haven't tied the poor man up like a mummy! What did you say, Sir? Why, yes, of course, you was a bit squiffy, which is liable to 'appen to any man; but if this 'eat and dust don't sober you, nothing will. I'll undo the strap."

And undo it she did. But, luckily or unluckily, that was the key-strap of the whole support, and when it was unbuckled the Mayor dropped heavily with his hands across the knees of Mrs. Jones. She woke with a yell.

"Driver, driver! Stop!" she screamed. But if Collins heard, he certainly paid no attention. He just laid his whip into the leaders and double-thonged the wheelers until the coach fairly lifted and flew.

Mrs. Jones continued her screaming appeals to him, but at last quietened down when she saw that the Mayor was apparently unable to move.

"You drunken brute, leave me alone," she yelled. "I'll tell my 'usband, and 'ave the law of the company——"

"'Old your tongue, you unfeeling woman," cried pitiful Mrs. Gordon. "Can't you see the poor man's ill, and nothing but it?"

"How dare you call me a woman, you female?" shrieked Mrs. Jones. "I tell you he's drunk."

Just then, as it seemed to her, the Mayor drew his hand towards his body across her foot. She threw her legs and skirts upon the seat, and again appealed to the man outside with a scream.

But now Cudgellico's few lights shone near at hand across the plain, and though Collins heard he sat tight, and lammed into his horses like a demon. They tore down the last mile as the dawn was faintly breaking in the east.

"I'll get there first," said he.

But in that he was wrong. For Mrs. Gordon had the poor Mayor's head in her lap.

"He looks like a corpse with that 'ere thing in his jaw," she said. And at the word Mrs. Jones knew everything. She saw him again plunging through the night supported by two live men. She understood, and giving one final awe-inspiring yell, which nearly lifted the roof off the coach and made the horses think that they had the devil behind them, she fell off the seat and rolled in a dead faint upon the Mayor.

And when Mrs. Gordon shoved her off, the Mayor opened his eyes and said in a feeble voice, "Where am I?"

"In Cudgellico, Sir," said Mrs. Gordon soothingly. "We shall stop in a minute, and if we don't we shall be upset; for I never went at such a pace in all my life."

In one more minute the coach drew up, and the horses stood panting in a cloud of steam. At that moment Mrs. Jones came to. Seeing the door open, she made one spring, and landing in a stableman's arms, bore the astonished man to the ground.

"He's dead, he's dead!" she screamed as she rose.

"Who's dead?" asked the sulky stableman, supine in the dirt. And as he spoke the driver came round and answered the question.

"The Mayor," he said solemnly; "come and help me out with his body. He died last night at Rush's."

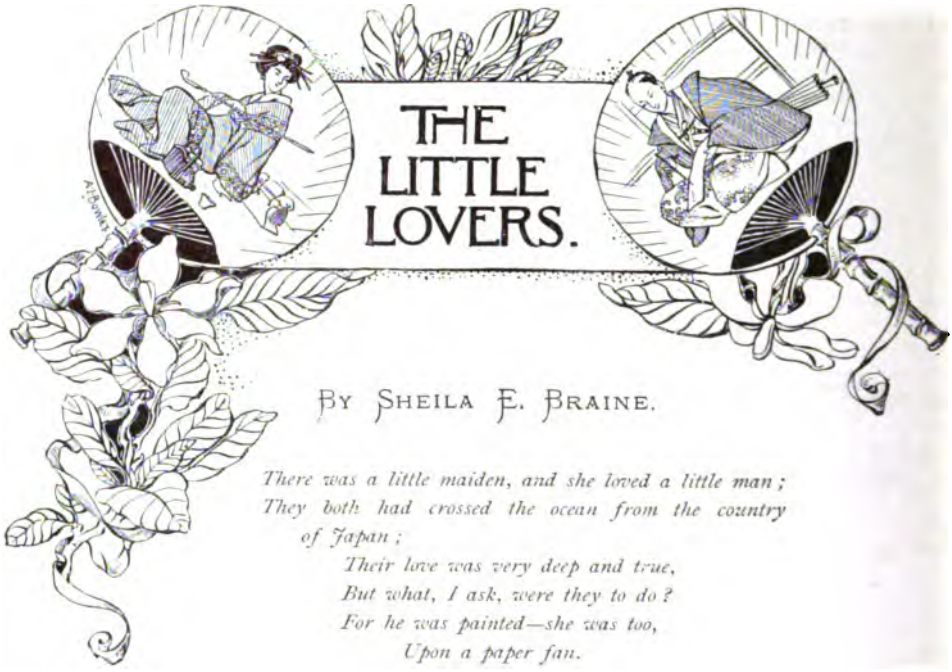
But Mrs. Gordon did not hear him. She climbed ponderously to the ground.

"Come, Mr. Mayor," she said as she alighted. But the driver caught her by the arm.

"I'd go if I was you, Ma'am," he urged.

And then the Mayor came out, looking like a ghost. The driver's jaw dropped, he was as pale as dust, and his knees trembled. But Mr. Beaman spoke.

"Did I have a fit?" said the passenger to Cudgellico.



THE LITTLE LOVERS.

By Sheila E. Braine.

There was a little maiden, and she loved a little man;
They both had crossed the ocean from the country of Japan;
Their love was very deep and true,
But what, I ask, were they to do?
For he was painted—she was too,
Upon a paper fan.

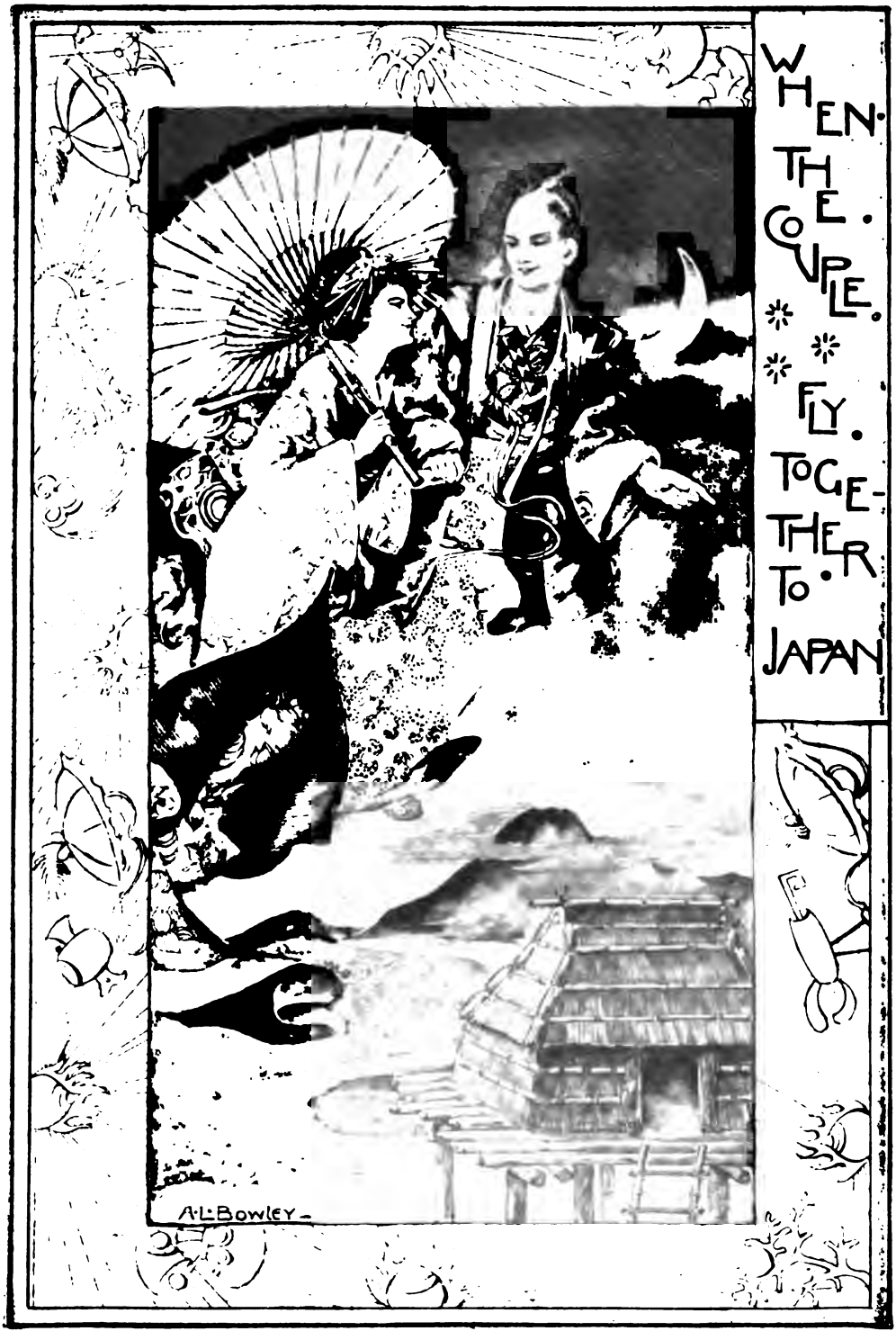
They stood upon the mantelpiece, the clock came in between:
Oh, such a chaperon as she is very rarely seen;
She would have heard the softest sigh,
And oh, she never closed an eye,
How could they speak, when she was by?
Now they were young and green!

The years went on; the summers fled, the winters rolled away,
The little pair upon the shelf were faded, old, and grey;
But still they did not like to shock
The feelings of that modest clock,
That, icy as a marble block,
Kept ticking night and day.

And so the little lovers grew quite pale with mute despair,
Until one day there came to stay a boy with curly hair;
He owned a most inquiring mind,
And set to work that clock to wind
The case was afterwards defined
As—"Needs complete repair!"

The dragon gone, the little man with pent-up passion spake,
And eased his little paper heart in accents that would shake;
His little love was not too coy,
And how they blessed that meddling boy
Whose principal and constant joy
Was finding things to break!

Now when the couple fade with age from off each paper fan,
Oh, may their little spirits fly together to Japan,
Where they need never feel afraid,
And all day long that little maid
Her Japanesy locks will braid,
And love her little man.


WHEN THE COUPLE FLY TOGETHER TO JAPAN
A·L·BOWLEY

SOME NEWGATE EPISODES.

By J. STEPHEN.

THE doom that has fallen upon Newgate, that dreary temple of doom, will rob London of yet another interesting landmark. Few, however, if any, will mourn the removal of the pile that has since 1781 occupied the angle formed by Newgate Street and that avenue of dismal memories, the Old Bailey; and certainly none will raise any outcry at its passing, though some may regret that it is to have a successor on the same site. For the influence of the place was necessarily sinister, and even the most preoccupied wayfarer could not escape a sense of chill and depression on passing the walls of the famous prison. Over the curious visitor who (of his own free will) might chance to make a closer acquaintance with Newgate the building would exercise an uncanny fascination, and would compel him to look into the history of the place and of its occupants, and to revivify for a little, whether he would or no, its memories of crime and retribution, of bonds, suffering, and death.

GATEWAY AT NEWGATE.
With Group of Prisoners' Friends Waiting to be Admitted.

The grim building which London is soon to know no more has for almost a hundred and fifteen years been the representative of a penal establishment that dates from the time of Henry I., or perhaps earlier still. In that monarch's reign, at any rate, the place was first called "Newgate." The name is in itself significant of two things—first, that the prison occupies the site of one of the City ports; second, that the gate must have undergone restoration. Previous to this rebuilding, the history of the place is vague, but it seems that this City gate, originally termed the West Gate, is as old as Bishops' Gate, which dates from between 360 and 370 A.D. This West Gate is referred to in a document of the Mercian Kings, but that leaves us little the wiser, for the deed is a forgery of the tenth or eleventh century. More trustworthy is the mention in Domesday Book, where William the Chamberlain appears as owner of a vineyard on one of the slopes outside the West Gate. That the West Gate was originally a prison cannot be definitely ascertained, but after its restoration it was immediately put to that unenviable use. The rebuilding took place just about the time that Henry I. granted Middlesex to the citizens of London, and the "New Gate" was at once appropriated as a place of confinement for offenders from that county. From that time to this Newgate has stood forth as the grimmest building, alike by aspect and from association, in the Metropolis. The Tower, despite its bloody record, is relieved by its feudal majesty. With the other prison there is no such compensation. The spectre of crime in its most sordid and squalid guise haunts these gloomy walls, and the visitor who contemplates them, even for a brief space, is quick to realise the material and spiritual significance of the old proverb—"Black as Newgate."

From the earliest times Newgate has enjoyed a bad reputation. In 1419, not long after the conversion of the building

to penal uses, the management was so notoriously bad as to justify the description of a contemporary record—"the heynouse gaol of Newgate." This character the prison consistently maintained down to a comparatively recent period.

In 1779 John Howard vigorously condemned the common system at Newgate; and in 1817, when Mrs. Fry began her humane labours, evil, moral and physical, was rampant within the jail. So late as 1836, and again in 1840, the system, or the lack of it, was censured by the Inspector of Prisons, who notifies various abuses. Gambling and drunkenness were not unknown, and it was possible for prisoners who had sufficient interest to procure the innocent though irregular indulgences of tobacco or a newspaper.

The present jail, erected in 1780, from plans by George Dance, architect of the Mansion House, after the destruction of Newgate by the Gordon Rioters, is thus described by Howard—

"The men's quadrangle is now divided into three courts. In the first court are those who pay 3s. 6d. a week for a bed; in the next the poorer felons, and in the other, *now*, the women. Under the chapel are cells for the refractory. Two rooms adjoining the condemned cells are built for an infirmary." Of the disorderly scene presented by the old prison yard the accompanying Illustration from an old print affords some idea. Howard complains bitterly of the noise in the court, which was not checked even during divine service. "Surely," exclaims the philanthropist, "they who will not go to chapel, who are by far the greater number, should be locked up in their rooms during the time of divine service, and not suffered to hinder the edification of such as are better disposed."

It was a curious place, that chapel at Newgate. Rowlandson's well-known print preserves for us its appearance in his day, and perpetuates also the memory of one of those pseudo-moral and wholly theatrical customs, or, rather, object-lessons, in which our forefathers delighted. In the Newgate of those days there was always a goodly batch of "the condemned," and for the edification of these poor wretches official wisdom ordained that they should, in chapel, sit round about a coffin placed on a table in the middle of the "condemned pew." There is a grim humour in the exaggerated pietism given by the artist to the prisoners' attitude. This feature, by-the-bye, is common to all the old prints dealing with this dreary subject. It may be noted in the illustrations representing the notorious Matthew Henderson and Mrs. Brownrigg in the condemned cell. But perhaps the strangest of all the scenes witnessed in Newgate Chapel was the preaching of his own funeral sermon by Dr. Dodd, the condemned forger. This discourse was in part written for him by Dr. Johnson, who also wrote his petition to the King for mercy and his "last solemn declaration."

The life in old Newgate was at least free from monotony. According to Howard there was great activity in the propagation of evil. Within its walls, the philanthropist declared, was hatched most of the villainy of London. Visiting was promiscuous, and a form of diversion known as the mock trial was exceedingly popular. Newcomers had to pay "garnish," "footing," or "chummage," the rule

VIEW OF THE INSIDE OF NEWGATE (1809).

being "pay or strip," the divested garments of defaulters being, of course, converted into liquid refreshment. In 1808 Mrs. Fry found the women prisoners swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, and drinking. Some of them, indeed, were so destitute that they could not have paid the alternative penalty in default of pecuniary "chummage." Ablutions were rare and there was no certain supply of soap or towels. At that time from 100 to 130 prisoners were crowded into Newgate, eighteen being sometimes penned into one sleeping-room. So late as 1818 prisoners cooked their own food. In 1836, as already noted, the prison was censured, again in 1843, in which year the inspector revived Howard's old indictment that Newgate was a great school of crime. Since 1877 it has been employed as a place of detention only for the condemned, and, during the Old Bailey sessions, for prisoners going to trial.

Perhaps the grimmest survival of all the Newgate local names is that of "the press

NEWGATE CHAPEL.

THE OLD SESSIONS HOUSE, OLD BAILEY, WITH THE BAIL DOCK.

yard," by which is designated the enclosure between the prison and the court-house. To the uninitiated this has no terrors, but the antiquary hangs thereby a tale of horror, for the name is derived from the barbarous and hideous practice of "pressing to death," *peine forte et dure*. Readers of Harrison Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" will recall the gruesome infliction of this penalty on Blueskin. Two of the most noted instances of "pressing" are the cases of Major Strangeways in 1659 and Edward Burnworth, the highwayman, in 1726. The punishment was reserved for those who refused to plead at the bar in answer to a criminal charge. Strangeways died under the torture, his friends mercifully adding their own weight to the superimposed mass of metal to shorten his sufferings. Burnworth endured 3 cwt. 3 qrs. 2 lb. for an hour and three minutes, then he consented to plead "not guilty." After trial and conviction he was condemned to death. In this connection may be mentioned another strange relic of torture, the slipping of a noose of cord upon the thumbs of convicts at the Old Bailey just as the sentence of death was pronounced upon them. Howard remarked that "this practice ought to be abolished," but his advice was not immediately taken. The cord was originally no mere symbol, for there is evidence to show that about 1721 it had taken the place of the weights for prisoners refusing to plead. Once a prisoner remained so obstinate under the whipcord that the weights were again employed. Two hundred and fifty pounds were sufficient in this instance to extract a plea.

Among the many notables whom Newgate has held in durance, one recalls Robert Baldock, Edward the Third's Chancellor, who died here in prison. Owen Tudor, grandfather to Henry VII., twice made his escape from "heynouse gaol," and William Penn found lodging here for preaching in Gracechurch Street against the Established Church. In 1702 Daniel Defoe was brought to Newgate by his *Review*, the paper which suggested Steele's *Tatler*. There was some dramatic irony in the circumstance that Lord George Gordon (Crabbe's "lively-looking young man"), whose followers burned the jail in 1780, should have died, in 1793, within the walls of the restored building.

The thought of Newgate prisoners inevitably suggests the neighbouring court

THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, OLD BAILEY.

of the Old Bailey, the scene of so many historic trials. Over the origin of this name philologists are divided. Some would trace its derivation from the Ballium, or outer space beyond the wall, which must have been coincident with the present thoroughfare known as the Old Bailey, which runs parallel to that part of London Wall which connected Ludgate with Newgate. Others trace the word to the Bail Hill, where the bailiff or bailey courts were held, arguing from the fact that the place where prisoners await their summons into court is called to this day

DANIEL GOOD AT THE OLD BAILEY, MAY 13, 1842.

the "bail-dock." But this reference to a doubtful Bail-Hill seems to be superfluous, for the old French *bailler* simply means to keep in custody, and "to put in baile" is middle English for to put in prison. Perhaps "Ballium" has most support, for the church of St. Peter le Bailey at Oxford stood originally within the outer ballium of Oxford Castle, hence the name.

The Old Bailey is a court of justice of great antiquity. Alike in history and romance, it occupies a foremost place. At the Old Bailey were tried the Regicides—the enthusiast Harrison, the witty atheist Henry Marter, the fanatic Hugh Peters, Cook, the prosecutor of Charles I., and Colonel Hacker, who guarded the King to the scaffold. To the student of Dickens the Old Bailey suggests the trial of Charles Darnay, and the mention of it calls up the figures of the pushing Stryver, the hopeless Carton, the long-suffering Dr. Manette, benevolent Jarvis Lorry, and Cruncher the redoubtable, inseparable from his express image, young Jerry. Nor has Dickens forgotten a characteristic accessory to the picture: the strewing of fresh herbs on the front of the dock as a prophylactic against jail-fever. There was need; for in May 1750 the uncared-for prisoner had his revenge, when his disease passed from the dungeon to the tribunal, and carried off many members of Bench, Bar, and jury. Among the victims were Baron Clarke, Sir Thomas Abney, and Sir Samuel Pennant, Lord Mayor, kinsman to Pennant, author of "The Survey of London."

The old Sessions House, or Justice Hall, destroyed in the Gordon Riots, was at once rebuilt. It was enlarged in 1809 by the addition of the site of the old Surgeons' Hall—a school of medicine—which enjoyed a most convenient proximity to the place of execution. The old

WILLIAM JOHNSON SHOOTING MR. SPURLING, HEAD TURNKEY OF NEWGATE, WHILE JANE HOUSDEN, ON HER WAY TO TRIAL, STANDS BY ENCOURAGING HIM.

court and the new are now joined in the tribunal familiar to us as the Central Criminal Court, where cases of the gravest moment are tried. Our Illustration requires little explanation. In the foreground is the unhappy prisoner, to the left is the witness-box, and further to the left the jury. In the well of the court the learned members of the Bar cannot be mistaken, while behind them appears the Bench in all its solemnity. Against the crimson cloth behind the seat of the presiding Judge hangs the symbol of Justice, the sheathed sword, and the whole is surmounted by a canopy bearing the royal arms.

It is curious to note that within the Old Bailey Court, where capital crime meets with its desert, capital crime has actually been committed. In September 1714, one William Johnson, an ex-convict who had at one time been a merchant in Gibraltar, attended at the trial of Jane Housden, accused of larceny. This woman had shared Johnson's guilty life: hence his sympathy with her in distress. Had he confined his charity to mere attendance at court, his presence might have been ignored by the authorities, but, carried away no doubt by his feelings at the moment when his former partner's case was called, Johnson drew a pistol and shot Mr. Spurling, head turnkey of Newgate, dead on the spot, with the great approbation of the female prisoner.

In this case the "law's delay" became a mere figure of speech. Johnson and Housden were at once placed in the dock on the capital charge, and as there was no lack of witnesses, their conviction was summary. Such, however, was their infatuation that they stoutly pleaded "Not guilty," and persisted in their denial to the very end, which came on the 19th of the same month at Tyburn.

The "Newgate Calendar" makes very ugly, yet very interesting, reading. Its interest, however, is entirely for the free man, if we are to credit Bertram in "Guy Mannering," who, you remember, when taken to the county jail, was supplied by the turnkey with two volumes of that fascinating work. They increased his depression, which, happily, was dispelled by the timely arrival of the breezy Dinmont. But to one who reads with his feet on the

MATTHEW HENDERSON IN THE CONDEMNED CELL, NEWGATE.
Convicted of Murder, 1746.

MRS. BROWNRIGG IN THE CONDEMNED CELL, NEWGATE.

study fender, the book affords a pleasant diversion from Plato. The manners of the citizens belonging to that sinful little republic situate betwixt Newgate Street and the Old Bailey, and the application to their need of the laws, cannot altogether fail of instruction and interest, when viewed in the light of ancient philosophy.

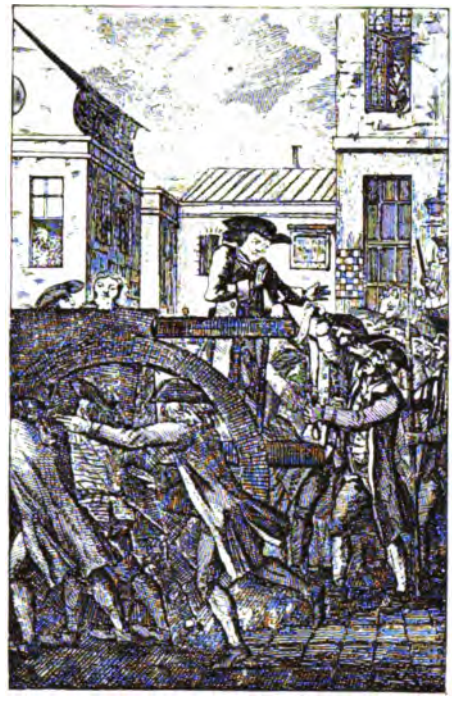
It is in the light of modern philosophy, however. that the case of Matthew Henderson provides the most improving food for reflection. Matthew was a native of North Berwick, who at the age of fourteen entered the service of Sir Hugh Dalrymple. He was an orderly youth, until his twentieth year, when trouble overtook him. On March 15, 1746, Lady Dalrymple had occasion to chide Matthew for a fault. This grieved the young man's spirit so sorely that there came upon him an inordinate desire to slay his mistress. His own description of the temptation and crime is a curious piece of criminal psychology. "He would and he would not," and yet he did; and, the "homicidal maniac" being then unknown to the law, poor Matthew went up Holborn Hill backwards on April 25, little more than a month after the deed. This summary riddance would have the full sympathy of a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to whom Broadmoor is foolishness. And, all things considered, perhaps Humanity is, in the long run, better served by the sterner course. *Currat Lex*, privately and painlessly, might be a salutary maxim to apply in such cases.

The case of the notorious Mrs. Brownrigg, who suffered in 1767 for brutally causing the death of her servant-girls, is too disgusting to drag to light in detail. Towards criminals of this kind our law is still inexorable, and as recent events have abundantly shown, not even mistaken humanitarian sentiment seeks in cases like these to interfere with the course of justice.

Association has rendered thoughts of Newgate inseparable from thoughts of the gallows. Yet the prison has been a place of capital execution for by far the briefer portion of its history, although the lighter penalty of flogging had long been inflicted there. It was only in 1783, at the suggestion of John Howard, that Tyburn was done away with. The change was no doubt a slight improvement, for the dragging of the condemned in a cart through public

MAN PUBLICLY WHIPPED IN THE SESSIONS HOUSE YARD.

thoroughfares was not only in itself an unedifying spectacle, but the accidental accessories to the picture were often of the most unseemly description. The strangest diversion of this sort occurred in the first quarter of the last century, when John Price, the public hangman, was arrested for debt when escorting John Meff to the gallows at Tyburn. It was a lucky chance for Meff, who had his sentence commuted to transportation for seven years; not altogether lucky, however; for the convict, not knowing a good thing when he had it, returned to this country before the expiry of his sentence, whereupon he was taken and hanged on the original charge. Price seemed to have been a bad manager, for once before he had been seized for debt. On that occasion the condemned did not benefit, for John was taken when returning from the discharge of his official duties. He, however, was able to satisfy the officers with a small sum which he had in his pocket and the raiment of three felons upon whose shoulders he had just had the pleasure of standing. A worse case was that of a successor in office, who, in 1736, picked a woman's pocket of 3s. 6d. as he returned from the triple tree.



JACK KETCH ARRESTED AND TAKEN INTO CUSTODY WHEN ATTENDING A MALEFACTOR TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

The first execution at Newgate took place on Dec. 9, 1783, when nine malefactors were turned off. From that day until 1868, "Execution Monday" was one of the scandals of the Metropolis. The course of justice itself was certainly more seemly and decorous than in the Tyburn days. The more merciful "New Drop" was in 1755 substituted for the clumsy cart, and we hear of no John Price scandals, but the assembled mob was scandal enough, witness Thackeray's paper "On Going to See a Man Hanged," which describes the execution, in 1840, of Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russell. Against the degradation of public executions Dickens also raised his pen, and to his influence their abandonment was mainly due. The spectacle was certainly popular enough among all classes. When Daniel Good was hanged on May 23, 1842, for the Putney Lane murder, the "draw" was immense. The *Times* records that "a certain noble lord (Lord 'Tom Noddy,' without doubt), who had been present at the last four or five important executions, had paid £15 for his seat." Well, we have changed all that; even the gentlemen of the Press are excluded nowadays; yet, strange to say, the reports are more sensational than ever. Can it be that, after all, truth is *not* stranger than fiction?

By LOUIS ZANGWILL.

THE Carnival day had risen clear and sunny—a pioneer of spring that had adventured amid the stragglers of winter. From Montmartre to La Maison-Blanche, from Charonne to the Bois de Boulogne, all Paris had turned out on to the boulevards. The vast spaces of the Place de la Concorde were covered with a seething, stirring mass, black and sombre, save where, here and there, a red ribbon or flower in a woman's bonnet struck a lurid note of colour in the sunlight. Gay costumes there were in plenty, but these were as yet hidden from the view in the dense-packed crowd that surged westward through the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, and eastward through the Jardin des Tuileries along the Quais. And still more came swarming over the bridges in their thousands, for the Carnival was to be a memorable one—the real manifestation of the spirit of a gaiety-loving people. For the first time now since the war the procession of the Bœuf Gras was to be held again, and the splendid cavalcade was to parade through the town on three consecutive days. Along the line of route every window in the great six and seven storeyed buildings framed its group of spectators and hinted at more in the background, while there steadily descended showers of confetti on to the heads of the crowd below, itself engaged in hot confetti battles. Those on the bridges pelted the heavily-laden passenger-boats on the river, and the coloured circular bits of paper floated along with the current till the whole surface of the Seine was gay with them.

Even the other side of the river, whose turn was not to come till the morrow, was bright with serpentins and masqueraders; and here, also, confetti strewed the ground, and hung in the air, drifting into now deserted back streets, and mysteriously penetrating into back rooms. Marguerite, left at home with strict injunctions to ward off burglars, though the shutters were closed and the door barred, noticed with surprise the tiny many-coloured discs lying about the floor of the little room that led off from the shop, and whose window, through which no ray of sunshine ever crept in, gave on a gloomy courtyard. They set Marguerite thinking and sighing—thinking of the blue skies and the gay world without, sighing at her hard lot in being cooped up in such a dingy den. What good times everybody was having—everybody but herself! And she looked again at the confetti, as they made spots of colour on the floor—red, blue, green, white, yellow—and burst into tears.

For Marguerite was but a little apprentice of fifteen, who had come up from the country only five months before. And, alas! she had been allowed to see but little of the wonderful city the prospect of living in which had so entranced her. Life therein had, indeed, not been the romance she had dreamt of. From first to last it

had been one long round of drudgery and heckling, of curses and even kicks, and, worst of all, of short rations. For old Carauton and his wife, who ran the establishment, were miserly and avaricious, despite they had no children to provide for. The saving of five centimes on a day's household expenditure was a cause of rejoicing, even as five centimes over-spent meant hours of lamentation and a period of vigorous retrenchment, of which Marguerite in particular was rudely made conscious. How she longed for her freedom again, she who had been wont to ramble at will among the cornfields and pastures, and who never before had been so long without a sweetheart! For her parents had been good to her, and not unreasonable in their demands upon her.

The Carnival! For days past she had heard nothing else talked of. The Cavalcade and the Bœuf Gras—the Bœuf Gras and the Cavalcade! And then the endless jests about the innumerable restaurants, at which cuts of the genuine flesh of the three oxen drawn in the procession were sure to be served with a flourish of trumpets, for the beasts were to be sold by auction at the end of the fête. All the week Marguerite had been hoping to be allowed to join in the holiday-making; but at the last moment old Carauton had surlily bid her stay indoors. With flushed cheeks and a sinking at the heart she had heard his pronouncement and had dared not protest.

How dull and lonesome it was! She was cold, too, for though the weather was glorious, the chill of winter was still in the air. The slow minutes became at last unsupportable. A startling thought leapt up in her mind, so dazzling that she shrank back and closed her eyes against it. Simultaneously there rose before her a vision of old Carauton, impassioned and threatening, and she almost screamed with terror. No, no, she dared not go out.

She sat down and brooded awhile in silent misery. Then of a sudden she was filled with a great anger. Why should she not go out and enjoy herself? she asked indignantly. She had as much right as anybody else. It was absurd

WHAT GOOD TIMES EVERYBODY WAS HAVING—EVERYBODY BUT HERSELF!

that she should be put on guard. What chance had she—a tiny, weak body—against a great burglar, who could strangle her with one hand if he chose? But suppose her master were to strike her afterwards for her disobedience—to kill her? Well, she had had enough of her master, and had before now thought of killing herself. What mattered it, then, if he did kill her? Yes, she would go out into the world and have a glorious time. She would enjoy the Carnival to the full; she would drink the cup of life to the dregs. Then she would throw herself into the river.

Marguerite rose and strode round the room like a caged tigress. "I hate you, master; I hate you!" she cried aloud, clenching her fists and stamping her feet in an access of passion, while her eyes blazed. "All night long my body shall float down the river, and the moonlight shall play on my upturned face, pale and weary. And my arms shall be folded on my breast, and my dark tresses shall trail loosely behind me on the surface of the water. You shall see my corpse laid out at the Morgue, my master. Then shall you tremble and grow white, and you shall feel all the remorse of the assassin, even though your hand did not strike the blow."

And since this was to be her last day of enjoyment on earth, she must spend money without stint. Not that she had even a sou of her own, but she knew where the family hoard was kept—a piece of knowledge with which Carauton, happily for his peace of mind, did not credit her. She knelt down before the open stove that was built across a corner of the room, and with quick movements withdrew the mass of paper flowers that obstructed the front and filled the interior. The flue was shut off by a little sliding-door, which she very soon had open, and, thrusting her arm through the aperture, she was able to handle the small canvas bags of notes, gold, and silver that had so cunningly been hidden within. Marguerite, however, fought shy of the paper and gold, contenting herself with a handful of franc pieces. And a few minutes later found her gaily following the crowd over the Pont Neuf.

The air was full of joyous sounds, all the hubbub of a city *en fête*—the hum of myriad conversations, the staccato laughter of excited girls pelted with confetti, the roaring merriment of bystanders, the sing-song of the cake-sellers, and the cry of the confetti-vendors—"Qui n'a pas de confetti? qui n'a pas de confetti?" Marguerite stopped at the corner of the bridge to lay in a goodly stock of the paper missiles, and was served from a false-bottomed litre measure, stuffing her pockets full, and buying in addition a large muslin sackful to carry in her hands. The confetti drifted along in the air like a fairy snow-storm, and the ground was coated inches deep. Already Marguerite's hat, coat, and hair were covered with the gorgeous discs; her ears, nose, and neck were full of them; and at every step her feet sank into the thick carpet of them that grew thicker momentarily.

And now she was borne along the Rue de Rivoli by inches, for she was wedged in a great crowd that surged towards the Place de la Concorde, into which the Cavalcade was to turn from the Rue Royale. And see the Cavalcade she did. How her heart fluttered as a troop of gendarmes marched forward in symmetric contrast to the populace, amid which they cleared a wide path, and a company of cavalry, brave in brass helmets and scarlet plumes and tunics, came galloping along gallantly. Then, as each triumphal car appeared, gorgeous with colour and decked with garlands, a great cry of admiration went up from the crowd. The bolder spirits threw serpentins and confetti at the monstrosities and fairies with which the cars were peopled. "Regardez, regardez!" spontaneously burst from every mouth; and between each rich morsel was an interlude of men on foot, comically arrayed, parading as mammoth pigs and monkeys and fabulous beasts. Two pasteboard giants opened and shut their mouths, and nodded to everybody in quite a friendly way, and a tide of laughter flowed with them. And when the next car came into sight there was a long-drawn "Ah!" for it was covered with giant flowers of delicate blossom, and in the centre of each was a most wonderful fairy, who threw charming kisses. "C'est très chic, très joli," was the universal verdict, expressed in rapt, ecstatic tones. And, last of all, came the car of the great dancing-hall of the Latin Quarter, surmounted by an effigy in skirts, with one leg raised to the shoulder. A wild, uncouth cry of delight went up to the heavens. "Plus haut!" screamed all the world, clapping its hands with glee. "Plus haut!" screamed wicked Marguerite, and recklessly sent clouds of confetti flying into the air. There came a final troop of gendarmes, and the crowd closed in behind them, following after the Cavalcade in a great serried mass.

The short February day was at an end almost before Marguerite realised it. The blue sky took on a deeper shade, a star twinkled feebly here and there, and as the twilight deepened so the merriment grew, whose bare branches were wreathed, covered, and intertangled with the fantastic-hanging serpentins, looked like the skeletons of marine giants invaded by strange, gorgeous seaweed, and made

THE DOOR FLEW OPEN.

for the furious fun was only just to begin. Marguerite, who had been in several hot encounters, and had already spent fifteen francs on confetti, found herself on the Grands Boulevards, where the Carnival was at its fullest height. It was a fairy scene. The colours still showed dimly in the half-light, and the long lines of trees, grotesque avenues that were lost in the far dusk. A thousand lamps made twinkling points of fire. And underfoot the many-hued carpet of confetti thickened steadily. It was forbidden to scoop it up off the ground and use it again; nevertheless, some of the smaller vendors craftily contrived to renew

their stocks in this inexpensive fashion. Every table before the flaring cafés was taken up; all drinks carefully covered over against confetti-throwers. The night was alive. Louder grew the good-humoured shrieks of women as they were caught and kissed by the men. Students masqueraded in masques and costumes, noisily claiming tribute of every demoiselle who had ventured out without a protecting papa, and who, therefore, knew beforehand what was in store for her. And against all this background of sound rose the vigorous intonations of the confetti-vendors, gathering force and volume with the briskness of their sales: "Qui n'a pas de confetti? Qui n'a pas de confetti?"

Yet nobody seemed to want to kiss little Marguerite, a fact which perturbed her greatly. She told herself she was as pretty as any girl on the boulevards, and she could not understand why she was thus neglected. She had not been kissed once since she had been in Paris—she who adored kisses. She sauntered onwards, throwing herself into the thick of every fray, and renewing her stock of ammunition again and again. But all in vain. At last she came face to face with two nice boys of eighteen, whom she pelted mercilessly. They joined hands round her and caught her. Experienced in coquetry, she made a show of indignant struggle, crying, "Lâchez-moi! C'est assez!" And the stratagem succeeded.

Marguerite was now attended by her two cavaliers for the rest of the evening, and they fought loyally on her side. She bought them cakes, and coloured paper *balais* to tickle faces with, and innocent-looking pipes that blew out to an inordinate length and knocked off hats and hit noses. Later on they were able to get a table at a café and watch the revels without ceasing to take part in them.

It was past midnight before Marguerite bethought herself of the existence of old Carauton, and of the Seine waiting to engulf her body. But the water looked black, cold, and uninviting as she passed over the bridge again. "Besides," she thought to herself, "the river is thick with these unhappy confetti. They will get all tangled among my hair and into my mouth and nose. It is not pleasant to have confetti get into one's mouth and nose. Besides, it will not be nice to be lying stretched out at the Morgue for all the world to gaze upon. At the worst, old Carauton can only give me a beating. He would not dare to kill me. We are not among savages: we are living in a civilised city. And as for his thirty francs, he will not hand me over to the police. I am worth too much to him."

She walked on briskly, scurried down her own street, and boldly pulled the bell.

"Bah! I have been needlessly theatrical," was her thought as, after an interval, she pulled the bell again, louder than before. "But the Carnival has been magnificent. It was worth a beating!"

There was the usual preliminary "click" and the door flew open.

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!

By W. A. HORN.

THAT portion of Australia which is known to science as the Eremian or Solitary Desert region, and much of which has a mean annual rainfall of little over five inches, is practically an arid desert, but is a country of all-absorbing interest to the student of the physical changes which have taken place since the Diprotodon days. If we take the centre of the continent as being the middle of the northern side of an ellipse which has an east and west length of 1600 miles by a north and south width of 800 miles, we include the principal portion of this desert region.

There is no doubt that at some former period it had an abundant and certain rainfall, producing a rich and luxuriant vegetation, and was known to the Diprotodons and other huge marsupials and the gigantic struthious birds that roamed in large numbers over its generous pastures as a fertile and almost boundless plain. There is also abundant evidence that the great basin of the salt Lake Eyre, which now occupies the driest desert in all Australia, was at one time the recipient of the waters of noble rivers, and was in reality an inland sea of fresh water, upon whose sunny shores basked innumerable turtles, while the adjacent marshes were the resort of the alligator.

Over the whole of this area, however, the all-powerful forces of Nature have been at work for untold centuries, and vast physical changes are the result.

The conditions to-day are that this quondam fertile region is now the very abomination of desolation. The rainfall has diminished to almost vanishing point, two and sometimes even three years intervening between the tropical downpours. The huge lacustrine area has been enormously encroached upon by masses of drifting sand, owing to the denudation of the surrounding country.

The channels of the once mighty rivers, the "Finke" and the "Cooper," still exist, but in vastly diminished area, while the volume of water which flows down them even after the intermittent tropical downpours of rain is barely sufficient to cover the briny bed of the great salt Lake Eyre. The vast fertile plateau has degenerated into a sandy and stony desert, from 100 ft. to 200 ft. below its original level.

The Diprotodon and other huge and slow-moving marsupials, requiring a generous pasture to sustain them, were unable to accommodate themselves to these changes in their environment, and have become extinct.

To obtain geological evidence as to how these extraordinary changes have been wrought was one of the main objects of the late Horn Scientific Expedition, and the careful examination of the country by the geologists of the expedition, Messrs. Ralph Tate and J. A. Watt, has resulted in the discovery of a large number of obsidian bombs and agates scattered over the surface of the country.

This, with other evidence too voluminous to recapitulate in a short article of this nature, has led those gentlemen to the following conclusions—

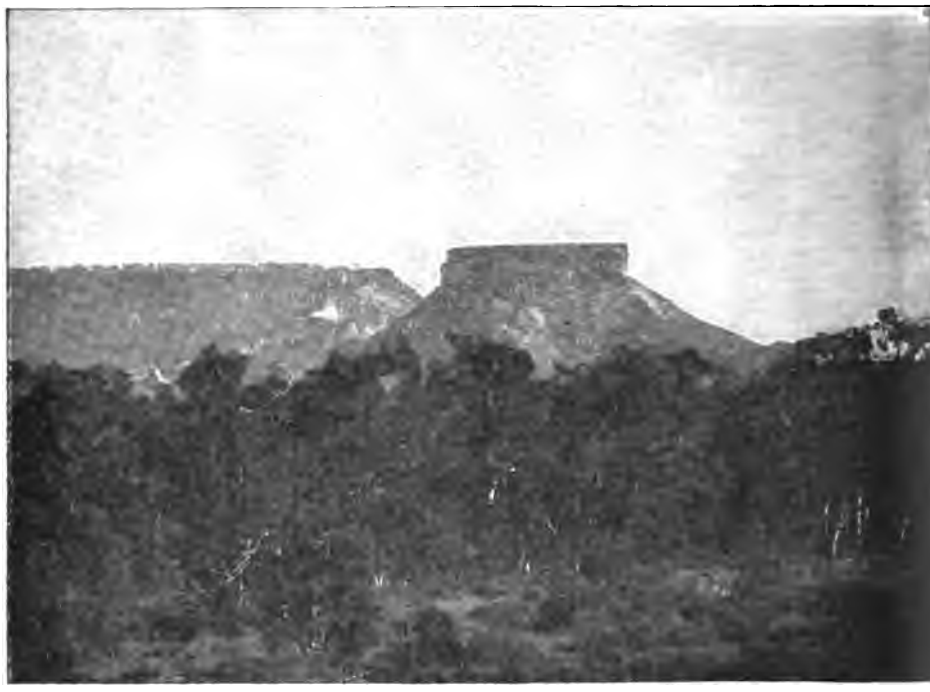
That the country had at some period been covered by showers of volcanic ashes saturated with water, and this had led to the deposition of hydrated silica, which cemented together the sandy surface of the plain, forming what is known as desert sandstone. The subsequent desiccation of the climate and the eroding influences of extremes of heat and cold had finally broken up and partially disintegrated this covering sheet of desert sandstone.

The harder portions, which have resisted this weathering, now stand at an elevation of from 100 to 200 feet above the surrounding country, presenting in the distance the appearance of high flat-topped isolated ranges; when approached, however, they seem to sink down, and on examination prove to be flat-topped ridges with a bold escarpment on the south side, the level top being covered with the desert sandstone. They frequently assume fantastic shapes, as seen in Chambers' Pillar and Castle Rocks; Crown Point offers a splendid illustration of the result of the denudation of the surrounding country.

The finer sandy portions of the disintegrated mass are blown for long distances,

and are found in the form of long, low, parallel ridges of sand, running generally in a north-west and south-east direction.

The sense of solitude and desolation that oppresses one in these sand-hills is most appalling. From the time you enter them you are dominated by the one desire to get out of them. Many a poor fellow never has got out of them, but has perished from thirst. Gibson, the solitary companion of Ernest Giles, perished in them, and Giles himself had more than one narrow escape. With the exception of the plaintive wail of the dingo or the hum of the ubiquitous blow-fly, absolute silence reigns, and your range of vision is so restricted by the low scrub and sand-hills all round that you feel a sense of almost imprisonment. The harder portions of the disintegrated mass, usually in the form of stones of a few pounds in weight, remain *in situ*, and the whole country looks as though it had rained stones. As far as the eye can reach in every direction over the plains there is nothing to be seen but bare shining stones, having a polished surface, from the sand continually blowing over them. They are locally known as "gibbers" (hard *g*). Those gibbers are a geological feature to be remembered. If we looked out to the horizon we looked over gibbers the whole distance. We travelled all day for weeks over gibbers; we slept at night upon gibbers; we even found small portions of gibbers in our food, and regretted that the *g* was *hard*.



CROWN POINT.

The only herbage is in small depressions where the water lodges immediately after rain. The mean annual rainfall is about five inches, but lengthened periods of time frequently elapse without any rain falling; the country is then reduced to the condition of an almost impassable and waterless desert, where, in the words of Adam Lindsay Gordon—

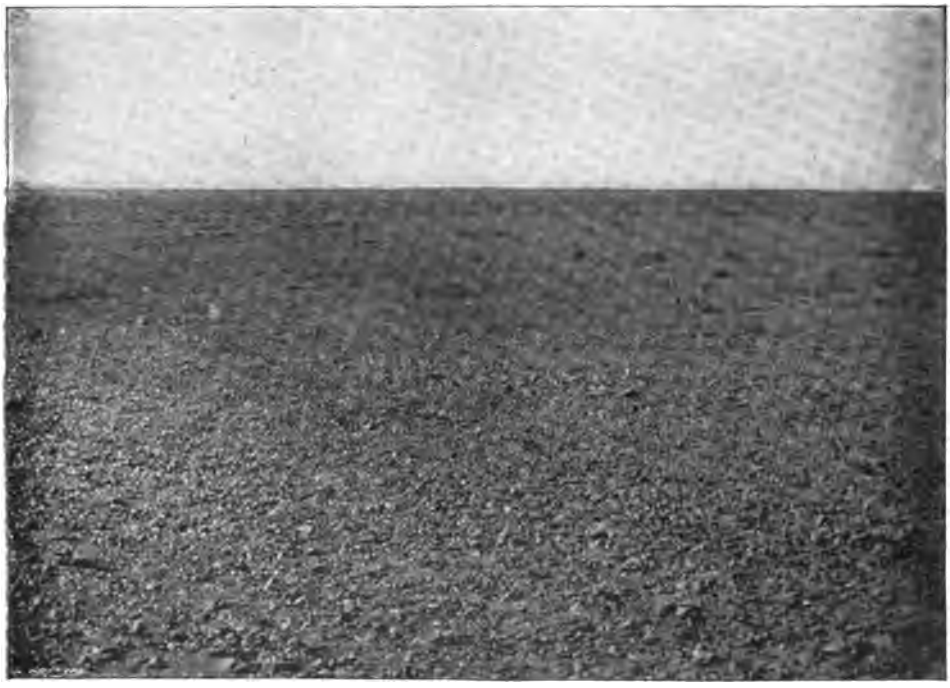
> With fire and fierce drought on her tresses,
> Insatiable Summer oppresses
> Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses,
> And faint flocks and herds.

On the northern side of this sand and gibber-strewn region there is an elevated tract of country known as the MacDonnell Ranges; here the aspect of the country changes. The rainfall increases, the mountains are bold, the rocks are of a different structure—granite, red sandstone, and quartzites make their appearance. Bare rocky ranges rise up 1000 feet to 2500 feet above the surrounding country,

which is sandy, but in places comparatively fertile. The flanking ranges of hills are weathered into bold headlands, capes, bluffs, etc.

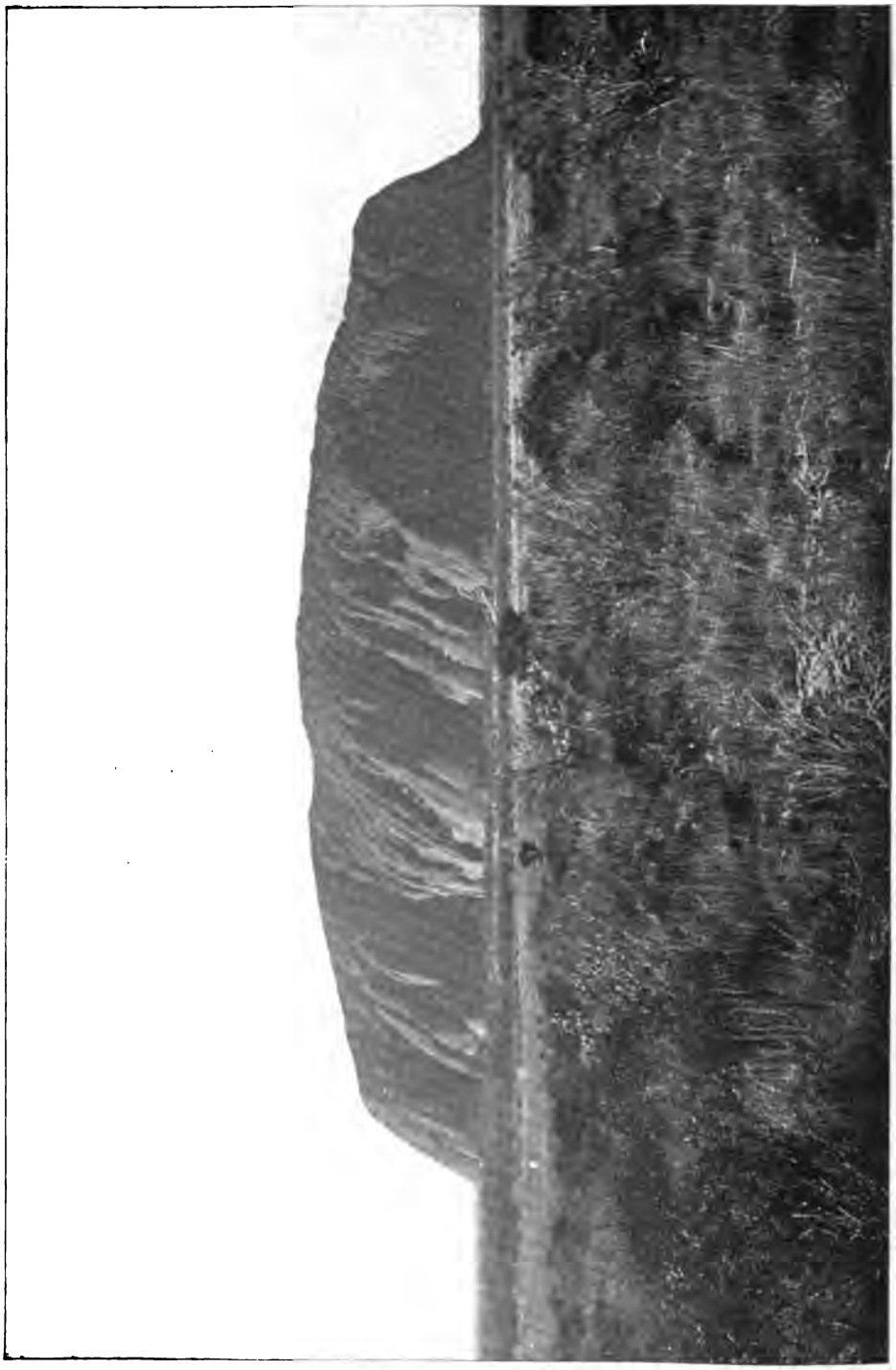
The MacDonnells themselves are three parallel ranges of mountains running east and west, and separated by narrow valleys; the most remarkable of these, which has been mapped by the explorer, has been named "Horn Valley." The total length of this extraordinary valley is 100 miles, and it is only 400 yards in width. It is flanked on both sides by rugged wall-like ranges of rock 700 to 800 feet in height. The only passes are the narrow rocky gorges through which the watercourses pass. Some very interesting beds of fossils, which will be fully described by the geologists, were discovered here.

There are no permanent streams in Central Australia, but in times of tropical rains immense volumes of water rush down from the barren hills, and, flooding the usually dry channels, overflow the shallow banks and inundate great tracts of sandy country, causing a luxuriant growth of vegetation. The Finke River is the largest of these watercourses; it drains an immense area, running north and south, and has many important tributaries coming in from the east and west. One of the extraordinary features of this country is that the Finke River, taking its rise north of the MacDonnells and running southward, impinges on the first of the ranges, running east and west. One would expect that the river, on striking this solid wall of rock at a right angle, would be deflected from its course, and would flow along the foot of the range, but not so: the mountain chain is rent asunder at this point, and a deep and rocky gorge is formed, having walls of bare rock over 1000 feet in height, between which the river passes. Some of these cliffs are so nearly vertical that the sun hardly ever penetrates into the gloomy depths of the gorges. The river then crosses the Sandy Valley, and a like phenomenon occurs. The second mountain chain is rent asunder in the same manner, and the river passes through to the third parallel range, which again is opened for its escape on the south side; it then continues its course through rough rocky valleys and sandy plains for four hundred miles, and is finally absorbed in the sandy desert of the south-east.



GIBBERS.

Chambers' Pillar is situated about one hundred miles south of the MacDonnell Ranges. This extraordinary natural feature



AYERS' ROCK, FIVE MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE, 1100 FEET HIGH.

is formed of a greyish sandstone, and stands like a broken column on a broad pedestal. It rises 164 feet above the surrounding country, which consists of low sand-hills covered with porcupine grass (*Triodia irritans*). It is visible for many miles on every side, and when looking at it from a distance it is difficult to believe that it is not the work of human hands. It certainly has a most imposing appearance.

Ayers' Rock is situated about one hundred miles south-west of the MacDonnells. This grand old monolith, weather-beaten and scarred by the storms of countless centuries, stands to-day, after defying the eroding influences of frost and heat from time immemorial—1100 feet in height and five miles in circumference—looking like a majestic sentinel of the plain watching the signal-fires of the savages who are converging from all points of the almost limitless desert beyond, and steering for the narrow oasis at his feet, where is to be found the only permanent water in this desolate region. This is one of the most remarkable natural features of the Australian continent, and is probably the largest monolith known. It is composed of metamorphic grit of a bright red colour, set off by the green bushes surrounding it. For a short distance round the base there is a narrow oasis, watered by the drainage from the rock; beyond that the sand extends in all directions. It is a rallying-point for the natives, and the numerous cavities are ornamented with rude aboriginal drawings, some of which were carefully copied by Professor Spencer.

To the west and north-west of this rock, at a distance of some fifty miles, are granite ranges, and among these occurs a strange phenomenon. In the afternoon frequently on a hot, still day, loud explosions are heard, with great crashing of rocks. The early explorers attributed these to earth tremors, but they are now accounted for by the fact that high up on many of the abrupt faces of the gorges are lodged enormous masses of independent rock of all shapes and sizes, many having the form of tall pillars. They rest, owing to the weathering of the surrounding rock, on very insecure bases. On a very hot day, when the sun gets low in the heavens, the eastern side of the rock is in the shade and cools and contracts rapidly, while the western side is exposed to a fierce sun and expands. A mass scales off the rapidly cooling side. The centre of gravity is thus suddenly shifted; the rock loses its balance, and a mass of some thousands of tons is hurled into the valley below, overturning and smashing in its descent other great masses and shaking all the adjacent country, the noise reverberating through the gorges like peals of thunder. This is succeeded by a dead stillness, only to be broken again in the same manner, and thus the process of denudation goes on.

The mountains of the MacDonnells rise to a considerable altitude, Mount Heughlin being 4760 feet above the sea-level and others over 4000 feet. There are some grand pieces of scenery, and some very pretty oases are formed, notably at Glen of Palms, Reedy Creek, and Cycad Gorge. At sunset the mountains assume that beautiful Orleans plum colour so characteristic of Australian mountain scenery, and stand out with their rugged profiles clear cut against the blue sky, making a bold picture. Yet there is an air of melancholy about the stillness and silence, broken only by the harsh screech of the cockatoo or the plaintive wail of the deplete dingo. The powerful word-painting of Marcus Clarke, with slight alterations, aptly describes the MacDonnell Ranges: "The dominant note of Australian scenery is weird melancholy. The mountains are funereal, secret, and stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle in their black gorges a story of sullen despair. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gum-tree strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the grass. The sun suddenly sinks, and from a gorge in the hills rises a dismal chant; and around their fires dance natives painted like skeletons. All is fear-inspiring and gloomy. No bright fancies are linked with the memories of these mountains. Famished explorers have named them out of their sufferings, Mount Misery, Mount Hopeless, Mount Despair. The soul, when placed before the frightful grandeur of these barren hills, drinks in their sentiment of defiant ferocity, and is steeped in bitterness. And yet withal there is an indescribable fascination about this Australian bush. In it alone is to be found the grotesque, the weird, the strange scribblings of Nature learning to write. The dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. Whispered to by the myriad tongues of the wilderness, he learns the language of the barren and the uncouth, and can read the hieroglyphs of haggard gum-trees, blown into odd shapes, distorted by fierce hot winds, or cramped

RIVER GORGE IN MACDONNELL RANGE.

by cold nights, when the Southern Cross freezes in a cloudless sky of icy blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the bush interprets itself, and one begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand better than all the bountiful riches of Egypt."

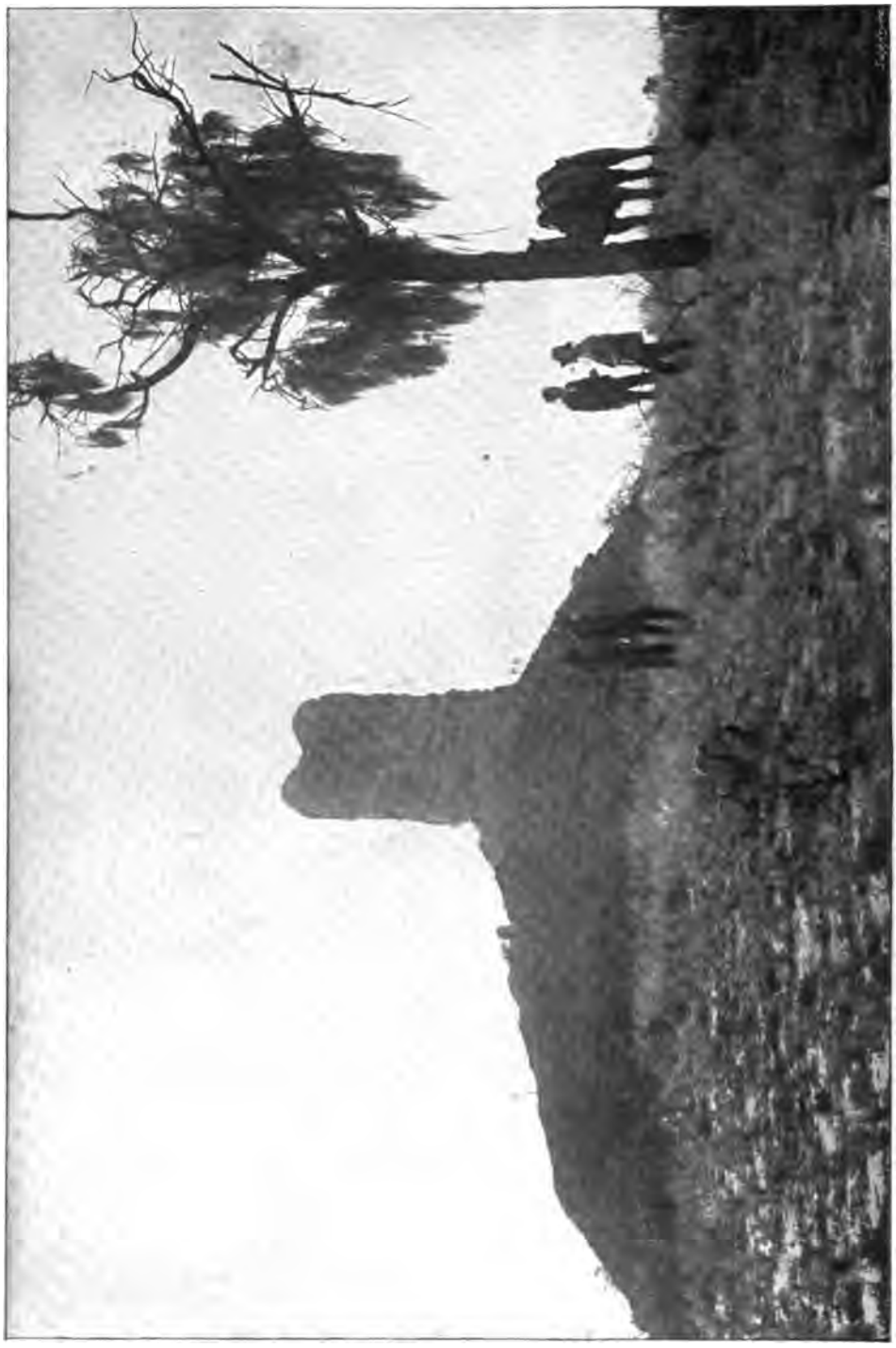
The Central Australian aborigine is the living representative of a stone age, who still fashions his spear-heads and knives from flint or sandstone, and performs the most daring surgical operations with them. His origin and history are lost in the gloomy mists of the past. He has no written records and few oral traditions. In appearance he is a naked, hirsute savage, with a type of features occasionally pronouncedly Jewish. He is by nature light-hearted, merry, and prone to laughter; a splendid mimic, supple-jointed, with an unerring hand that works in perfect unison with his eye, which is keen as that of an eagle. He has never been known to wash. He has no private ownership of land, except as regards that which is not over carefully concealed about his own person. (In this respect there are, undoubtedly some territorial magnates.) He cultivates nothing, but lives entirely on the spoils of the chase, and although the thermometer frequently ranges from 15 deg. to over 90 deg. Fahr. in twenty-four hours, and his country is teeming with furred game, he makes no use of the skins for clothing, but goes about during the day and sleeps in the open at night perfectly nude. He builds no permanent habitation and usually camps where night or fatigue overtakes him.

He can travel from point to point for hundreds of miles through the pathless bush with unerring precision, and can track an animal over rocks and stones, where a European eye would be unable to distinguish a mark. He is a keen observer, and knows the habits and changes of form of every variety of animal or vegetable life in his country. Religious belief he has none, but is excessively superstitious, living in constant dread of an Evil Spirit which is supposed to lurk round his camp at night. He has no gratitude except that of the anticipatory order, and is as treacherous as Judas. He has no traditions, and yet continues to practise with scrupulous exactness a number of hideous customs and ceremonies which have been handed down from his fathers, and of the origin or reason of which he knows nothing. Oftimes kind and even affectionate to those of his children who have been permitted to live, he still practises, without any reason except that his father did so before him, the most cruel and revolting mutilations upon the young men and maidens of his tribe.

Nevertheless, he is a philosopher who accepts feast or famine without a murmur either at the pangs of hunger or the discomforts of repletion. His motto is *Carpe Diem*, and when fortune sends him a supply of game he consumes it all, regardless of to-morrow. He is not a cannibal. No cold joint of missionary graces his sideboard, and should hunger,

AN ABORIGINE.

as a penalty for his improvident gluttony, overtake him, he simply ties a thin hair-girdle tightly round his stomach, and almost persuades himself that he is still suffering from repletion. After an experience of many years, I say without hesitation that he is absolutely untamable, You may clothe and care for him for years, when suddenly the demon of unrest takes possession; he throws off all his clothing and plunges into the trackless depths of his native bush, at once reverting to his old and hideous customs, and when sated, after months of privation, he will return again to clothing and civilisation, only to repeat the performance later on. Verily his moods are as eccentric as the flight of his own boomerang. Thanks to the untiring



CHAMBERS' PILLAR.

efforts of the missionary and the stockman, he is being rapidly "civilised" off the face of the earth, and in another hundred years the sole remaining evidence of his existence will be the fragments of flint which he has fashioned so rudely. It was for this reason that I thought it desirable to get some reliable information, supplemented by photography, of this race while there were any of them remaining in their primitive condition.

In returning from the Horn Expedition my only companion was a semi-civilised native nicknamed Slim Jem. He was quite nude, and rode my second horse. He was the most taciturn native I ever met; and only once, when our food ran short and I suggested to him that he should tighten his girdle so as to engender a feeling of repletion, did I rouse him to a sense of repartee, and he exclaimed: "Me big one hungry." On our final arrival at Crown Point, on the river Finke, I told him to come to the camp at dinner-time to get something to eat. I didn't tell him not to dress for dinner, because I knew he wouldn't. He was a sort of king in his own country, and he brought his queen with him. He was dressed in a coat of black grease plus a bone through his nose. She was also dressed in a coat of black grease, plus the crown jewels, consisting of a dog's-tooth necklace. They were not announced; it was quite unnecessary; I knew when they were approaching. They came with a fair wind. I could tell when they were between me and the camels! We dined early, and I think they enjoyed the dinner. I noticed when they left that the length of their girdles hardly appeared to be commensurate with the extent of my hospitality.

A CAMEL-BUGGY.

The results of the recent scientific exploration of this extraordinary region, by the Horn Expedition, are now being published, and although they will do much to illuminate its past history and explain some of its existing phenomena, it is not for one moment claimed that the field for research is exhausted. There is still a wide area open for speculation, and for the collation of actual facts. The problem of the co-existence of man with the extinct Diprotodon is still unsolved, and should some patriotic colonist take up the task of its solution, he will receive every possible assistance from the members of the late expedition.

DITTISHAM, ON THE DART.

THE THIRD.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

ALL the boys were fond of me—they all treated me like a Queen. One of them was my age; two were younger. Bob Logan was just fifteen—a year older than I was. Bob gave me a dormouse—he dug it out of the ground in its nest—and Hugh gave me a pretty white rabbit; all four of them loved to please me. They had kind hearts, and it seemed sad to them that I was an orphan without brother or sister; I had no one belonging to me but old Mrs. Lambert, my great-aunt. I lived with her in the West of Ireland, in her old manor-house, Kinrara, which was said to be haunted.

I had an English governess; I wanted to have an Irish girl, Biddy Rourke, to wait on me—there was some life in Biddy, but Mrs. Lambert said I should catch the brogue, and she handed me over to a cold-blooded dull English maid.

I liked my governess. She said to me one morning—

"Dear Norah, we shall not be much longer together; you are going to school."

"Bother! I hate school!"

I gave her a hug and kissed her, but I cried a little at her news. Kinrara had certainly been dull since my boys went to school in January; but at any rate, I had freedom. There were the woods to roam in; above all, there was the river that parted my great-aunt's property from Lord Ulster's place, Wide-Water.

Miss Stevens and I had no end of fun on the river; no one but ourselves knew about these boat adventures, for my governess said I had better not tell even the boys. I felt sure school would be full of stiff routine, I should no longer have the wild freedom I so dearly loved. I was just going to say this to Miss Stevens, when in came Murtagh, the solemn-faced butler.

"If ye plaze, Miss," he said, "the mistress wishes to see you in the little library."

This led out of the big library, and was great-aunt's special room; no one might go there unless sent for.

I have since learned that aunt must have been eighty years old that day she sent for me. The colour of her hair always puzzled me: it was a dull red, all ends, as it stuck out under her white lace cap. She was tall, and very thin; I sometimes thought she did not wear any petticoats under her straight-falling dove-coloured gown; round her throat was a ruffle, instead of a collar; her ruff was so full, and she held her head so stiffly, I fancied the points of the lace must prick her.

She never praised me, but she did not scold me; I thought she was a remarkable old woman.

To-day her dark eyes looked kindly at me.

"Sit down, child; you are as restless as a rolling ball, Norah, while you stand first on one foot, then on the other."

I seated myself, though I grudged staying indoors on such a lovely morning.

"You know that Kinrara belongs to me, child, but you do not know that I can leave it to whom I please. If you marry as I wish, I mean you to be mistress of Kinrara, and also of Wide-Water. Lord Ulster and I desire to unite the two estates, and Wide-Water will pass to his nephew, Bryan Curragh, his next-of-kin. Do you understand, child? It is proposed that when you are both old enough, you shall marry Bryan Curragh. I wish you to consider the matter settled, Norah."

She paused and looked at me. I suppose I was expected to answer "Yes, Aunt"; but I was only fourteen, and the idea of marriage seemed ridiculous; besides, I had promised each of the boys I would keep single for each of their sakes, and I would never have a husband. I believe I gaped with indifference.

"How old is the boy, Aunt?" more by way of showing interest than because I cared to know.

Aunt had frowned at my gape, but she smiled at my answer.

"Bryan Curragh is eighteen or nineteen; he is going up to Oxford, but I

expect him here this morning, and I wish you to behave nicely to him, as to your future husband."

I could not help laughing, just as if I was going to be dutiful and proper-behaved to a boy of eighteen.

"I'm more likely to be saucy than dutiful, Aunt; he 'll like it much better, if he 's the same as other boys."

My great-aunt took off her spectacles and looked at me with raised eyebrows.

TO-DAY HER DARK EYES LOOKED KINDLY AT ME.

"You are a spoiled child," she said slowly. "Young men, however, are apt to be fools, and Bryan may like your nonsense. So long as you please one another, Norah, I shall be satisfied."

"May I go, Aunt?"

She bent her head as though she were the Queen dismissing a subject.

I hurried to the garden, but I could not find Miss Stevens; when I turned into the tangled shrubbery walk, I heard her voice in the orangery close by. I wondered who her companion was, as she came out of the orangery followed by a tall, rough-looking young fellow, who was talking and laughing, and seemed not to see me. I was not accustomed to be neglected. Bob Logan said Miss Stevens was pretty, but he and everyone but Auntie said I was a beauty: the boys must know. Bob, poor fellow! said the last day before he went to school, that my eyes were like beautiful dark lakes; it was a pretty thought, but I have an idea that Bob borrowed it, for since then I have seen it in a book.

Miss Stevens said, "Norah, this is Mr. Bryan Curragh."

He looked at me, smiled, and raised his straw hat. I made a deep curtsey; I thought he ought to have shaken hands with me.

He went on talking to Miss Stevens.

"If you do not know that poem, 'Genevieve,' I should like to lend it to you."

"Thank you, I feel ashamed of my ignorance."

"Don't say that," his eyes shone and his cheeks flushed as he looked at her, "I only read it lately, but to me it is worth 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel' put together."

He walked on in silence; he had not a word for me.

My quills were out like those of an angry porcupine; no one had ever ignored me in this way. Bryan Curragh seemed to me insufferable; I was so affronted that I slipped into a side path that led through the shrubbery, and left him to his tête-à-tête with Miss Stevens.

"Norah, Norah, come back, dear!" she cried.

I hurried on, but Bryan spoke so loud that I overheard him.

"What a mere child she is! I rode over this morning to see her, and I fancy what I have seen will do; she looks as if she had a temper. Now will you be so kind as to show me how the river looks from this side?"

I hurried off to the nearest wood, and when I reached my own little moss-grown summer-house, I sat down on the broken bench and burst out crying. I hated Bryan Curragh; he was rude! he was not even a gentleman. Little Hugh would have scorned to behave so like a savage. I would go indoors at once, and tell aunt I hated Bryan, and I did not want to see him again; but when my sobs quieted, I saw this would be silly; I must keep my vexation to myself.

The big luncheon-bell began to ring us in from the garden, so I went indoors, and found I had to sit next Bryan, because aunt told him to take the bottom of the table.

I had a good view of his face, and I did think him ugly.

He was very tall, so thin that he looked all legs and arms; his skin was as dark as an Indian's, except just under his hair, where it looked lighter; so I guessed he lived much in the open air. He had a long nose, a slight moustache began to hide his rather full lips, and his dark hair curled low on his forehead. His eyes were dark, and seemed almost lines till he spoke to Miss Stevens; then they opened widely, and looked very bright. I had plenty of time to observe, for he took no notice of me. I felt irritated, and as if I should like to upset a wine-glass, to see what would happen.

I felt all at once that I was being watched; I turned quickly and met my aunt's dark eyes. I wondered if I had been looking vexed; I hoped not. I could not bear aunt to think I wanted the notice of such a lout as Bryan Curragh—I, who had four devoted young lovers of my own.

I looked into my plate and began to eat. Presently my great-aunt said—

"I should like to drive you round the domain, Bryan." She added in her half-polite tone: "We will take you as far as the home farm, Miss Stevens, and I will give you a list of instructions for Mrs. Chester."

She rose, and we followed her out of the dining-room. She looked back, and seeing how near I was, she stretched out her hand, took mine, and tucked it cosily under her arm.

"You will drive with us, dear," she said softly.

I was feeling forlorn; this attention so cheered and comforted me that though I shrank from being with Bryan Curragh, I felt like myself again.

He was very talkative during the drive, but he did not speak to me till we had dropped Miss Stevens at the farmhouse. Then he said abruptly—

"Shall you like school, Norah?"

I glanced mischievously at him.

"Yes, very much, when the time comes."

I am sure he expected a different answer, for he made a sort of grimace.

Aunt looked immovable, but her face never showed what she thought about; she had not big eyes like mine, which always tell my secrets against my will. I thought she was getting tired of showing her visitor her farms and woods, and meadows and crops, though it was too early in the year to see much of these. As I now call it all back, I believe she had another motive when she called to Dennis, the coachman, to stop; I believe she wanted to leave me alone with Bryan.

"Norah," she said, "I want you to show Bryan the way through this wood—I mean the way by the glen; the crab-trees should be in flower."

I will say for Bryan that he looked pleased. He jumped out, and gave me his hand to help me. Aunt kissed her fingers to us, and drove away.

Bryan stood looking at a gap in the hedge.

"Is this the way through the wood, Norah?"

"Of course." I bolted through the gap, and went off at a good pace. He called after me.

"Why such haste? We are not tied to time, are we?"

I stopped and looked back; I wanted to find some way of teasing him.

"I am not in a hurry, but I thought you perhaps might be."

I meant "in a hurry to get away from me," and I looked at him under my eyelashes, to see if he understood.

He stared as if I had puzzled him.

"I suppose that is a riddle," he said. "I can't guess it, so you must explain, little one."

He put out his hand to take mine, but I ran off into the thickest part of the wood. I knew he could not easily follow me among the brambles, and I was furious at being called "little one" I was small for my age, but I thought it was horrid of him.

"Norah, Norah!" he called, but I was hiding behind a tree. I squeezed in my laughter, for I saw that, in his violent efforts to follow me, he had tangled himself in the huge mass of brambles under which I had stooped and made my way. He actually groaned with rage.

He did not guess I was so near, for he shouted—

"Norah, Norah! where are you?" Then he growled to himself, "Little devil! I was a fool to trust her when I saw mischief dancing in her eyes. I'll find her yet; she sha'n't go scot-free, either."

At this threat I scrambled away on all fours to the opposite side of the tangle, and cried in a squeaky voice—

"Come, this is the way; here are the crab-trees."

I heard him come tearing through the bushes, but I did not mean to be caught.

"YOU LITTLE MISCHIEF! I CLAIM A FORFEIT."

We were near that part of the wood where big beech-trees grew, and now I came to the clearing with the pit against which Larry the woodman had warned me. There was no sign that this pit existed; the ground went up and down in the spaces between the big trunks; the middle of the clearing seemed to be a level, red-brown leaf-carpet. Larry, however, kept a plank across the pit, and as I looked at this plank I saw how I could be revenged on Bryan.

When I reached the edge of the pit, I listened. Overhead, the great branches stretched out till they crossed one another. I could not hear Bryan, but I knew he would soon be here. I flung myself down, and pulled the plank towards me; it was rather heavy, so I had to move it slowly. I had pulled it more than half across when a shout sounded near me. "Norah, Norah, where are you?"

I pushed the plank sideways with all my strength; then I sprang up, and dashed off for the Crab-tree Glen. I feared that the plank might betray my plan by slipping into the pit, but I hoped that it would stay where I had pushed it, half hidden among the fallen leaves. I thought Bryan would be in such hot haste to follow the sound of my voice that he would not notice the plank. I slipped behind a beech-trunk, and shouted—

"Make haste, I'm off to the crab-trees." I ran on about twenty yards; then I stopped and listened.

There was an outcry, then a scuffling noise. On I went, and suddenly came out beside a piece of shining water, to which the ground sloped down on all sides; here and there a group of trees grew close to the water's edge; the largest of these groups was covered with lovely cup-like blossoms, paling from deepest rose to creamy blush, bending over the pool. I had meant to run away and hide myself before Bryan could reach the glen. This lovely sight put him out of my head, and I stood staring at the rosy blossoms. I had not come this way for two years, and I had never seen the trees so lovely.

Suddenly a rough hand grasped my wrist—

"You little mischief!" Bryan shouted in my ear, "I claim a forfeit."

His face was close to mine—he kissed my cheek.

My face was as hot as fire, and tears came into my eyes; I was passionately angry.

"How dare you! how dare you! you ought to be ashamed, you—you coward! I despise you!"

He looked wonder-struck; he stared at me like a bull. I wrenched myself free, and was deep in the wood before he even moved; when I looked back, he was standing where I left him.

II.

I spent five years at school at a convent in Jersey. I did not see Bryan Curragh again. I told aunt I hated him, and she scolded me; a few days after I was sent

off to school. My aunt died soon after I left Kinrara, so I had to spend my holidays sometimes at school and sometimes in Dublin, with a very old cousin of my father's. I liked my school holidays best, old Miss Lambert was so very dull and prim; at the convent all the sisters used to pet and spoil me; they said I amused them; besides, my dearest friend, Ruth Vernon, spent her holidays in the convent, because her parents were in India. There were fine trees and lovely flowers in the garden of our Jersey home, and always plenty of air and sunshine. Ruth and I spent our summer holidays out of doors, reading or talking.

When I was nineteen I learned that I was to go to Paris to live with my father's sister. My aunt and her husband, Monsieur de Wazincourt, had lived for some years in Vienna, as he was attached to the Embassy; I had never seen either him or my aunt, and I felt nervous at the idea of living with such grand people.

But Ruth Vernon laughed at my fears.

"It will not be a long visit, my Norah; you will be married before the year ends. Marriage is your vocation, you know."

Our parting came in July. When I reached Paris the de Wazincourts took me away to their country place, about twenty miles off; after that we went to the sea. I liked my new life and my new uncle and aunt; but I should have liked anyone who took me to the sea. My aunt knew a few old ladies in the quiet Norman bathing-place; my uncle, our only gentleman, soon went off to Brittany to shoot partridges. I found our seaside life delightful, and I learned to swim. The bathing was excellent; there were plenty of nice children of all ages, and among them I found pleasant companions. My aunt was gentle and courteous, and her distinguished appearance gave her much prestige. It is true that when we were alone she was quite another person; she used to keep me laughing with her quaint sayings about the people on the sands. I was sorry when the bathing season ended and we had to go back to Paris.

My aunt's rooms were in the best quarter of Paris: the elegance of their decoration, the tapestries and curtains, the carpets and embroideries, the lovely drawings and figurines, the china, metal-work, and curios filled me with delight and wonder; it was all so different from the bare walls and floors of the convent. My whole existence seemed changed.

I dearly loved my aunt, and felt grateful for her constant kindness, but I missed my friend Ruth.

I disliked two things in my new life: a sort of muffled feeling, as if draughts were too carefully excluded, and windows kept too closely shut. I was young and healthy; at the convent I had had so much outdoor air and exercise; I often pined for a good long walk. My second grievance was my bed-room; it was charmingly pretty, but it was just within my aunt's, and the second door, which led into a passage, was kept locked.

I discovered one day how thin the walls were when my aunt brought someone into her room. It was Mdlle. Véronique de Naguet. I disliked her, not because she was so thin and had such a sour face, but because she flattered my aunt, and also had a way of snubbing me.

I tried not to hear what she said, but she began to speak of me at the top of her voice. "You are quite in love with that child Norah," she said.

My aunt answered, "Yes, indeed, I love Norah dearly; she is so sweet and so graceful. I was surprised to find her so tall; she was a little shy at first, but that has gone. She is a dear child, she fascinates us both with her merry talk."

"But, dear friend" — Mademoiselle's voice rasped all sweetness out of her words—"I see for myself, everyone sees, that your protégée is charming; I only ask myself how is it possible that Madame de Wazincourt, with her delicate health, can encounter the fatigue consequent on taking this young creature into society?"

My aunt laughed.

"I shall not have the little puss long on my hands, dear Véronique; do not be anxious about me; I intend to marry Norah as soon as possible."

I was stupefied with surprise, but Véronique quickly answered, "You think then, dear friend, that she will allow you to choose for her? She may do so, but she seems to be a decided young woman."

My aunt laughed again—teasingly, I fancied.

"Norah is not a French girl, dear friend, and I mean her to choose for herself. I chose my husband, and he has made me a happy woman. Why should not I allow Norah the same freedom?"

I longed to clap my hands at this announcement, and then came Mademoiselle de Naguet's rasping answer—

"Pardon me, dearest, if I disagree with you. You are Irish, but you must remember that Norah's mother was French. Believe me, our system is better than

yours is. The love that grows slowly and surely after marriage is the safest."

"I could believe you if love were certain to follow after marriage." My aunt's voice sounded grave. "But I see that you and I consider marriage from different points of view, and argument makes one's head ache. I mean to marry Norah without delay, but I also mean the dear child to be happy."

There was a murmur of dissent, then they talked about dress, and I went back to the letter I had been trying to write to my dear Mrs. Edwards, once Miss Stevens.

When I next saw aunt, she said—

"You want a smart frock or two, dear child."

I was puzzled. I had already spent a good deal on dress, and I remembered that at school I had been warned to be economical.

"Can I afford so many smart gowns, aunt? I am grateful to you and to my uncle for your kindness, but I do not like you to spend so much for me."

Madame de Wazincourt put up her pince-nez, and gave me a quizzical survey.

"That smacks of the convent, dear little one. Oh, yes, you can afford to buy smart frocks and everything you want; I am going to transform my Cinderella into the belle of the ball we go to next week. Dear Norah, your dancing at the Monday lesson charmed me; you are sure to be a success."

My ball-dress came home, and I thought it lovely, white, soft, and shimmering. I did not, however, enjoy the ball as much as I expected. I liked dancing, and I had several good partners, but I fancied that in the crowd of lookers-on I saw more attractive faces than those of my partners. I was no longer the baby I had been at Kinrara; I did not care much for mere good looks; whichever way I turned during the evening one pair of dark, very expressive eyes seemed to meet me. I longed to ask my aunt if she knew the owner of these remarkable eyes, but she seemed unconscious of the attention he bestowed on me, and was always bowing or speaking to some of her acquaintances. Several gentlemen were presented to her; I wished the dark-eyed stranger would come forward. At last the evening ended, and I lost sight of him.

I dreamed all night of those dark eyes, and wondered whether I should ever see them again.

Two days later my aunt asked me to come to her room.

She placed herself in an easy chair, and pointed to the little velvet stool beside her.

"Norah, you and I must have a serious talk," she said, with a caressing smile; "I have never yet explained to you why you were placed under my care."

I looked up at her.

"I have been much too happy to ask why I was sent to such a Paradise." I held up my forehead to be kissed.

"You are a loving little puss," she said, so affectionately that I forgot she wanted to rid herself of me by marrying me; "now we must be serious and talk business. You have not been told, I think, that you are your great-aunt's heiress. Mrs. Lambert wished this to be secret from most people till you are twenty-one, but I was to tell you when it was necessary."

I was greatly surprised.

"Are you sure? Aunt Lambert told me that she would not leave Kinrara to me unless I took Bryan Curragh along with it."

Madame de Wazincourt looked slyly at me, then she leaned back and laughed softly to herself.

"Poor Bryan Curragh! When Mrs. Lambert made that condition she thought that he would be the owner of Wide-Water. But Lord Ulster married a young wife, who has brought him a son; so Mr. Curragh has only his Breton property, a small estate in Finistère. Well, to go back to Aunt Lambert. She was my aunt, you know, as well as yours, Norah; she did not alter her will, and it gives you Kinrara, and almost all she had besides. Your uncle is one of the trustees, Lord Ulster is the other, and they settle all your business for you. The business I want to discuss with you, Norah"—she paused, and looked keenly at me, "is the choice of your husband."

I could not help laughing, the idea seemed so absurd.

"Need I have one, aunt? It is not nearly a year since I left school. I like liberty, and I like you much better than I could like a husband, dear; you let me amuse myself as I please."

She stroked my hair with her soft white fingers.

"It is better that you should marry, sweet one; Aunt Lambert made me promise to take care of you when you left school, and she also made me promise to find you a husband with as little delay as possible."

I shrugged my shoulders, but Madame de Wazincourt shook her head at me.

"Be reasonable, dear Norah, your uncle and I may again leave Paris for some time; Aunt Lambert has specified that your husband is to be either French or a British subject."

I felt suddenly rebellious. I longed to say, "I will not marry unless someone makes me wish to be his wife," but I could not say these words out, and my aunt went on speaking—

"Well then, dear child, it is settled, is it

MY BALL-DRESS CAME HOME.

not? I have only to try to do justice to Aunt Lambert's trust in me; remember you are to choose for yourself, but I must tell you I have received three desirable proposals for you; I mean you to see each of these gentlemen in turn, and form your own opinion of them."

The plan seemed so comic that I laughed.

"I beg your pardon, aunt," I said as soon as I could speak, "there is only this: suppose, when you have trotted all the three out, I do not care for any of them?"

She smiled, but I am sure my abruptness troubled the dear gentle soul.

"We will hope for the best," she said; "you are not obliged to marry at once, you have only to say to me which of these three gentlemen you wish to see again, and the rest is my affair; even then you can change your mind at the second interview if you are not quite satisfied."

She bent down and kissed me. "It is time to drive," she said. Evidently she thought reflection on my side unnecessary. It was a bright day full of warm sunshine; as soon as the carriage set us down at the entrance to the Tuileries Gardens my aunt proposed when we had taken a few turns that we should sit down and rest.

"I am glad that you are wearing that hat, Norah," she said; "simple things suit you best."

I had not seen the Gardens so gay since we came to Paris, and I enjoyed watching the people as they passed us. My aunt bowed to several acquaintances and said they were back unusually early this year. She was so silent and observant that I thought she must be watching for some special person. I was silent too. I kept thinking of our singular talk in her room. Now that I learned Bryan's disappointment I wished I had not been so unkind to him. I had just begun to wonder whether he was married, when my aunt said—

"Norah!"

I looked up. A gentleman was coming towards us, and presently he bowed low to us. Madame de Wazincourt shook hands with him, but he looked keenly at me. While they spoke I saw that he was one of the attractive lookers-on I had seen at the ball, but in daylight and morning dress he looked commonplace. He was fair and what is considered handsome, but he seemed unpleasantly conscious of his own good looks; every hair of his silky moustache and beard appeared to be individually cared for, even his well-marked eyebrows had an artificial look about them. Presently I had to smile and answer, for he asked me if I had enjoyed the ball. He then complimented me on the success I had achieved. Soon after he made very elaborate bows, and passed on.

"Do you like him?"

My aunt's tone startled me, it was so significant.

"Have you begun already?" I said reproachfully. "Was that really Number One? I say 'No' to him; he is too much in love with himself to make any girl happy."

She smiled. The visitors had begun to leave the gardens, and she suggested that we should find our carriage waiting at the gate. A gentleman was standing near it, and when he saw us he smiled effusively

and raised his hat. My aunt shook hands with him, and then presented him to me as M. le Comte de Gragnac. I felt sure that this was the second of my *prétendants*, and while he talked to my aunt I took a deliberate survey of him. I liked him well enough, his dark eyes looked so amiable and good-tempered, and he had not the self-conceited, assertive nose of the first one; but he was short and stout, and old enough to be my father. He must have been quite forty.

"Does Mademoiselle like Paris?"

His manner was easy and pleasant, I felt at home with him.

"Yes, Monsieur, I love it."

He seemed very much pleased.

"Mademoiselle's taste is perfect, but that was to be expected."

Presently he turned to Madame de Wazincourt, then he handed us into the carriage, and took leave of us. My aunt said "*à demain*." He bowed again, and we drove off.

She turned to me, and said in English, "Well, Norah?"

I felt disgusted. It seemed to me degrading that such a solemn part of my life as marriage should be treated as lightly as the choosing of a new gown or a hat. . . . Then I felt I was conceited and absurd to set up my own judgment against my aunt's, and I supposed that this was the French way of taking a husband. But I was Irish, and I resolved that I would not be a sheep. I would rather keep single all my life than marry a man I did not already love. I answered gravely—

"You wish to know if I like Monsieur de Gragnac? I might, perhaps, like him for a friend, but not for a husband."

She leaned back and laughed till tears came.

"But, dear child," she said at last, "a husband is the best friend a woman can have. Monsieur de Gragnac would be a safe friend, Norah. He is well born, he has large estates, and will be able to help you in the management of Kinrara; he has good health and is extremely cheerful, he is also a man of excellent character. Come, come, dear child, do not decide hastily; you have evidently made an impression on Monsieur de Gragnac."

I felt my face flush; it seemed wiser to explain my ideas about marriage to my aunt.

"You will perhaps think me silly, aunt, but you told me I was to choose for myself. I want my husband to be more than a friend, I care more that he should love me very dearly. I am sure a husband and wife ought to have some kind of sympathy; I love outdoor things, and Monsieur de Gragnac would not care for a wife who asked him to run races with her. I am not sober enough for him."

She said, "Poor Monsieur de Gragnac." Then she talked about something else.

A week went by, but I heard no more about Monsieur de Gragnac; my aunt seemed bent on taking me to public places. One night we went to the Opera, another to the Comédie Française; in the daytime, we visited Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, and other remarkable buildings. I enjoyed this sort of life, and I began to hope that aunt had forgotten her purpose of finding me a husband.

At the end of a fortnight I began to get very sleepy in the evening—my convent life had accustomed me to early hours.

At last the day came for our visit to the galleries of the Louvre. I had never seen fine pictures, and Madame de Wazincourt was amused at the enthusiasm that came with my enjoyment. She did not seem to share it; her eyes kept straying to the doors of the rooms as we passed through them. I turned at last to draw her attention to a beautiful picture, and I saw that she was smiling and bowing to someone. A gentleman was coming towards us, and I recognised the dark eyes which had haunted me ever since that night at the ball.

"If aunt would present him to me, I might find him interesting."

I felt a flush rise in my cheeks, but though they shook hands, she did not bring him up to me. She turned away, and walked with him to the farther end of the gallery. I tried to fix my attention again on the beautiful picture, but my attention wandered; I kept on wondering why aunt did not introduce her friend to me.

"Patience," I said to myself; "they have turned, they are coming back; why am I in such a childish hurry?"

They stopped, and I saw his face. Where had I seen him before? At the ball his eyes had attracted me; to-day his whole appearance stirred some far-off memory.

Madame de Wazincourt again shook hands with him. I heard her say—

"Then unless you hear from me our engagement holds?"

He bowed over her hand.

"With the greatest pleasure, Madame."

With another low bow, which seemed to include me, he left the gallery.

My eyes smarted with kept-back tears; I was so mortified that I longed to cry. These last weeks had spoiled me; I felt ill-used and rebellious. I turned my back on Madame de Wazincourt.

"I could not help leaving you, dear child," she said sweetly. "I had to talk business with that gentleman; he is a very old acquaintance of mine. What do you think of him, Norah?"

"How can I tell you? You did not give me a chance of speaking to him."

"Never mind, he saw you, and was charmed. He has asked me to present him to you this evening. He wishes to join us in our box at the Opera."

I stared dumbly at her; my heart seemed to stand still with excitement.

"Well, Norah, would you like to see my friend this evening?"

She spoke in a mocking tone, I thought.

"Is he English?"

"No, he is not English. Now we must go home."

I could not talk at dinner, I felt nervous and excited.

We reached our box in good time, and while my aunt looked round the house, I leaned back in my chair, half-closing my eyes, while I tried to remember where I had first seen those dark eyes, and where I had heard that voice.

I did not look round when the door of the box opened, but in a moment or two my uncle sat down in the chair next mine.

"Why so deep in thought, Norah, eh?"

A GENTLEMAN WAS COMING TOWARDS US.

The overture began before I could answer. I settled myself to listen to it. All at once, without turning my head, I heard someone talking in a low voice to my aunt at the other corner of the box. This someone must have come in with my uncle.

The overture was almost over; in a few moments the curtain would rise, and the opera would begin.

"How childish aunt is to keep me in suspense!" I thought.

"Norah."

M. de Wazincourt rose from his chair; I turned, and saw beside him my dark-eyed unknown. The introduction was most formal, but I dared not look up, nor did I hear the name of this new acquaintance.

The visitor at once took my uncle's place, pushing the chair back so that I had to turn when I spoke to him.

"I see you do not remember me," was said as if we were old acquaintances.

I looked up, and as I met those deeply set, searching eyes, my shyness fled.

BRYAN BENT FORWARD.

"You are Bryan Curragh."

"You will shake hands now that you have so kindly recognised me."

I put my hand in his, but I felt dazed. It was not possible to believe that this distinguished-looking man could be the long-legged, shaggy-headed Bryan for whom I had set the pitfall.

"Do you know I used to hate you!" Then I wished I could recall my words.

His eyes sparkled.

"Thank you very much; I am truly grateful for that past tense. I do not deserve to be remembered at all. I saw you at that ball, but when I learned your name I was overwhelmed, far too much mortified to seek an introduction."

I heard his words, but I was far away, under the trees in the wood at Kinrara; I remembered our parting there, and a warm flush burned in my cheeks.

"Did you expect me to grow up a wild, naughty little girl, in a torn frock?"

I tried to look saucy as I spoke, but the glance I met sent me into confused silence.

Bryan pushed back his chair still further, so that when I spoke I had to turn my back to the theatre. I could see that our companions sat very forward; they seemed very intent on the performance.

We were completely screened from observation. Bryan bent forward, till his lips almost touched my ear.

"Dearest Norah," he said softly, "I want you to forgive me; won't you say you do, and put me out of my torment?"

But he smiled as he spoke, so I said—

"You do not look a bit tormented, you cannot make me believe that till to-night you have been too shy to renew our acquaintance."

"Pardon me!" he said earnestly; "there were reasons for my hesitation. I am no longer likely to succeed to Wide-Water, and besides that, I was told that Madame de Wazincourt had made other plans for you. I—I did not care to claim your mere friendship."

I felt very strange—hot and cold at once. There was no air in the box; the heat seemed to stifle me. At last I said quietly—

"I cannot see why Madame de Wazincourt's plans need have kept you away. Such an old friend of my great-aunt's, too!" I ended, laughing.

In an instant he took both my hands and held them tightly clasped.

"You forget one thing—you forget that we were betrothed that day beside the pool in the wood; you forget that you have never released me from my pledge. Ah, Norah, don't I wish, then, we were in the wood this very minute!"

"I think it is nicer here," I said demurely.

He frowned; then he laughed.

"I see you are as wicked as ever; but remember you have said it is nice to have me beside you. I give you fair notice that I accept that as final. Here comes charming Madame de Wazincourt to tell us to listen to the music."

"Charming Madame de Wazincourt" has more than once reproached me because I chose the poorest of the three suitors she had so carefully selected, and I tell her I have never repented my choice, though Bryan and I are now an old married couple.

THE LANDSEER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

II.

ONE of the most interesting pictures left us by Stradanus, the sixteenth-century artist to whom the reader has already been introduced,* is the first one given to-day, representing men rabbiting. The scene is a familiar one, and could we but change the dress of the sportsmen to modern shooting-suits, their crossbows for guns, and their nondescript spotted "curres" for smart and alert fox-terriers, we should have a fair picture of a modern ferreting party in an English warren.

Indeed, the methods of destroying rabbits have varied perhaps less than those of capturing any other animal, and remain now what they were in the generation of our artist, and probably differ but little from those in practice long before the days of ink and parchment. For buried in the gloom of prehistoric ages is the name of the originator of the happy idea of using ferrets in the chase of their natural prey, rabbits. The remedy in this instance seems to be nearly as old as the disease, for the earliest records of the one are generally coupled with the name of the other. It is Pliny, if I remember rightly, who mentions what a plague the rabbits had become on the Balearic Isles, and tells us at the same time how highly the ferret was esteemed by the population thereof. It was the inhabitants of Minorca who are said to have petitioned the Emperor Augustus to send a goodly reinforcement of troops to aid in the destruction of these pests, that were undermining their houses and destroying their trees. We can only wonder whether the petition resulted in spirited ferreting operations by the garrison. It is amusing to imagine the Roman legionaries engaged in this, to us, homely and modern sport. Was it to Cæsar's soldiers versed in the handling of ferrets that the ancient Britons were indebted for initiating them in the way of making rabbits bolt from their burrows? Or was the method first imported many centuries later with other forms of chase from Normandy? However that may be, when it came it came to stay, and as long as there are rabbits there will be but few country youths who will not at some time or other enjoy what an old writer has called "one of the coldest and unpleasantest chases that can be followed."

In contradiction to our modern tastes, that of the Middle Ages pronounced the flesh of the rabbit to be better than that of the hare, which latter was believed to conduce to "melancholicke," while the former figured at all great feasts as a delicacy. It is interesting to find that in the early days of France, under the Capetian Kings, there was a special Court functionary to keep the larder well supplied with this dainty, for we read that these kings had their "ferreter" as well as their "falconer" and "huntsmen." In the reign of St. Louis (1226) we find that the ferreter figures thus in the ordinances of the royal household: "The ferreter shall have 18 den. wages, and when he and his varlet come to Court they shall eat there." In the accounts of Louis' grandson, Philip, we find that the pay remained the same. The holder of this appointment is mentioned by name—Perrotus Picardus, furetarius . . . 18 den. Pro robis pro toto anno . . . 60 s.

To return to our Stradanus, there can be no better explanation given to it than the great Gaston de Foix's description of how to hunt and take conies, of which I venture to give the sixteenth century translation: "He that would take conies must hunt with two or three spanels or curres made for ye purpose, amongst ye hedges and bushes where he knoweth that ye conies do lie; he may also have small greyhounds for the purpose to course at them, but in their default the spanels or curres will drive them into their burrowes; then set pursenets upon all ye holes, or as many of them as you can find, and put in a ferret close muzzled and she will make the conies bolt

*October (1896) number of this magazine.

out againe into your pursenets, and so you shall take them. Remember your ferret be close muzzled, or she will kill your conie in the ground, and peradventure will not come out againe of three or foure daies after. For default of a ferret you may make the conies come out of their burrowes with the powder of Orpine and Brimstone and make a smother with them, and it will make the conies bolte out of the earth, and so you shall take them in your pursenets." The translator remarks that the Frenchman seems not to be acquainted with English warrens, and that there are lords and gentlemen in England that would "give a man but small thanks which should so smother their burrowes with Brimstone and Orpiment, for indeed it will mar a burrow and drive the conies clean from it."

But the lords and gentlemen of France must have neglected the use of brimstone, and can have found but little time to spare from their stag, hare, wolf, and boar hunts to attend to their ferrets and "curres," for the conies were not driven "clean" away, and must have become a nuisance indeed to induce Louis XVI. to issue an ordinance, as he did in 1776, giving permission to all peasants to kill rabbits for the protection of their crops.

In our next picture, representing badger-drawing, one is struck by the quantities of badgers; they seem to have been as plentiful as rabbits in a warren. This arises probably from the artist's habit of trying to put as many incidents of the sport as he was able into one picture. Here, for instance, we see the badgers being hunted to their earths by dogs; men in the act of digging them out, stoning some that are trying to escape; and others packing away dead ones into a mule's panniers. Two wretched animals seem to have been thrown into a water-tank or caught in it as a trap.

A SCENE ON A RABBIT WARREN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

From a Copper-plate Reproduction by Galle from the Picture by Stradanus.

Perhaps Stradanus, when he drew such a number of badgers, had in his mind the legend told by a twelfth century chronicler. The same relates that some noblemen went out badger-hunting, and, having drawn one from his earth, put him into a sack, intending to carry him home. The badger appeared to them uncommonly heavy, and no wonder, for it was the devil himself whom they had bagged in this guise. All the friends of the Evil One

promptly came to his rescue, and the forest seemed quite blocked up with swarms of infuriated badgers. The unfortunate huntsmen fled and died on arriving home — whether from fear or from having been bitten by their foes history does not relate.

Foxes, badgers, and otters were all classed together by ancient authors as "noisome beasts," and their destruction was to be encompassed by any means possible as long as the depredations of such vermin could be stopped. Of badgers two kinds are spoken of, and from the description given, it is possible that the wolverine, at one time common in the North of England, was classed as a species of badger. There were various ways of hunting these animals. Their earths would be stopped at night when they had left them in search of food, or nets would be placed over the mouths of them, so that when the badger, hunted by dogs, tried to take refuge there, he was either caught in the toils of the net or forced to stand at bay and defend himself. But generally they were attacked by dogs within their fortresses, and their pursuers would dig them out at great pains with pickaxe and shovel. The badger, as we know, is the prince of miners, and burrows into the earth with surprising rapidity, and we read over and over again that sportsmen, with quite a regiment of labourers, armed with pickaxes and shovels, have often taken three or even four days before they have been able to draw the animal from his fastness. The behaviour of some badgers when being dug out a few years ago from a bank in a Kentish covert quite bears out these statements. I have a recollection that the aid of two active terriers, seemingly endless digging, sulphurous fumes, and I think, finally, some dynamite were brought into requisition before the badgers were at last bagged. In the old days his misery did not end when he was caught, for, after being pulled into daylight by the aid of two cruel-looking iron pincers, more often than not he was put into a sack, having first had all his teeth drawn or his lower jaw broken to render him harmless, and then he was let loose in a yard and the young badger-hounds were trained to tackle him. Du Fouilloux seems to have been more humane, and to have turned him loose for the edification of his young hounds without depriving him of his chief defences;

BADGER-HUNTING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

but then he also adds: "But he that will be present at such pastimes may do well to be booted; for I have lent a Foxe or a Badgerd ere now a piece of my hose and the skin and flesh for company, which he never restored againe." This celebrated hunter of stag, wild-boar, and the hare seems to have treated fox and badger drawing as more of a joke than a serious form of sport, and in his description of the requisites for a gentleman to take with him for such a day's sport one can but suspect him of joking. He, among other things, recommends a "windbed which is made of leather strongly sewed on all four sides, and having a pipe at one of the corners to blow out"; this to prevent the country wagon from jolting too much, and he must not forget "to cause his cook and butler to hang a good store of bags and bottels about the ranes and pins thereof, for it will be both comely and comfortable." Then taking with him the dozen or more implements, of which there are woodcuts in his book, we read: "In this order of battell a nobleman or gentleman may march to besiege the fox and badgerd in their strongest holes and castles, and may break their casmets, platforms, and parapets, and work to them with mynes and countermines untill they get their skins to make furs and mittens."

With the furs they also "dresse horse-collers withall." In the old treatise known as "Le Roi Modus," the poor man is instructed how to catch badgers, for although he doeth him no harm, yet his skin is valuable, "as no shoes last as long as those of badger's leather." We learn, furthermore, on the authority of a German writer of the last century, that the fat of a badger mixed with warm beer is good medicine, whether taken inwardly or outwardly, for sprains and dislocations, but it is not good for broken limbs, as it softens the already broken bones.

Picture No. 3 represents an otter-hunt. These animals were very numerous, and so common that Gaston says there are few people who have not seen them. The otter-hounds, we are told, were trained to go into the water by having their food placed in troughs in some pond where they had to swim to get at it. It was recommended to begin this way of feeding as soon as the puppies were four months old. They had evidently not a race of dogs that took naturally to the water, although, from Stradanus's drawings, we may conjecture that they used a kind of spaniel.

Less familiar to us than the chases already described is that depicted in picture No. 4, for the essentially Oriental sport of hunting with the trained leopard (*Felis jubata*, the cheetah of the Hindoos) was never acclimatised in England, although it was quite in vogue on the Continent during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We are told by the scribe of the Latin inscription beneath this picture that it represents a hunting party of Turkish grandees. He had probably heard that this was the favourite sport of the Turks, and no doubt the fame of the Great Mogul Akbar's hunting establishment had reached him. For Akbar, who lived at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, is said to have kept over one thousand leopards for the chase. The sportsmen, however, are in European dress, and Stradanus evidently meant it to be just what it appears to us, a sixteenth-century European hunting party.

The Italians, who, through their commercial connections, were brought into constant relations with the East, seem first to have introduced this form of chase into Europe at a very early date, and the Franks probably brought back some practical knowledge of the subject from the first Crusades, having seen how the Syrians, who were great adepts in training the cheetah, used it in hunting deer and antelope.

Francis I. had many trained leopards, and the naturalist Gessner describes the manner in which he says he saw them used at this monarch's Court. The leopard sat on a cushion behind a mounted huntsman (just as the artist shows us), the huntsman holding him by a chain till the quarry was viewed; then the chain was loosed, and with a few prodigious bounds the leopard had reached his prey and strangled it. A piece of meat had then to be presented to him, to make him release his capture. To do this, the huntsman held the meat between his legs and walked backwards towards him, tempting him with the meat till he was in this manner enabled to catch him again. This, Gessner says, he was told was necessary, for if the huntsman had faced the leopard, he would spring on to the man and tear him. However that might be, the naturalist remarks that the animal was docile enough as soon as he was once more on his chain, and jumped up quite willingly on to his seat on the horse. In the seventeenth century the training of leopards was given up in France, and in Germany the Emperor

AN OTTER-HUNT IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Non Lepores Canibus tantum, ſeuis quoque Pardis
Sectari timidos Turcis magnatibus eſt mos.

Venatoris Equi præuelox Beſtia tergo
Inſidet: hinc ſaltens conſpectum fertur in hoſtem.

HARE-HUNTING WITH TRAINED LEOPARDS.

Leopold I (1658-1705) seems to have been the last monarch to keep these animals, and he was constantly to be seen riding out with one *en croupe*.

According to Stradanus, bear-hunting in the olden days must have been very different from what it is now. The sportsman who is keen to obtain a grizzly, a brown, or a black bear in the Rocky Mountains will tell one what uncertain sport it is. One may hunt diligently for months and not see a single specimen, and then at another time, when the rifle is safe in its rack at home and a bear is the last beast one is anxious to meet, Master Bruin quietly trots across the trail. How often the tracking of bear in Norway and other parts of Northern Europe turns out to be a failure is well known, and a man considers himself lucky to have obtained a few bear-skins as trophies of many toilsome expeditions.

Stradanus's sportsmen seem much more lucky, and his pictures of this chase are full of action. He appears fully to have risen to the emergency of this dangerous sport, and shows us troops of men armed to the teeth attacking poor Bruin. If it had been possible to have crowded more incident into the picture we should, no doubt, have seen archers and men with crossbows also taking aim at him; for Gaston tells us that bears must be chased with hounds, with greyhounds, and with mastiffs; there should be archers and men with crossbows, or both, and men with strong daggers. One man alone, he considers, could kill a bear, but it is surer to have two or three striking in good concert together. This is not yet all, for he goes on to say that men on horseback must throw their lances at him, and there should be "ropes and nets and other harness," to take him with!

As usual, when describing the chase of any animal that does not run well before hounds, Gaston dismisses the subject after treating of it briefly with the remark that there is "but little pleasure in this sport." He says that bear's pads are the best part of him to eat. Apropos of the last remark, when living on the Pacific Coast I one day found my Chinese cook stirring some savoury mess over the fire; on inquiring what it was, I was told that it was "bear's feet and heap green stuff," and learnt that he was cooking up bear's paws with herbs, and was going to take this stew as a medicine, as he declared he had felt "velly sick" ever since he had had

Sic rapitur gladijs, et acutę cuſpidis haſtis, Præceps ſanguinea dū ſe rotat vrſus arena

A BEAR-HUNT IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

his photograph taken some few days previously. Against all such illnesses as arise from the action of the camera, I have no doubt bear's feet would prove a most satisfactory antidote. Anyway, Ah Gee seemed none the worse for the remedy, and grew fat, and flourished exceedingly for some time afterwards in my kitchen in spite of his unlucky photograph being firmly stuck into my album.

So far I have found no written records of knights fully equipped in armour attacking bears, as is represented in our last picture. According to it the bears seem to have been driven to an open clearing in the forest (see the beaters with poles standing at a respectful distance from the battlefield). It seems quite possible that men constantly wearing armour may also have considered it a practical hunting-costume for a hand-to-hand combat with bears. It is difficult to distinguish what the artist had on good authority, and how much of his matter is the outcome of the popular imagination of his time, and purely apocryphal. It is also difficult to realise how much more usual a close encounter with a fierce and wounded animal was in the olden times than it is in these days of rifles shooting at distances that ensure the sportsman comparative immunity from attack.

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY ARTIST'S NOTION OF A BEAR-DRIVE.

THE RED-COAT RELIGIOUSLY KEPT HIS BACK TURNED TO THE DUKE.

See "Stories of British Battles: Oudenarde."

STORIES OF BRITISH BATTLES.

A QUESTION OF STRIPES: A TALE OF OUDENARDE.

By J. D. SYMON.

I.—MASTER AND MAN.

WITH a profound sigh, Andrew Macainsh laid down the riding-boot he had finished polishing. Then he took up its fellow and began to remove the thick coating of dust that bore witness to a prolonged march. Andrew's task liked him little, but he set his features like a gun-flint and persevered. The July sun, some three hours past the meridian, smote unkindly on the trooper's perspiring face, and caused him to move a little way into the shadow of his master's tent. Comforted somewhat by this change of position, he resumed his work with another sigh, rounded off by something less innocent though more articulate, which drew a remonstrance from within the canvas.

"Swear not at all, Andrew," said a quiet voice in precise and somewhat pedantic intonation. "What saith the Scripture?"

"Heth! but he's gleg," Andrew muttered to himself, driving his brush with increased vigour, as though he would rub out his fault. Then in a louder and more deliberate voice, he added: "I ask your pardon, Doctor Hare; the aith loupit oot unawares, my mind being greatly preoccupeet, by the—hoot awa!" he ejaculated, checking a new transgression in mid volley, "wi' this stoury job."

The Chaplain vouchsafed no response, and for several minutes Andrew polished the boot in dour silence, but at last another brace of rough breathings—one inarticulate, the other not—escaped from his sturdy chest.

There was a movement of camp furniture within, and the Reverend Dr. Hare appeared at the tent door. He glanced not unkindly at his henchman, who, pursing his lips tight, plied his work, affecting not to be aware of the presence of the Church militant.

"Andrew," said the Doctor gravely.

"Sir," said Andrew, stiffening his back as he came to attention.

"You have something on your mind, Andrew?"

"Maybe ay, Sir," returned the trooper guardedly, "and maybe no."

"But it is 'ay,' I know, for you are never persistently and wantonly profane unless when you are in trouble. By-the-bye, those ducklings you brought in last night; I trust they were not——"

"Fye, na, Sir," Macainsh interrupted, with that refinement of respectful disrespect which Heaven has ordained shall be the sole prerogative of Scots serving-men—and women, "fye, na; the deukies were peyt for pintedly, far ower dear, in fac', but yon auld frow at Asch was grippy by ordinar'. Na, na, Sir, I hae nae desire to feel the flat o' the Provost-Marshal's sabre atween my shouthers a second time," and Andrew twitched his shoulder-blades as if his tunic were a comfortless misfit. "That eediot, Donal' Roy," he growled, "it was his wyte; but I 'll hae him yet."

"We are commanded to love our enemies," remarked Dr. Hare reprovingly.

"Aiblins, Sir, aiblins," said Andrew doubtfully. "That text may be a' vera weel for non-combatants, but it's a hard sayin' for the effective man. It would be sheer heepocrisy, noo, for me tae pretend ony regaird for twa-three I could name."

Dr. Hare shook his head.

"But, Dr. Hare," the henchman persisted, "it's better, is't no, to pass by the command a'thegither than to be a heepocrite?"

"Perhaps, Andrew," said Dr. Hare reflectively, "perhaps; it is a fine point——"

"By your leave, Sir," Andrew interjected, resuming his brush, "I maun get on, I 'm on duty in half an hour, and your buits is no' near richt yet. That was a sair mairch frae Asch to Herfelingen here."

"It was," the Doctor assented; "but, Andrew, you have not told me the trouble, man."

"I hae hintit at it, Sir, onywye."

"It is your old grudge at Donald Roy for the peccadillo of the chickens?"

"I could maybe forgie that, Sir, wi' an effort, for it concerned naebody but mysel' and Donal', but now that he 's been made a corporal, the matter 's mair serious. There 's others to consider. I ken that Donal' paid Jock Tamson, the broken-doon Aiberdeen collegian in oor troop, half-a-croon to write a letter to Scotland tellin' a' aboot his promotion. That 's the mischief."

"Ah, I see," said Dr. Hare with intelligence, "a young woman."

"Fye na, Sir, an auld ane; twa o' them, his mither and mine, baith neighbours in the parish o' Clatt. My mither's life will be a sorrow frae the day thon letter wins hame, for Lucky Roy's tongue 'ill be neither to haud nor bin' when she hears that her gowk 's a corporal."

"Her what?" queried Dr. Hare eagerly.

"Ou, juist her son," returned Andrew drily.

"I understand," mused the divine; "I understand—'gowk' equal 'son.' I shall soon be purely perfect in your vernacular, Andrew."

"Surely, Sir, surely; what for no?" said the henchman indulgently.

Dr. Hare meditated for a time on philology. "Then," he queried at length, as his thoughts returned to Andrew's grievance, "it is promotion you would like?"

"I wull not deny, Sir, that whiles I am a wee thing ambeetious. Ye see, it would be graun to be able to send word to my mither that I was upsides wi' Donal' Roy, or maybe a thocht aboove him, the ill-fashioned sinner."

"Hush, Andrew! We are all alike sinners; but this is unworthy jealousy. Roy earned his promotion fairly."

"Fair or no fair," retorted Andrew, forgetting himself in his ire, "he had nae reason to send hame word o' what I got frae the provost for the chickens. Ay," he continued, as the Chaplain arched his eyebrows, "I lay doon in the trench to hear what he was garrin' Jock Tamson write, and at the end he said, 'tell Andrew Macainsh's mother her son 's gotten half-a-dozen stripes for stealin' hens.' Syne he gart Tamson tak' his aith he 'd written 't doon, for Jock refused at first. Afore Donal' peyt him, though, he said, 'I swear to the stripes," and Cornet Hay comin' by at the time they referred it to him. The Cornet held the letter to the licht o' the camp-fire, leuch, and says, 'Yes, yes, Roy, the stripes are there, sure enough.' Dod! My mither will be fair disgraced."

"You are a dutiful son, Andrew," said Dr. Hare, controlling a smile.

"I hae the best of examples afore my een. Was 't no the day afore yesterday that Prince Eugene, honest man, gaed awa to Brussels to see the auld leddy his mither, the Countess of Soissons. Deed, Dr. Hare, I was fair envyous o' 's Highness when I saw him ride awa'. Heth, I thocht, gif the parish o' Clatt were as near han 's Brussels, there would be twa auld wives and their sons weel pleased the day. Weel, weel, the neist best thing would be a little promotion—but luck seldom fa's at my door."

"We shall see, Andrew, we shall see!" said the Doctor cheerily. "Luck may be nearer than you think. In two days at most, I believe, there will be some pretty tough work on hand, if Oudenarde is to remain ours."

"So they say, Sir. Death and Glory! Death and Glory! I 'll juist houp for neither, so as no tae be disappointit. There, Sir, that 's your boots feenished!"

"Lay them inside the tent, Andrew, No; nothing more at present. Ah, Major Bingham, good evening!"

Bingham returned the Chaplain's greeting, and with an amused smile stood watching the retreating Andrew, who had saluted and gone about his business.

"Well, Doctor," he said, with understanding, as the trooper disappeared, "what 's Andrew's 'deeficulty' now?"

"Mainly temporal, Major. He is merely, as he would say, a wee thing ambeetious."

"Beyond reason?"

"Corporal to his name would suffice."

"H'm! But, see, here he is again."

Dr. Hare looked round, and discovered Andrew at attention close to his elbow.

"Well, what is it?" queried the master.

"I ask your pardon, Sir, if I make too bold, but what I cam' back to say was that I didna mention *thon*," Andrew nodded mysteriously, "oot o' ony desire to curry favour. I couldna think o' takin' a rise throw 'influence,' as they ca 't. Even Donal' Roy got 's promotion for 's conduct in a bit skirmish. I maun do no less; an' more if possible."

"Very good, Andrew. You must just take your chance then."

Macainsh shook his head gloomily. "Ay, ay, juist that, juist that," he muttered,

and was turning away when Bingham stopped him.

"Stay, Macainsh; would you object if influence were used, not to promote you, but to give you a chance of doing something—something that might be to your advantage, say?"

"Oh fye na, Sir, sae lang as there was sufficient risk i' the job itsel'."

"Good, that will do. By-the-bye, Hare," the Major resumed, as Andrew finally vanished, "if your man is above accepting favours, I'm not. A post has just come in. Cardonel's hands are full, so the Duke wishes me to make an abstract of some correspondence before Prince Eugene returns—he is expected about five. I must have help if the work is to be done in time, and thought I might rely upon your goodness?"

"Certainly, my dear Bingham, certainly. Where are the papers?"

"In the Duke's tent. His Grace and Cardonel are selecting what is important. They will be ready for us now."

When the Major and the Chaplain reached the General's quarters, Mr. Cardonel, Marlborough's chief secretary, brought out a bundle of papers, which he handed to Bingham with a few instructions. "You will find accommodation yonder," he remarked, pointing to a little camp-table and a couple of chairs, standing a yard or two from the tent door. "I shall bring you writing materials immediately."

"How is his Grace this afternoon?" Hare inquired, when Cardonel returned.

"Greatly improved, I am happy to say," was the reply. "The fever has left him entirely."

One or two further commonplaces were exchanged, and then the secretary retired, whereupon Bingham and the Chaplain bent to their task, forgetful that the world contained such a being as a controversial and scrupulous Scottish sentinel. As fate would have it, however, they were soon to remember his existence.

II.—TO CATCH THE POST!

"We shall have finished in time, I think," Major Bingham remarked an hour and a half later, "unless Prince Eugene arrives all the earlier."

"There are only these few letters from the Hague," Dr. Hare answered, laying his hand on the last bundle. "More annoyance and delay, I suppose, over the Dutch forces. Let us see. But what's this!—a sealed letter, addressed in the Duke's hand, 'To the Lord Treasurer Godolphin'! Surely it has no business here!"

"It has evidently been misplaced—I'll speak to Cardonel. But, stay! surely the Prince has returned. Yes—listen—there go the drums!"

Amid a stir of welcome Prince Eugene passed through the camp towards Marlborough's headquarters. The Duke, although still weak and shaken by his recent disorder, quitted his tent and stepped out a few paces to meet his great colleague, whom he welcomed with a heartiness that bore witness to their perfect unanimity.

When the Generals had entered the tent Dr. Hare and Bingham resumed their seats and set about completing their task. In a few moments Marlborough and Eugene reappeared before the tent, and Cardonel approached the Chaplain and his companion.

"You have finished, gentlemen?" he said.

"We have," replied Bingham, placing the papers in the secretary's hands. "This letter for London, however, seems to have gone astray!"

"Plague take it!" Cardonel exclaimed, "it should have gone by this afternoon's post. How the deuce had I overlooked it? I must tell the Duke."

Marlborough took the oversight with the utmost good-nature. "Accidents will happen, Mr. Cardonel," he said, opening the packet. "I shall add a line or two to the letter and then it must be despatched post-haste." Stepping towards the table, the Duke took up a pen and scrawled a few sentences. Then, giving the packet to Cardonel to seal again, he turned to the Chaplain and the Major, whom he recognised with a nod.

"We shall want a messenger, Mr. Bingham, with a head on his shoulders, to overtake the post escort. Can you name the man?"

Bingham and Hare exchanged glances.

"There's a fellow of ours, my Lord Duke; a Scotsman, servant to Dr. Hare, as likely as any——"

"I trust you can spare him without inconvenience, Doctor."

"Your Grace's service must always take precedence of mine."

"You are very good. I should like to see the man. Let him be sent for. Also that other Scotsman, who figured in the skirmish at Tubize. I have work for him, too."

Dr. Hare and Bingham again exchanged glances. Marlborough marked

the Chaplain's elevation of eyebrow, but said nothing.

Five minutes' time brought Roy and Macainsh into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief. They looked a tough, well-set-up pair, equal to any exploit. Each had the hard, determined features of the northern Scot, but in Andrew the harshness was relieved by an intelligent eye and a mouth which discipline had not robbed of its natural kindliness. In Roy there was little to distinguish him from the average adventurer of body and soul for sixpence a day and his chance of bounty or a bullet.

The Duke asked the men's names, looked closely at them, and immediately gave them their instructions.

THE DUKE QUITTED HIS TENT TO WELCOME HIS COLLEAGUE.

"You, Corporal Roy, are to get into Oudenarde by hook or crook with this letter to the Governor. The place is invested on both sides, so you have a

chance of bettering yourself still further. You, Private Mac—Mac—ainsh, are to overtake the post that went out early this afternoon and deliver this packet to the officer in charge of the escort. By hard riding you may overtake it near Arlegem, five miles south-west of Oudenarde. Here it is on this map. As far as I know at present, the roads in that direction are clear. You will together push north-west towards the Scheldt and cross it at that village, Arlegem, remember—Arlegem. There, if you fail to come up with the post, you will separate. Having done your work, you will strive to re-cross the Scheldt and keep along the right bank as far as the Abbey of Eenaeme, where you are likely to fall in with your regiment about this time to-morrow night. Mr. Cardonel will give you money. You may need it. Don't spare your cattle. If necessary, requisition fresh horses."

Ten minutes later the ill-assorted couple were ready to start.

Before they went Dr. Hare had a word with his man. "See that ye fall not out by the way, Andrew," he said with meaning.

"My duty is afore my private inclination, Sir. Wi' a shut mou' I think I'll mak' oot. Wha will ye get to look after ye, Sir, or I come back—if I div come back?" Andrew gave a grunt and turned abruptly aside.

"I had thought of John Thomson."

Andrew received the news grimly. "I doot, Dr. Hare, Jock has ower muckle Laitin to be a good gentleman's servant. He'll be readin' your buiks whan he sud be brushin' your cassock."

"We can correct that, Andrew. Come, here's a dram for your journey," and the Doctor handed his servant a little silver flask.

"It's ower guid, Sir," Andrew objected, "the auld leather ane would suit me better."

"Take it for luck, Andrew, you may be going to make your fortune."

"Thank ye kindly, Sir, but it's no likely," Andrew sighed, as he rode away to join his comrade.

It was six o'clock when the troopers cleared the outposts. At the evening tattoo the army resumed its march towards Lessines.

Just as the Duke was setting his forces in motion, a scout came in with the news that a heavy train of French artillery, under a strong cavalry escort, was moving on Oudenarde from Tournay, by way of Helchin and Arlegem.

"Arlegem," repeated the Duke dryly, on hearing the intimation, "then our two troopers will need all their national caution if they would avoid being very prettily trapped!"

III.—BLOWS.

"O' a' the onlucky deevils leevin," exclaimed Macainsh, "I think I'm the warst. That this should fa' oot juist when we're near han' on them—if the innkeeper was correc'."

Donald and Andrew were standing on the road above the ford opposite Arlegem, ruefully surveying the latter's fallen charger. The cold light of dawn showed that the animal was in a wretched plight.

"Broken," Roy remarked laconically after a close scrutiny of the horse's near foreleg.

"I doot it," returned Andrew. "Peer beast. We daurna pistol him, though, for the noise, and *I* canna club him. He's cairriet me weel this mony a day, peer Churchill! I nam't him efter the Duke. Sey, I'll tak' your mount an' step oot by a bittie, Donal', and ye'll tak' the butt o' your carbine——"

Andrew walked a few yards along the road, slung Donald's bridle over his arm, and put his fingers in his ears to shut out the sickening thud that would sound Churchill's knell. In a few moments Roy rejoined him. Andrew did not look back.

"Weel," he said, "we maun ford baith thegither upon your beast's back. There'll maybe be a chance o' a fresh horse yonder. If no, we'll toss for wha's to go on."

Roy growled his assent, and the river was passed without mishap, though at considerable peril.

On the other side the road wound steeply up a tree-clad slope, beyond which, at a distance of half a mile, lay the village. The troopers, one of them now perforce a footman, were ascending the hill at a leisurely pace when suddenly Donald drew rein.

"Look yonder," he whispered, "juist whaur the road tak's the turn doonwith again. Look aboon thon busses at the roadside."

Sure enough the rising sun was glittering on something straight and bright.

"A gun-barrel!" Andrew exclaimed hoarsely.

"Ay, and a French sentry wi't. We'se better gang back"

"Naething o' the kind, ye eediot. Come in by here, though."

Andrew seized the horse's bridle and led it a little way aside into the wood.

"Dismount," said Andrew laconically, and Donald, although a corporal, obeyed in some bewilderment. Though brave enough in the heat of combat, he was not altogether rapid at grasping certain situations.

"Tether yer beast and lat him eat, and syne tak' a dram. Hae!"

The last situation Donald grasped with more ease. He accepted with alacrity the flask Andrew extended to him. A stiff pull restored his equanimity.

"Now," Andrew continued, "the wood 's freely thick; we maun creep up throw 't and win til the top a good bittie to the richt o' that French chiel. From there, as the innkeeper said, we should see the village, the other side o' the hill being clear o' trees. Come awa', an' tak' care no' to step on dry sticks."

With infinite caution the adventurers reached the summit in safety. The wood was fringed by a low screen of brushwood. Towards this they crawled, and, reaching the outer edge, they lay close for a few minutes. Presently, Andrew ventured to raise his head, and peered to the left around the shelter of a bush.

"I see the birkie," he whispered, drawing back. "He 's a dragoon. His horse is tethered close aside him. I wuss it dinna' whinny and set up yours. Gweed-sake! that would clean blaud 's."

Andrew then risked a peep in the opposite direction, and, failing to discover another outpost, he grew bolder. "There 's a gey slap i' the busses out ower a bittie," he remarked, "farrer til the richt. We 'll wammle ower, and maybe we 'll see the village."

It was as he supposed. Below them lay Arlegem, with the dusty highroad winding through it. The highway was thronged with troops, pieces of artillery, and ammunition wagons. The road beyond the village was almost deserted, so it was evident that this was the head of the convoy which must have come up only a very short time before. Taking out a little spy-glass, Andrew scanned the distant line of road, and, after a long look, he cursed vigorously.

"Ay, that 's the post escort, an' nae mistak'," he began, snapping his glass together.

"Sweer low intil yersel', than," Donald admonished him quietly, "if ye value your skin. The thing micht hae been waur, hooever. They 've had a nairra shave."

"They hiv that. Dod, though, it 's provokin'. Ane o' 's could easy tak' them in yet, but for that French clanjamfray doon by. The village is steerin' wi' them already; look!" and Andrew handed Donald his telescope. "We hae nae time for a lang detour. But I hae 't," he whispered with inspiration; "I hae 't. This birkie here is an advanced post, I can see, he 's a' but oot o' sicht o' the lave. Hoo would it be to creep up ahint him—and syne—and syne——"

"Syne what?"

"Bide ye."

The sentinel leaned lazily on his musket, and indulged his fancy in a morning dream of Jeannette far away. It was the pleasantest of dreams, for Jeannette was very pretty, and Jeannot's fancy was young and ardent. Every private, he was telling himself, carries the *bâton du maréchal* in his knapsack—who knows, who knows—Jeannette may yet be—the rest was oblivion; for a pistol butt came down squarely on poor Jeannot's pate, and he dropped senseless at his post.

"That 's *him* sattlet, onywye," Andrew commented grimly; "noo haul him in oot o' sicht. He 's no kilt, but it 'll be a whilie or he comes til himsel' after thon."

"What are ye at?" Donald inquired in some perplexity.

"Bide ye," Andrew returned. "Tak' aff his uniform, and quick aboot it."

At the same time Andrew swiftly removed his own. Luckily, poor Jeannot was about Andrew's size, so the borrowed feathers were not a palpable misfit. In five minutes he stood arrayed.

"Noo," he said, "I 'm gaun to tak' the loan o' the French birkie's horse and dash through their lines and past the village as gin I war on a message to ane o' their officers. If I'm challenged I 'll wave the seal o' the letter in their faces and ride on. That ought to get me throw. I 'll be up wi' the escort in an hour."

Donald shot an ugly look at his comrade. He saw that the game was worth while, and one he would have liked to play, but in cold blood he could not face it, nor was he willing that another should.

"Ye 're a dead man," he remarked. "Ye 'll never get through."

"Nae fear," said Andrew scornfully.

"We canna gang forrad, we canna gang back," Donald persisted. "The peppers we cairry would be weel pay't for doon by there——"

"Ye swine, would ye desert?"

"What for no?" whined Donald.

"Ye'll repent that only ance then, but I'll save ye frae yer folly," and before Donald could stir a finger, Andrew had dealt him a buffet that stretched him as stark as Jeannot.

"Noo for a free hand an' a canny rein!" Andrew cried, "but whaur's Donal's peppers; for I'll hae to feenish baith jobs ma lane."

He found the letters, looked to his pistols, and then untethered the Frenchman's horse, which he led cautiously to the foot of the hill. There he mounted, and struck at a brisk trot across some meadows skirting the highroad. Before long he passed a picket, but the sentinel noting the familiar uniform and the sealed packet which Andrew displayed, did not challenge. Taking courage, Andrew held on to the village, where all was in confusion and no pickets had as yet been posted. Quitting the fields at length for the encumbered highway, the rider threaded his way boldly into Arlegem and passed along the main street at a swinging trot, still making play with his despatches. Every person in authority who chanced to notice him believed he was on business for, or to, every other person in authority. Those at the gates thought he was for the officers at the Angel; the subaltern at the Angel tap-room window fancied he must be on a mission from the General, who had not yet come up, to the officer commanding the forces before Oudenarde, so the gallant subaltern winked to the barmaid and thought no more of the horseman, who, drawing a long breath of relief, cleared the village, struck spurs into his steed, and dashed away in pursuit of the mail-carriers.

An hour's hard gallop brought him close to the party, which had halted to snatch a meal. He shouted and dashed ahead, only to be met by a pistol ball, which pierced his hat. A second grazed his temple. This gave him pause.

"Dodsake, I micht ha' kent," he reflected, "it's the daumed Frinch uniform." Then, raising his voice, he shouted, "A freen', a freen'; hold your fire!"

He was suffered to approach unmolested. Having presented his packet and received a receipt, he accepted some refreshment from the party, who were inclined to make much of him for the little time they might be together. In half an hour they separated.

"And noo," said Andrew, as once more he sprang to the saddle, "noo for Oudenarde!"

IV.—FROM NOON TO NIGHT.

Andrew found less difficulty than he had anticipated with that portion of his errand which he performed as voluntary deputy for Donald Roy. The French force which had been detached to invest Oudenarde, uncertain of support from the main body, had retired to a considerable distance, unwilling to draw upon itself the fire of the fortress. Consequently, the roads were unimpeded. The trooper's only care was his borrowed garb, but as he approached the town he turned his coat inside out and so escaped a leaden reception. For the rest, his good Scots tongue and the letter he bore were sufficient passport.

Having performed his business with the Governor, Andrew was directed to refresh himself, which he did in his usual thorough manner. Thereafter he delighted the guard-room with sundry ditties, and having become very friendly with one or two of Waleff's dragoons, with whom he made a shift to converse, he was taken by those worthies for a stroll round the town. From the ramparts they descried at a great distance the French artillery train, which was making a wide détour towards the north-east. To the south-east there was as yet no sign of the allied advance. About a mile and a half down the Scheldt lay the town and abbey of Eenaeme, whither Andrew should have betaken himself had the allied forces been in sight. As it was, he was advised to remain in the town until the Duke's forces should put in an appearance. Exceedingly well satisfied with himself, as with his quarters and company, the trooper was nothing loth.

About ten o'clock on the following morning, the 11th of July, General Cadogan's engineers reached the Scheldt between Oudenarde and Eenaeme, and began to construct bridges for the passage of the allied army. Hearing this, Andrew took leave of his entertainers and rode out in quest of his regiment, which he knew must now be close at hand.

As he jogged along, reflection awoke. The joy of adventure had hitherto blinded him to the probable consequences of his action. But now he remembered that Donald's disappearance had to be accounted for, and, much as Andrew detested him, he had no mind to accuse Roy of attempted desertion. The hearty goodwill of the buffet he had dealt his enemy had reacted genially upon Andrew's feelings.

"Weel, weel," he concluded inwardly; "I'll juist need to lee. He's a scoun'rel, but I'm no willin' to get him shot, for a' that. I'm no a practeesed leear, but

we'll mak' oot." He leaned forward, patted his horse, and whistled "Broken Bones at Luncarty."

About two in the afternoon Andrew discovered his regiment bivouacked in a country lane near the abbey waiting their turn to cross the river, beyond which, near the village of Bevere, a sharp skirmish was in progress, for the French main body was crossing the Scheldt simultaneously a little lower down, and a general action was imminent. He reported himself to Cornet Hay, and was directed to seek out Major Bingham, who was with the Duke and Prince Eugene superintending the passage of the Scheldt. He found the staff without difficulty, and the Duke, on hearing of his return, immediately desired to speak with him.

Marlborough took the two receipts, examined them, and remarked—

"You did the second message also, I see. Where is your comrade?"

Andrew was not, as he had confessed to himself, a "practeesed leear." He stammered, grew red, choked, and finally blurted out—

"Faith, my Lord Duke, I—I—I—dinna—that is, he was overcome afore he kent whaur he was. I got aff only by the skin o' ma teeth."

"How did you come by the Corporal's letter then?" Marlborough asked severely.

"I got haud o't at the last moment, and rade for dear life."

Marlborough eyed Andrew coldly, and turned to Dr. Hare, who was of the party. The Chaplain had been watching his servant's embarrassment with evident distress.

"Your man is generally truthful, Doctor?" the Duke inquired.

"Yes, your Grace, invariably so."

The Duke nodded. "That's a curious uniform of yours, Macainsh," he continued.

"My Lord Duke, I had to disguise masel' to get awa'."

"And yet you were taken unawares?"

"Roy was, your Grace, but no' me."

"I shall inquire further into this," the Duke broke off. "It is very extraordinary. In the meantime you are under arrest. Corporal there, and two file!"

"I shall be responsible for his appearance, your Grace," Dr. Hare interposed, anxious to save Andrew humiliation.

"Very well; but he must remain in close attendance upon you."

Meanwhile, the skirmish before Bevere had resulted in a considerable advantage to the Allies, and a body of French prisoners began to defile across the nearest pontoon bridge. As they passed close to the staff a voice suddenly exclaimed: "*Mon Dieu*, it is he, the murderer!"

A prisoner with a bandaged head had halted, and was gesticulating fiercely before Andrew, who was regarding him with fallen jaw.

"It's the birkie," Macainsh muttered.

"What is it, man?" the Duke inquired in French.

"It is the murderer, Monsieur. Hear me. Yesterday morning I am on guard near Arlegem, where our artillery train had halted. Suddenly I am struck down by an invisible hand. I lie senseless for Heaven knows how long a time. At length I recover consciousness. Figure to yourself, Monsieur, the scene that meets my eyes. I behold this man here in the act of striking down a comrade, whom he robs. I, too, find that I have been stripped and robbed. I swoon with pain, for my head is wounded. When I recover, my comrades are with me. They have seen nothing of the body. Without doubt, the assassin, who even now has the audacity to be wearing my uniform, has taken care to hide his work. *Voilà tout!*"

"I must be going. Bingham, look after this prisoner, and take down his statement," Marlborough said curtly, as the voluble witness concluded. "Dr. Hare, Macainsh must keep closely to the rear, unless you require him elsewhere."

"Warse an' warse," groaned Andrew as the Duke rode away; "an' noo I'll be oot o' the fechtin'!"

"Cheer up, man," the Chaplain said heartily; "we'll pull you clear yet. I'm convinced it's a mistake."

"It is, Sir, as sure's deeth," returned Andrew fervently.

Dr. Hare had a deeper reason for his concern than Andrew was aware. The previous evening he had amused the Duke's supper-table with the story of the rivalry between his servant and Roy, little dreaming what sinister construction might be put upon his words.

For the present the Chaplain forbore to ask questions, earnestly hoping that Roy would make his appearance and solve the mystery. Once or twice the Doctor sent to the regiment now posted beyond the Scheldt to inquire; but up to six o'clock, when the action had fully developed, there was no news of the missing trooper.

Andrew chafed miserably, while the mocking musketry, which not even nightfall could silence, taunted him with inaction.

V.—FROM DARK TO DAWN.

Shortly before nine o'clock the allied forces by a double flank movement had almost surrounded the French troops. Amid the scene of carnage, guided by the intermittent flashes of the guns, Dr. Hare was passing to and fro, affording such comfort as he could to the wounded and the dying. He had crossed the river about seven o'clock, taking Andrew with him, and the prisoner had found some distraction in aiding his master's humane offices.

Everywhere terror and confusion prevailed amongst the enemy. Whole regiments, throwing down their arms, attempted a blundering flight among the coppices which studded the battle-ground; others, bewildered by darkness or paralysed by despair, stood huddled together in mute disorder. In many cases friends were firing on friends.

Then it was that an idea came to Andrew. If he might not fight, he would at least stop the random butchery and make prisoners. The uncertainty of the vanquished was his opportunity.

"What are you about?" the Chaplain inquired suddenly as Andrew broke away for a few yards.

"A ploy o' ma ain, Sir. It's richt eneuch. That puir bombazed herd o' French nowt had better be gotten in han' somewye."

A dead drummer lay close at hand. Andrew took his drum and slung it on. Then he pulled the sticks from the dead man's stiffened grasp.

"Ye ken I 'listed for a drummer, Sir, at fourteen year," he cried.

"But what"—Dr. Hare began—"what do you mean? You have no orders."

"Nae maitter! I 'm gaun tae beat the French assembly." And, suiting the action to the word, Andrew plied his sticks with the dexterity of a past-master, moving, the while, towards the Allies' lines.

Like sheep following the bell-wether, Frenchmen of all ranks came stumbling up to the rally. Even the enemy's drummers helped the stratagem, several falling into line with Andrew and striking up, never doubting that they were among friends. The crowd of prisoners was suffered to grow, and then some British officers who had grasped the trick, coolly threw a cordon around the entrapped, who could but surrender at discretion.

The firing gradually slackened, and soon after died away. Oudenarde was won. In discomfort and dejection the prisoners wore the night away. With the earliest dawn, however, Marlborough, attended by Dr. Hare, was in the saddle riding from post to post visiting his captives, and giving them the most practical assurance of good treatment.

Drawing rein near a windmill about which huddled a crowd of prisoners, the Duke exchanged a word or two with some of the French officers. Suddenly he espied a red coat among the throng and looked narrowly at the owner, who religiously kept his back turned.

"Corporal Roy," the Duke exclaimed, "attention—right-about-turn."

The red-coat faced about mechanically and displayed a shamefaced countenance, decorated with a black eye resplendent in the illumination of the third day.

"Why are you not with your regiment?" the Duke inquired severely.

"I ask your Grace's pardon; but I was taken prisoner twa nichts ago by these gentlemen, and was catched again wi' them. I do not know whaur my comrades are."

"Humph," the Duke remarked, "where did you leave Macainsh?"

"At Arlegem, my Lord. We had a difference o' opeenion. I have to report him as insubordinate."

"Proceed," said the Duke.

"He had a notion which I, as his superior officer, considered injudeecious and onpractical, so he fell 't me wi' his neive, took my peppers, and I have nae doobt went straucht til his deeth."

"No doubt," replied the Duke with conviction, whereupon Dr. Hare had an awkward fit of coughing.

Directing Roy to rejoin his regiment, which was posted at Huerne, the Duke rode on in close conversation with the Chaplain. An hour or two later he held a drum-head court-martial upon the mission of Roy and Macainsh. When the former saw his comrade alive and well, he looked very little comfortable, but on perceiving that Andrew's narrative was not likely to compromise him, he again plucked up courage. Andrew gave but a modest account of his dash through Arlegem, but the officers present knew enough of warfare to estimate the service at its full value. Furthermore, through the address of Dr. Hare, a witness to Andrew's exploit had been discovered among the prisoners in the person of the subaltern of the Angel. Roy was sensible enough to stick to his former story, but suffered agonies of fear when the Duke recalled his charge of insubordination against Andrew. The

French prisoner, whose wound was troublesome, was not called.

"Andrew Macainsh," the Duke summed up, "the court acquits you of murder, but finds you guilty of wilful insubordination, which entirely disqualifies you from further service under Corporal Roy. Your sentence is that from this date you take rank as Troop-Sergeant-Major, in room of Nicholson, killed in yesterday's action. Your services will be noted elsewhere. Your conduct, Corporal Roy, will not be further inquired into. I content myself with remarking that you seem to have erred on the side of caution."

"This is graun news, Doctor, for my mither," Andrew exclaimed to Dr. Hare as the latter shook his hand warmly; "but, oh, I wish she had nivver heard thon aboot the provost-marshal."

"I was questioning Thomson about that," the Doctor replied, "and he was your friend in that matter. He stretched a point to save you. He did indeed, as he swore, write down the word 'stripes,' but he said they were on your arm, and that you were promoted to be sergeant."

"I'm gled he's no a leear a'thegither," Andrew commented with dry good-humour. "I houp, Doctor, if he suits ye, ye 'll keep him on; for I'm sorry I'll hae to resign the chairge o' you for other duties."

"He does very well," the Chaplain admitted, "although, I fear, Sergeant-Major, I'll never get another man like you."

OF LOVE'S BRIEFNESS.

This I know, whate'er men say,
Love's as short-liv'd as the May,
Born but yestreen, gone to-day!

That, with many a dol'rous sigh,
Ever unto thee, vow'd I,
Should be constant as the sky?

Else, why should those tresses fair,
And that sweet, disdainful air,
This my heart no more ensnare,

Nay, though pity should awake
In that cold breast for my sake,
No response these lips shall make:

For, sweet girl, that love is fled
Erst thine eyes engenderéd
But to wound till it was dead.

L. G. Ackroyd.

THE LAST OF THE ITALIAN BRIGANDS: DOMENICO TIBURZI.

By ADOLFO ROSSI.

ONE night towards the end of last October, when the five carbineers who scour the vicinity of Orbetello, in the Roman Maremma, were patrolling the commune of Capalbio, as they neared a farm they heard a dog bark furiously and a door slam. Their suspicions aroused, they called out, "Who goes there?" and drew nearer. The answer was a shower of musket-shots. This gave rise to a lively exchange of musket-shots which lasted some forty minutes. When the firing ceased the carbineers who had remained unhurt found lying in front of the house, mortally wounded, a man who confessed that he was the famous bandit Domenico Tiburzi, and added that his companion, Fioravanti, had escaped. He had upon him a cartridge-belt, a dagger, and a large revolver. Beside him lay a splendid English rifle. After a few minutes he passed away. He was sixty, a robust man with a thick grey beard, and was dressed as a hunter.

Tiburzi had evaded justice for no less than twenty-four years; since the day he had escaped from prison the police never succeeded in capturing him. He began his long brigand career by joining some small bands of malefactors who infested the environs of Viterbo and Grosseto, murdering and plundering; he ended by remaining alone, keeping as sole companion and species of secretary Fioravanti, and becoming a specialist among bandits.

He no longer assaulted a traveller or a diligence. As an aristocratic brigand, he disdained to descend to common crimes of violence. In order to obtain the means needful to an easy life and to the maintenance of his numberless relations and confidants, he dealt only with landed proprietors, upon whom he imposed a fixed tax, proportioned to the extension of their fields and woods. In return for this he insured from thieves the property placed under his protection. No one dared to steal a sheep, a horse, or whatsoever upon the territory placed under the "jurisdiction" of Tiburzi.

The greater number of the many murders committed by Tiburzi were not assassinations effected for the purpose of robbery, but capital executions of spies and traitors, the suppression of insubordinate brigands, or of new bandits who ventured to invade his territory. And since the Italian police never succeeded in capturing Tiburzi, the landed proprietors of the province of Rome and Grosseto were obliged, for fear of vengeance, to pay him an annual tribute, and he in return instituted himself a guardian of the peace, protecting the property of his dependants—a truly strange phenomenon. All the researches of the gendarmes had hitherto proved fruitless. Two years ago the Government, in order to put an end to this state of things, determined to prosecute everyone who was known to be a helper or partisan of Tiburzi. They arrested over three hundred persons, but it availed them nothing.

On this occasion it occurred to me that I would visit the woods where the bandit lived, and make a study of his life. Thus I came to know some interesting facts. I went first to Cellere, the birthplace of Tiburzi. This is a hamlet of about 1700 inhabitants, forty kilometres distant from Viterbo, situated on a hill and surrounded by other hills clad with vineyards and olive groves. A noticeable feature of the place is the ruined castle of the Dukes of Castro. Curious to tell, Cellere was populated by Albanians, fugitives from Turkish persecution. In the baptismal register, kept by the parish priest, the birth of Domenico Tiburzi is recorded in Latin on the date of May 29, 1836. His contemporaries tell how from boyhood he showed perverse symptoms. His mother complained of "Domenichino's" bad character, and often said, "God look after

him for me, but this boy will never be good for anything."

Nevertheless, according to the judicial records of the late Pontifical Government, Tiburzi reached the age of thirty without perpetrating a single murder. According to the same documents, he committed his first murder on the night of Oct. 24, 1867, killing with a gunshot a shepherd with whom he had quarrelled. For this crime he was, after two years (Italian justice is leaden-footed) condemned to eighteen years of imprisonment, and sent to where the convicts were made to work in the Government salt-mines. In June 1872 he escaped thence, together with another brigand, Domenico Biagini, who was afterwards also killed by the carbineers.

How he escaped was told to me by a foreman of the salt-mines, who was working there at the time. In the morning of June 1, 1872, the manager of the jail-tavern asked the director to accord him two or three convicts to mow his meadow. The director consented, and, escorted by only one warder, came Tiburzi, Biagini, and Tobarello. When once left alone mowing the field, at a certain distance from the salt-works and the prison, Tiburzi and Biagini conceived a plan of escape; they communicated it to Tobarello, who naturally seconded them. Their plans laid and the propitious moment arrived, Tiburzi and Biagini, whose hands were free, and who were only fettered by a chain from their waists to their feet, suddenly leaped on their warder, and resting their scythes on his neck, said: "If you make the slightest movement we will cut your throat. We could kill you, but since you have not been a hard jailer we will spare your life; however, you must remain quite still here without making any noise until we are well away from the place." Surprised thus suddenly, his gun slung over his back, the unfortunate warder, after vainly beseeching the criminals not to insist upon their plan, was forced to obey.

Tiburzi and Biagini relieved him of his gun, and after tying him with their handkerchiefs to a tree, all three hastened towards the river Marta. As soon as he saw that they were fairly off, the keeper shouted for help with all the force of his lungs. "Do you really wish us to kill you?" the fugitives called back. And one of them (it is not known which) aimed at the warder his own gun, but the shot missed. Then the three resumed their flight and forded the Marta before their escape was known either at the salt-works or at the prison. Thus they soon reached a safe place where they could take off their chains. From that day Tiburzi and Biagini remained together as fugitives from justice, but Tobarello being deemed unworthy of their companionship, was left to his destiny, and shortly afterward was recaptured by the carbineers.

Not much time passed ere Tiburzi began to make himself known and feared in the whole districts of Viterbo and Grosseto for his numberless thefts, murders, and blackmailings, committed together with Biagini, Biscarini, and other bandits. Five years after his escape from prison, he just missed falling into the hands of the carbineers. Near Farnese, a little village in the district of Viterbo, flows the Paternale, a stream that traverses deep ravines hidden in trees and dark shadows. One morning in December 1877, four carbineers were returning from a patrol; one of them noticed that a small column of smoke was rising from the shore of the Paternale. Their suspicions aroused, they cautiously neared the spot, and saw the entrance to a cave, and a man issuing thence, who set himself to cut up some firewood. Inside the entrance of the cave they saw a hand turning some beef that was roasting upon a stick. The wood-cutter suddenly perceived the carbineers, who had hid among the bushes, and asked with astonishment, "What do you want?" "And I ask who are you, and what are you doing?" said the brigadier. "To arms, friends, we are betrayed!" shouted the man, turning to the cave, and saying this he ran towards the rock, but suddenly turning to the left, disappeared. His cry of alarm was followed by a shower of gun-shots from the interior; the carbineers promptly answered the fire. About five minutes after a malefactor, armed with a gun and wearing a red flannel shirt, issued from the rock and ran precipitously towards Farnese. The carbineers fired after him, and the brigand fell among the underwood calling for help. Just then three other bandits issued from the cave, and ran in the same direction. The carbineers fired again, but unsuccessfully. Only afterwards did they learn that the bandit who was wounded in the arm was Biagini, and the other who escaped in his shirt-sleeves was Domenico Tiburzi.

Seeing that no more men issued from the cave, the carbineer followed the fugitives for a space, but soon lost their traces.

The cave, which I have visited, stands high above the ravine, and has an arched entrance five metres wide, resembling a

DOMENICO TIBURZI, THE LAST OF THE ITALIAN BRIGANDS.
From a photograph taken after his death, his body being bound to a tree.

Gothic window. It is reached by a steep path, and inside it is round, and about six metres long and wide. The roof is smoke-blackened and covered with cobwebs. In the right side wall has been hollowed a niche where a person may sleep comfortably. An old fig-tree, with twisted branches and large leaves, protected and almost hid the entrance from view.

The carbineers found a quantity of goods hung inside. On the branch of a withered tree was half a side of mutton. In a corner stood two barrels of wine. Here and there about the place were scattered arms, clothing, and other objects, among which were a revolver, daggers, a double-barrelled gun, a silver watch, stores of cartridges, a signal whistle, etc. A black leather purse contained bank-notes, and two small glass bottles filled with whitish pills were labelled "Arsenicum Album" and "Veratrum Album." There were further two portraits of a rather ugly woman and various pictures of saints. Everything was sequestrated by the police.

After this episode Tiburzi and Biagini became the leaders of the band. In 1882 a certain Antonio Vestri, a shepherd, who provided them with food, tempted by a heavy reward, revealed one of the bandits' hiding-places to the police. A little band of gendarmes stationed themselves in the wood pointed out to them; but when the brigands crossed their path they all missed fire, and Tiburzi and Biagini were once more safe. Divining that it was Vestri who had turned informer, they decided to execute on him a vendetta that should be a caution to those who might wish to follow in his footsteps. On a March morning, when Vestri was issuing from the wood of Lamone to return to Farnese, his two mules laden with wood, Tiburzi and Biagini appeared from behind a bush and ordered him to stop. "Hi, comrades!" Vestri uttered, surprised, but had hardly spoken the words when Biagini shot at him, and immediately after Tiburzi with a long knife cut his throat. Not satisfied even with this, Biagini stabbed Vestri's two mules, saying, "Vile spy! We kept him and he betrayed us; even these two mules he had bought with our money; they belong to us, and I choose to kill them." Tiburzi echoed his words, saying, "Thus spies are punished." This murder accomplished, the bandits left the corpses lying in a pool of blood, and calmly pursued their way. They observed that some peasants had seen everything; among these was a certain Concetti, to whom Biagini said, "Tell them at Farnese not to accuse anyone, that it is we who have killed this man, because he betrayed us; thus he will serve us as an example to other spies." Then Biagini pulled out his watch, saying to Tiburzi, "It is just eleven o'clock," and they went their way. Tiburzi and Biagini remained together for another six years, blackmailing and murdering, until, in 1889, in another fray, Biagini was killed. This took place in a beautiful wood called "La Cerreta" di Gricciano.

The police-brigadier of Scanno, uneasy at the return into those parts of the noted brigands Tiburzi and Biagini, ordered police parties to patrol the woods beside the river Fiora. One of these parties suddenly heard the footsteps of men running through the thick underwood one July morning. The police at once followed, and after pursuing the fugitives for about four hundred metres through the tangled wood, they discovered the noted bandit Domenico Biagini, nicknamed "The Parish Priest," who, seeing that he was overtaken, stopped and aimed at the brigadier with his gun. Seeing this, the gendarme fired at him with a musket loaded with shot, bringing him to the ground wounded in his leg. He then disarmed the bandit, taking from him his rifle, a revolver, and a dagger sharpened on both sides. After having secured him with handcuffs, he asked him who was with him. The man replied that it was his relative Fioravanti, and added that Tiburzi had been absent several days. Biagini died of his wounds while being carried to Capalbio. Upon him were found a pocket-book containing over 900 francs, a silver watch and chain, a gold ring, a cigarette-case, a small knife, and a wooden pipe.

When the place where the bandits had been discovered was afterwards searched, a quantity of articles were discovered, including arms, ammunition, food, and a first-class field-glass. Fioravanti, who escaped with Tiburzi at the time of this fray, had been leading a bandit's life since 1888. For some time he had as companion another fugitive from justice, Luigi Bettinelli, but seeing that this man aroused the jealousy of his uncle Biagini, and Tiburzi, he calmly killed him. By this act he secured Tiburzi's goodwill, and was after Biagini's death taken by him as partner and secretary.

Thus freed from rivals and competitors, his fame established, and his regular

tributes admirably systematised, Tiburzi during his last years became a species of pensioned brigand; he no longer needed to murder, save when some traitor required punishment. One of his last homicides was committed in 1890. The bailiff of a large Maremma farm, Raffaello Gabrielli, was sitting one June morning breakfasting on the grass together with two farmers and some eighty reapers, when two armed individuals suddenly appeared. They came up to within five steps of Gabrielli, saying, "Come here, come with us." Gabrielli immediately rose and followed them, saying, "But I know nothing about it——" The two repeated, "Come along." When they had walked five or six paces, the elder said to Gabrielli, "Do you remember the 6th of August?" With this he suddenly turned round and shot him dead on the spot. The two men then quietly re-entered the path that led to the wood. Just as they entered it, they looked back at the mowers and said, "The first who stirs is a dead man." Then they disappeared into the thicket. Not one of the labourers who were sitting at a short distance off stirred to the rescue of the "fattore," though everyone had witnessed the whole scene and heard the shot. The reason of this deed was that the brigands believed that Gabrielli, who had been in constant intercourse with them, knew of the presence of the carbineers on Aug. 6, 1889, but had not warned them, and they therefore punished him as a traitor. The men nearest to the scene had been too frightened to move, the whole action had been so rapid and unexpected. Recovered somewhat from their surprise they hastened to warn the authorities.

Domenico Tiburzi was never photographed in his lifetime; the portrait we reproduce was taken after death, his body being strapped to a tree. The authorities possessed no picture whereby they could recognise him, and after so many years of immunity, Tiburzi might have lived a quiet life in any village of Viterbo or Grosseto under an assumed name. The police were so completely ignorant of his appearance that once, when his eldest son was very ill, Tiburzi went to see him in Cellere, the town in which he lived, stayed with him until he died, and attended his funeral. It is also told that Tiburzi was present at Civita Vecchia during the fêtes held for the unveiling of a monument to Victor Emmanuel, and then returned to Cellere to attend the marriage feast of his son Niccola; nor did his audacity stop here. While this son Niccola

WHERE TIBURZI MET HIS DEATH.

was serving as a soldier at Rimini, the father actually journeyed openly as far as that city to see his son. Nay, more. I have been told that the old brigand went to Rome to be present at the "feste" during the silver wedding anniversary of the Sovereigns, and that before returning to his haunts he stopped at a tavern kept by a woman, nicknamed "The Worthy"—La Degna. "Don't you know me?" he asked of "The Worthy," who was an old friend. But as he was very well dressed, "La Degna" did not know him. He then took off his spectacles. "I am Domenico!" he said; and then told her of his journey to Rome, winding up with these words—

"I have been a fugitive for twenty-one years; in four years I hope to be able to celebrate my own silver wedding with the woods."

His wish was not realised; he did not finish his twenty-fifth year of evasion from the law, which would have fallen in 1897.

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

SOFTY.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

WE christened him "Softy" when he joined our regiment, the far-famed British Borderers, he was so fresh and soft and simple, he swallowed everything we told him, he took all for gospel, did such silly things. We put him up to ask the Colonel whether it was true that the regiment had run away from the Heights of Abraham, and that Wolfe when he heard said, "I die happy." We made him step out of the ranks on parade, complain that the men had only five nights in bed, and when the chief said it was no dashed business of his, to say that every man should be like the Sergeant-Major's wife. One night at an inspection dinner we persuaded him to go up to the General and ask him whether he thought Julius Cæsar had first invented the order for attack. The General, who was a jolly old cock, saw us all grinning, and said he'd let us know next day, when he so harried and hunted us about the drill-field that we wished we had left the order for attack alone.

Everyone chaffed Softy. Even the Sergeant-Major on the barrack-yard, seeing Softy with his head down, cried, "Why so sad, Mr. Seymour? Is your father dead? Then look up to heaven, where you may hope to meet him." Every one of us, godless youngsters that we were, played games with him, took advantage of him, got him to do our duty—guards and court-martials and orderly duty—and never repaid him; turned him out at night on a false alarm of fire; made hay in his room, inspected his kit to see if his clothes were according to regulation—but that was only an excuse for heaping them on the floor—or hid some parts of it, so that he was late for parade next day and got wigged by the commanding officer.

He was the best-tempered chap in the world. You could see it in his face: fair and chubby and childlike—when we first knew him; his blue eyes were so round and wide open, as if with surprise and astonishment—and he was a good deal surprised sometimes. Nothing hardly put him out. He would laugh with the rest of us, and shout "Oh, I say!" when he saw—not very quickly—that we had done him again. Only once he got really into a rage, and that was when we "drew him." He never minded it as a rule, but that night someone fell foul of a photograph—a lady's, young, pretty, a regal ripper—and cried: "Here, boys, look! she's Softy's mash!"

Softy made one rush. His eyes were blazing and his face was first crimson, then dead white. "Drop that, Mortimer. Drop it, or—T't's my mother. She is dead."

Mortimer was a great hulking rough fellow. But he knew how to behave.

"Beg your pardon, old chap; of course, I'd no idea," he said, handing him the photograph, and we all went quietly away.

As you may suppose, we got very fond of Softy. He wasn't a bit of a soft in other ways; could do lots of things well. He was a nice light weight, and could ride above a bit; he was a smart field at cricket, and was tough to handle with single-sticks or the gloves.

But I think we liked him best because he was so unselfish; so ready to do anyone, even his worst tormenter, a good turn. As I have said, he was always willing to exchange duties; although he was never very flush himself, he was a safe draw for a fiver if one was hard up. And that time when Jack Sutton was so ill and there was no one to nurse him but his soldier-servant, who meant well but was very heavy-handed, it was little Softy who organised us into reliefs to sit up with Jack, taking it night after night for weeks until he had turned the corner.

We were soldiering those days in Halifax, Nova Scotia. It is some time ago, so I daresay many of the old landmarks are gone. The only place of amusement was a theatre known as "Ludovici's Lyceum," a glorified barn, nothing more, and the company the merest strollers. But Ludovici was a character in his way, an unrecognised genius according to himself, but with the making of a great actor. The making was, however, long delayed, and so was the fortune it was to bring.

The Lyceum did not get much patronage beyond that of the regiment, and Ludovici never had a really good season. At last he all but came to conspicuous grief; he owed for the barn, the "ghost never walked," and ruin stared him in the face.

It was Softy who found this out. He had always a hankering after the stage, and seldom missed a night at the Lyceum. Ludovici and he scraped acquaintance; Softy often went behind the scenes, or had Ludovici up to supper at the Mess, when he rather amused us with his ponderous humour in his deep high-pitched tragedy voice. I thought him a better man off the stage than on.

Softy's idea was that we should give the manager a benefit to help him through his troubles; an amateur performance, assisted by the professionals. We rather pooh-poohed the idea, but Softy was pertinacious. This was the first evidence of that dogged persistence about him which helped him so greatly in after life, and in the end we chose the "Heir-at-Law," with Ludovici as Dr. Pangloss and Softy as Lady Duberly, "by particular request" of his brother subs., who thought to take a rise out of him when figged out in petticoats and patches and pearl powder.

But he did us there. He had the best of it by far; he came out quite strong on the night of the performance, both in his acting and in his appearance. The whole of Ludovici's company had taken a fancy to him, especially the ladies, all of whom helped him and coached him and contributed to his turn-out. He would not own up to everything, but we knew he had the leading lady's white wig, and that she showed him how to wear it; he had a pair of pink silk stockings too, and high-heeled shoes that were believed to belong to the soubrette; but cart-horses would not drag out of him where he borrowed the crinoline or the stays. But he had them on him; there was no doubt of that, for we rushed him when the piece was finished, and stripped him of everything.

At mess fellows said that Softy was "stage struck," and money was offered and taken that he would cut the service and go into partnership with old "Loo." For a long time we saw very little of him. This was both before and after the theatricals. It was natural enough at first, on account of rehearsals, and all that, but afterwards—why was he so much taken up with Ludovici? What did he see in the chap?

We never quite got the rights of it, until one day Softy came to me—I was one of his best pals—and said he was going to exchange.

"I want to get to India. A fellow has more chance there: seeing service, you know, and all that, and I'm sick of this peace business. I shall try the shiny. Tull is offering three hundred pounds to get into 'ours.' I'd like the money."

I smelt a rat, and pressed him. Why was he so keen about collaring the stuff? He was not such a wastrel; didn't bet, or swagger, or drink, or waste his substance. How or why was he so hard up?

After a bit I squeezed it out of him. He had promised to lend Ludovici a couple of hundred pounds. He had squared it with Cox, the army agents, but only on the condition that he exchanged and repaid the over-draft with the bonus paid.

I was fairly mad with him, and gave it him hot. What! were we to lose the best boy that had joined us for years, all for this scheming, swindling old scoundrel?

"No, no; he's not that at all," protested Softy. "He's only short, just for the moment. It'll be all right, perfectly right, in the end. You see, he's got the promise of a London engagement, and he's sure to take directly he has a proper opening. He's such a fine actor——"

I burst out laughing, but it was more with rage than amusement, and I resolved to stop this little game if I could.

I found out where the Ludovicis hung out, and went straight to the house. They were rather poor lodgings in a frame-house. An old slatternly negro woman opened the door and showed me straight upstairs.

No Mr. Ludovici—only half-a-dozen children, clean and tidy, round a tea-table spread with rather a meagre meal.

The eldest, a girl about fourteen, at "the ungrateful age," tall and gawky, with a pale sallow face, framed by a great mass of raven black hair and lightened by magnificent dark Italian eyes, rose and came to me with a questioning look.

"I wanted to see Mr. Ludovici," I said,

a little abashed. "I am one of the Borderers, a brother officer of Mr. Seymour's."

At the sound of Seymour's name, a pretty colour rose to her cheek, and something indescribable, a sweet soft look, came into her fine dark eyes.

"Mr. Seymour's friends are our friends," she said with a matron's self-possession, putting out her little brown hand. "He has been very good to us."

"I love Mithter Theemoore," cried a small voice with her mouth full of bread-and-butter, and the remark was echoed round the table, ending with, "And Pollie lovth Mithter Theemoore," from the first speaker.

HE POINTED AT THE PROPERTIES STREWN AROUND.

Pollie, who was the lanky eldest child of the party, laughed a little consciously; then sternly chided them, and bade them be quiet.

In the midst of it all Mr. Ludovici and Softy came in together.

"Rex!" cried the latter, looking at me with more anger in his face than I thought he could show, "what on earth brings you here?"

"I came to speak to Mr. Ludovici on a private matter," I stammered out, rather disconcerted.

Softy came nearer and whispered fiercely: "I don't know what it means, but if you are interfering in my affairs, Captain King, I beg you will drop it. There!"

But the old actor had taken me by the arm and was motioning Softy away.

"This is my private sanctum," he said, leading me into a squalid, untidy room where he slept. There was a bed in one corner, and this bed, with every other part of the room, was littered about with rubbish belonging to his business: old playbills, properties, rouge-pots, battered wigs, tin swords, a helmet, high boots.

"I can guess, Sir, that you have heard of our young friend's generosity, and that you disapprove. Believe me—or not, as you please—but I have been very loth to accept it. I refused several times. But bear with me while I tell you my case."

He had a rich, deep, persuasive voice, and I quickly understood the effect it would have on Softy.

"I am a gentleman, Sir, born and bred: one of the Merediths of Durham. How I came to be this—a poor mummer"—he pointed significantly at the properties strewn around—"is immaterial. But I have had a hard struggle. I married a woman of genius, but it was eclipsed prematurely. Those are her children. They would be motherless but for my brave little Pollie, who—who—but words fail me to tell you what she has been to them and to me."

His voice broke and his eyes filled. Was this acting? It was better, then, than anything I had seen him do on the stage.

"Well, Sir, it is a mean, miserable confession to make: nothing has prospered with me. I have made a good fight, I have, Sir, truly, but the fates have been against me. This year I should have failed, utterly, disgracefully, but for the noble aid rendered me by him and you and all your gallant comrades in this garrison. Now, I owe no man a single red cent, and it is thanks—first and before all—to him.

"What sort of return am I making him now? Is that what you are thinking, Captain King? When I already owe him so much, should I be base enough to ask and accept more?

"Listen, Sir; only another word or two.

"Now, when I have been in the very lowest water, at the last gasp, my luck has turned. I have an offer, a distinct and specific offer, from"—he mentioned the name of a famous London manager of those days—"an offer of an engagement at the St. James's Theatre for next season.

"It is my chance, at last—the chance I have hungered for all these years. Name,

and fame, and fortune; the future of those little ones yonder; bread, education, comfort, everything assured.

"And but for what he is doing—that generous, chivalrous, lion-hearted young man—I should have to turn my back on it all. But for his help—believe me, Sir, he is the noblest, finest, most unselfish of God's creatures—but for him I could not pay my way to England. I, and all my sweet innocent babes, must remain here, anywhere, in any dog-hole or foul corner, and starve."

I thought he overdid it a little, with all his tricks of dramatic elocution, rolling his "r's" and making great eyes. He had taken in Softy; he should not do the same with me.

But what if his story were really true? It might be, on the face of it; and anyway, if Softy chose to make a fool of himself it was in his nature, and to keep him out of mischief would take me all my time.

Yet I'm afraid I was rather stiff with Ludovici when I left him and went out into the sitting-room. Softy was there with a brat on each knee and another tearing at his hair. Pollie sat sewing for her life at the table, but now and again her eyes rested on Softy with the look one seldom sees except in a faithful dog.

We came away together, Seymour and I, but he was evidently very sore at my interference, and would hardly speak to me all the way to barracks.

"Come, young chap," I said at last. "Don't bear malice. I was acting for your good. But if you're determined to make a fool of yourself, I've nothing more to say."

He thawed a little then, but held to his point.

"I'd do it whatever you might say, Rex; you, or the Colonel, or the Commander-in-Chief himself. It's not only for Ludovici, you see, but there are all the children, and little Pollie."

"Ah! yes, Pollie!" I interjected with a slight grin.

"I tell you she is the most extraordinary little brick you ever knew. She's just splendid. Why, she's everything to that family, a perfect Providence; slaves for them hand and foot; teaches 'em, dresses 'em, ay, and prays for 'em—she's half an angel herself, is that brave-hearted unselfish little mother of barely fourteen!"

"I'll not say another word, Seymour, not one word against it. I daresay you're being made a fool of, but I won't baulk you. You're a soft-hearted young jackass, but, by George, I envy you, and I hope it may be made up to you in the end."

So young Seymour exchanged to India, and we gave him a "send off" that made every echo of the old Citadel barracks ring. The Colonel was present, and spoke such brave, kindly words of farewell that most of us had lumps in our throats, and Softy ran fairly blubbering out of the room.

Then we escorted him down to the mail steamer, a whole mob of us, but he escaped at the wharf. He had other good-byes to say, and I saw him the centre of a little group: the whole of the little Ludovicis were clustered round his legs, while the father, who always reminded me of Crummles, with a dash of Micawber, raised his arm, imploring God's blessing on his young friend.

Where was Pollie?

Only at the last a little figure flew after Softy, caught at his hands and kissed them again and again.

II.

A dozen years and more rolled by. I was in London on leave, and the first man I ran up against in the club was Softy. He had only landed that morning.

Bronzed and bearded, he was otherwise unchanged. It was still Softy, with his bright kindly face and wide open eyes.

They had been busy eventful years for him, bringing him opportunity, the opening for distinction, the rewards and reputation he had so richly earned.

He had won the Cross in Afghanistan for the rescue of a wounded comrade under hot fire, an act of unquestioning self-sacrificing gallantry; he had got two brevets in South Africa, and made his name famous by his tenacious defence of an outpost with a handful of men against a whole impi of Zulus.

Here he was, still youthful in appearance, still a boy at heart, but a V.C., a C.B., and an A.D.C. to the Queen. Greater honours, the highest preferments, were quite within his grasp. He might live to be a Field-Marshal and a military peer.

Not the least of the charms of the soldier's life is that when two old comrades meet after long parting, they take up their friendship as though it had never been interrupted.

Softy and I plunged at once into pleasant reminiscences, talked incessantly of old days, and only when all was exhausted touched upon the future.

"I am going on the Headquarters' Staff, I believe," he said modestly when I pressed him. He had passed me in the race, was my senior in rank, had seen

twice as much active service; but I felt no envy, only an honest pride in the lad who was an old "Borderer," and had done us so much credit.

"It 's all before you, Softy. You have the ball at your feet—go on and prosper."

We spent the day together, lunched together, did the Park, were to dine together and see a play. Like himself, I thought, and as what followed had a potent influence on Softy's life I will tell it just as he told it me.

He quickly caught up the flying figure in front.

"Pollie!" he said, "Miss Ludovici! Surely I 'm not wrong? But, oh! how you 've changed."

"For the better, I hope, Mr. Seymour?"

I SAW HIM THE CENTRE OF A LITTLE GROUP.

had but just returned from abroad, and was ready to take my fill of the delights of the town.

Walking down Regent Street in the evening just before dressing for dinner, Softy suddenly cried, "Hulloa!" and left me at a run.

A glimpse of a swaying skirt in front of me and a pair of glancing feet told me it was the old, old story, and I laughed to myself at Softy's defection, clearly perceiving the cause, as I believed.

But it was a far older story than I had said his old friend archly as she paused and made him a coquettish little bob there and then upon the pavement of the crowded street. Her cheek glowed with rising colour as she met the undisguised approval of his admiring eyes.

The lanky child had grown into the perfect woman, with a face to dream of, lighted as of old with those magnificent eyes.

They melted into bewitching softness and filled with sudden emotion when he said joyfully—

"So you have not forgotten me?"

"Was it likely, Mr. —— I beg your pardon, is that right? You are a soldier now. I am not clever at titles; but I have not forgotten you. But let us walk on."

A little throng had gathered around them, strangely as Seymour thought, although Pollie understood. And there was a murmur of voices, and a quick ear might have heard the name "Meredith," "Mary Meredith," tossed about from lip to lip, in homage that was too genuine to be rude.

Pollie Ludovici was more changed than in outward appearance. She had blossomed and ripened into the most popular actress of the day, with a full measure of the highest gifts, the power to touch the finest feelings, to draw all hearts, to charm away melancholy and provoke unbounded mirth.

"And what are you doing, Miss——?" he began, as they walked down the street together.

"Pollie, please," corrected his companion, laughing silently at his strange ignorance. Had he come from the back of God speed?

"Pollie; yes, Pollie as of old. You are still the same, I can swear to that. The same brave little Pollie, staunch, self-sacrificing, uncomplaining."

"Times have rather changed with us, Colonel."

"Softy, please."

"Since Halifax," she went on, smiling but declining the suggestion. "For the better, thank God!"

"Your father succeeded?"

"Oh, yes! He did well, thanks everlastingly, Softy, to you. He went into management, and—and——" She did not want to tell him yet that she herself was a bread-winner now, drawing a princely salary, indeed making her own terms.

"I may come and see you?"

"Why, of course. Anybody——" Again she hesitated, and would not tell him that any of her Majesty's lieges might see her who chose to pay the price at the door.

"When may I come? Where do you live?"

"Come next Sunday. Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park. Come at lunch time; we are all at home then—father and all. Ethel, she's next to me, you know, keeps house. Archie's at a crammer's at Woolwich; he wants to be a soldier, like—like—you. The youngest are all at school. They are dear good children, and do me credit."

"Pollie, dear Pollie! How good you were to them!"

"And now, Colonel—Softy? Yes, it shall be Colonel Softy. I have an engage—an appointment; will you forgive me? I must take a cab."

He turned to hail one, but she already had jumped into a passing hansom, and was giving him the address, when Cabby cut her short with—

"I know, Miss. Bless your sweet heart!"

Many a time, when luck left him a spare shilling, he had wept bitter tears or laughed himself silly up among the gods at the Royal Sovereign, just as Mary Meredith wished. Softy turned up rather late at the club, and at once put aside my playful innuendoes.

"For a man who has only just arrived from the shiny you've not been long in making some nice new friends."

He corrected me rather stiffly.

"That was a very old friend—Miss Ludovici. You remember, of the Halifax days?"

"Gracious Heavens! Seymour, as if I should forget them. But I do trust you are not going to take up with that lot again."

I foresaw, knowing nothing of the facts, all sorts of complications, the injury, perhaps, and check to his career.

"Did the old villain ever repay you that two hundred pounds?" I asked.

"Most certainly. The very next year. But enough of that, if you please. I think I know my own business," he said briefly, and, to put an end to the subject, asked: "What have you ordered? One's first dinner at the club is rather an event."

Two days after Seymour presented himself in Hanover Terrace, and was received like a long-lost son and brother.

"My dear, dear patron and true friend," said old Ludovici, now grey-haired and venerable, with his unctuous, over-loaded manner, holding out both his hands, "I owe it all to you," he waved round (his possessions); "this is by rights your house. You are welcome to the best that it contains."

Softy's eyes, resting on Pollie, who stood there smiling and blushing—it was really her house, not her father's—made choice then and there.

But she—would she respond? He meant to put it to her before he left the house.

Strict injunctions had been laid upon Mr. Ludovici by his daughter to breathe no word of the Royal Sovereign Theatre, or of her success upon the stage.

The old man was in the main careful to keep the secret. He babbled once or twice about Pollie—her sweet, loving heart and the great genius she had inherited

from her mother—whereat, being on dangerous ground, Pollie cut him short, and carried off their visitor to her own private sitting-room, to talk, as she said, over old times.

Almost at her entrance she pounced upon a large framed photograph inscribed "To Mary Meredith," and signed by the august giver's own hand. All other telltale traces had been removed, but this one nearly betrayed her.

And yet she knew that avowal must come, sooner even than she thought.

With soldier-like promptitude, Softy declared himself directly they were alone together.

"I loved you, Pollie, I believe, when you were a child," he said simply. "Who could help it, seeing you as you were then, and what you did. It all comes back to me now."

"You were very good to us, Colonel Seymour," she faltered.

"It was for love of you. I have thought of you always, all these years, as the best and sweetest of little women. I know, now that we meet again, that I cannot live without you. No one else shall be my wife."

They sat there side by side, hand in hand. She suffered him to take her into his arms, to kiss her on the lips, to whisper his endearments, and he thought that she was won.

SOFTY SUDDENLY CRIED "HULLOA!" AND LEFT ME AT A RUN.

But then, quite suddenly and abruptly, she broke away from him, and stood, at her full height, defiant, with her hands outstretched keeping him at bay.

"No, no. I cannot accept you. I must not, will not!" she stammered in a hard expressionless voice.

"Is there someone else?" he asked piteously.

"No, it is not that. But you know nothing of me: of what I am really like; of how I——"

"I want to know nothing more than that you are my own sweetheart. I will take you at that. My faith in you is unbounded."

"There are other obstacles. I cannot see my way plainly yet; you must not press me. It is too sudden. I do not know that I can separate myself from——"

"Why should there be any separation?" He thought she was talking of her brothers and sisters. "You will see them constantly, even if I must sometimes soldier abroad."

"You do not understand, Softy, and I cannot explain—not now. If I married you—yes—'if,' indeed there is an 'if'—it must make a great change; it would be a great wrench. I—I—should have to break with——"

He looked at her in utter bewilderment, too loyal and trustful to misunderstand her, as a more worldly-minded man might have done.

"See, darling." Once more her mood changed, and she came to him, placed one soft hand impressively on his arm, while the other sought his and held it tight.

"Softy, I love you dearly, and I should be proud to be your wife. There is no reason why I should not accept you now, on the spot. But something still stands

between us. I am foolish, perhaps, to let it weigh with me. But it does, and I cannot bring myself to remove it, even at the cost of my happiness."

Lover-like he sought to silence her objections, but she held him back.

"No, no; I must have time to decide. You shall have an answer, I promise you, within a week, but not now. I mean that; I do, indeed. All this has been far too sudden. Why, only think, three days have not gone by since our first meeting."

"You mean twelve years. But I have waited all this time; I will wait another week. Only——"

He drew her to him, unresisting, and kissed her solemnly.

"Nothing, nothing—understand that, Pollie—nothing shall part us now."

He was prepared to go any lengths; to make any sacrifice rather than lose her. She did not know him yet, nor his strong self-reliance and tenacity of purpose.

Two days later he came to me in the morning-room of the club, with an open letter in his hand.

"I don't know what this means. Someone has sent me a box for the theatre—the Royal Sovereign. Why is it?"

"Tribute to the victorious soldier——"

"Rot! Will you come?"

We hunted up the papers to see what they were doing at the Royal Sovereign. It was "Romeo and Juliet," and among the short press extracts in the advertisement we read that "Mary Meredith was incomparable; hers was the finest impersonation of Juliet in this or in any age."

Neither of us—I can swear for myself, and, I believe, for Softy—connected Mary Meredith with Pollie Ludovici. Nor did I, when we were seated in the stage-box, the very best in the house, recognise her in the least.

As for Softy, I had no means of judging, for, after a first very forcible exclamation—when Juliet appeared—he turned his back on me, and, with elbows on the cushion, concentrated the whole of his attention on the stage.

It was a magnificent performance. I was greatly struck, greatly impressed, by it, and I said as much coldly and critically to Softy after the act-drop fell.

He did not turn at first, and when presently he did so, I saw plainly that he was still under the influence of strong, overmastering emotion; his eyes were moist, his hands shook, his voice trembled, and he looked at me as one dazed when I repeated my banal remark.

"Wonderfully good, eh?"

"Don't you know her, man? It's Pollie."

For the rest of the night I got no sense out of Softy. When the curtain was up he followed Juliet with rapt attention, absolutely absorbed; between the acts he drew back into the corner of the box, shut up in silent self-communing.

I was not sure, knowing nothing of the actual state of the case, whether she knew how deeply her acting had affected him. She was too true an artist to appear conscious of his presence in the front, but he has told me since that he is certain that she acted to him, and for him alone, that memorable night; that it was his, and his approval only, that she hungered for; that, of all the rapturous applause that greeted her from that crowded house at the close of the evening, all she valued was the mute, appealing look that followed her from one stage-box as she went off at the far wings.

There I myself saw her pause a moment and give one final curtsey back at us, in reply to which Softy made no sign.

"Hard hit, eh, Master Softy?" I said, with a poor attempt at fun, to which he disdained to reply. "Well, she is a splendid creature. I'd often heard of Mary Meredith, now I can understand."

"Yes, yes. I too can understand." He spoke in riddles, but I know now that he had realised at last what she had meant by her hesitation to accept him. Would he ask her to give up her art for him? How could he permit her, for his sake, to let her genius suffer such eclipse?

We walked back together towards the club, but Softy left me abruptly, with a few muttered words, saying he was tired and would drive straight to his rooms.

I did not see him again that week, not for more than a moment in the distance, once or twice in correct evening-dress, on his way to and from a stall at the Royal Sovereign—for every night religiously he took his place in front—on another occasion in full uniform, returning from a great man's levée.

It was a week crowded with strange incidents too, so far as he was concerned, but its annals may now be briefly told.

One forenoon, towards the end of the week, a brougham drove up to Hanover Terrace, and from it alighted a very distinguished personage, who asked for Miss Meredith, and was at once admitted.

She received him in her private sitting-room, self-possessed and queenly, arrayed in spotless white, with one crimson blossom at her waistband, another in her raven hair.

"It is very good of you, Miss Meredith, to grant me this interview," began the great soldier. "I should not have presumed to intrude, but I come armed with good intentions, and in the interests of another. Can you guess the object of my mission?"

"No"—she spoke very gravely—"it is not fitting that I should do so. Nor can I admire the good taste of——"

"Stay, one moment, please. Let me remove any misapprehensions. I come on behalf of Colonel Seymour——"

"Ah!" she exclaimed.

"But without his knowledge."

She motioned him to a chair, and composed herself to listen to him.

"Miss Meredith, I am an old man, I claim the privileges of age, and I am fortified by the excellence of my intentions against any misconstructions of what I am about to say. I have come to ask you if you know what Colonel Seymour has in contemplation?"

"Your Lordship is frankness itself. May I venture to be equally frank? In what way do our affairs—Colonel Seymour's and mine—concern you?"

"Miss Meredith, I will be plain and explicit with you. Colonel Seymour came to my levée a day or two back, and announced his intention of leaving the army at once. Now, you know, Miss Meredith, that Colonel Seymour is a most promising officer; he is already far advanced in a most distinguished career; with health and fortune, he may rise higher and higher. In any case, his services would be greatly missed by the Queen and country."

"Did he tell your Lordship why he proposed to leave the army?" asked Mary Meredith, looking up suddenly, speaking almost fiercely, but with the tears very near her eyes. "It is none of my doing; I made no such compact with him. I gave him no right to suppose that I wished it, or that it stood in the way of——"

Her eyes filled, and she could say no more.

"I naturally asked him. I pressed him to explain this hasty and, as I felt it, ill-judged resolve," said the great personage, speaking fast and freely, obviously with the courteous wish to let her recover herself. "After much hesitation, he confessed that he wished to marry, that his continuing in the service was a stumbling-block——"

"I never said that!" cried Mary hotly.

"Not that quite, perhaps; but he implied that he would be freer—that by surrendering his own career he might save the lady from a still greater sacrifice; and then—at last—I ascertained that it was you. I saw it all then."

There was a long pause, broken at last

I SAW HER PAUSE ONE MOMENT AND GIVE ONE FINAL CURTSEY BACK AT US.

by Mary Meredith, who rose from her seat, and impetuously took the stage, walking to and fro, wringing her hands in evident emotion, for, artist-like, she was easily swayed, and this fine trait in her own dear Softy touched her to the quick.

"Do you know our story, Sir?" She halted abruptly in front of her visitor, and as the old man looked up at her loveliness and at the noble nature that showed through her streaming eyes, he felt that to win such a woman a man might be well content to lose the whole world.

And then she told him everything, from the first days in Halifax till the present time, far more eloquently than I, old Rex King, Softy's friend, have set it down.

"And now, Sir, he proposes to make the debt intolerable. We owe him everything already; how could I repay him if I accepted this last and greatest sacrifice? A week ago I did not know myself. I was still so selfish and ungrateful as to let the hollow rewards of my profession weigh down the balance against his love. I have thought much, lived much these last few days, and have settled clearly enough what answer I shall give him. I shall tell him, if he asks me, that I am ready to give up all, everything for him, and to walk barefoot by his side, if he so wishes it, to the other end of the world."

And now she broke down, sinking back upon the sofa in a wild passion of tears.

Then that distinguished personage, realising that he had been permitted to see Mary Meredith in the finest scene she had ever acted in her life, and not in play, but in real, sober earnest, just touched her fingers with his lips and stole quietly away.

HE JUST TOUCHED HER FINGERS WITH HIS LIPS.

The news that the most popular actress of the day was about to marry and leave the stage fell as a great blow upon the town. The rights of the story were never exactly known, although many vague and mysterious paragraphs appeared in the public prints, giving various versions of Mary Meredith's romantic love-story. We, Softy's old friends, understood it all. So did much more august people, for Lord —— did not quite keep his own counsel.

When Lady Seymour was presented on her marriage, the greatest lady in the land kissed her and whispered a few kindly words that implied much.

And among the thousand and one presents bestowed on the happy pair, there was not one, I believe, more highly treasured than the great loving-cup which bears the inscription—

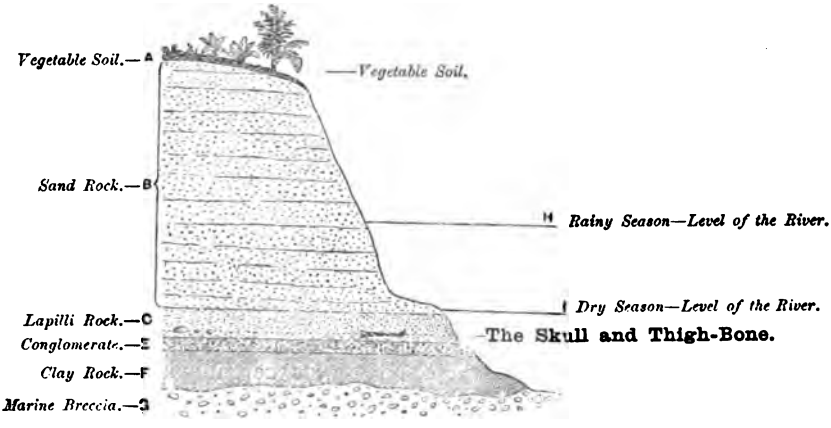
"To Pollie and Softy,
From the Borderers' Mess."

THE "MISSING LINK" AT LAST.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF "PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS" BY DR. EUGÈNE DUBOIS

By W. K. MARISCHAL.

OF all the idle quests that have moved men in the nineteenth century, none have roused the imagination of the public and steeled the enterprises of the daring more than the discovery of the North Pole and the search for that infant of the human race popularly symbolised as the "Missing Link." It is only fit that these two efforts of the century should, in its closing years, be crowned with success. There is every prospect that such will be the case. Great as has been the progress of Arctic explorers towards their goal, they have been beaten in the march by the rapid advance of the more patient and less foolhardy naturalists. Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian, the dauntless explorer, must give place to Dr. Dubois, the Dutchman, the geologist. It has been Dr. Dubois' lot, perhaps his luck, to discover the fossil remains of an animal which he and many of the great anatomists of Europe are in doubt whether to call man or ape, so much does it resemble both. No more important find of fossil remains has ever been made. The discovery comes home with all the greater force because it comes as the startling fulfilment of a prophecy by that great geologist, Sir Charles Lyell. In truth, Dr. Dubois has presented the world with a portrait of the human race in its very infancy, an infancy of such incredible antiquity that years are as useless to represent its age as hair-breadths to measure the length of the earth's circumference. Until now our authentic history of the existence of man on the face of this globe dated back only to the days in which the Neanderthal race of men, with the reindeer and many extinct forms of animals, now found entombed in the caves of France and Belgium, followed the retreating skirts of the Arctic zone, which had so long held Northern Europe ice-bound. The days of the Neanderthal man are but of yesterday compared to the antiquity of the being Dr. Dubois has unearthed in Java.



WHERE THE SKULL AND THIGH-BONE OF THE PITHECANTHROPUS WERE FOUND.

The startling discovery of this man-like animal, which Dr. Dubois has named Pithecanthropus (*pithecas*, an ape; *anthropos*,

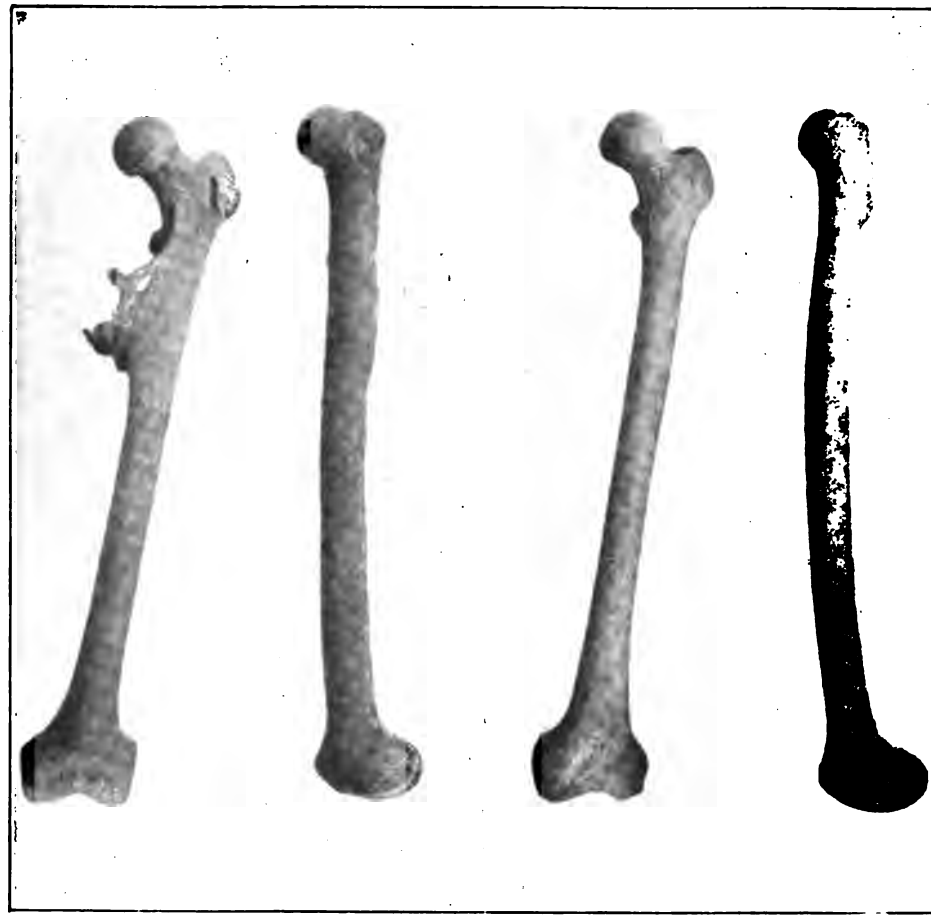
a man), was made in the island of Java, in the month of August 1891. In the previous year Dr. Dubois, a young, keen, and highly qualified geologist, speaking with the fluency of his native tongue the languages of the English, the French, the Germans, and Malays, was despatched by the Dutch Indian Government to Java to investigate the fossil remains of many wonderful extinct animals that are found in certain geological formations in that island. But sometimes it is with geologists as with anglers: they fish for a minnow and catch a salmon. Dr. Dubois was searching the Tertiary formations that occur in Java—formations that from an ordinary human point of view are of extreme antiquity, but which, from a geologist's point of view, are but the more recently formed layers of the earth's crust—and finding numerous fossils of extinct kinds of buffaloes, antelopes, deer, hyenas, pigs, ant-eaters, and crocodiles, when he unearthed, mingled with them, the fossil remains of what has proved to be an ancestor of the human race.

THE SKULL OF PITHECANTHROPUS.
Reproduced after Dubois.

The features of the district in which the find was made are worthy of note. A good map of Java will show a small stream, the Bengawan, rising in the hills near the centre of the island and flowing its short course through flat malarious country, covered with rice-fields, northwards to the Java sea. Where this stream leaves the hills it runs between steep banks, thirty to forty feet in height. It was in the bottom layer of those steep banks that Dr. Dubois found the fossil remains. A glance at his diagram of the structure of those banks, which is here reproduced, will show quickly and clearly the position in which they were found. On the top will be noticed a foot or two of surface soil carrying plants common to tropical regions; then follow from twenty to thirty feet of solid sand-rock, followed by a layer two to three feet thick, in which all the fossils were discovered. The fossiliferous layer lies upon a thin bed of Conglomerate rock, followed by a layer of slate, the whole resting upon a stratum of marine formation. The upper layers, as we shall see later, are of river formation. Since the fossiliferous stratum is on a level with the bed of the river, it will be evident that excavations could be carried on only in the dry season, when the Javanese streams are reduced to mere isolated pools. Towards the end of the dry season of 1891 Dr. Dubois was urging on his Javanese coolies, picturesque in their short kilt-like *sarongs* and quaint head attires, to make haste before the rains stopped their operations, when there were quarried out from the fossiliferous layer, side by side with the bones of extinct animals, a tooth and the roof of a skull, evidences of a man-like being which must have coexisted with those extinct kinds of animals. The rains put a stop to Dr. Dubois' explorations, but in the following dry season he returned to the fossiliferous layer, and, some yards from the site of his former find, unearthed another tooth and a thigh-bone. These four parts certainly belonged to the same kind of animal, and the fact that they were found so closely together makes it likely they are parts of the same individual. These four parts are all we have to reconstruct the missing link from, but they are sufficient for the purpose.

How did this old-world being come to find its last resting-place in this fossiliferous bed so deep in the stratified crust of the earth? The truth is, the crust of the earth is but a magnificent photograph-album. Strata of rock form the pages of this album, and the moving waters—rain, river, and tide—work them and lay them down page upon page, sealing between the leaves samples of the animals and plants of the time. Such is the manner in which the earth writes the history of its

animals and plants, and those that keep their eyes open may see it in the very act of writing. Standing once by the estuary of a river that opens on the Moray Firth, I saw, as the tide ebbed away, greyish points on the surface of the mud, that indicated to me, in its last resting place, the skeleton of some hapless North Briton. frowned the cliffs of Cromarty, where Hugh Miller learned to read and write the history of the Old Red Sandstone times. These cliffs, too, had been formed in water. The thought came to me involuntarily that some day the bed of the estuary before me might be but a rocky stratum at the foot of some frowning sea-



THE THIGH-BONE OF PITHECANTHROPUS, VIEWED FROM THE FRONT AND FROM THE SIDE. | THE THIGH-BONE OF A MODERN EUROPEAN, VIEWED IN THE SAME WAY.

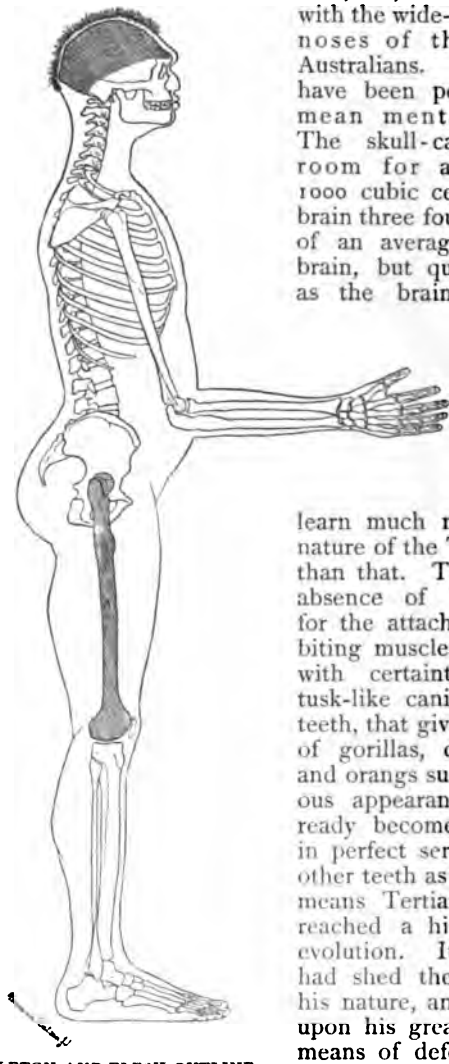
Reproduced after Dubois.

Just where it lay, the brown waters of the river mingled with the tide, and gently deposited tons upon tons of soil torn from the valleys and hills near Inverness, which lay enshrouded in mist behind me. There was the earth, by its own natural means of rain, stream, and river, carrying even the granite hills to the sea to form a page of its mighty album and sealing up this human document. Over against me, across the Firth, cliff, and the skeleton I saw buried but a find for a Hugh Miller who lived when we moderns have become the curious animals that belonged to a remote geological era.

The fate which overtook the sailor by the Moray Firth must have been the hapless lot of the old inhabitant of Java. But Java was not then as it is now. It must have been part of a continent large enough to feed and carry the great river

that deposited the layers of rock seen in Dr. Dubois' diagram, for they are of fresh-water formation. We can picture this great river rising in sudden flood, overflowing its flat banks and sweeping the surprised inhabitants along its sides—men, buffaloes, oxen, ant-eaters, hyenas, elephants — pell-mell together into its broiling bed. What was its bed then is now become a fossiliferous layer. The river still flowed on, and, perhaps aided by the sinking of the land, piled over the fossiliferous layer the yards thick layer of sand rock. Then a change of another kind ensued. The continent became shattered into an archipelago. The land rose, perhaps very gradually, and in place of the mighty river flowed the small Bengawan, wearing in time a deep channel through the rocks laid down by the ancient river. That is probably how Pithecanthropus came to be where he was found, and it will be evident what degree of antiquity may be claimed for him.

Now, what sort of beings were those old-world fellows of Tertiary times? If this specimen may be taken as fairly representative, and there is every reason to take it as such, they were surprisingly like ourselves. It was a piece of rare good fortune that the thigh-bone was found, for no other bone can indicate so much to us with certainty. So perfectly human is it that it might belong to a London lady. It informs us in unmistakable terms that the human body was much then as it is now, thoroughly adapted for walking easily and jauntily erect. It assures us the foot was as our feet, legs as our legs, body as our body, and hands and arms approximately like our hands and arms. The roof of the skull and teeth allow us grounds enough not only to reconstruct with a considerable approach to truth the outline of the head, but to tell much of the character of these antique folk. They were beetle-browed, with sharply receding foreheads, with ears placed nearer the crown of the head than nowadays is the case, and, in all probability, with the wide-winged pug-noses of the modern Australians. They must have been people of no mean mental capacity. The skull-cap indicates room for a brain of 1000 cubic centimetres, a brain three fourths the size of an average European brain, but quite as large as the brains of many Australians and twice the size of any anthropoid ape's. But from the skull we can learn much more of the nature of the Tertiary man than that. The complete absence of bony ridges for the attachment of the biting muscles informs us with certainty that the tusk-like canines or eye-teeth, that give the mouths of gorillas, chimpanzees, and orangs such a murderous appearance, had already become small and in perfect series with the other teeth as in us. That means Tertiary man had reached a high point in evolution. It means he had shed the ferocity of his nature, and relied not upon his great canines as means of defence against his enemies, but upon his cunning and power of adapting means to ends. The molar teeth are large, and ground somewhat with the rough food of savages; but except in size they are in nowise peculiar. Whether they possessed articulate speech we cannot as yet say, but the discovery of a lower jaw might set this at rest, for it carries the imprint of certain of the speech-muscles. Of his attainments and degree of civilisation we

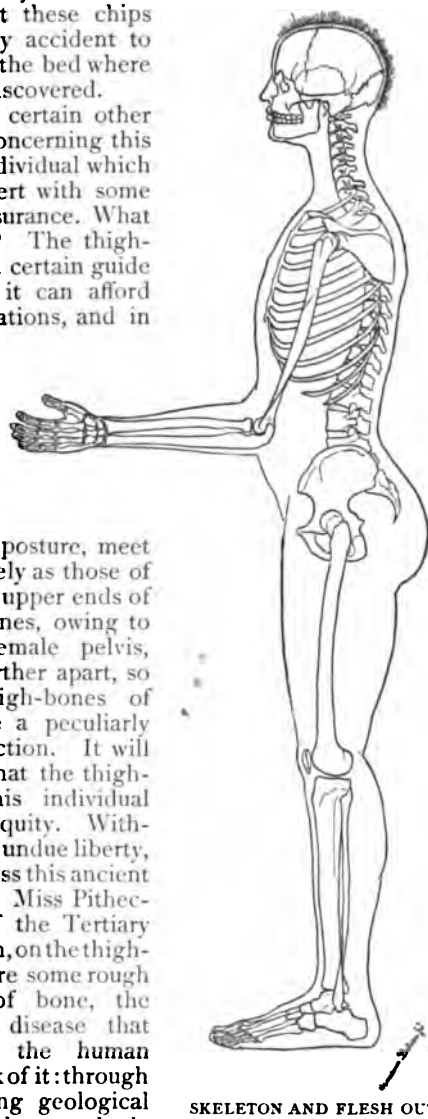


SKELETON AND FLESH OUTLINE OF PITHECANTHROPUS, RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE PARTS SHOWN SHADED.

Copyright Drawing by Hermann Balcan, Jun.

know nothing. But it is only right to state here that in a Conglomerate formation in North Burmah of probably the same age as the layers in which Dr. Dubois found these remains, flint chips, probably of human origin, were found, though recently it has been asserted that these chips had come by accident to be mixed in the bed where they were discovered.

There are certain other particulars concerning this old Javan individual which one can assert with some degree of assurance. What was its sex? The thigh-bone is not a certain guide to sex, but it can afford strong indications, and in this case it points to an individual of the feminine gender. The knees of women, in the erect posture, meet quite as closely as those of men, but the upper ends of the thigh-bones, owing to the wide female pelvis, are much further apart, so that the thigh-bones of women have a peculiarly oblique direction. It will be noticed that the thigh-bone of this individual has that obliquity. Without taking an undue liberty, we may address this ancient individual as Miss Pithecanthropus of the Tertiary period. Again, on the thigh-bone there are some rough outgrowths of bone, the result of a disease that still afflicts the human frame. Think of it: through all those long geological periods the human body has steadily carried its heavy burden of disease!



SKELETON AND FLESH OUTLINE OF A MODERN EUROPEAN.

Copyright Drawing by Hermann Balean, Jun.

To sum up the net results of Dr. Dubois' great discovery, geologists and anthropologists have been taught that the age of man upon the earth is a period profoundly more vast than they had ever hitherto dared to dream. There, towards the end of the Tertiary period, was man much as we know him now, less of brain and intelligence to be sure, but in body exactly like us moderns. It has taught us, too, that the evolution of man is a process ever so much slower than it was thought to be. It used to be pointed out by those antagonistic to the Darwinian theory that the Egyptian of the Pharaohs was just as highly developed a man as the modern European. But here is an individual to whom, in point of antiquity, the Egyptian of the Pharaohs is but as the child of yesteryear, and yet he has changed in a minor degree only. It has also taught us that the perfections of man did not appear in his body at a single blush like the electric lamps of a theatre, but rather like the stars at evening, one by one, the greater first and the smaller afterwards. By the end of the Tertiary era, probably long before the end, the body of man was as perfectly formed as now, but his brain was not the capable instrument it has since become. Long after the body was mature the head kept on expanding. Dubois' discovery brings scientists to propound questions which every boy in the gutter thinks he can answer. What is a man? What is a "missing link?" It is clear that Dr. Dubois and many great scientists, by the name they have bestowed, place Pithecanthropus outside the pale of humanity. But is not a man an animal that has his hands set free from the purposes of locomotion to become the quick and cunning servants of his mind? In this sense Pithecanthropus is a man. Still it is also a missing link, for its form is distinctly more apish than ours. To trace man down to that point where he mingles his stock with other forms of life, there must be not one link, but hundreds of them, and Pithecanthropus is one of these missing links.

LLANFIHANGEL SKERRIES.

By GRANT ALLEN.

MISS FREWEN had been Educated at Girton. She had taken a high place in the Classical Tripos, and was understood to be engaged upon an important work on Etruscan Sarcophagi. She wore as a brooch a gold Greek coin of Demetrius Poliorcetes, and had Tanagra figurines for ornaments on her mantelpiece.

From all this you may be tempted to suppose that Miss Frewen was severe, middle-aged, and unpleasing; perhaps even that she adorned herself with a pair of blue spectacles. If so, you are mistaken. We have changed all that. The first generation of Girton girls, it is true—the pioneers of a Movement—had a tendency to be pallid, emaciated, and book-wormy. But Girton nowadays has found its level. It has become an institution. To go there no longer implies intensity. Miss Frewen was twenty-five, good-looking, plump, round-faced, and rosy. Moreover, she had a twinkle in the corner of her eye which distinctly suggested the possession of a sense of humour. It is a popular error to imagine that any incongruity exists between a sense of humour and Etruscan sarcophagi. I am given to understand by those who have had the privilege of looking over Miss Frewen's proofs that hers will be by far the most amusing book ever written about the cemeteries of Etruria. Dennis and Müller and Canon Isaac Taylor, I am credibly informed, are quite dry in comparison. For raciness and verve you must go to Miss Frewen.

"Yess, indeed," the landlady of the little Welsh lodgings in the out-of-the-way port made answer to Miss Frewen's inquiries. "They're fery nice rooms. A fery goot view, and fery quiet and pleasant. Only, will Miss Frewen be coming alone?" She inquired it anxiously, with the usual Welsh politeness of the third person; and she looked, as she spoke, into Miss Frewen's face with a vague sense of hesitation.

Miss Frewen's eyes twinkled. "Oh, yes," she answered. "Alone. I'm quite used to it, Mrs. Griffith. I always live alone, and travel alone. I call myself a bachelor."

Mrs. Griffith drew back. "But . . . there iss a young gentleman in the house," she went on, anxious to guard the proprieties. "An Oxford young gentleman. A fellow off a college."

Miss Frewen smiled. "Poor young man," she answered. "He needn't be afraid of me. I'll do nothing to hurt him."

The landlady looked surprised. Recollect, 'twas in a remote corner of Wild Wales, where people have not yet learnt how the world is turning. At Stow-in-the-Wold or Burnham-on-the-Crouch, now, nobody would have been surprised; but at Llanfihangel-yn-Morfen, the Emancipated Woman was an unknown phenomenon.

However, it was impossible to look once at Miss Frewen—fresh, brisk, self-reliant—and to doubt her "respectability." The landlady gave it up, and let her rooms to the Girton girl.

Miss Frewen (I do not feel sufficiently at home with her myself to warrant me in calling her by her Christian name, Monica)—Miss Frewen settled down in the easy chair by the window at once, having despatched a stipendiary boy to the station to fetch her portmanteau. She travelled with a portmanteau alone, being a tailor-made young lady. Then she looked out on the sea and the great stacks of rock, very rough and ragged. Breakers were rolling in from the open Atlantic. The white foam lashed itself into showers of spray round those sharp granite fangs. Fresh sea breezes moved Miss Frewen's fair locks, which, strange as you may think it, were not smooth and neatly plaited, but blew in loose chestnut wisps about her cheek and forehead. Sunny, fluffy locks, in profusion round her face; each hair of it all distinct, crossing and recrossing at innumerable angles.

"It's rather a bother, though, this Oxford man," she thought to herself, with a passing shade. "I came down here to be quiet. I wanted to finish the part of

'Etruscan Sarcophagi,' relating to the Earliest Hellenic Imitations. I didn't want to be bothered with what they call society. Still, it may be as well, perhaps, to have an Oxford man near me. I wonder if he's classical? If so, I might get him to revise first proofs for me. A second eye is always useful. One sometimes overlooks a Greek accent gone wrong in a quotation. The other day I almost let *lambanei* pass as proparoxytone! He may be useful, this Oxford man. I'll ask Mrs. Griffith the name of him."

THREE WEEKS LATER THEY SAT TOGETHER ON THE HEATHER BY THE HORSE'S HEAD ROCK.

II.

Three weeks later they sat together on the heather by the Horse's Head Rock (I could put it in Welsh if I chose, but I mercifully spare you): Miss Frewen with the last batch of proofs of "Etruscan Sarcophagi," Mr. Arthur Pelew—for it was that distinguished young chemist—with a volume of William Watson, which he had bought on her recommendation, and was pretending to read, though he was really engaged in gazing furtively all the time at Miss Frewen's hands, and Miss Frewen's hair, and Miss Frewen in general.

She laid down the first set. "May I look?" he inquired, and took the slips up eagerly. Then he murmured to himself half unconsciously, "Monica!"

"I beg your pardon!" Miss Frewen said, looking up sharply from number two.

"I—I was only reading your name on the title-page," Arthur Pelew responded hastily. "'Etruscan Sarcophagi, by Monica Frewen.' I didn't know before your name was Monica."

"Probably not," Miss Frewen replied. "I don't wear a label."

The young man made another attempt. "It 's a beautiful name, Monica," he went on, turning it over in his own mind. "But what do they call you for short, I wonder?"

"There 's no *they*," Miss Frewen answered, never raising her eyes from the proof as she spoke. "I have only my mother; and she calls me Monny." Then she went on muttering to herself—"This class of relief, however, in spite of Keller, cannot justly be considered as Corinthian in origin; it appears more likely——"

"Why did they call you Monica, I wonder?" Arthur Pelew continued, chewing the cud of the name as if it greatly concerned him.

"After St. Monica, of course," Miss Frewen said, somewhat testily. "My mother's High Church.—'Appears more likely that an Athenian or Ionian model first gave rise'——"

"Who *was* St. Monica?" the young man interposed again.

Miss Frewen laid down her proofs with marked austerity. "Now, Mr. Pelew," she said, "you know I came out here to look over these slips. I asked you not to come with me. You begged to be allowed, and promised me you wouldn't interrupt me if I let you follow. I 'm unaccustomed to be followed—I can't bear dogs and things—but I foolishly consented. And then, you keep on asking me stupid questions. For St. Monica, see the Bollandists, or Alban Butler's 'Lives of the Saints,' *sub voce*. She was the mother of St. Augustine, and no doubt in her time an estimable and amiable, though narrow-minded woman. But why a modern English girl can't be christened Monica without her name exciting curious inquiry, readily resolved by reference to any encyclopædia, passes my comprehension.—'That an Athenian or Ionian model first gave rise to the series so largely represented on tombs at Corneto and elsewhere. This favourite subject'——"

The young man leaned back on the heather and looked up at her admiringly. Once more he interrupted. "Miss Frewen," he said in a very slow voice, "do you know, you make me feel ashamed of myself."

"So you ought," Miss Frewen answered. "You will neither work yourself, nor allow a moment's peace for work to others."

"Oh, I didn't mean *that*!" Arthur Pelew cried out. "I meant — speaking generally. You seem to know such a lot of things; while I—well, I don't know anything much except chemistry."

Miss Frewen regarded him with a compassionate glance. "You 're very young," she answered. (As a matter of fact, he was three years older than she was.) "You have plenty of time to learn. I advise you to set about learning at once—and not to trespass upon other people's hours, who are busier than you are."

"I wish I was a classical man!" he cried.

"I wish you were. Then you might be some use to me. It was a blow to me when I learned you were only natural science. I thought you might have helped me to look over my proofs, you know."

"Miss Frewen!"

"Yes?"

(That was an ominous beginning. When a young man prefaces a remark with a solemn adjuration by name like that, you may always be sure something important is coming.)

"Do you know, till I met you, I had no idea how intensely interesting archæology might be. Why, it 's better than chemistry!"

"So I think," Miss Frewen replied, deleting a *b* and putting an *r* in place of it.

"And the Etruscans, too! The Etruscans! So *extremely* delightful! I shall go to Italy next autumn to look up Etruscans!"

"You have never been there?"

"No, never."

"How sad!"

"But I mean to make up for it! I see now that nothing on earth is so interesting, so absorbingly interesting and important as Etruscans. . . . Or, at least, hardly anything. I shall brush up my classics—I never had much of them—just enough to help me through Smalls, don't you know—but I shall take to them now in earnest. And I shall go to Italy. I shall begin life over again—on an Etruscan basis."

Miss Frewen laid down her proofs. "If you do," she said with great seriousness—for this was really important, "let me earnestly implore you to *begin* with Corneto. Don't read much about it till you go there; see the objects first; and don't be persuaded to start with Volterra or the Tombs of the Volumnii, as too many people do. It is a *fatal* error. It puts you at once on a wrong, backward track. Begin with the fountain-head! Go straight to Corneto!"

"You think so?" the young man said with pathetic interest.

"I am sure of it," Miss Frewen answered, with the conviction of an evangelist. "I've been studying there

for two years, ever since I took my degree, and I 'm quite convinced it 's the only right place to start your Etruscans."

Arthur Pelew looked up at her with an equally serious face. "I 'm very glad to

WHEN HE GOT BACK TO HIS ROOM HE FOUND A LITTLE NOTE.

know that," he said. "You see, Miss Frewen, I have no knowledge of the subject, and nobody else to ask about it. But—you 've interested me in it immensely. You 've made me feel the importance of the study. I don't know where to go and what to see first. I 'm a perfect novice at it. The fact is, what I need is a tutor—a travelling tutor. I should like to be personally conducted round the Etrurian remains." He paused for a moment, and looked up in her face pleadingly. "Won't you accept the post?" he asked trembling. "Won't you take me as a pupil? Won't you promise—to go with me?"

"Oh, certainly," Miss Frewen answered, still fingering the proofs. "I shall be in Italy again next October—at Corneto and elsewhere; and if you happened to be there at the same time, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to take you round the grottoes and show you——"

She broke short, and a sudden flush overspread her face at that point, for just then she looked down and caught Arthur Pelew's eyes, and it was certainly *not* mere archæological enthusiasm that she read at once in them.

She hesitated and stammered. "Oh, no," the young man answered, growing bolder as he looked. "It wasn't *that* I meant. I meant something quite different. I want to go to Italy *with* you—in short, to take you there. Miss Frewen—Monica—since I first saw you, all sorts of new ideas and interests have grown up within me. I want you to help me with them! I want you to take me in hand! I want you to be my wife. I want you to marry me!"

He said it boldly, awkwardly, earnestly. Miss Frewen drew back, wholly surprised and taken aback at his unexpected offer. It was a minute before she fully took in what he meant. Then she looked at him quizzically. "You intend this for a proposal?" she asked curiously.

He seized her hand. "Yes, Monica," he cried. "Say *yes* to me!"

She disengaged him gently, yet firmly and decisively. "Oh, no," she cried; "Mr. Pelew, you are quite mistaken. I never even dreamt of it."

"But why?" he cried. "Oh, why? You—you have meant so much to me. You have given me such fresh hopes. You have revolutionised life for me."

She looked back at him with kind eyes. "Because," she said first, "I have—my book to finish."

He pleaded with her eloquently. He would help her with the book. He would learn all she wished. He would toil and slave. He would become a pillar of Etruscan learning. He begged his very best. At last Miss Frewen was fain to speak the truth. "Because, Mr. Pelew, you—you do not attract me."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely!"

He let her hand drop—for he had seized it again. He was a stone sarcophagus. She rose gently and withdrew. When he got back to his room he found a little note: "After what has occurred I think we had better not meet again. And I feel I must leave Llanfihangel to-morrow.—MONICA FREWEN."

III.

When an athletic young Englishman is refused point-blank by the lady of his choice he does not blow his brains out; he works it off in boating. So Arthur Pelew took a fisherman's boat at once and

retired into the bay, where the wind was rising.

He had only known Monica Frewen for three short weeks, but three weeks are more than enough to change the current of a life or to colour a future. And Arthur Pelew was very much in love with Miss Frewen. He could hardly himself have analysed his feelings towards her. Three weeks before, he was merely the average young man of science, with a dogmatic conviction of the sufficiency of matter, motion, and energy, and a somewhat ignorant contempt of all arts and graces. Save as a school of science, Oxford had fallen flat upon him. It had not given him expansive culture. But Monica Frewen was a different sort of university. He had never looked at an Etruscan sarcophagus before—though his outer eye had many times lighted upon one; but now, when Miss Frewen unfolded her delicate drawings and expounded their meaning to him with glowing enthusiasm—a young girl's enthusiasm—he was fairly carried away by her impulsive eloquence. For a young girl is a young girl still, even when she dilates upon Polynices and Eteocles. You may think Polynices and Eteocles dry, but that is your narrowness; remember how much depends upon the

A HEAD APPEARED BOBBING ABOUT IN THE WATER.

Polynices-and-Eteocles-monger. From Miss Frewen's lips, Greek accents would have been charming, and Sanskrit itself would have flowed like an Italian melody.

She made Arthur Pelew dimly aware of a certain deficiency in his own culture. And the form the conviction took with him was this—when she talked to him with all the force of her magnetic personality, he felt quite assured that the only thing in life worth a young man's while to do was to marry Monica Frewen, and pass his days with her in the study of Etruscan sarcophagi.

So Arthur Pelew rowed on and on, thinking only of the hard work of breasting the breakers—which, fortunately, ran high—and of the way he had come to know Monica Frewen.

It was a quaint little idyll, peculiar to our time, and impossible twenty years ago—that idyll of the Cambridge girl and the Oxford man, thrown together by accident in Mrs. Griffith's lodgings, and flung into conversation by dint of sheer proximity. She had asked him one day, "Oh, would you mind my asking—*do* you happen to have such a thing as a Liddell and Scott with you?"—and he had been forced to explain, with deep regret, that Liddell and Scott was a closed book with him, he being wholly devoted to the science of organic and inorganic nature. Thence rose a gradual friendship, reluctant on Miss Frewen's part, very eager on Pelew's. For, from the first moment he saw her, a mighty wave came over him, and he said to himself, "There stands a Woman!"

In the midst of which reflections, a sea breaking over the boat suggested the desirability of returning to harbour.

Nevertheless, for a minute or two Arthur Pelew persisted. He was not going to turn back for a drop of wet on his jersey. He rowed on for a few strokes without making much progress. Then a couple more seas, half drenching the cobble, made it clearer than before that the wind was rising.

He turned and rowed back, the breakers still mounting.

Miss Frewen sat by her window and gazed out. It was a warm summer evening, but the clouds looked stormy. The sea was running high. A boat on the offing scudded in before the breakers. A man was rowing it; but his work counted for little. The breakers themselves were bearing him rapidly landward.

"If the current catches him by the corner," Miss Frewen thought to herself, "it will go pretty hard with him: he must row for all he's worth to keep clear of the skerries." For acquaintance with Etruscan had not dulled Miss Frewen's

THE MEN SHOOK THEIR HEADS.

senses to the passing colloquialisms of her native language.

He drew nearer and nearer. Then she saw it was Pelew. The waves were taking him exactly where she expected.

In a moment she grasped the risk, and rushed out upon the beach. She began to wave her hands frantically to warn him off the rocks. But the young man himself by this time was fully alive to his own danger. He bent to the oars and rowed for dear life against the sweeping current. All to no purpose; a swirl set in round the base of the stacks which one man was absolutely powerless to stem. He made no headway. Next instant the stream caught the boat, twirled it off from the first stack, and sent it, broadside on, with a fearful whirl against the second.

Miss Frewen wrung her hands. "He's lost!" she cried. "He's lost!" And as she spoke, a head appeared bobbing about in the water. As for the boat, it had disappeared—sucked clean below with the whirlpool of the undertow.

She turned to the fishermen on the beach. "You'll put out for him?" she cried.

But the men shook their heads. "No, Miss," they answered. "It issn't any good. You couldn't save him from that sea. Water runs too high. You'd loosse youself in safing him."

In a second, Monica Frewen remembered the terrible coast superstition which she had heard again since she came to Llanfihangel. Every year the sea demands a victim; every year the skerries take a life: it was unlucky to save the man they claimed; for if you snatched him from the sea that was trying to seize him, it would hold you instead, and claim you as its victim.

She laid her hand on a cobble. "Will none of you come with me?" she asked, beginning to haul it seaward.

But not a man of them moved. They looked at one another, held back, and muttered.

"He's drowning!" the girl cried. "Are you *men*, that you won't save him?"

But still the superstitious fear of the hungry sea held them back. No one gave her a helping hand. She hauled the boat down alone, and jumped into it, terrified.

Fortunately, she had been a boating woman at Girton, and experience of weirs had given her some idea of how to manage back currents. Taking advantage of these, she succeeded in pulling the boat within reach of Arthur Pelew. He was swimming desperately through the eddies and swirls that surrounded the stacks, his clothes torn by the sharp rocks, and his hands bleeding pitiably. She held the boat off with the sweep, and let him

catch the handle. With one last effort he climbed over the edge and seated himself, dripping and ragged, beside her. "Row, row!" Miss Frewen cried; and, seizing an oar, he rowed with whatever force he had still left in him. Miss Frewen rowed too; but for a minute it seemed as if the sea and the skerries were really going to claim them. "At least," Miss Frewen said, "if we go down, we shall go down together!"

With a violent struggle they just cleared the rocks. Then the waves caught them up, carried them along on their crest, and landed them with one wild dash upon the beach, smashing the bow of the cobble.

They scrambled ashore, both wet, and looked at each other ruefully.

Miss Frewen was the first to speak. "I think," she said, in her austerest tone, "you 'd better go home at once, change your things, and bandage yourself."

She sat in her room that evening, too tired and excited to meditate sarcophagi. Meleager and Atalanta wholly failed to interest her. About nine o'clock, a timid rap came at her door. A white face looked in. "May I speak with you?" it said pleadingly.

"I thought we had said good-bye," Miss Frewen answered.

The white face pushed itself in, followed by its appurtenances. Arthur Pelew seized her hand. "Oh, it was so brave of you!" he cried. "When none of those men would stir! After that, you *won't* say me nay! You would not have saved me from the sea that was taking me if you had not meant——"

Miss Frewen drew herself up and looked at him fixedly. "Mr. Pelew," she said, though her voice trembled a little, "I went to save you as I would have gone to save any other fellow-creature. I meant nothing special by it. I have no doubt, in past times, a woman who saved a man's life might have felt bound to marry him. I do not. My preferences are founded, not on accidents of situation, but on more solid reasons. I could not accept you when you asked me this afternoon. Nothing that I know of has since occurred to make me think differently. I do not see how the unessential fact that I helped to pull you out of the water when you were apparently drowning can make any difference to the fundamental question whether you are or are not the sort of person with whom I would choose to pass a lifetime."

The irresistible logic of it struck Arthur Pelew dumb. He could only stammer out, "Then your answer is final!—there is no more hope for me?"

"No more hope, I'm afraid," Miss Frewen answered, faltering, and brushed away a tear. For she was really sorry for him.

Arthur Pelew turned aside and rushed from the room. But he made up his mind from that moment forth to devote the remainder of his earthly life to the diligent study of Etruscan sarcophagi. "After all," he thought to himself, "with a woman like that, there is still a hope, if I could make myself fit for her."

OUR GREAT NAVAL HERO.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NELSON.

By CLARK RUSSELL.

TENERIFFE.

AFTER the battle of St. Vincent, Nelson, whose broad pennant was flying aboard the *Irresistible*, went upon one of the most romantic of all the cruises a man could be despatched on. He, with a small squadron, was to look out for and fall in with, if possible, three Spanish ships of the line with an immense treasure on board. Also on board of one of them was the Viceroy of Mexico. The name of the treasure-ship, the plate-ship, the ship deep with minted money and ecclesiastical furniture in precious metal, fills the imagination with the colossal figure of the galleon. She was the dream of the buccaneer, the darling of Drake's heart; for her Anson defied the horrors of the Horn. It did not signify that the ships which Nelson was searching for were line-of-battle ships much after the pattern of the *Victory* and the *Culloden*; they had treasure aboard, and all the romance of the old galleon with her castellated stern and her very flowing sheets comes into them with that. One may say with Wordsworth—

> It is not now as it hath been of yore.

If a lading of treasure freighted the full-breasted hull of the galleon with the amplest and most gorgeous spirit of romance, how should it be with us in these days when, if you glance at the money article in your newspaper, you will see that one, two, say three steamers, great mail-liners, are in one day expected home with such wealth of minted gold aboard as makes the richest of the old galleons cut but a very sorry figure? And whereas those old galleons were shoving, gold and silver laden, through the broad ocean once in a blue moon for old Spain, in our time every day finds its twenty galleons on the sea, some rushing east, some darting south and west; fabrics which in the night pass through the shadow in bodies of light, which in the day are such goodly sights for their leaning chimneys, their frothing race, the flash of glass, the rainbow at the stem, the twinkle of uniforms, the gay raiment of women, that no Englishman clearly understanding that they are all born (and their souls in the shape of engines given to them) in this fair country but will own to a thrill of pride as he watches them.

Nelson met neither with the Viceroy nor with the treasure. While he cruised his gallant ship the *Captain* was refitting, and when he made an end of his search he once more shifted his pennant to his old valorous craft. It is noticeable throughout this time that he was writing in language of the deepest affection to his wife—noticeable, I say, because, unhappily, the Syren is waiting for him round the corner, and their second meeting, preordained by that Providence which shapes our ends, was not to be very long delayed.

He was haunted by a dream of a cottage—it is the sailor's dream—a cottage not necessarily by the sea; nay, planted rather in a fertile and plenteous country, which burnishes the autumn with its harvest, and fills the year's early months with the delicious concerts of the woods. Those who hold Nelson to have been ambitious will find no such quality in this passage of his life. His expectations, even though St. Vincent had been fought and he was the hero of whom everybody was talking at home, rose no higher than a little cottage. This, for instance, is how he writes to his wife in June 1797: "Rest assured of my most perfect love, affection, and esteem for your person and character, which the more I see of the world the more I must admire. The imperious call of honour to serve my country is the only thing which keeps me a moment from you, and a hope that by staying a little longer it may enable you to enjoy those little luxuries which you so highly merit. I pray God it may soon be peace, and that we may get into the cottage."

Does a man write like this to a cold, unsympathetic wife? Even in the Teneriffe business, which we are shortly to catch a glimpse of, his last thought before going ashore was for his wife. He called young Nesbit, his stepson, into his cabin to help him to arrange and burn his mother's letters. On perceiving that Josiah was armed, he begged him to remain behind, saying, "Should we both fall, what will become of your poor mother? And the care of the *Theseus* falls to you; stay, therefore, and take charge of her." Nesbit answered spunkily, "The ship must take care of herself. I'll go with you to-night, if I never go again." That's how it was, then, with Nelson in his relations with his wife, and it is a thing good to remember and pleasant to repeat.

News reached Jervis one day that a rich Spanish ship, bound from Manila to Spain, was lying at Santa Cruz. Jervis, now Earl St. Vincent, conferred with Nelson as to an attack on Teneriffe and the seizure of the treasure-ship. Three ships of the line and three frigates were sent on this service. Nelson, whose flag was on board the *Theseus*, foresaw many difficulties. He had previously suggested to Jervis an attack on Teneriffe, but then he had relied on the assistance of troops. This is truly a melancholy passage in the life of Lord Nelson. Who that has ever beheld that mighty ocean "pike" of Teneriffe, and watched the rollers foaming round the granite rock, but must realise the prodigious risk which Nelson and his men were about to encounter, not only in the dominating forts and an alarmed and furious population, but in the giant forces of Nature herself—rugged declivities, the spite of off-shore squalls, and the savage trouble of hollow seas? Nelson himself wrote the story: he chose a Friday on which to embark one thousand men, including two hundred and fifty marines, the whole commanded by Captain Troubridge. Friday never yet was a good day for the seaman, and it never will be. Wind and tide belated the frigates; the dark night which was to have witnessed the attack paled into dawn and discovered the British to the Spaniards. "Thus foiled in my original plan," says Nelson, "I considered it for the honour of our King and country not to give over the attempt to possess ourselves of the town, that our enemies might be convinced there is nothing which Englishmen are not equal to."

At eleven o'clock on the night of July 24, boats containing between six and seven hundred men, together with a boat carrying eighty men, and a cutter called the *Fox*, full of sailors, plied oars through the dusk towards the town. The sea was working; the wind blew with weight and an edge. Nelson was in one of the boats, and all were hoping that a landing might be effected before the Spaniards saw them coming. Suddenly the night was flashed up with the fire of thirty or forty pieces of cannon and musketry. The whole sea-front of the town had opened upon the British, but nothing could arrest those resolute oarsmen and captains. A shot plunged into the *Fox* cutter and sank her out of hand; a great shriek went up, but still, through the darkness and through the broken waters, those boats, filled with British hearts, moved slowly onwards. But a dreadful misfortune was now to happen; a large proportion of the boats failed to see the Mole, and went on shore through what Nelson described as "a raging surf." Every boat was stove: those who came off with their lives stormed the Mole, though opposed by five hundred men, captured it and spiked the guns. But nothing was to be done in the face of the heavy fire of musketry and grape-shot poured into the British from the citadel and houses at the head of the Mole. "We could not advance," says Nelson, "and we were nearly all killed or wounded."

Shortly after leaving his boat, Nelson's right arm was almost shot off. He cried out, "I am shot through the arm! I am a dead man!" His stepson, Lieutenant Nesbit, was with him; he tenderly got him into the boat, and laid him in the bottom of her. Nelson was bleeding profusely, and as the sight of the blood seemed to increase his faintness, Nesbit took off his hat and concealed the wounded shoulder. Next he examined the wound, which was only to be done in the flash of the artillery, and so holding the almost sundered limb as to in some measure hinder the bleeding, he bound up the wound with a silk handkerchief which he took from his neck. This presence of mind Nelson afterwards declared saved his life. It was, indeed, an act of real heroism, for the guns were thundering and the shot were flying, and the wounded were shrieking, and, above all, there was the unnerving spectacle of Nelson bleeding to death in the bottom of the boat.

The nearest ship was the *Seahorse*. The wife of the commander of that ship was on board of her. When Nelson was told that the vessel they were making for was the *Seahorse*, he ordered them in a

NELSON WOUNDED AT TENERIFFE.

faint voice to go to another ship. Nesbit answered that delay might cost him his life. "Then I will die!" exclaimed the noble-hearted man, "for I would rather suffer death than alarm Mrs. Fremantle by seeing me in this state and when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband." The thought of others was always first with Nelson. One must closely study his correspondence and carefully follow his career to understand how full of compassion, benevolence, charity, this great man was. The picture off Teneriffe is deeply impressive. One sees the Atlantic surge shaping out of darkness and flashing into the ghastly light of foam; one sees the British ships pallid, elusive as phantoms, heavily plunging amidst the hollows of those darkling waters; but above all one sees that small boat, swept by the spray as she starts to each pulse of oar, with Nelson, the darling of our country, lying bleeding under her thwarts, speechlessly suffering agony, and, what was worse than his physical pain, irremediably maimed, so that nevermore should he know the use of a right arm.

They rowed him to his own ship, the *Theseus*, one of whose midshipmen was Mr. Hoste, afterwards Sir William Hoste, among the most gallant of Collingwood's captains. The hour was two o'clock in the morning, and young Hoste stood at the gangway looking down. He heard Nelson say: "Let me alone; I have yet my legs left and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better." The young midshipman then saw him grasp a rope, and drag himself up the ship's side. Dwell a little upon this prodigious act of fortitude in a man whose right arm, bleeding always, hung by a shred or two, whilst the boat leapt in the hollow sea and the rolling ship leaned to and from her. The moment he gained the deck he told the surgeon to remove the limb, "and," says Hoste, "he underwent the amputation with the same firmness and courage that have always marked his character." The limb was placed in the hammock of a dead seaman, and consigned to the deep with the body.

It is wonderful also to recall that, despite the weakness arising from the flow of blood, the torture of the wound and the grief attending his loss, he was writing to Sir John Jervis with his left hand on July 27, the operation having taken place in the early morning of July 25.

The attack was no inglorious defeat, but it was a bad and bloody failure. Captain Bowen and a number of lieutenants lost their lives. Twenty-eight seamen and sixteen marines were killed, a hundred and five seamen and marines were wounded, and a crowd of seamen and marines were drowned. Captain Troubridge, who was ashore, collected all the people he could find, and by daybreak his force consisted of eighty marines, eighty pikemen, and one hundred and eighty small-arms men. He found the whole of the streets commanded by field-pieces, and swarms of Spaniards and French under arms approaching by every avenue. The boats were stove, and no more men could be got. The ammunition was wet, and there were no provisions. Troubridge sent Captain Hood with a flag of truce to the Governor to say that he would burn the town if the Spanish force approached one inch further. This miserable fiasco ended in a manner not less honourable to the Spaniard than to the British. The Governor refreshed the poor fellows with wine and bread, and they returned to their ships, marching "through the town on our return with the British colours flying at our head."

It is pleasant to find Nelson writing to his wife thus on Aug. 3: "My dearest Fanny,—I am so confident of your affection that I feel the pleasure you will receive will be equal, whether my letter is wrote by my right hand or left. It was the chance of war, and I had great reason to be thankful; and I know that it will add much to your pleasure in finding that Josiah, under God's providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life. As to my health, it never was better; and now I hope soon to return to you; and my country, I trust, will not allow me any longer to linger in want of that pecuniary assistance which I have been fighting the whole war to preserve to her. But I shall not be surprised to be neglected and forgot, as probably I shall no longer be considered as useful. However, I shall feel rich if I continue to enjoy your affection. The cottage is now more necessary than ever." He went home in the *Seahorse*, whose commander, Fremantle, had been wounded at Teneriffe. Never possibly had he passed hours more dispiriting with visitation of anxious thought than these of this passage to England. He had lost his arm, he had lost an eye, he had been hurt in the back; in other ways had he been injured while fighting the battles of his country; he was now what he himself called a

left-handed Admiral, and believed that his country would no longer need his services, and would make haste to forget him. Added to the mental dejection induced by these reflections was the pain in the stump of his arm. It tortured him day and night. Ship's surgery was but rough work in those days. There was no ether, no chloroform; and laudanum made one speechless and sick, and so, perhaps, increased the sufferings

off Toulon expecting an engagement with the French, he called to the ship's surgeon and said with great significance, "Doctor, don't forget the warm water!" The doctor answered that a hanging stove was in readiness, and Nelson smiled, and gave him an approving nod.

The *Seahorse* reached Spithead on Sept. 1, and Nelson joined his wife at Bath. Bath was in much favour in those

THEY ROWED HIM TO HIS OWN SHIP, THE "THESEUS."

by forbidding one the relief of a howl or a groan. The ligature had been applied to the humeral artery after amputation, and produced agonising spasms. But what Nelson most complained of was the coldness of the knife in making the first circular cut through the integuments and muscles. Always afterwards, whenever there was any prospect of his ship going into action, he gave orders that a hanging stove should be kept in the galley that hot water might be ready for heating the knife. It is told of him that when he was

days. It is true that Jane Austen had not yet written some of the best of her novels there, but Anstey and many others had celebrated the place in songs, and lampoons, and prose sketches. Folks believed in the virtues of the waters, sipped and simpered, bathed together, walked in Milsom Street in the afternoon, and gambled at the card-tables at night. Nelson thought the place hotter than the West Indies. The climate appears to have changed since his time. He found his wife well, and she took him in hand and nursed

him with devotion. He was in London in September. While he was in lodgings, news came of Admiral Duncan's victory over the Dutch. London was in an uproar. The streets were crowded with yelling and cheering mobs. Nelson was lying in his bed in great pain, hoping to gain some rest at the cost of a draught of laudanum, when a crowd of people, observing that the house was not illuminated, began to thunder upon the door. A servant informed them that Sir Horatio Nelson, who had been badly wounded at Teneriffe, lodged there and could not be disturbed. "Nelson!" was the general exclamation, and one of the foremost of the party cried out, "You will hear no more from us to-night." "My general reception from John Bull has been just what I wished," he wrote to Lord St. Vincent.

Nature effected for Nelson what the science of that day was unequal to. Dec. 8, 1797, we meet with this touching entry, a note sent to the Rev. Mr. Greville, of St. George's, Hanover Square—

"An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed upon him. (For next Sunday.)"

Lord Eldon relates that the King, on Nelson's appearance at Court, after acknowledging his great services, added, with significant reference to the loss of his arm: "But your country has a claim for a bit more of you." But by this time Nelson's mind was easy. He had discovered that "the country" did not mean to dispense with the services of a left-handed Admiral whose soul reposed in the skin of a Nelson. The Admiralty decided to give him the *Foudroyant*, but, as she could not be got ready in time to enable him to join Lord St. Vincent without delay, he hoisted his flag on board the *Vanguard*, and was off Cadiz with the fleet under Jervis on April 30.

Rumours had reached the ears of St. Vincent of a powerful congregation of shipping in Toulon, and Nelson was sent into the Mediterranean with a small squadron to learn all he could about it. The report reached this country, and universal uneasiness prevailed, from the King to the shoeblack. What was the design of that French force? Was its object the capture of Ireland? Did it mean to sweep the Channel? Were our West Indian possessions its quarry? Government reinforced Lord St. Vincent, and directed him to detach a squadron up the Mediterranean under the command of a discreet flag officer, who, if he fell in with a French force, was to use his utmost endeavours to take, sink, or destroy it.

The choice of Nelson excited some ill-blood. Sir William Parker and Sir John Orde were both Nelson's seniors. Orde sent St. Vincent a challenge, but the duel did not come off. Indeed, in other ways at this time Orde rendered himself offensive. The Earl, when Nelson was objected to as a junior officer, justly replied, "Those who are responsible for measures have a right to choose their men." A letter from one of the puisne Lords of the Admiralty, insolently denouncing St. Vincent for sending so young a flag-officer as Nelson to seek the French fleet, was publicly read on board Sir William Parker's ship the *Prince George*. That seasoned old salt, Jervis, stuck to his opinion and his choice, and wrote thus to Lady Hamilton: "I am bound by my oath of chivalry to protect all who are persecuted and distressed, and I would fly to the succour of their Sicilian majesties was I not positively forbid to quit my post before Cadiz. I am happy, however, to have a knight of superior prowess in my train who is charged with this enterprise at the head of as gallant a band as ever drew sword or trailed a pike." It is queer to find the dialect of Euphues in the mouth of an old tar who had spent a large portion of his days in fighting his country's enemies and in chewing his country's bad salt junk. But it will be seen that his Lordship was addressing Lady Hamilton.

This woman's acquaintance Nelson had made when he was in the *Agamemnon* in the Mediterranean. He had called on the British Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, at Naples, and here he had been introduced to the Sicilian King and his Court. He had also met Lady Hamilton. His earlier biographers call her "the bewitching siren." It is doubtful, however, if the fascination of purely sensuous charms can ever wholly dominate the neutralising element of vulgarity in a woman. It is true that Lady Hamilton played very well and sang; she could also act, and she spoke Italian, but not good English. I think it is of Mrs. Pritchard that Dr. Johnson somewhere says that when she was on the stage she was all that was refined, and when she was off she would speak of her *gownd*. Nelson does not appear to have been immediately captured by Emma's charms. To his wife he could find no more to say

about her than this: "She is a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honour to the station in which she is raised." Raised from what? The subject is not savoury, but it cannot be shirked. She had been a nursemaid, and then she worked for a time as servant in the family of a tradesman. Next she lived

THE FLAG OF TRUCE AT TENERIFFE.

with the Hon. Charles Greville, and afterwards with Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh. An obscene baboon called Graham hired her for his "Temple" as the "Goddess of Health." In 1786 Greville relinquished the beauty to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, whose mistress she was till Sept. 6, 1791, on which date the old man married her. The finger of scorn has been pointed at Sir William, and certainly the figure he makes in his domestic relations but ill accords with those lofty sentiments and exalted principles which we are accustomed to think of as animating the breasts of our British Ambassadors. It must be remembered, however, that he was a single man. By his licentiousness he insulted no wife, by his marriage he affronted no children. When we hear of him in this connection we find something senile in his conduct, and pity is mingled with contempt. Mr. J. C. Jefferson describes Lady Hamilton, when she was about twenty-three or twenty-four years old, as lithe, lissom, agile, and slim. Waist of the right type for health and classic grace. Full breasts and swelling hips—in short, her youth betokened that there would be a great plenty of her when she grew old. And, indeed, she became

very fat. Her hair was a deep brown, but Mr. Jefferson finds that it lacked "the feathery softness of the Byronic curls."

Nelson himself is described by a lady who was much in his company at Naples as "little, and not remarkable in his person either way; but he has great animation of countenance and activity in his appearance: his manners are unaffectedly simple and modest." He was not yet forty years of age. It is strange that the lady (Cornelia Knight) should not have commented upon the deep furrows in his face. The best of his portraits show him as heavily lined, as though with constant anxiety. Much, however, of this may have been due to pain and to constitutional delicacy.

He was now to hunt the Mediterranean for the French fleet. It had sailed from Toulon—a formidable armament full of soldiers and sailors—in the same weather that had wrecked the *Vanguard* aloft. What was the destination of this force? Nelson writes to his wife: "I yet live in hopes of meeting these fellows; but it would have been my delight to have Buonaparte on a wind, for he commands the fleet as well as the army. Glory is my object, and that alone." Did he ever write this last sentence? The letter is printed by Clarke and McArthur, who scandalously melodramatised this great man. The hunt after the Frenchman is only to be paralleled by the hunt after the same enemy in 1805.

At last the *Culloden*, commanded by Captain Troubridge, having been sent into the Gulf of Coron for intelligence, returned with a French brig she had captured, and Nelson heard that the French fleet had been seen steering to the south-east from Candia, about four weeks before. This intelligence was confirmed by a vessel that passed close to the British, and Nelson immediately made all sail for Alexandria. In the evening the signal was flown for the fleet to close, and early on the morning of Aug. 1 the *Zealous* made the signal of the French fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay, sixteen sail of the line, so she signalled.

The French force consisted of thirteen sail of the line and four frigates. It is said that for many preceding days Nelson had scarcely eaten or slept, but when the French ships were discovered he ordered dinner to be served. His early biographers tell us that on his officers rising from table, he exclaimed, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey." A delightful sight those ships must have made for the eyes of the British to feast on, sick as the sailors were of scouring the Mediterranean in search of them. They lay in a curved line, the stately central link of which was the *Orient*, a monster of 120 guns, believed to have been manned by 1000 seamen and soldiers. With what sensations did the French view the approaching enemy? They counted, it is true, their line of defence impregnable, flanked as it was by batteries, but they also knew that Nelson was in that approaching fleet; and as they lay at anchor they watched with profound anxiety the steady advance of our noble ships.

Perhaps the most decisive sea-battle that was ever fought was about to begin.

By YOUNG STEWART.

LONG before the age of Æsop even, humanity had begun to observe a similarity in certain characteristics between itself and the brute creation, and early adopted the habit of describing itself by illustration from the animal world. In the folk-lore of Egypt the Libyan Lion had already begun to be a synonym for a brave man. "Brave as a lion" is among the most ancient of similes, and like many another, singularly erroneous. From authentic accounts of African travellers and slayers of big game the courage of the lion appears to have been much overrated, and he seems to be as unworthy of his reputation as the ass that donned his skin to frighten the villagers. Another simile very wide of the mark is that from Holy Writ, which has suffered in translation, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." The wisdom of the former seems to have been crushed out of him by the Celestial curse in Eden; while in the writer's own experience, a small bird which trusted its little life to the harmlessness of the latter—turtle-doves, by the way—was found dead on the floor of the aviary, its diminutive breast pierced by cruel beaks. With regard to the dog, it is to be presumed that the diversity of species has created a consequent diversity of opinion; for we find that if we call a man, even our best friend, "a hound," he is hurt, whereas if we observe that "he is such a dog!" he smiles complacently.

The obstinacy of the mule and the stupidity of the donkey are indubitable; but all we can find to say of that really intelligent quadruped the elephant is anent its size and ponderosity. We apply the lightness of the fawn and the grace of the deer to the girl we love, while those of the gazelle alone resemble the beauty of her eyes; but when she jilts us she performs an astounding zoological metamorphosis, and we can see nothing like her in creation but the green eyes, sharp teeth, and treacherous claws of a cat. One old friend of Æsop's once and for all established a reputation which centuries have only served to emphasise. Reynard the Fox stands out from the entire fauna of any country which he honours with his presence, *par excellence*, the most wily and cunning of living creatures, not excluding the lords of creation themselves.

Reynard, so have hunting men remarked again and again, has a short life but a merry one—and really it is a fine, healthy, vagabond, gipsy-like existence. Born in the leafy recesses of a picturesque wood, his early life must be very pleasant, till his natural enemies are let loose upon him, and he suffers bereavement in the shape of a brother or two, or an only sister, who are found to be missing after a stampede of noisy dogs have passed through the cover. Then there are events in his life the novelty and sweetness of which never leave his memory, even in the heat of the

chase: for instance, the night when his loving mother introduced him to his first hen-roost, and the profuse and festive supper that followed. And then, when the end comes, *what* an end! The observed of all observers, the cynosure of the chase; an opportunity afforded him to exercise the talent for which he is celebrated; and if, after employing every device which experience and observation have stamped upon his brain, he fails, over he goes, dying hard surrounded by his foes, and his grand brush presented to some fair Diana, for whom it must be an honour to any gallant fox to die.

Meeting recently in an extract from Southey's "Commonplace Book" a description of the escape of a hard-pressed fox mainly by its own ingenuity, it occurred to the writer that many instances more or less extraordinary must happen in the experience of hunting men, and that the collection of a few would make an interesting paper. Such is the *raison d'être* of the following notes, and the writer takes this opportunity of thanking the numerous gentlemen whose ready courtesy and valuable assistance have made the compilation an easy matter.

Southey's story is of a tame fox at Bridgwater, which had been brought up from a cub to run in the wheel as a turn-spit. One day, however, his vagabond instincts proved too much for him, and he determined to take a holiday. The flesh-pots of his Egypt were as dust and ashes to his palate compared with the chickens of his own selection. Unfortunately he chose the hunting season for his excursion, and soon came in contact with his hereditary persecutors. He evidently determined to give them a good run, for he took them twice through a stream called the Parrot, after a grand circumbendibus, which involved a chase of nearly thirty miles: he made his way back with hounds in full cry, and re-entering the kitchen, resumed operations in the wheel with as much unconcern as though he had never left it. The fat cook, with whom he was a great favourite, succeeded in beating the hounds off till the arrival of the huntsman, who humanely assisted in saving a life which, if sagacity and ingenuity be virtues, well deserved to be spared.

Among the mass of material which the writer has before him are, besides such woodland retreats as one might naturally expect a hard-pressed fox to seek, almost every imaginable hiding-place where one would *not* expect to find Sir Reynard—including one certainly most unique. A fox was lost in the grounds and near the house of one of the members of the Hunt, who on returning, after a long, wet, disappointing day, immediately retired to his room to change. Observing a humpiness in his bed, less easily to be accounted for than that which had him at the moment in its possession, he turned down the clothes, and out jumped the missing fox, giving some sport before he was finally ejected from the house in which he had intruded as an uninvited guest.

But it is not alone the mansions of the wealthy that are honoured by Reynard's hurried visits. There are records of the humble cottager being seated at her early tea, when the badly latched door flew open, and Master Fox rushed in, closely followed by the hounds, and after "making hay" of the good lady's furniture and limited stock of crockery, succumbed in the chimney-corner. Another, in Ireland, found a more original means of entrance down the chimney, having ascended the roof of the cabin by some lean-to outbuildings. The consternation of the old Irishwoman, who was enjoying her afternoon pipe, when this soot-besmeared apparition tumbled into her lap, may be more easily imagined than described, and certainly, this deponent's knowledge of the Erse tongue is not extensive enough to do justice to her prayers and objurgations as terror and indignation alternately dominated her.

A somewhat risky hiding-place, especially if the stowaway remained in seclusion for an indefinite period, is a baker's oven, and yet the writer has two instances before him of such a selection, one occurring with the Blankney pack when Major Tempest was Master and Capell huntsman. A precious quarter of an hour elapsed before the fugitive was discovered. The other, in the experience of H. Reginald Corbett, Esq., seemed to have entirely disappeared in the neighbourhood of some farm buildings, when a lad arrived with the information that the fox "had got into the bread-oven, and *was there still*."

Two instances are forthcoming of the even tenour of the existence of highly respectable pigs being disturbed in their own legitimate habitations by the wily hunted and reckless hunters. One, also from the long and varied experience of the last-named gentleman, in which the fox was lost in a farmyard, where extraordinary noise was heard emanating from the pig-stye, and on examination a most estimable motherly sow, who had just been

attending to the needs of her numerous family, stood in the inlet (her progeny being outside), while, with blood streaming profusely from her badly bitten nose, she pluckily attempted to dislodge the vicious intruder, who, to quote my informant's quaint way of expressing it, "soon paid the penalty of his love for bacon." The other victim was somewhat of an aristocrat in piggy society, and was being fattened up for exhibition. He had just reached that stage when his eyes were closed with fat, and his limbs had refused to bear their abnormal burden longer, when he was startled by the pattering of hurried footsteps on his mighty back, and the next moment Reynard was safely ensconced at his side; but only for a second, for the footsteps were multiplied some forty or fifty times as over twenty couple hounds made a springboard of his gigantic carcase. Such was the shock that, predisposed as he was by his enormous fat, apoplexy supervened, and he breathed his last in a few moments. The bereaved farmer was duly recompensed by the Hunt.

Before we leave the farm buildings which afford such admirable retreats for Reynard, another incident may be related of every conceivable spot being thoroughly searched in vain, when one of a number of cows which had just been brought in to the shippen for milking seemed to have something on her mind, and was observed to be withdrawing her head as far as possible from the rack: a most extraordinary proceeding when it is considered that that receptacle was well stocked with hay. Under such suspicious circumstances the rack was searched and the fox found comfortably ensconced in the hay, giving a remarkable imitation of the immortal "dog in the manger."

THE FAT COOK SUCCEEDED IN BEATING THE HOUNDS OFF.

An eventful day, and one which will be remembered by all the youngsters who witnessed the episode which made it so, must have been that when a fox dashed into a village schoolhouse and took refuge under a desk, while the foremost of the pack actually followed into the playground on a hot scent. Many a time in after life would those youngsters recount the incident, and wager quarts of ale in indignant support of the veracity of their statement.

A couple more—they seem to run in couples—in which Reynard literally made "bids for sanctuary"; but, alas! whatever mercy the Church may have shown

in times long past to hunted men, it certainly extends none nowadays to hunted foxes; especially when, as was probably the case, the Vicar was one of the field. All the privilege granted was that the church porch in one case, and the graveyard in the other, were saved from the stain of blood, and poor Reynard hurled over the low wall to be worried in the road.

Considerable altitudes, such as cottage roofs and chimney-stacks, we have already observed to be within easy reach of the fox, for he is, indeed, no indifferent climber, and, as we shall see, more sure-footed than hounds. Trees, and in many cases the higher branches of them, have been chosen as retreats, and only by the merest chance have the adventurous climbers been discovered. Only last year, in the Adderley country during cub-hunting, whilst hounds were "bustling about" the cubs in a small cover, an old dog fox, in spite of the probability that the youngsters were near relatives, was seen to climb a tree and remain till all the cubs had been disposed of.

Smart doubling, for which all foxes are more or less famous, is naturally one of his most elementary tactics. Many are the stories of the success of this operation, and of the cleverness of it even when it has failed. Thus a fox got away by leading hounds to a clipped hedge, and, hiding on the other side till they had torn pell-mell over, gently and leisurely leapt on to the hedge again, and running along the top got clean away. He was observed by a person on foot, who, of course, was unable to interfere with his well-earned safety, the fox returning at an easy jog-trot to his home, totally unconcerned, and oblivious of the adaptation of an old proverb which would ultimately apply to his case, "He who is hunted and gets away, may live to be hunted another day."

From Scotland comes a tale of failure attributable purely to accident, and to no lack of ingenuity. Things were getting very desperate for Reynard, in fact it was close on "catching time," when he led through an open fir-wood along which ran a five-foot wall, towards which hounds were running at an angle of about seventy-five degrees. On reaching the spot where the fox had scrambled over the wall, hounds checked, when one of the field, looking to his left, saw Master Reynard running along the top of the wall in an opposite direction, and when observed he was practically parallel with hounds. After about six hundred yards of this mural promenade, Reynard jumped down on the further side; but his enemy had spotted him, and relentlessly put hounds on his line, and a kill was effected in a very few minutes.

In a close, broken, or mountainous country, the hiding-places are so varied and so extraordinary as to baffle description. Here it is a ledge of rock inaccessible to hounds, there a cave with some crevice in its impenetrable darkness. One with a ludicrous termination, and another with a tragic ending, both come from the "North Countree." In the former Reynard made straight for a river with a rocky bank, and on the very edge made his way down under the rock by a very narrow foothold to a spot where he lay *caché*, and enjoyed a fine view of his pursuers, who gave a really excellent exhibition of diving. Whereupon his lordship was noticed from the opposite side to retrace his footsteps and make off home, where he doubtless enjoyed a hearty laugh with his wife and family at the expense of his baffled foes.

The other story is of a fox which led the hunt practically out of their own country, and when he found hounds on his line made for a quarry on the edge of which was an overhanging tree: among the roots of this he disappeared, and hounds to the number of almost half the pack went over, and in many cases when not killed, were so fearfully injured that death speedily administered was the only merciful treatment.

Numerous instances have occurred of hounds being cut up by a passing train, but these can scarcely be attributed to "Reynard's bid for sanctuary." It would be to accredit him with rather too powerful a dose of ingenuity and cunning to imagine him consulting the time-tables at a way-side station at dead of night, and timing next day's hunt so accurately as to bring hounds to the metals at such a moment that they should be run over by a passing train, and so relieve himself of some half-dozen of his natural enemies at one fell swoop.

From Otterburn—and what a vast amount of interest, be it for sportsmen, historians, or antiquarians, lurks in the very name of the scene of Chevy Chase!—come another two, thanks to the kindness of the Master of the Border Foxhounds. After a hard run with an old dog fox near Bellingham, hounds got off the scent near Herleyside Island, and could not recover the line. The old fellow's disappearance was, to say the least, mysterious, for the North Tyne lay straight in front. By the

merest chance, one of the field happened to look into the river, and there was Reynard curled up on a big flat stone in the very middle.

To all who are familiar with the Scriptures, the association of the two facts, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests," must be well known, and may have frequently crossed their minds as they have perused these notes, but that a bird's nest should ever form a refuge for a fox is most probably so unlikely an event to happen even in emergency that the idea has never entered their minds at all. Yet such is the case, and the incident is so unique that the writer thinks it deserves day and date.

On the twelfth day of April, 1887, whilst the Border pack were hunting on Cheviot, the fox was run into a rocky glen called Hen Hole in that mountain, and an easy kill was looked forward to in what was practically a *cul de sac*. When the Hunt got up, to their amazement, they found hounds sitting in a picturesque group on one rock, gazing in astonishment at or watching eagerly the steep and apparently quite inaccessible rock opposite. On the face of this cliff there was a raven's nest, and, on examination, the fox was found, or, more correctly, seen to be in it, much to the perturbation of the lawful owner, who, however rude its construction, had been architect and builder, and, up to

THE FOX WAS FOUND IN A RAVEN'S NEST.

then, landlord and tenant of the habitation, Reynard had reached it by a singularly narrow ledge, such as one might have imagined a possible promenade for a cat, but certainly not for a fox.

To leave the rugged North for the more fertile South, and the nest of a raven for the gown of a lady of title: a story of the old Surrey pack in the sixties reaches the writer of a beaten fox, after fagging wearily through a park, seeking a refuge, much to the inconvenience, terror, and possible danger of its victim, under a lady's skirts.

Want of space, not inclination or lack of material, compels the writer to bring this modest little collection of incidents to a close. But before doing so the following may not be deemed inappropriate as a concluding anecdote. In an old sporting magazine, dating from the forties, is recorded a wonderful run of a staunch pack with a grand fox, and followed by the keenest sportsmen. Away they went, here and there, straight, zig-zag, double, and circumbendibus—all are tried; every imaginable hiding-place is made for only to be immediately abandoned; every tactic that Reynard's sagacity and cunning can suggest is brought into execution, but without avail, till after a record run of three hours and twenty minutes, utterly dead-beat, the gallant Reynard sinks down on an open place, and when the huntsmen reach the spot, wearily leading their tired-out horses, they find the hounds lying round their prey in such an exhausted condition as to be utterly unable to worry him.

This story is the result of conversations with Thomas A. Edison, the substance of which he afterwards put into the form of notes written for my use. His suggestions as to inventions and changed mechanical, industrial, and social conditions in the future, here embodied, I understand to be simply hints as to what might possibly be accomplished. Mr. Edison assumes no further responsibility for them. For the story itself I alone am responsible.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

I.

"VIVIFICATED."

NEAR the close of the nineteenth century the Society of Futurity was formed for scientific experiment on a colossal scale. There was a considerable number of associates, all of whom were bound to secrecy, and these supplied a large endowment fund. To make their obligations of reticence the more sure, the secrets of the society were not told to them, after all, but were preserved by a small head committee known as The Three.

The Three were to be perpetuated in each generation by successors appointed by the first Three. Of the original trio, the famous inventor Gladwin was one, and he found in Gerald Bemis, a young friend of his, a willing subject for a vital test—nothing less than the attempt to suspend his life for two or three centuries and return to consciousness and activity after that interval. It was an old idea, but it had never been carried out except in imagination and in impossible books. Gladwin, however, thought he had now solved the problem, and was anxious to try his solution.

Bemis was a stalwart, handsome fellow, full of life, with a gay smile ever ready to brighten his lips, and with short auburn curls a-dance on his broad, frank forehead. He was highly educated, and an enthusiast in matters of science. But what came still more to the point, he had suffered a reverse in love, and fancied that he could take no further personal interest in the present life. Suicide was alien to his temperament as well as to his strong natural and religious instincts and faith. But "vivification," as Gladwin's new process was called, would relieve him from conscious existence now, and also make him a pioneer of the human race in advancing into another generation beyond, while still retaining membership in his own generation.

"It is done," he exclaimed to Gladwin. "I agree to be vivificated!"

Yet, after the decision had been made, he underwent severe struggles. Now that he was to part from the world for so long a time, the living, moving, human creatures whom he saw upon the streets, in clubs and hotels, at receptions, at fashionable dinners, or at the theatres — so charged with intense interest in their daily affairs, ambitions, and ideas—appealed to him in a new way. "Stay with us!" they all seemed to be saying to him, though their lips moved not. "You are one of us! Don't go! Don't leave us! Take your share of human experience while you are here among us, and can be sure of it!"

The trial was hard indeed. But he persisted; although "Life prolonged without the old companionships," he admitted, "is little different from death."

When the appointed day came, and he went out to Gladwin's high-walled laboratory in a woody solitude near New York, to be sealed up for futurity, contemporaneous life began to dwindle in his view. The crowds he saw in passing, his acquaintance, friends, relatives—even Eva Pryor, whom he had loved so ardently but in vain—all shrank in their proportions until they seemed nothing more than the diminutive and automatic busy reflections of reality in the kinetoscope. With this changed and dreamy mood upon him, there came to him a feeling that he, also, had been reduced to pigmy size, in his own mental vision. Considering the extraordinary ordeal through which he was about to pass, such a sense of his own littleness and insignificance was restful and encouraging. Calmly, therefore, he lay down upon the couch prepared for him in a secret and well guarded alcove of the laboratory, robed in a simple garment of linen, which was dressed, bleached, sterilised, and scrupulously clean.

Gladwin gave him chloroform until he became unconscious. Then a solution of the lately discovered compound, *Tetrethylcylonammon*, was injected under his skin. This gradually reduced his heart's action and his respiration to zero.

When, under its influence, all movement had ceased and his animation was entirely suspended, he was placed in a large glass cylinder twice the length of his body and lying in a horizontal position.

A powerful antiseptic, *Mortimicrobium*—Gladwin's discovery—was now injected into his veins. It was a liquid which destroyed all organisms not proper to the body or essential to life, and prevented decomposition. The cylinder of glass was then filled with highly antiseptised air—so that no germs could come to life within it—and, by a number of wind-urged gas-flames, the end of the tube was fused, drawn to a point and hermetically sealed. Thereupon the whole cyclinder, with Bemis reposing in it, was coated several times with collodion, which made a tough, transparent surface and would prevent the ingress of air if the glass happened to crack or break.

So enclosed, as though in a huge cocoon, Bemis was left in the alcove, which was kept heated night and day at an even temperature of ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

There he lay in that fragile case for years, for generations, until three centuries were completed. All the millions of the earth died and disappeared, and new millions took their places. Tempests broke above him, calm weather shone upon his resting-place; the seasons rose, smiled, frowned, went their way amid the roar of winds or blur of snow, and dissolved one into another in unvarying succession; but Bemis never stirred within his chrysalis. Governments changed, wars thundered about him, the race progressed or retrograded. Still Bemis slept on, without breath or motion.

Would he ever awake? Would his soul go abroad again upon the earth conscious, in human form? That was for the Three in office now, at the end of the twenty-second century, to ascertain.

II.

HOW THEY TALKED WITH THE PLANET MARS.

The Three at this time were Graemantle, Wraithe, and Stanifex—worthy successors of the first committee. The society had met with almost endless difficulties in conserving even a portion of the old laboratory and Bemis's glassy life-coffin through all the changes of the troubled centuries. But they had triumphed by means of their wealth, shrewdness, tact, and patience. Graemantle, who—owing to the advances made in the saving-up of vitality—had reached the age of one hundred and forty-two, and was regarded as being in the prime of life, was the senior; Wraithe kept the records of the past; and Stanifex was a twenty-second century Conservative, whose function it was to doubt and question everything. The task of awaking Bemis and again inducting him into activity fell to Graemantle, and was performed successfully, notwithstanding the scepticism of Stanifex and the adverse precedents of Wraithe.

But it so happened that at the hour appointed for the rousing of the vivificated man, most important news had come from the north-west, which admitted of no dallying. Communication had been reopened with Mars, and the result was expected to be of vital moment. Graemantle had only time to welcome Bemis to what was practically a new world before starting for Wisconsin.

"But Gladwin—where is he? Where is Eva Pryor?" demanded Bemis, starting up and rubbing his eyes instinctively.

SO ENCLOSED, AS THOUGH IN A HUGE COCOON, BEMIS WAS LEFT IN THE ALCOVE.

although his sight was clear and he felt amazingly refreshed and awake.

"Gladwin died several lifetimes ago," said Wraithe. "As for Eva Pryor——"

"Come!" broke in Graemantle. "There is no time to lose over recollections of your infancy. You had better go along with me. It will be a good way to get an idea at once of the new condition of the earth."

So, barely stopping to clothe him in soft silken garments, and to give him a draught of concentrated liquid food that seemed to make up instantly for the missing nourishment of centuries, he led him to an air-cutter. A short flight in this conveyance bore them over the woods from the retirement of the half-ruined laboratory to an electric railway, where they bounded as though by magic on to an electric train moving at a dizzy speed. The rest of the journey Bemis scarcely realised, beyond a sensation of being swept along as though with the whizz of a cyclonic wind. When this ceased they were in Wisconsin, and stepped off into a "walking balloon," which proceeded with long strides of its aluminium legs over a slant of a steep upland.

Here, in Wisconsin, is the Penokee Range of mountains, chiefly remarkable for its belt of iron ore, forty-three miles in length, unbroken and very magnetic. This deposit, averaging 300 feet in width, extends to an unknown, unfathomed depth. It was over the magnetic ridge that they were now stalking. As Graemantle explained: "It contains more iron than all the other deposits of the United States combined; but owing to the large admixture of silicon with the ore, it has never been utilised.

"It occurred to us that we might convert the whole Penokee iron deposit into a gigantic magnet by winding wire around it. The Society of Futurity wanted to talk with other planets; and to do this we must produce on earth magnetic disturbances of great and decided violence. We must produce them periodically too, so that by their force and their definite order of recurrence they would send a shock through vast distances, and compel the attention of dwellers on another sphere. Then they might respond with similar movements, which we could record on *our* magnetometers; and so we could start a conversation.

"Look at that cleft in the range, right under us," he added suddenly. "That 's Penokee Gap; and there's our station, with an engine of five thousand horse-power. See those telegraph-poles?"

Bemis looked, and beheld poles stationed like dumb sentries along the mountain-sides as far as the eye could reach, carrying a great number of copper wires. "There are five hundred turns of that wire," his new guardian went on; "and each turn is eighty-six miles in length. They encircle this whole mountain mass of iron, which is their core, and make it a colossal magnet, with which we do our planetary telegraphing."

Alighting at the station, they met Professor Glissman, who was in charge—a small, nervous man, with glittering eyes that made him look as though he wore a pair of sparkling spectacles, or would like to do so if his eyes had not been so bright and piercing without them. As he explained the great machine, he punctuated his remarks with a modest and amiable little cough, as though the bigness of the thing needed some apology. "Five thousand horse-power may not seem much; but the engine drives this great dynamo here, which has an armature wheel eighty feet in diameter, and the armature consists of very fine iron wire, chemically pure and slightly oxidised, over which is wound copper wire, insulated by semi-vulcanised rubber. That surface is carried round at the rate of 28,000 feet a minute. The current lasts only a second or two, but it is sufficient to bring our 500 eighty-six-mile copper wires up to blood-heat. Cast your eye, please"—here Glissman coughed with humility—"on the gigantic switch at your elbow. It is moved by an electrometer, which breaks and closes the current in six hundred places simultaneously, and produces a copper arc seventy feet long."

Then, with a fresh glitter of his peculiar eyes, he pointed out certain leather belts perforated on a definite plan, like a Jacquard loom-card. These belts governed the motor and current controller constantly, with short intervals for return signals. "The engines and dynamo," he said, "if worked continuously, couldn't give more than five thousand horse-power. But we do not take electricity from the machine more than one-hundredth of the time. Hence the enormous potential energy of the fly-wheel is capable of causing a current to be sent out which, during its brief period, is equal to one hundred and eighty thousand horse-power."

The experiments, Bemis was told, had been going on for some eighty-five years. After fifteen years the magnetometer record of the Penokee station suddenly showed—amid the ordinary irregular motions registered on it—a faint periodic motion

similar to the waves it was sending into space. Immediately Glissman—who was then a mere child of thirty-one—reduced the period for sending waves from twenty hours to twelve; and thereupon the very same signals came back from the unknown source and were recorded on the magnetometer here.

Thus, by other variations, and by years of toil, an alphabet and a mutual language was worked out. "And at last," Graemantle informed the newcomer, with a glow of triumph, "from the position in space which our invisible correspondents told us they occupied, we learned that we were talking with the inhabitants of the planet Mars!"

At this instant Glissman's whole demeanour changed. "A message!" he shouted exultantly, and rushed toward the magnetometer.

The needle trembled and moved. Bemis heard a faint "thud! thud!" on the telegraphic instrument.

It was the voice of Mars talking to earth.

The messages that now began to come slowly from that planet were spelled or thumped out by a dot-and-dash system; but Bemis could not understand them until they were translated for him by Graemantle, since they were in a language unknown to him.

The first sentence ran: "Bronson not arrived. Must be lost."

Bronson, it appeared, was a daring aeronaut, who had made the attempt to fly to Mars in a newly invented "antigravitation machine," known as the Interstellar Express. He was now some ten or twelve hours overdue.

The reply from Penokee was: "Why do you think he is lost?"

Mars answered: "Local meteors frequent in the path of travel. Our telescopes think he collided. Great regret in Kuro."

("What's Kuro?" Bemis asked.

"Their own name for their planet," Glissman replied.)

From Penokee: "Shall we send off another man?"

Answer from Mars: "Laughter in Kuro."

(Bemis remarked indignantly, but in an undervoice, as though the Mars people might hear him: "How can they laugh, immediately after Bronson's death in space?" But Graemantle reminded him: "Isn't that the way of the world? It seems to you shocking only because it comes from a distance, abruptly.")

Penokee: "Why laughter?"

Mars: "Because personal communication is so useless compared with that of the abstract intellect or spirit."

Penokee: "But we have told you so often that we want to see you, and bring back a representative of your planet."

Mars: "Well, if you insist——"

So much Graemantle had translated, when Glissman, who was listening to the rest, exclaimed, with a mild approach to a yell, and with eyes simply astounding in their resemblance to sunstroke spectacles: "Hurrah! They're going to send us a missionary from Mars!"

III.

BEMIS'S NARRATIVE.

It will be best to continue this narrative in Gerald Bemis's own words—

This affair of the Mars telegraph and the proposed coming of a representative Kurol, or inhabitant of Mars, was sufficiently startling to make my advent into the twenty-second century, my resuscitation after three centuries of unconsciousness, a mere commonplace. The very strangeness and amazement of the first occurrence with which I thus came into cantact made me feel, curiously enough, quite at home in this new period.

There was a slight reaction, however, so soon as I turned in to rest at the spacious but cosy inn attached to the magnetometer station of Penokee. Left to myself for a little, I found that an intense yearning overcame me for some visible token, some living link of connection with the remote past. It was all gone, was hopelessly dissolved into nothingness; of what use could it be to me any more, since I myself was still alive, in full possession of my faculties and with a vast present and future spread out before me? Yet, somehow, that vague, unreasonable longing rose up and enveloped me like a mist or fog, exhaled from some unfathomable gulf, through which I groped vainly for the touch of a familiar hand, or listened in despair for the tones of some human voice that I had known and held dear of old.

I listened. What was that? Close by the couch on which I had thrown myself a voice was sounding at that very moment. "Ah, Gerald, Gerald, I wish I had been kinder to you!"

I could hardly believe the truth; but it surely was the voice of Eva Pryor, echoing after death, through the emptiness of three hundred lost years, and greeting now my sense of hearing as vividly as ever.

"Eva!" I exclaimed, leaping up. But the illusion was soon broken. A phonograph stood by my couch; and the voice, I perceived, was nothing but an audible reminiscence. Still, how came the phonograph there? Who had planned this thing?

Just then Graemantle entered the room. "So you are not asleep?" he said in a tone that meant more than the words. "*Would you like to see her?*"

"Eva? Ah, Graemantle, think of it!" said I. "To see her would be life!"

He smiled. "The old life, perhaps," he remarked; "not the new. Are you sure the two will agree? However, you shall be gratified."

"No shadows or make-believes!" I cautioned him. "No kinetoscope or vitascope. Give me the reality or nothing. But you cannot give it."

"Wait a moment," he interposed. "Be calm, and realise facts. You, Gerald Bemis, were not the only person vivificated at the end of the nineteenth century."

For a moment my vanity suffered a blow. The distinction on which I prided myself, for which I had risked so much, was snatched away from me. But there came swiftly a more gracious thought. "I see, I see! You saved Eva Pryor from death also—saved her for me. How good of the society! It was nobly thoughtful and sympathetic!"

"No," he answered gently. "Purely scientific. Our former committee did not want to risk everything on one specimen."

"So I was a specimen?" I inquired, almost wishing that I had never entered the glass cylinder.

"Eva Pryor," he went on, "was in such agony at your disappearance — for, of course, no one but the Society of Futurity knew what had become of you—that we were compelled to give her the secret under strict pledges and on condition that she, too, would be vivificated, with several other specimens, or candidates for futurity."

"Then she is alive?" I asked, my pulse bounding.

"She is here!" Graemantle declared, in a resonant voice.

Instantly the room was filled with a soft, diffused electric light from unseen sources; and my mentor disappeared as though he had been a shadow. All my senses and my nerves, my heart, my eyes, seemed to thrill and to be filled with the thought of Eva. It was as though I had been with her only an hour before, gazing into her mysterious grey eyes, admiring the soft, rosy, apricot bloom on her cheeks, and wilting into abject despair at the indifference of her disdainfully smiling lips. And, as this picture of her came before me in thought, there she stood—her actual self—in the doorway, gazing at me wistfully!

We rushed together. I don't know why; for our last conversation, thirty-six hundred months earlier, gave us no excuse for such an action. It was an instinctive rush, I suppose. I loved her, and she seemed to be possessed by a reflex supposition. We embraced, as the surviving members of our once young generation. But, alas! I realised at the critical instant, that for me it meant only this. My old love had gone with the old life and the nineteenth century.

On the other hand, there came upon me, with a tremendous shock, a perception of the fact that Eva, after this long interval, had developed towards me a genuine and ardent affection. Being a woman, she had the right to change her mind; but it had taken her three hundred years of suspended animation to do it; and, unfortunately, I at the same time had changed my mind, just the other way, which a man has no acknowledged right to do.

"Dear, dear Gerald," she sighed, sobbed, laughed, all in one. "Isn't it wonderful? We are united at last."

"Yes, dear friend—dear Eva," said I.

She continued—"And I was so cruel, so heartless towards you."

"But that is all over now," I assured her. Then summoning my utmost fortitude, I added, "What does it matter what happened in that old century? We are in a new world. You offered to be a sister to me then. I promise to be a brother to you now—nothing more. So let us dismiss the bygones."

Strangely enough she did not appreciate either the tragedy of the situation or the comedy of it, or the sarcasm of destiny, or the pathos involved—if for two people so far removed from their former lives, who were feeling uncommonly well and rested and comfortable, there could be any such thing as pathos. She simply recoiled from me, and looked angry.

"Dear Eva," I persisted mildly, ignoring these symptoms, "I have done everything I can to satisfy you. When you rejected me, I put myself out of the way. Now that we have both reappeared, I efface myself as your lover. Let us go forward, hand in hand, as members of one family—as children of the future, and common-sense friends."

Fortunately, at this moment Graemantle came back. "Good friends," he said heartily, "I am delighted to have brought you together again!"

He had touched the right note. Eva's lips curved into a correct expression as of pleasure, and she began at once to play her part of friend and sister, to my rôle of brother, with great skill and grace.

"THIS IS ELECTRA," SAID OUR GUARDIAN.

"I don't know just how the Kurol or Mars missionary is coming," Graemantle went on; "but we shall receive word soon. I sent for my ward, Electra, and my young friend Hammerfleet to assist us in receiving him. They have arrived, and I want to present them to you both."

So saying he touched a lever by the wall: the entire side of the room swung open, and he ushered us into a spacious apartment—the assembly-room of the inn—where stood, beautifully draped in white with a single diamond of marvellous lustre flashing from the rich dark hair above her forehead, a woman of the noblest stature and best-proportioned form I had ever seen.

"This is Electra," said our guardian; and turning to her: "You know our friends already, by name and record."

She bowed graciously, and came forward with a smile so absolutely sincere that I could not recall having beheld the like of it before; and she took each of us by the hand in welcome.

Then we discovered behind her a tall man, black bearded, almost forbidding in his gravity, but wonderfully handsome, and enveloped in the soft, pliable suit of silk, tinted with prismatic, delicate colours, that everyone, apparently, wore nowadays. "Hammerfleet," said Electra; and we were at once acquainted with him.

I learned afterwards that artificial silk was made in unlimited quantities by squirting nitrocellulose into a continuously worked vacuous space and then reducing it to cellulose by hot sulphydrate of ammonia and pressure, and had taken the place of cotton and woollen goods among the well-to-do.

At the moment, however, the only thought I could grasp was that Electra had impressed me deeply and tenderly. How could anyone help this with her? She was exquisite, serene, commanding, and absolutely without humbug.

It had been a surprise to me to find that I no longer loved Eva Pryor. It was not at all a surprise that I should be captivated by Electra. Charming though Eva was in her way, she had perhaps placed herself at a disadvantage by having insisted on keeping her nineteenth century costume. The angular slope and spread of her skirt, her unnatural wasp waist, the swollen sleeves, and the stiff, ungainly bulging of her corsage had a grotesque and

even offensive effect. The extraordinary tangle, also, of artificial flowers, wings, and other rubbish that she carried on her head—for she still wore her hat—was as barbaric or savage as the head-dress of some early Norse warrior or Red Indian chief.

To all this Electra presented a refreshing contrast of harmony, with grace and dignity and a style of dress modern, yet classic, womanly, yet suggesting the robes of a goddess.

I must have made my impulsive admiration for her very evident, for within a few minutes I was aware that Eva had grown sad and ill at ease, and that Hammerfleet was darting at me half-suppressed glances of anger and jealousy. "So the wind sits in that quarter," I meditated, "and he's in love with Electra!"

But the talk turned at once to the new anti-gravitation machine or Interstellar Express car. "There have been a number of them made," remarked Graemantle; and proceeded 'to show us one in the house. "A good while ago there was discovered in the Hudson's Bay country great masses of ore containing metal which yielded the spectroscopic line of Helium, a metal unknown before except as observed in the sun. Helium differed in some ways from all other metals, and we could make no use of it until one of our most brilliant scientific men—an African named Mwanga, for Africa is now largely civilised and enlightened—discovered that its molecules under certain treatment could be so arranged as to neutralise gravitation. He came near being carried into space himself while experimenting with a big piece of rearranged Helium, that suddenly shot off through the air and was never seen again.

"However, we finally learned to regulate the thing. And now you see this car is furnished with a Helium screen, which, once put into the non-gravitating state, is adjusted and regulated by the voyager, who sits inside this small non-conducting chamber, well provided with stored oxygen for breathing. Of course, many experiments were made before Bronson's last attempt to reach Mars."

"But how," I asked, "can a traveller subsist in so small a space through such a long journey?"

"Oh, it isn't long," was his answer. "It takes about five hours to reach the limit of the earth's atmosphere. When that has been passed, the screen or shield is so adjusted that the car attains to a speed of one hundred thousand miles per second, there being no friction in vacuous spaces to retard its progress. Now, the whole distance to Mars being forty-eight million miles, it should take the stellar car, at the rate of one hundred thousand miles a second, only four hundred and eighty seconds to traverse it. Four hundred and eighty seconds are only eight minutes. But when the car reaches the atmosphere of Mars, the screen must be molecularly rearranged again, so as not to resist too greatly the attraction of that planet. The car must descend through the Mars atmosphere slowly, by ordinary flotation-shutter apparatus."

(The shutter apparatus for sailing in the air and propelling ships was, I found, one of the most useful inventions of the age, and I shall describe it later.)

"To pierce through the Mars atmosphere, then, involves a delay of three hours more. So we have: for earth's atmosphere, five hours; for Mars atmosphere, three hours; and the intermediate distance, eight minutes; that is, in all, eight hours and eight minutes."

"Whew!" I exclaimed in amazement.

Graemantle laughed indulgently.

"And at what rate do your electric trains move?"

"About a hundred and fifty miles an hour."

"Then it takes no longer to go to Mars by the stellar car than it takes to come from New York to Wisconsin?"

"No," said he; "why should it? Time is only an idea. You thought you knew that before; but now you begin to realise it."

"Still," I objected, "the journey to Mars has not yet actually been accomplished."

At this moment a small side door opened and Wraithe and Stanifex, who had just come to Penokee by the electric, and by walking balloon, entered. "Quite right," remarked Stanifex, the doubter, who had heard my last words.

"Wait and see," retorted Graemantle. "I still have confidence."

The floor now opened, and some tables ascended noiselessly through a trap door, delicately set out with pleasing viands, most of which were new to me. Animal food was not present, and the articles of diet laid before us were chiefly vegetable nitrogenous products made by the fixature of nitrogen. Thus we had vegetable steaks, partridges, and so on, which contained all the nutriment of beef and bird without their heaviness, and were exceedingly palatable. Among the liquids we

had a new sort of milk somewhat resembling koumiss, but with a daintier taste and a delicious fragrance; also sparkling coloured water and a compound called "Life-brew," which was as stimulating as wine, but more sustaining, and non-alcoholic. Alcoholic drinks, I learned, had gone out completely; not by law, but by common-sense, and were used only in medicine or for the punishment of criminals, in rare cases. There was nothing that malefactors dreaded more than a sentence to a month or two of rum, whisky, brandy, or even champagne diet.

I took no note of time, for my three-century sleep had made me almost proof against fatigue. Besides, I was told that the general system of living now, with the night made practically day by subdued and diffused electric "glow-worm" lighting, and with every known means in use of conserving energy and nerve force, had changed the old habit of sleeping and waking. People now rested frequently, nourished themselves scientifically, were able to be up and about at all hours of the night and day; and instead of working a long time at a stretch and then recuperating by exaggerated late night amusements or long periods of sleep, they intermingled brief times of work and play and slumber through the whole twenty-four hours.

Suddenly there came the rapid tinkling of an electric bell—soft and musical, as all sounds were, I noticed, in the new civilisation; and Hammerfleet cried, "That's from the Mars telegraph."

We all hurried to the station, and there found this message: "Our missionary, Zorlin, started hours ago. Will be there with you immediately."

It seemed no time at all before there was a rush and a thud outside the station, and Glissman announced that these sounds meant the arrival of a stellar car on the receiving platform.

He was right. As we threw open the door, two strange figures came staggering in. One was a sinewy, blonde fellow, limp and tired, as though he had passed through about thirty-five thunderstorms.

"Bronson?" exclaimed my friends, astounded.

"Yes, I'm here," he affirmed. "And this is Zorlin."

He pointed to his companion, the strangest resemblance of a man I had ever seen; of giant form, and with a face of overpowering intelligence, but at this instant crouching to the floor on hands and knees, half helpless.

"Your atmosphere is so heavy," he said in fairly good English. "I can hardly bear it yet. But I will soon stand up." He shook his vast head of hair and beard; then heaved a mighty breath, struggled to rise, and sank into a chair.

This was our missionary.

IV.

THE NEW EARTH.

When the travellers had been refreshed and revived we drew from Bronson an account of his interstellar adventures.

"As I came near Mars," he said, alternately twirling and biting the ends of his long and warlike yellow moustache, "I was aware of strange rubbings alongside the car, and occasional shocks as of hammer-blows. Satan, I suppose, is called 'the Old Boy,' because a boy is the personification of mischief, and second only to Eve in making trouble. My first idea was that the Old Boy was having fun with me, by throwing stones. A rapid survey through my peep-holes showed me I was so far right—I was caught in a meteor-storm. Fortunately, though, the meteors over there do not shoot so recklessly as those that come near earth. They move with a velocity in accord with that of Mars, so that they drop through its atmosphere 'as the gentle rain from heaven.' But they gave me a pretty hard time of it, steering clear of them; and there may have been some magnetic stress accompanying their flight that carried me out of the way. At any rate, it was a long time before I could make a landing. But, with my automatic drag-net lowered from the bottom of the car, I managed to catch two small meteors, which I used as a combined anchor and rudder, in conjunction with the adjusted Helium screen, and finally reached terra-*Martis* long after the observers there had given me up. Once safely aground on the planet, I found Zorlin all ready to embark; and we decided to come right back."

"But they had promised he would come without you," Stanifex interposed. "How could he ever have done that?"

"Ask him," Bronson suggested, pulling his moustache wide at both sides defiantly.

"And can we talk English to him? Does he understand?" Electra asked.

"He has the most rapid intelligence I ever met," answered Bronson. "I had to teach him most of the English language on the eight-hours' home trip; and he took it all in like water, as fast as I could pour. That is what has fagged me out so." And the stellar aëronaut helped himself

to a vegetable chicken-breast, and swallowed a draught of "life-brew" at a gulp.

By this time Zorlin had straightened himself up, and seemed to have grown perceptibly in height and breadth. He was conquering the atmosphere of earth; and after a single sip of sparkling tinted water, he spoke.

"I would have found a way to come," he said easily, yet with a strange accent; somewhat as though his words were snow-flake crystals, cold at first but melting as they fell. "We had not thought it worth while; but you have made so much advance lately that it seemed best to help you. We Kurols move by will-power. It is said many of our people have come to you secretly before. We know a great deal about your life. But until just now it was against the law for our people to visit earth; it lowered them, and always did you harm, and caused wars among you, much against our will and desire. Even now, I fear my coming will make disturbance."

He was like a man, but endowed much above a man, and with something weird and incomprehensible about him.

"Will you not tell us something about Kuro?" asked Graemantle serenely. He was the only one of our group who seemed anywhere near equal to Zorlin. "Or would you prefer to rest?"

"The first duty of a missionary," Zorlin made answer, "is to learn about the country or the world he comes to. After that he can tell things. Not now. I learned much of your speech from our star-talk, the rest from Bronson. But now let us wait."

We waited accordingly, for the hour was near dawn and streaks of morning were faintly hinting at day in the east through the windows, and even Glissman's spectacular eyes looked a trifle dim and weary.

When we rose some three hours later in the glory of a crisp and cool forenoon of autumn it was decided that we should begin a jaunt of observation through the country, back to New York. This was partly for Zorlin's benefit, but it suited me equally well, since I was almost as much a stranger as he. For convenience we took the walking balloon down the mountains, as this was the pleasantest conveyance over rough ground where there were no large air-ships handy.

This vehicle is a shallow car with small hollow sails of silk above it, containing just enough gas to keep it about thirty feet above ground, assisted by a small electric engine in the centre. From the bottom of the car two long rods or mechanical legs, made of aluminium—the lightest metal known—extended down to the ground, where they are reciprocated at regular intervals by an electrometer, which enables them to imitate the motion of walking, and carry the balloon along at the rate of some fifteen miles an hour. They are not meant for high speed, and can travel only, of course, on prepared routes, but are very convenient in certain places.

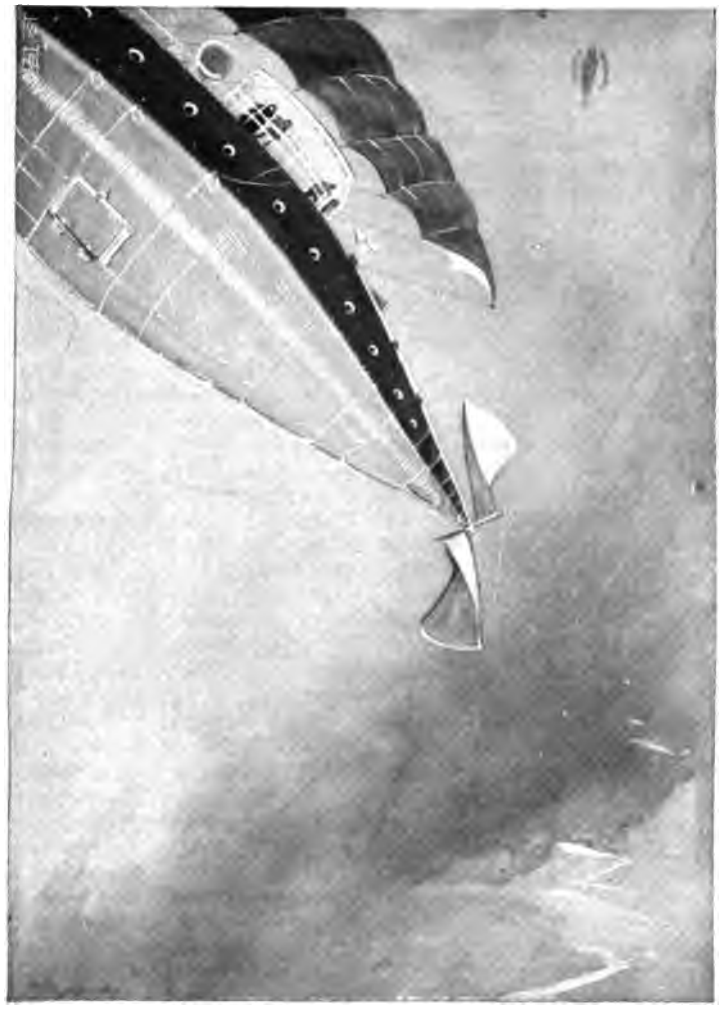
Air-cutters and the larger air-ships are employed for flying in any direction and with much greater velocity. They are on an entirely different plan from the flying-machines which were announced but had not yet come into use when I was last alive. The present air-ships apply the principle shown, for example, in the rapid flutter of the bumble-bee's wing. This is the "shutter" principle. The ship itself is built of latticed aluminium strengthened with a small amount of copper, and enclosed with transparent celluloid for protection against weather (celluloid now being generally used in place of glass). Through the centre of the floor are thrust four short aluminium tubes three feet in diameter with three feet of length below, and these are each filled with 2000 very thin celluloid shutters, so arranged that they can be thrown upward, presenting only their thin edges to the air, offering no resistance to it. The instant they are turned down flat they prevent the passage of air from below, and so compress it into great density. "The inertia of the air in the tubes, you see," Hammerfleet remarked, "makes it like a rigid column—more rigid than steel. This forces the car upward when it starts, and it ascends on the top of a continually heightening pillar of air which holds it up buoyantly and firmly. The 2000 shutters in each tube work between balanced springs, and reciprocate at the rate of 15,000 strokes a minute—that is, they open and shut 250 times every second."

The motor by which they worked was, I thought, very ingenious. It is a small electric engine of eleven-horse power, set between the tubes, and has an armature of the finest chemically pure iron wire, wound with silver and insulated with collodion reduced by chemical means to cellulose. The armature, by an automatic device, is balanced to suit all degrees of speed, and has a revolution of 15,000 per minute. The reciprocating parts are of aluminium; the bearings are compressed

graphite, lubricated with a volatile oil kept viscous by solid carbonic acid held in a box on the bearings. The motor and mechanism weigh only one hundred and twenty pounds; and the electricity is generated by oxidising gas-retort carbon in fused soda, with oxide of copper as a reducer.

The idea of the ship is radically unlike former machines, which either depended on disturbing and churning up the air or relied on aeroplanes or the rush of air under an upward slant.

This latter and successful contrivance rests on the solid building up of a compressed air foundation beneath it, so that it cannot possibly fall. The direction is controlled in two or three ways; the usual one being by ordinary artificial silk sails, together with a large rudder of stretched silk for tacking and steering, as on the water. By using an aluminium screw, with an auxiliary engine, instead of the silk rudder, one is independent of the wind, and can raise the speed of the air-ship to between sixty and eighty miles an hour.



AS WE FLEW ALONG.

At the foot of the mountain we changed to one of these equipages, and, as we flew along, we saw many others scudding by in all quarters, far and near. The flotation sail—*i.e.*, the hollow silk sail inflated with gas—I learned, had come into universal use for water-vessels as well,

and had added immensely to the speed and excitement of yacht-racing. In fact, as we skirted the great lakes and passed over rivers and ponds, I had a chance to observe craft of all sorts and sizes with these sails, whizzing like arrows before the wind or leaning gracefully away from it and skimming the liquid surface as lightly as water-bugs, but much more beautiful and useful in their movements.

The shutter principle, also, Graemantle told me, had been adapted to steam-ships, or, rather, electric ocean liners and freighters; by using several hundred thin blades at the stern, in lieu of the old propeller, and also on the sides, which—by direct thrust when turned flat against the water—utilised the motion of the waves to condense air, and drove the vessel forward. Sun-engines, which derived electricity directly from sunlight, and another process that extracted it from coal in cloudy weather, supplied the motive power; and electrolysis along the sides of the ship reduced the skin friction of her passage through the deep.

Here and there Eva and I noticed, with curiosity—and Zorlin was with us in this—certain little air packets that were flying around—"all by their lonesome," as Eva said—always north and south and east or west. They were too small for anyone but a pigmy to hide in, and, in fact, there was no one in them. They went automatically. Zorlin, at last, was unable to maintain his reserve any longer. "What are they?" he asked.

Hammerfleet came to the fore with: "Merely express and mail carriers. We have any quantity of them all over the country and the world. The magnetic lines generally keep them straight on their course; but if they are blown aside, a current is generated by their mechanism which puts them in line again. An automatic aneroid barometer, working a valve, keeps them at the right altitude."

"But where do they go to?" asked Eva.

"Look now this minute, and you will see. Watch that one. You notice it is driving straight for that tall skeleton wooden tower yonder?"

"Yes."

We fixed our gaze upon the tower. The little express carrier drew near; and, as it touched the top of the tower, was clutched and held firm by an iron frame which caught its sails and stopped it. Then a man in the tower began to unpack the contents of the carrier, and sent them down by chute to an enclosed yard below.

"But I don't see why you need these things, with all your other facilities for transportation," I objected.

"They save an immense amount of bother and of surface traffic," said Hammerfleet, "besides doing away with hand labour. They are also very swift."

"I should think, though, they could easily be robbed by air-thieves."

"No. That almost never happens. There are too many people watching. A thief in the air is much easier to deal with than a thief on the ground. He has no obscure refuge; he is in full view. A limited number of police air-boats can give all the protection we need for carriers. They patrol the routes, and carry grappling-hooks with which they can easily arrest any prowling thief-car."

I seemed to win the secret, eye-winking approval of Stanifex, the official sceptic, by asking somewhat peevishly—"What is the use of all this air traffic, anyhow?" I felt a desire to combat Hammerfleet on any subject that came up, because he was jealous of me, or I of him—I hardly knew which—regarding Electra. It also irritated me that he was so well informed as to the details of the twenty-second century, when I felt that I had just as good a right to be in it as he.

"Why, my boy," he replied, with a patronising emphasis on the word "boy," "don't you see that it is an immense relief to the congestion of surface travel to have all these other means of conveyance? Civilisation and the general occupancy of land have spread to such an extent that we must economise ground area. Formerly, human beings, in their degraded desperation, actually burrowed underground like moles, to get from one point to another. *We* rise into the pure air instead. Land, and the right in it, are enormously valuable. Air costs nothing. The race claims a certain right in the air, though; and franchise dues are paid to the people by public vehicles; while private ones are subject to a small tax. Air-ships are not so reliable as other modes of locomotion, but they relieve the railways and highways, and are immensely useful in sailing over mountains, deserts, forests, or impassable rivers, and in times of freshet and flood, besides their ordinary uses. The air-ships have also been of vast service in Polar and African exploration. You ought to realise that our population is large, and is spread out all through the country. So in order to accomplish traffic easily, it is best to divide it between earth and air. We do not live in large

cities now, and we have to have plenty of room."

What he said was entirely justified by the landscape beneath us, where we could see the country beautifully laid out in small towns, villages, and hamlets with perfect roads leading from one to another, and large groves or tracts of wild woodland interspersed. Every acre of the open ground, excepting the fields reserved for sports and public meetings, was thoroughly tilled, with electric arrangement for the fixature of nitrogen in the soil, so as to produce vegetables containing sustenance like that of meat, and for raising apples, pears, and peaches a foot in diameter by electric light, and other fruits in proportionate sizes.

Our first stop was at Chicago, which we found was simply a vast trading post, a business fort or stronghold—like all other cities now—where a garrison of clerks and other labourers was stationed in the immense buildings once teeming with superfluous people. This garrison attended to business details with military precision, and was relieved at intervals by other men and women drafted from the population for the same purpose. All around Chicago were the impressive ruins of various World's Fairs, these institutions having now become obsolete. The ruins had been carefully preserved, and drew many thousand sightseers and tourists every year, who paid a small fee in memorial silver for the privilege of viewing them. These fees were afterwards distributed in charity, and caused a good deal of grumbling because their value was so small.

V.

THE FOREST OF STEEL.

When we descended from the air-ship at Chicago I was horrified to notice that Eva retained the hideous old feminine nineteenth century habit of grabbing her skirt violently at the rear with one hand and holding it up, ostensibly to prevent its dragging on the pavement. She did this only on street crossings or wherever, according to her theory, there ought to be dust or dirt or mud or dampness—no matter how dry and clean the crossing might be. Then she would complacently let the skirt fall again and trail at will as a sidewalk sweeper, with the proud consciousness that she had done her whole duty. I wondered whether our vanished sisters of the past had ever realised how objectionable they made themselves appear by this ugly trick, and what would have been thought of men if they had adopted the custom of hoisting their trousers by such a rearward seizure.

There was not much to be seen in Chicago beyond the big garrison buildings, from fifteen to twenty storeys in height, and the deserted streets shaded by these piles of stone. No one lived in the city now unless drafted by Government and compelled to do so. There were even pleasant little borders of grass and flowering weeds along the once tumultuous thoroughfares, which were now covered with noiseless asphalte or gutta-percha pavement; and some of the unnecessary great buildings had been allowed to crumble into mounds or hills, which were planted with trees and shrubs and laid out as pleasure-grounds, giving a variety to the topography and landscape which was sadly lacking in the old times. On the whole, we were much refreshed by the ruralisation and the quietness of Chicago; and I enjoyed some delightful strolls with Electra over the crumbled buildings and among the ruins of the ancient World's Fairs.

I could more than fancy that Hammerfleet did not approve of these excursions. He made his distaste for them very clear in his solemn, undemonstrative way. But I took the opportunity to have one or two frank conversations with Electra. Briefly, I made love to her in a strictly honourable, above-board way. That is, I explained that I had been in love with Eva Pryor three hundred years and more ago, that Eva had then rejected me, and that I had since undergone some change of feeling myself.

We were standing on the mouldering crest of the old Auditorium, the slope of which went down towards the shore of Lake Michigan in charmingly broken terraces of verdure and blossom and gurgling fountains. Electra had been recalling to me how, when women first entered politics, they had swayed large conventions of intelligent reasoning men by swinging a parasol or a flag and raising some wild shout for a candidate. But this was a so much greater tribute to the blind intelligence of women than it was to that of men that the women decided it would be more convenient to sway a small group of men than to excite a mob of several hundred or a couple of thousand male creatures calling themselves delegates. So the women had reduced the membership of political conventions to a few dozen, every man being carefully selected

for his sensitiveness to parasols and feminine influence and outcry. The lessening of the number of delegates had been a great advantage to the women, and it saved them effort, and incidentally it was good for the country. Hence there was no more need for auditoriums, colosseums, or large halls. A convention could now be held anywhere, and quite inexpensively, under the spread of a few Japanese umbrellas held by women and judiciously waved by them at the proper moment.

"Well, Electra," I asked, "why should *not* women rule the world?"

"Ah! if the world is willing," she said softly, deprecatingly.

"It would be willing," I responded; "since every man is ruled by a woman."

"But how is that?" she inquired.

"By his love for her," said I. "You, Electra, can rule me, and precisely by that means. I love you!"

She smiled, with a clear, pure, genial amazement. Then suddenly she wept; and there was the light of a rainbow on her face, the mingling of sunshiny mirth and of tearful sorrow—such a thing as I never beheld in any other woman, and do not expect ever to see again.

"Why," she exclaimed sweetly, "it gives me great happiness to hear you say so." Then, with a cadence as of a forest rill dropping plaintively into some rocky pool: "You must know that nothing can come of this. Dear Gerald Bemis, it is hopeless. I am pledged, I am bound to someone else. I am what they call a 'Child of the State' and the Government has promised me to another man."

"Who is he?" I asked, thrilled with a sudden fierce defiance of the State and of the man.

As I spoke, Hammerfleet came up behind us, over the crest of Auditorium Hill. Electra moved one hand, indicating him silently.

"You?" I exclaimed, turning savagely to Hammerfleet.

"He is the man," Electra whispered.

"I have heard your conversation unwillingly," Hammerfleet observed to me, unmoved. "But we will not discuss it. I came up here to look for you, and to say that it has been arranged that you and I shall start to-night by train for New York, and make some little side excursions on the way—so that you may see more of the country."

This announcement I recognised as a challenge and a threat, united; but I was resolved to meet whatever it might imply unflinchingly. "Very well," I answered. "If Graemantle approves I will accept his decision."

We three then went down the hillside, not speaking further, and joined the rest of our party. Whether Graemantle suspected anything sinister in Hammerfleet's plan or not, I could not guess; but I was reassured by his approving it; since it was certain that he could not wish me any ill.

I set out that night with Hammerfleet as a sort of advance guard. Our first stop, early in the morning, was somewhere near Buffalo, when we got out and walked for a while along the highways. Here I noticed the method of getting on and off trains. The cars never stopped. A spring platform bounced passengers from the station on to the end platform of the cars, where they were received on spring cushions. In the case of quick express trains, a parallel train was run at a swifter rate along a neighbouring track for a short distance, and the passengers were hurled from this lightly, and upright into the express.

Bicycles, I found, were no longer a fad or a nuisance. Separate paths were provided for them, and, on these, electric bicycles, tricycles, and carriages were run, with power supplied from stations at regular intervals, and at all hotels, by recharging the storage batteries. Horses were but little used for travel, and existed mainly as a form of preserved life, like deer, in parks, or for racing purposes; although, even in racing, their speed was so greatly surpassed by that of flotation sails and rubber-oared boats, and various mechanical four-legged machines for running, that they were now not much more than domestic pets, like cats and dogs. However, although mowing was done chiefly by electric trolley mowers, we saw some draught-horses and carriage-horses in use on farms or on the road we were travelling afoot. In sandy regions, the wheels of horse-wagons had outward curving flanges, which prevented the sinking of sand into the wheel-ruts, and did away with friction and the loss of power by displacement of the sand. Many wagon-wheels also were coated with naphthaline, to counteract the friction and the retarding effect of mud in the roads.

Part of the way we travelled in horseless electric carriages after we grew tired of walking. Then again we took to our feet, and after a time halted before a vast expanse of machinery installed under an illimitable shed. It looked like an enormous jungle of metal mechanism.

"What is this?" I asked of Hammerfleet. "It resembles a forest, but a forest of iron and steel."

"That's precisely what it is," he answered. "And we're now going to stroll through it."

We passed in, and were soon lost in the shadows of this wilderness, where the mighty trunks and the waving branches of huge trees were represented by the uprights, beams, levers, cranks, and rods of vast machines.

"All our factory-work is done in this way now," Hammerfleet courteously explained to me. "This tangle of mechanism runs for the most part automatically, and is governed by one man. It covers many acres."

Wheels were spinning round in the most bewildering manner, huge trip-hammers were thudding down, with tons of force, in various places, and, at intervals, some great overwhelming bar of metal weighing thousands of pounds would come swinging down from the roof and almost touch the ground with a heavy swoop that meant death to any man who got in its way.

"Why," I exclaimed, "it is like the maze of life. Anyone who should pass under one of those swinging beams at the wrong moment would be crushed out as though by a blow of doom. They seem to exemplify fate."

"Quite so," he agreed.

"Let us go back," I proposed.

"No," he objected, "that would be cowardly. Besides, you cannot find your way back safely now. The same sort of steel beams are swinging low behind us as in front. If you were to turn back, you would have to run the same risk of being crushed. I am your only guide. You must go forward with me and take your chances."

"Yet," I returned, "you say that this whole forest of moving machinery is regulated by one man? Suppose anything should happen to him; that he should die suddenly; or should be asleep or fainting and incapable at this very moment. The machinery would go on, and we might, perhaps, be destroyed under it."

"This is the situation exactly," answered Hammerfleet. "The engineer *is* asleep. I had him drugged in advance."

"Then you intend to murder me here, in this forest of steel?" I asked defiantly, but with a decided inward shudder.

"Oh, no; I didn't say that," he returned coolly. "But I shall leave you to trace your own course; and if anything fatal happens to you it will be laid entirely to the machinery."

"You villain!" I exclaimed. "So this is your trap for me, is it? Well, it's a pretty large one for such small game, and I'll see whether I can make my way through."

I started running and dodging ahead, nimbly, but warily through the awful shadows, the bewildering electric lights spotted here and there; and the throbbing, swinging, whirling, or rising and falling masses of metal, all of which appeared to be consciously aiming blows at me.

"Hold on!" cried my enemy. "You will certainly be killed. Stop! on one condition I will help you out."

"And that?" I shouted back, pausing.

"Is that you never again speak a word of love to Electra or recur to the wild idea of marrying her."

"Death sooner!" I retorted. "I will never consent to such a promise." And once more I started on my perilous advance through the forest of steel.

It was a frightful experience. In all my former life put together I had not suffered so much fearful excitement, anxiety and terror as were crowded into the next few minutes. A numbing chill crept up through me from my feet to my brain, and it seemed to me that I could actually feel my hair growing white.

Suddenly I thought the end had come. Everything seemed to stop. *I* stopped. Had I really been struck, and was I dead? Or was this merely imagination? Certainly the great moving wilderness of metal had come to a standstill. The next moment I heard an enormous ringing voice sending towards me from the farther border a loud hail: "Bemis, we are here. You are saved!"

It was the voice of Zorlin; and immediately following it came the rich contralto of Electra; "This way, this way! Come to us, Bemis."

The bright glare of a search-light swept through the darksome tangle like a ray direct from Heaven, and by it I was enabled to see my path clear. In a few minutes I had joined my rescuers, and Hammerfleet came after me with a deceitful air of solicitude relieved.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS.

THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE.

By LIDA ROSE McCABE.

AT nightfall in May 1887 an officer of the law halted at a palatial country seat on the Pacific slope. A knock at the door was answered by a tall man of military bearing. Traces of trouble were graven on his parchment-like face. His hair and moustache were snow-white. High cheek-bones and a receding forehead, emphasised by bushy eyebrows, from which peered restless steel-grey eyes, completed a striking personality.

"I have papers from a United States Court, which I wish to serve on William Kissane," said the officer.

The other turned deathly pale, and answered: "Drive round to that clump of eucalyptus, and I will send him to you."

The officer did as requested, and under the eucalyptus trees was soon rejoined by the same man of military bearing, who said: "I am William Kissane."

The officer then served a summons to appear in court and answer to a charge of guilt for a crime committed thirty years before.

"All right, all right," said the other hurriedly; "I acknowledge service. Please excuse my not asking you into the house. We are all broken down." And feebly he retraced his steps across the lawn.

No romance surpasses in dramatic interest the adventures of this hero of the *Martha Washington* case. To recall that famous trial is to revivify a phase of American civilisation now almost obliterated. It is now nearly half a century since the singular crime which the trial revealed was perpetrated, and most of the persons identified with either the crime or the trial have passed away.

A steamer called *Martha Washington* left the Cincinnati docks late in the night of Jan. 7, 1852. She was heavily freighted with a cargo consigned to the markets of New Orleans, Texas, and California. In her cabin were thirty passengers. When seven days out, on the coldest night known to river men, she burned to the water's edge, off Island Sixty-five, in the Mississippi River. Despite the loss of sixteen lives, together with the cargo, the catastrophe excited no more comment at the time than many like disasters.

Towards the close of the same year, however, there appeared before P. B. Wilcox, United States Commissioner at Columbus, Ohio, one Sidney C. Burton, and charged half a score of men, several of them prominent in the business and social circles of Cincinnati, with loading the *Martha Washington* with simulated freight, and then causing her to be set on fire, for the purpose of defrauding the insurance companies whose policies they held on the steamer and her cargo. At Cleveland, Ohio, where Burton carried on business, and in the mercantile world at large, he was favourably known as a prosperous dealer in wool and sheepskins. On the strength of his charges and evidence furnished by him, twelve arrests were made, and a preliminary hearing held before the Commissioner. Foremost among the accused was Captain Cummings, the owner of the *Martha Washington*. He was a typical Mississippi steam-boat commander of the old time—daring, handsome, and popular. His home was at Grand Cove, Louisiana. During the Mexican War, in company with one Lyman Cole, a man named Holland, and four brothers named Chapin, to whose sister he was married, the captain had plied the waters of the Rio Grande, trafficking with the army. Not the least of the ventures of the partners was a gambling den on the Rio Grande. The close of the war found them all in Cincinnati, where the Chapins, forming a partnership with a young man from the East, embarked in the manufacture of boots and shoes, under the firm-name of Filley and Chapin.

They employed some 200 men in their factory, and carried on for a time the largest boot and shoe business in that city. Soon the Chapins formed a friendship with their business neighbours, Smith and Kissane, leading candlemakers and pork merchants. Kissane, young, shrewd,

and clever, had been employed in the great pork-house of Pugh and Johnson as book-keeper, and in recognition of his business ability was soon given an interest in the firm, with whom he remained until 1849, when their pork-house was destroyed by fire under suspicious circumstances. Then Kissane formed a partnership with Smith.

In the new venture Kissane had the management of all the outside transactions of the firm. The business of his life had necessitated almost constant association with river men. There was little of their traffic with which he was not familiar. In this way he learned that great profits might be made by shipping large consignments of miscellaneous merchandise to Texas and California. On the Pacific coast at that period, shortly after the discovery of gold — Hungarian boots, which were out of style in the Cincinnati market, sold for forty-eight dollars a pair. Other merchandise brought proportionate prices.

In time Kissane became acquainted with Captain Cummings, who, since the Mexican War, had been lounging about Filley and Chapin's store and the Cincinnati docks, without apparent occupation. In some manner he even became the captain's creditor for 2000 dollars. In December 1851, Cummings bought the *Martha Washington*, a well-known steamboat that had seen much service. Kissane showed much interest in the purchase. In his insinuating way, which never failed to win confidence, he communicated to the Chapins his idea of the profit of shipping goods to Texas and California. The firm of Filley and Chapin had at this time failed, assigning to one of its creditors, Lyman Cole. The Chapins, themselves men of limited business sagacity, foresaw in Kissane's suggestions a profitable way of disposing of their stock, while Lyman Cole, the assignee, a daring adventurer and a man of brains and resource, detected in them even a further and deeper meaning.

Before the *Martha Washington* set out on her first voyage under the command of Captain Cummings, she took on apparently an immense cargo—rolls of leather, sheepskins; boxes of boots, shoes, and hats; candles, pork, whisky, brandy, brooms, and barrels of oil. The shippers then took out insurance amounting in all to 300,000 dollars, while Captain Cummings insured the steamer for 4500 dollars, taking the policy in the name of his pilot, Lewis Choate, in order to avoid trouble with old creditors.

The unusual severity of the winter had greatly interfered with river traffic. The *Martha Washington* was the first steamer to go down the river after the breaking of the ice. Contrary to the design of the conspirators, thirty persons sought passage on the ill-fated steamer, and sixteen of them perished. To Holland, the boatswain, the conspirators intrusted the burning of the boat. How well he did his hellish work, how skilfully every step was covered, was fully revealed at the trial of the conspirators.

In all probability the crime would never have been detected but for the dogged perseverance of Sidney Burton. He was a heavy creditor of Filly and Chapin. Shortly before the sailing of the *Martha Washington* he went to Cincinnati, and there learned for the first time that the firm had failed, and that Lyman Cole had possession of the stock. The preceding fall he had sold the firm 162 dozen sheepskins, and at the same time had stored in the firm's warehouse 182 dozen more, which belonged to him. When he demanded the money for the skins he had sold, and the return of those he had stored, the firm refused to pay him what was owing him or to return the skins he had left in store. Burton returned home smarting under the ill-treatment. Some time afterwards he met in New York City one of the Chapins, who told him he was there trying to get 10,000 dollars of insurance, due, as he claimed, on goods lost on the *Martha Washington*. He said the insurance companies had treated his firm badly, and were giving it much trouble. He even offered to pay Burton his claim against the firm—3000 dollars—if he would help him to recover the insurance. He refused, however, to let him have the policy.

Burton's suspicions were aroused. He went to the office of the insurance company, where he was shown the application. The policies, he discovered, had been taken out on the very sheepskins which he had stored with Filley and Chapin, and which he knew were in the factory at the time. Further developments convinced him that the whole cargo shipped on the lost steamer was simulated. He communicated his misgivings to the insurance companies, who had already paid 60,000 dollars of the sum claimed; and aided by the companies and his private fortune of 50,000 dollars, he set out to run down the conspirators.

The final trial took place at Columbus, Ohio, October 1852, before Judge John

McLean. It continued a month, and developed into an immense popular sensation. The array of legal talent engaged

MR. JOHN McLEAN,

The Judge before whom the "Martha Washington" Case was tried.

was brilliant. The defendants were represented by Judge T. Walker and John Kebler, of Cincinnati; Judge N. H. Swayne, later Chief Justice of the United States; Samuel Galloway, wit and *raconteur*, a close friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln in the darkest days of the war; Ex-Governor Morehead, of Kentucky; George E. Pugh, a distinguished member of Congress; George H. Pendleton, subsequently Minister to Germany; T. J. Gallagher; O. Brown; R. H. Stone; General Durbin Ward, long a leading orator and councillor of the Ohio Democracy; and the elder Thomas Ewing, first Secretary of the Interior. The Government was represented by United States Attorney Morton, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Henry Stanbery, afterwards Attorney-General in President Johnson's Cabinet, from which he resigned to defend Johnson in the famous impeachment trial. Four hundred witnesses were summoned from towns along the Rio Grande, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers, while curious spectators came in crowds from far and near, travelling often with much discomfort. It was still the day of flat-boats, saddle-bags, and stage-coaches. Railroads had barely begun to weave their serpentine network across the country.

II.

THE TRIAL.

Enter the west door of the quaint old court-room. Against the east wall rises the judge's bench, a high wooden structure not unlike the pulpit of a mediæval village church. With all the solemnity of old-time court dignity sits Judge McLean—a large, imposing gentleman of the old school, his thin, long silver hair lending a patriarchal halo to a fine head. In obedience to the impulse of age and the traditions of the Ohio Bench, and despite the forensic brilliancy of the attorneys and the harrowing testimony of witnesses, he indulges at intervals in "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." In front of the judge's bench sits Ewing, towering like a giant among his fellows, Swayne, Walker, and Pugh, all solid, remarkable men. Conspicuous always is the short thick body and Napoleonic head of Judge Walker. Quick, shrewd, brilliant, he is a lawyer of exceptional power, and has a good appetite for brandy. Three times a day he empties a tumbler.

Every eye, every ear is strained when without is heard the rumbling of the old omnibus which pulls up daily at the court

MR. THOMAS EWING,

One of the Attorneys for the defence in the "Martha Washington" Case.

to deposit the prisoners. Their hands and feet are heavily ironed. A cheer of approval or rumble of dissatisfaction from the

crowd at the door rends the air as they disappear within the court, followed by lawyers, juniors, and prominent witnesses, all of whom live as one family at the neighbouring hotel. Attending the prisoners are their wives, mothers, sisters, or sweethearts. Handsome, dashing women, becomingly attired, they never fail to win sympathetic admiration.

The hum of conversation ceases. The defendants take their seats. From the annals of piratical daring might have stepped Lyman Cole, a large, commanding man with hair as black as a raven's wing, dark eyes, long moustache, and heavy beard. While the most damaging evidence is given, he coolly adjusts his gold-rimmed glasses and calmly surveys the witness. In complete contrast to Cole is Kissane—tall, slender, graceful, with wavy blond hair, sunny blue eyes, pleasing manner, and voice of irresistible persuasiveness. He smiles often on his pretty sister and trusting mother, the latter a beautiful old Irish lady, who follows his interests with all a mother's watchful love. Farther back are seen the rugged face of Captain Cummings and the younger but less agreeable face of Holland, the boatswain, to whom was intrusted the burning of the steamer. On the witness-stand is the pilot, Lewis Choate. "I was at the wheel when the *Martha Washington* burned," says he. "Captain Cummings was with me in the pilot-house. I remarked that I smelled fire. The captain looked about, and said there was no fire. He went downstairs, however, and immediately the flames broke out.

"I stood at the wheel until a line was made fast to a tree. There was no person alive in the cabin when the boat struck the shore. I could hear the glass rattling like hail in the burning cabin, where the flames roared like a tornado. I jumped ashore from the pilot-house—a hard spring it was; I struck partly in the water and partly on shore. All the passengers who ever got ashore did so at the instant the steamer struck the bank. Yes," he adds in a tragic voice, "if I had believed that Captain Cummings set the boat on fire, I would have taken his life that night. If you," addressing Mr. Stanbery, who stands erect and alert, the very Bayard of the Bar, "had seen the misery, the suffering, that night on board the *Martha Washington*, you would not blame me. I am sure I would have killed the incendiary on the spot. It was the coldest night I ever saw in that country. No one could quench the flames. As well describe a hurricane as that fire, so fierce, so swift was the destruction it wrought. In less than a minute after the engineer shouted back to me that there was no fire, the flames

MR. HENRY STANBERY,

Attorney for the prosecution in the "Martha Washington" Case.

flashed ten or twelve feet above the hurricane deck. The cabin of the boat had been painted over, God only knows how often—perhaps twenty times. It was not the coal-tar paint on the chimneys I smelled; it was a pine and turpentine smell."

The thread dropped by the pilot is now picked up by Captain Cummings, who revivifies that fatal night by telling how he strove to save two children by grasping their long hair and dragging them through the flames, until the smoke drove him back. He lost his hold, and the children, falling through the flames, disappeared in the dark, icy bosom of the Mississippi. The tears stream down his weather-beaten face as he tells his story, while judge, counsel, jury, and the whole crowd of visitors are scarcely less moved.

Many complicated points arose. It seemed scarcely possible that a steamer should float with so large a cargo as it was claimed that the *Martha Washington* had on board. The ablest mathematician of the country testified that no steamer could possibly float with such a cargo. In direct contradiction to this testimony, old river men swore that it was impossible to

overload a steamer. The prosecution introduced testimony tending to show that the boxes represented as containing boots and shoes were filled with scraps of old leather, sand, and sawdust, and that the reputed barrels of oil and brandy were nothing more than so much water.

The prosecution designed to shatter the defence by presenting at the decisive moment the testimony of the father of Chapin's partner Filley. Before the conspiracy was fully detected Filley himself had died. He was a man of delicate constitution, and the crime so weighed on his conscience as to hasten his death. He made a deathbed confession of the whole plot to his father, in the presence of witnesses. This gave the testimony of the father the highest interest, and the prosecution eagerly awaited his arrival. But at Buffalo, while on his way to the trial, Filley the father was seized by masked men, gagged, and spirited to Canada, where he was concealed in a cellar until after a verdict had been rendered.

In the beginning of the trial, newspaper reporters were excluded by the court, and for some time spirited war waged between the Judge and the Press. With characteristic persistency, the reporters finally gained admittance. In the vanguard was S. S. Cox, for many years a leading member of Congress from New York, then on the staff of the *Ohio Statesman*, where he won his famous sobriquet of "Sunset." At this trial served the first stenographer ever seen in a Western court.

The jury was chosen with difficulty. During their five weeks' service, the members of it were assailed on every side by the zealous feminine sympathisers of the accused. By every art possible to youth, beauty, and wit, and the reckless abandon of lives largely spent in the companionship of adventurers, were they approached. "If you do not go into that jury-room and vote 'not guilty,' in an hour you will be a dead man," said the wife of Captain Cummings, cornering an aged juror on the staircase. Sprung from an old and respected Massachusetts family, she was a singularly beautiful, brilliant, dashing woman. As Olive Chapin, she had gone in early girlhood to the West, and become enamoured of the picturesque river captain. Cummings did not see fit to marry her, and went off to Mexico and opened his gambling-house on the Rio Grande. One day as he sat dealing faro there, his affianced presented herself. Disguised in man's attire and armed with a brace of pistols, she had made her way without detection to the Rio Grande. She was a skilled shot, and could hit a dollar across a room. Levelling a pistol at the recreant lover's head, she said in a short, sharp voice, "Captain Cummings, marry me, or take this in your head." The astounded captain replied, "Why, Ollie, my dear, is that you?" The marriage ceremony was performed that day.

Tears were the weapons that Lyman Cole's equally handsome wife employed, while smiles sufficed Kissane's pretty sister and fond mother. The jury were a week in coming to a verdict. Finally, on Monday afternoon, Nov. 14, 1853, they pronounced the defendants "not guilty." The verdict was received on the part of the accused and their friends with tears, smiles, laughter, sobs of relief, and cries of joy. Kissane, pale and haggard, fell into his mother's arms. But from the public came curses and grumbling, for there were few who had heard the testimony that did not believe the prisoners guilty. With wine and song the acquitted lavishly celelebrated their deliverance. The

MR. S. S. COX,

Who reported the "Martha Washington" Case for the "Ohio Statesman"; for many years a leading Member of Congress.

trial cost the Government 50,000 dollars, while it left the defendants one and all penniless.

To recuperate their fortunes and to wreak vengeance on every one who had testified against them, was now the ambition of the

conspirators. Few of their opponents escaped a tragic end. The safe of Henry Stanbery was blown open and all the papers of the case removed. Nine witnesses met violent deaths. One was shot dead while seated on his horse, talking to his wife at the door of his house, and the assassin was never discovered.

The conspirators were especially relentless in their pursuit of Sidney Burton. Once his house was blown up, and once, as he was travelling in a railway train, an explosion occurred and shattered the seat he had occupied, but by chance had left only a moment before. Eleven times chemical analysis revealed poison in his food. Counterfeit money was placed in his house. One day in New York he met the wife of Captain Cummings on Fulton Street. She requested an interview and wished him to accompany her to a designated place. He was suspicious, and noticing several men in communication with her, he attempted to get away. The men approached threateningly. Burton stepped into a doorway and drew a revolver. The assailants were arrested, and, when searched, were found armed with pistols and bowie knives; even Mrs. Cummings was armed.

Despite disappointment, broken health, and depleted fortune, Burton continued his efforts against the conspirators. He secured the indictment of Kissane, Cummings, and Cole at Helena, Arkansas, on a charge of arson and murder. Several of the lost passengers of the *Martha Washington* had been residents of Arkansas. The prisoners were admitted to bail, and when the trial was called, neither Kissane nor Cole responded. Captain Cummings was again acquitted.

The remarkable skill and devotion of Burton in the affair attracted the notice of Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States. Through the Secretary of the Treasury, President Pierce appointed him a special agent to ferret out abuses in the Treasury. Burton refused to accept the appointment until it was agreed that he should retain a portion of his time to continue his prosecution of the *Martha Washington* people. When the President's intention became known, the Kissane party employed lobbyists to prevent the passage through Congress of the appropriation for the service which Burton was to conduct. The appropriation failed by two votes. Then Burton's health gave way. For months he was unable to lie down, and he finally died sitting in his chair.

Kissane, the head of the conspiracy, on his acquittal was carried to Lebanon, Ohio, to answer to the charge of forgery. He had been under indictment on this charge when arrested for setting the *Martha Washington* on fire. The forgery he had committed on his early benefactors and employers, Johnson and Pugh. He was convicted, but while waiting sentence escaped. Disguised in a garb made of bed-ticking and bound with rope, he was recognised near Cleveland, doing menial services as an ox-driver. He was captured and taken back to jail, but again escaped.

III.

THE CHEMICAL BANK FORGERY.

In July, 1854, about seven months after the *Martha Washington* trial, Kissane went to New York, and in company with one Andrew Finlay engaged in buying and selling uncurrent money. Some of their dealings were with John Thompson and Very and Gwynne, brokers, and in the course of them they came into possession of cheques of Thompson's and of Very and Gwynne's. Having ascertained who made the blanks on which these cheques were written, Kissane visited the maker, and under pretence of getting a cheque-book for himself, requested to see samples. He gave an assumed name. While looking over the samples, he purloined several of the blank cheques made for Thompson and Very and Gwynne.

Kissane and Finlay now retired from New York for a little while, and Kissane, learning that his old associate Lyman Cole had in some way got hold of 2000 dollars, induced Cole to join him and Finlay in their enterprises. Cole accompanied him when he returned to New York. Kissane and Finlay established themselves at a hotel, where Finlay registered as "Robert Hamilton," and Kissane as "William Johnson." Cole took lodging in a private house. They passed most of their time at Finlay's room at the hotel. There they spent a larger portion of several days in practising the writing of signatures, and in preparing several letters of introduction. One of these letters purported to be from Joseph C. Hughes, of Kentucky, to Mr. Van Brunt of the firm of Van Brunt and Watrous, New York pork-brokers; another from White, Cunningham, and Co., of Cincinnati, to Robert H. Berdell and Co., of New York. They introduced "James Bishop."

On Aug. 25, 1854, Finlay called at Mr. Van Brunt's packing-house, and under the impersonation of "James Bishop," presented the letter from Joseph C. Hughes. Van Brunt was pleased to meet a friend of "old Joe Hughes." He invited Mr. "Bishop" to call on him again next day. "Bishop" did so. He represented himself as a large dealer in hogs, and in the course of conversation disclosed that he had considerable money with him, and questioned whether it was safe to be carrying so large a sum about in his pocket. Mr. Van Brunt suggested to his partner Watrous that he take Mr. "Bishop" to the Chemical Bank and let him deposit his money. The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and, on Mr. Watrous's introduction, Mr. "James Bishop" was permitted to open an account at the Chemical Bank with an initial deposit of 2000 dollars in bills (the 2000 dollars brought into the enterprise by Cole, as subsequently appeared).

The next day "Bishop" started down town to present his letter to Mr. Berdell. On the way he stopped at the Chemical Bank and drew out 1950 dollars of the 2000 dollars he had deposited the day before. His reception by Mr. Berdell was not satisfactory. A "feeler" he threw out towards opening a bank account was met by a proposition on the part of Mr. Berdell that he leave his burden of money with Mr. Berdell's firm. At this Finlay (alias "Bishop") became alarmed. He hastened to Kissane, who decided that their last movement must be made at once. That afternoon, near three o'clock, "Bishop" called again at the bank. He pretended to be a little the worse of "old Kentucky rye." He invited the cashier to inspect a long bill of hogs he had purchased, at the same time requesting him to place to his credit a certified cheque for 12,000 dollars, drawn upon the American Exchange Bank by John Thompson, and another for 6018.58 dollars, drawn on the Continental Bank by Very and Gwynne. He stated that he would have to settle for the hogs that day. But he had been "around with the boys," he felt "a little shaky," would the cashier be kind enough to fill out a cheque for him for 14,870 dollars, and he would sign it? Of course, the cashier could not decline to oblige a gentleman so well endorsed? With the cheque in one hand, "Bishop" lost no time in getting to the paying-teller's desk. As he presented the cheque he remarked: "Mr. Teller, your city has knocked me up."

"How so?"

"Well, you see, I am used to travelling on soft ground, and your hard pavements are too much for me."

It was near the closing-hour; all was bustle and hurry; no need to question the cheque of a patron well introduced, written in the cashier's own hand. The teller swiftly counted out 870 dollars in one hundred, fifty, and twenty dollar bills, and the 14,000 dollars in 500 dollar bills. "Bishop" asked to have smaller denominations, but in his haste the teller refused, and thereby, as subsequently appeared, he probably saved the bank the loss of a considerable part of the amount of the cheque. While Finlay, or "Bishop," was playing his part thus triumphantly within the bank, Lyman Cole stood outside, on the opposite side of Broadway, and kept watch. Later in the day, Cole, Finlay, and Kissane met in Thirty-Second Street, and divided the spoil. Kissane, it is supposed, took 6500 dollars as his share, and Finlay 5300 dollars, while Cole got the balance, together with the 1950 dollars of his 2000 dollars, with which the account was opened.

The forgeries were soon detected, and measures taken to secure the forgers. An old acquaintance of theirs and sufferer at their hands learning what "Bishop" had said to the teller about the hard pavements of New York, thereby identified him with Finlay. Finlay was found concealed in a house in Baltimore. On his person, hidden under the lining of his vest, was found 4000 dollars in 500 dollar notes of the Chemical Bank.

Kissane was arrested in Cincinnati. At Hornellsville, New York, while the train was moving at a rapid rate he escaped the vigilance of the guards and leaped through the water-closet window. The train was stopped, but search failed to find him. Several days later he appeared at Buffalo at the house of John Lynch, formerly bar-keeper on the *Martha Washington*. Lynch took him to the house of a man named Sparrow, a small farmer living near Buffalo. Kissane sent Lynch to Cincinnati with a letter to his brother Reuben Kissane. The brother sent back by Lynch a bottle of magnesia, from which, on opening it at Lynch's house, Kissane took 6500 dollars in 500 dollar Chemical Bank notes. He carried these notes with him to Sparrow's farm. There for three months he assisted in field work. Evening leisure at the farm was devoted to altering bank notes by the cutting and pasting process. Sparrow was detected passing these notes on the storekeepers. Several were cashed before the fraud

was discovered. Sparrow was arrested. He protested innocence, and swore that the bills had been given him on his farm by a man named Lynch, the name by which Kissane was known to the farmer. A raid was made on the farm and Kissane captured, together with a bundle of papers he had placed in the charge of Sparrow's wife. In it was found the 6500 dollars of Chemical Bank notes. Locked fast to an officer with handcuffs, the key of which was in the pocket of the bank-teller, Kissane was brought safely to New York. Meanwhile, Cole also had been arrested.

Kissane's trial opened March 14, 1855, before Recorder James M. Smith, the prosecution being conducted by A. Oakey Hall, then District Attorney, and James R. Whiting. It was the sensation of the day. Finlay turned State's evidence. In less than ten minutes after retiring the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

When brought up for sentence, Kissane made a plea for mercy which revealed talent of a high order. He told of his early home life, his struggle to business and social eminence, and his fall among evil associates. He humbly accepted the court's decree, and avowed a resolution to lead a better life. The judge was so affected by this appeal that he mitigated the sentence, to his regret in later years, from the highest to the lowest penalty—two years and six months' imprisonment in Sing Sing. "The whole world may forgive me," said Kissane, "but I cannot forgive myself. I had hoped to reach some distant country where those who had known me could know me no more, where I could have settled down among strangers and once more be a man among men. But Providence has decreed otherwise. Were I permitted to depart this day, and whenever it shall please the powers that be to permit me to depart, such shall be my course—I trust a wiser and a better man."

Cole was tried twice; both times the jury disagreed, and finally he was discharged.

IV.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

On Dec. 8, 1855, under promise to turn States evidence against an organised band of insurance swindlers, said to be the outgrowth of the *Martha Washington* conspiracy, after nine months' imprisonment, Kissane was pardoned. Governor Myron H. Clark had been overwhelmed with petitions in the prisoner's behalf. These petitions are still in the archives of the Governor's office, and make a large volume. One of them is from Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed.

Liberty regained, Kissane lost no time in seeking a strange land, where, if he did not become a "man among men," he failed not to commit deeds of prowess that are not without a charm even in this prosaic day.

In the Walker Nicaragua expedition, made up for the most part of "men of strong character, tired of the humdrum of common life, and ready for a career which might bring them the sweets of adventure or the rewards of fame," Kissane now threw himself with all the abandon of his daring nature. He arrived at Nicaragua Feb. 1, 1856. Under the name of W. K. Rodgers he was appointed and commissioned assistant commanding General, with the rank of Major, and ordered to take charge of the commissariat of the army. He showed such ability that Walker soon promoted him. For eight or nine months he had the entire finances of the country in his hands, and but for his careful management, the filibustering scheme, it is conceded, would have met an earlier defeat.

When General Walker marched to Rivas he left Granada in charge of Kissane. The latter made sudden sallies on the neighbouring haciendas, and, capturing the wives and daughters of prominent Nicaraguans, held them as hostages, to be exchanged for money or provisions. He is reputed to have made a fortune in the sale of confiscated haciendas and vouchers. Under his direction cathedrals and convents and private dwellings were pillaged of gold, silver, and jewels. The plunder, which filled six large cedar chests, was melted, packed in small bulk, and shipped to New Orleans. Robed in priestly vestments, and carrying the holy Eucharist, Kissane led a triumphant procession through the streets of Granada. His audacity and bravery won him devoted followers. Few, if any, of his companions in arms suspected his early history. Nevertheless the tropics did not shield him wholly from memory of the past. Recognising in one of the youthful followers of the army the son of a man who had testified against him in the *Martha Washington* case, Kissane had the young man arrested on some trumped-up charge, and shot down in cold blood.

At the collapse of the expedition, Kissane caused to be published in the

papers accounts of the heroic death of "Colonel William King Rodgers." Meanwhile, he escaped from the country to Panama on board the United States sloop-of-war *St. Mary's*, Captain Davis. He is next heard of as a participant in the Chinese rebellion. His shrewdness soon secured him the favour of the Emperor, who raised him to the rank of General of the army. The close of the rebellion found him pursuing pleasure in the capitals of Europe, accompanied by a Japanese body-servant captured by his troops at Shanghai. Finally he drifted to California, whither his mother and brothers had preceded him and were living under an assumed name.

On the Fraser River, British Columbia, three thousand miles from railroad or telegraphic communication, the soldier of fortune now delved into the bowels of the earth. He had the Midas touch. With bags of gold-dust he soon sought Sacramento, where he invested in real estate, embarked in business, and was quickly recognised as a shrewd, spirited, and popular citizen.

Then came the Gold Hill excitement. Kissane again wooed fortune in the mines, and with his usual luck. He retired with a fortune. Then shunning large cities, where the past might confront him, he purchased a fine country seat in Sonoma County, six miles from the little town of Petaluma. This was in 1863. Thenceforth it was his object to make this seat the most beautiful in all that region.

But while Kissane was building up a new life in the land of sunshine and flowers, playing with lordly grace the *rôle* of a wealthy country gentleman, a second Nemesis had picked up the thread dropped by Sidney Burton. Among the Cincinnatians who met financial ruin at the hands of Kissane were members of the family of General Francis Darr. With a fixity of purpose as tenacious, as all-absorbing, as that which possessed Burton, General Darr followed Kissane's migrations for thirty years. A graduate of West Point, General Darr served gallantly in the war, on the staffs of Generals Rosecranz, Buell, and Foster, and was in command of New York City after the draught riots. He never credited the report of Kissane's death at Nicaragua, and throughout the rebellion he hoped to meet him. Some ten years ago he went to San Francisco as civil engineer for a railroad company. At a meeting of the board of directors he recognised in one of the directors the object of his thirty years' search. After the meeting, he encountered the director in the street and accosted him: "Hello, Bill Kissane! How are you?" The director haughtily resented such familiarity in a subordinate, but ever after carefully avoided Darr. Subsequently General Darr became interested in a wine-house for which Kissane's vineyards yielded their choicest vintage. At a board meeting, Darr recognised in the firm's counsel a brother of Kissane. It was not long before General Darr was forced to relinquish his interest in the firm.

Having in these various encounters clearly established Kissane's identity, General Darr notified the Chemical Bank of New York, and the bank gave him a power of attorney to collect the balance of principal and interest still due on the old forgery claim. Through reputable lawyers the account was quietly enclosed to Kissane, who, taking the cue, sent an attorney, a man who knew his past, to New York, to satisfy the account and quietly clear his record. But the attorney somehow failed in his mission, the matter got into the courts, and the story of Kissane's career in all its romantic details was recited to the world through the Press. Thus Kissane's thirty years' struggle to bury the past came to nought. Yet, never, perhaps, was the power of wealth and personal influence more strikingly exemplified than in the promptitude with which managers of railroads, telegraphs, and newspapers, secret fraternities, and legal authorities combined to shield the man. A California court decided that disguises and changes of name did not stop the running of the statute of limitations, and denied the Chemical Bank its claim. Thus Kissane was discharged of the duty of making restitution, and dismissed to resume his luxurious life in the bosom of his family, whose confidence and love had remained unshaken.

MARCH
A·L·Bowley
ARIES

A COLONIAL INCIDENT.

By LADY POORE.

CHAPTER I.

MARCIA STRACEY had come out to Bermuda to spend the winter with her sailor brother and his wife; but after the 3rd of January, when the fleet had sailed away to the West Indies for their winter cruise, she began to wish she had stayed at home in England. Not because she was already home-sick, nor yet because any single person in the fleet had become indispensable to her happiness, but because the complete collapse into deadly dullness, after a two months' course of constant small excitements and cheerful everyday comings and goings, had affected her pretty little sister-in-law's spirits and, therefore, temper; and she — Marcia — felt herself unsuited to the post of *souffre-douleur*. She had no vocation for the rôle of tireless sympathiser, unresisting pincushion, and patient fetish to the small tyrant who commanded the commander of the *Miranda*. At two-and-twenty one is not ripe for the situation of "companion." At first she pitied poor Rosy sincerely, when a casual mention of Tom's name brought the big tears into her round grey eyes; but when she saw that her sister-in-law missed poor Tom as a purveyor of pleasant folk and organiser of entertainments, as a fetcher and carrier, a buffer, and a flattering looking-glass, far more than as a husband, Marcia hardened her young heart, and determined that she, at least, would have no hand in the spoiling of Rosy. Besides being depressed by the departure of the *Miranda*, Rosy was cross with Marcia. She thought it would be so nice if her sister-in-law became engaged to be married while she was under her wing. Of course she did not mean her to agree rashly with the first comer—the tall and dignified Marcia was too distinguished a person to be wasted thus — and if Bermuda had been simply a self-supporting little colony, sparingly visited by army and navy, Rosy would have put far from her the thoughts of a match-maker. But there were two really excellent *partis* on the station, and Marcia would have none of them. The Governor's A.D.C. was more than presentable, and had his Australian mother's large fortune—in the bush; while Sir George Carteret, who was gunnery lieutenant in the flag-ship, had his own more moderate one—in his hand. The girl used to say that if she ever married, she would like to have an American husband: they were the only men in the world who really valued their wives and did all they should to retain their affections. English husbands, as a rule, deteriorated so dreadfully that unless you could find a widower with twenty years' good character from his first wife, you were simply courting disaster by marrying at all. And Marcia didn't like widowers. Rosy used to fly to arms at once when her sister-in-law delivered herself of these or similar sentiments. How *could* Marcia say English husbands deteriorated? "Look at Tom!"

"Oh, Tom is different; besides, I never said there were no exceptions, and, Rosy, you are trying to generalise from a single case—the only case of which you have personal experience. Until you had had at least twenty husbands you would not be qualified to talk of your personal experience. And they would be all influenced by your personality. How could you tell what they might have been in other hands?" Right or wrong, Marcia had built up for herself a wonderful ideal, not in the least like Captain Bruce nor yet Sir George Carteret; nor had she seen before she left England anyone remotely resembling it. As to wishing seriously to marry an American, nothing was further from her thoughts. She said their shoulders were too narrow.

CHAPTER II.

When the 250th Regiment gave a small dance at Prospect a few weeks after the departure of the fleet, the Straceys were only too glad to cross over from the wind-swept seclusion of convict-haunted Boaz and dance away the mildew in the military theatre at headquarters. They had shopping to do besides, in the afternoon, and

when the short twilight had fallen upon them, Mrs. Stracey had not got through one half of the commissions with which Cassandra, the coloured cook, had loaded her. "You will have to get the matting for the hall," she said to Marcia, "we cannot do without it any longer now that the north wind has begun to blow. Warren's is the shop; it is quite close to the club." And Marcia went off dutifully to choose green-and-white matting. It was not easily found, and while she waited she exchanged a few commonplaces with a tall, broad-shouldered young man, who offered her a rocking-chair to rest in. It struck her then that his voice and manner were those of a gentleman, and when the lamp was brought by which she could examine the matting, she found that he quite matched the voice and manner. There was no possibility of mistake as to who he was, for his assistant addressed him every other moment as Mr. Warren.

Marcia had hardly been ten minutes in the ball-room that evening when the Colonel himself brought up a big, good-looking young man in plain clothes, to introduce to her.

"Mr. Warren," he said. "I hope you have a dance left, Miss Stracey," and passed on, leaving Marcia, pink with vexation, to write down the matting-man's name on her card opposite the only vacant dance on her programme.

"Do you know who that is?" said her partner when Warren had passed on, laughing unkindly as he noticed her confusion.

"Mr. Warren," answered Marcia bluntly, "and I must say I think Colonel Pearson——"

"No, don't say anything, Miss Stracey; don't abuse my chief. He is such a dear old boy! And Warren's an awfully good chap. It's all right; you've only got to get used to the ways of the place. It does seem rum, at first, to play whist with your tobacconist and dig your butcher in the ribs; but I'm getting into the way of it now. If he is a butcher, he is a member of Parliament (Colonial, of course) as well, and a magistrate, and a landed proprietor, with a charming little place and a family tree."

Marcia looked contemptuous.

"Fact, I assure you. Why, most of these storekeepers can trace their pedigrees back without a hitch to about 1640. More than I can do, I'm afraid. Now Warren is every inch a gentleman; good all-round, too, and distinguished himself at Oxford. He only gave up the English Bar the other day because his elder brother died and there was no one left to look after the business and the old mother."

"It is different for you," said Marcia rather stiffly. "As you have to spend some time here it is just as well you should get used to rubbing shoulders with bakers and candlestick makers; besides, you're a man. But it is hardly worth my while to give up my old-fashioned prejudices concerning class distinctions. I fancy I shall manage to leave Bermuda without having pressed my chemist's hand or danced with my ironmonger."

"But you'll dance with your upholsterer?" asked Captain Barnard somewhat anxiously.

"Certainly not," answered Marcia firmly. "Here, we're losing all this waltz. Do let us dance instead of talking about these dreadful shopkeepers."

And so Marcia deliberately gave away Mr. Warren's dance to a very youthful Sapper, whose science had not helped him to the discovery that in dancing you must have, like the planets, more than one motion, or else you will never get round the room. He and Marcia began revolving with the music, and slowly — very slowly—progressed down one side of the room. At the corner they collided with his Excellency the Governor, and Marcia besought her partner to forbear and take her to the tea-room. As they went, she caught sight of the matting-man leading forth the Colonel's pretty daughter.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the luckless Sapper, whose short-sighted gaze had followed Marcia's, "I believe I was engaged to Miss Pearson for this dance. Yes," he continued, with his nose in his programme, "it *is* No. 12 after all, and I thought it was the first extra." He looked appealingly at Marcia, but she, instead of offering him his liberty, pressed firmly on towards the tea-room. Set to partners she would not. "How awfully well that fellow Warren dances!" said the Sapper ruefully, casting a final glance over his shoulder.

Marcia would have classed the Prospect Dance as a perfectly successful one but for the Warren incident, which persisted in recurring to that part of her mind occupied by her social conscience. Warren had not gone near her after No. 12. He certainly had been uncommonly ready to give her up, and find another partner. It was just possible, indeed, that he had forgotten his engagement to Marcia.

CHAPTER III.

"Do go on ahead of me, Marcia," said her sister-in-law, as she waited impatiently for her hotel bill next morning, "or we shall miss the boat, and just fly into Warren's on the way and ask for three yards more of the matting."

"Oh, *must* I?" protested Marcia. "Can't you write or telephone about it?"

"Why in the world should I?" asked Rosy crossly—so crossly that Marcia went hastily from her presence and "flew" along the dusty road; past the booths where vendors of coral and dyed grasses sit, spider-like, waiting for the American flies; past the little white villas, green-shuttered and heavily verandahed; and then along the irregular row of "stores" that face the quays, till she came, panting and sun-scorched, to the upholsterer's.

Mr. Warren himself was in the shop, and to him Marcia addressed herself in as few words as possible. But suddenly a strong compunction seized her, and when Rosy popped her head in at the door she saw Marcia shaking hands with the matting-man!

"What on earth were you doing that for?" cried Mrs. Stracey when they were out in the street and racing down to the ferry-steamer.

"I was introduced to Mr. Warren last night at the dance," answered Marcia demurely. "And if he is good enough to dance with, I suppose he is good enough to shake hands with."

"That doesn't follow at all," said Rosy sharply. "I have danced with a butler, but I didn't shake hands with him when he brought in the breakfast next morning. I must say I don't think Tom would like it."

"Your shaking hands with the butler? I am quite certain he wouldn't."

"Nonsense!" returned Rosy, whose temper was slipping from her grasp, along with a tiresome bag of tomatoes and a green-and-red croton in a flower-pot, "you know quite well what I mean, and I do beg you will not have anything to do with these shopkeepers as long as you are under my care."

Marcia, instead of retorting that Tom had solemnly confided his rather flighty little wife to *her* care, merely fielded a falling tomato as it burst its fragile bonds, and remarked that it was certainly a pity they didn't give you stronger brown-paper bags.

Rosy returned to the charge more than once during the monotonous days at Boaz Island which followed their little outing, when weeding the vegetables was an engrossing occupation and going to church an event. But she could force no promise of abstention from "the retail department" from Marcia, who confidently assured her that Mr. Warren was never likely to ask her to dance again.

He did so, however, on the very next opportunity, and the haughty Marcia found him not only an excellent partner but a particularly pleasant companion. Rosy, who was by no means alone in her scathing contempt for shopkeepers, was furious. She spoke of Mr. Warren's "forwardness" to several sympathising friends in and about the Dockyard, and wrote volumes of indignation to Tom at Barbadoes. Mails at Bermuda, however, are not arranged with a view to a regular or frequent correspondence between naval husbands and their wives, especially when the husbands are cruising in the West Indies. Many are the pennies dropped by the wives into the postal slot before the model begins to work.

Mr. Warren was a good rifle shot, and played tennis better even than the Governor's A.D.C., who was justly counted good. And so it happened that he was to be found at the very shooting parties and tennis parties to which the Straceys were bidden. Marcia, who had thought her shooting pretty fair at home—had she not hit two tin ducks out of six shots at the Naval Exhibition?—was chagrined to find how poor a figure she made at Bermuda, where the ladies are extraordinarily skilful, and she was duly grateful to Mr. Warren for his help and his hints. She and Rosy did not often speak of him now; but from time to time, when Mrs. Stracey said things about Bermudians which were at once unkind and inaccurate, Marcia would defend them as best she could. She denied that they were all "stupid, apathetic shopkeepers," instancing with unfailing courage and regularity as a living proof to the contrary the "matting-man." She had somehow become, not very wisely perhaps, his recognised champion whenever foolish people with ineradicable prejudices objected to his presence in their midst—a *milieu*, by the way, which was already as characteristically mixed, as regards its feminine ingredients, as any naval or military one is bound to be.

Whether Warren knew or not that Marcia's attitude towards him was one of protecting indulgence, his manner to her was always peculiarly deferential and chivalrous. Under this, however, she worried herself by perceiving, rightly or

wrongly, a deep-seated resentment or, at least, pride, which, all through their intercourse, seemed to repel her attempts at reparation, her extra allowances and almost exaggerated consideration, offered in perfect good faith as to one whom she had wilfully slighted. So generous a foe as Marcia is not content with offering so slight a sign of friendship as a gratuitous smile. A long and full atonement must be made. Thus, when she found that, through want of knowledge of the world she had misjudged an individual, she poured out her repentance at the feet of the entire class to which her victim belonged. This annoyed her sister-in-law not a little. *She* did not care for the Bermudians. They seemed so shockingly contented with their beautiful islands, so absurdly interested in their own affairs, and positively pleased to marry other Bermudians and live and die in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. She did not find fault with them because they did not read the *Nineteenth Century*—she herself never went beyond the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*—but her little narrow views of life were not identical with theirs, and she consequently thought them tiresome and uninteresting. Mr. Warren was worse than tiresome. His wider experience had made him very unlike his relations and friends. He was dangerous, and so much did Rosy fear him as a possibly favoured suitor for Marcia's hand that the selfish little woman would cheerfully have shipped off her stiff-necked sister-in-law to England had not her company at Boaz appeared a positive necessity during Tom's absence. She did, however, issue an ultimatum.

"Here is an invitation from Mrs. Pearson to dine and sleep on the 16th—the night of the ball at Government House"—she said one morning to Marcia, who was engaged in chasing the armourer-sergeant's six lily-white ducks out of the garden for the fifth time since breakfast. "Backwards and forwards, and two legs each," she was saying. That makes a hundred and twenty of their silly footprints on the flower-beds, and a hundred and twenty, with three toes to each, makes three hundred and sixty marks altogether. Yes, Rosy; well?"

"Well," repeated Rosy, sharply, "of course you would like to go, and of course *I* should; but I cannot and will not, unless you promise me not to dance with Mr. Warren."

"Promise not to dance with one of the Queen's Representative's guests! Why, Rosy, I couldn't be guilty of such disrespect. Didn't the Governor let you have this dear little house (which belongs to soldier people by rights) for nothing so that Tom could be near his ship? And——"

"Oh, I know all that!" cried Rosy, impatiently tapping the back of her plump little hand with Mrs. Pearson's note, "and also that we should be bundled out neck and crop if any kind of married soldier-officer wanted to come over here from headquarters. I ask you to drop Mr. Warren to please me, and you won't."

"No, I won't," said Marcia.

"Then you like him better than me?"

"Mr. Warren represents a principle, and I sometimes put my principles before my friends."

"You 're everlastingly putting them before me," said Rosy with a cross little laugh; "I 'm sick of the sight of them. Well, then, I am to refuse?"

"Don't be a goose," said Marcia, catching her little sister-in-law round the waist and twirling her round till she faced her. "I don't want to go to this ball a bit; but I do want you to go very much. I think I can keep house here for twenty-four hours, and if Cassandra gives warning more than twice in that time I 'll telephone for instructions. There, will that do?"

It did do, of course; and Marcia, after seeing Mrs. Stracey and her ball-dress off on the afternoon of the sixteenth, returned to the bungalow at Boaz in a rather dismal frame of mind. As a matter of fact she had wanted to go to the Governor's ball, but not as a suspect or a mutineer, to be watched and headed off by Rosy as soon as the matting-man appeared on the scene. To that she would not submit.

CHAPTER IV.

It had been blowing pretty fresh from the west all day, but towards evening the wind went round to the north, and Marcia shivered as she sat alone in the little drawing-room after dinner. The two servants had gone very early to their room, but she could hear their cackling laughter, and now and then an emphatic "Good life!" or "My word!" from the unsophisticated Melorina as she listened to Cassandra's account of her American experiences. By half past nine she could stand the loneliness no longer. The wind snarled round the corner of the verandah and boomed in the wide chimney, and every few minutes there came a quick batter of driven rain on the northern window. She closed her book, secured all the doors and windows, lighted her candle,

and turned out the lamp; but when she reached her room she found she had left her travelling clock on the writing-table, and though she had quitted the drawing-room only a minute or two before it seemed to her when she returned to fetch the clock that the place had been given over for hours to the powers of darkness, and she hurried out of it with a shudder.

Before she was ready for bed "Last post" was sounded in the barrack square, but the wind was dead against the bugle and scattered the little notes in every direction, so that she scarcely recognised the familiar call until the unmistakable "Black hole!" at the end was reached. Once she was comfortably settled in bed she felt at home and safe—the contact of warm bedclothes is always so reassuring—and before the solitary long-drawn note of "Lights out!" was sounded Marcia was fast asleep.

Next morning the wind was worse than ever; the thermometer had gone down to 51 deg., and the garden was a blackened and storm-tossed wilderness. The brilliant nasturtiums were shrivelled and brown, and the heavy heads of scarlet geranium broken short off; salt spray was drying white on every leaf, and the coral sand of the garden paths had left its appointed bounds and pervaded everything. Even the tiny green sprays of the sturdy tamarisk hedge had been stripped in millions from the boughs and lay in every corner in little windswept accumulations. Marcia stood at the door of the verandah gazing sadly at the havoc before her.

"It'll be most right again in a few days," said Melorina behind her, as she vigorously swept out the verandah and covered Marcia with sand and dust. "I wouldn't fret if I was you, Miss Stracey. Good land! look at them voilets! An' the telephone in the canteen won't work to-day, an' the Somerset ferry's stopped runnin'. Cassandra say you'll have to go to the Co-op. for the meat. She's sick herself."

OUTSIDE THE GATE OF THE BUNGALOW SHE MET CAPTAIN BARNARD.

"I suppose she will give me some breakfast first," said Marcia sarcastically, but not surprised on hearing that Cassandra had arranged a four-mile walk for her.

"I guess she'll git you something," replied Melorina, upon whom sarcasm was thrown away. "She's real sick though; it's all along o' the ball was over to Somerset on Thursday. She was dancing

with a coloured gentleman—him as rows the ferry with earrings—and she slipt and he fell atop of her. She says she thinks she's crushed inside. I was rubbing her with pitch-pine oil last night, but it ain't done her no good."

Marcia did not care for Cassandra, and thought that the coloured domestic population of Bermuda were much too fond of balls and parties, but forbore to say so, knowing well that a word—a breath even—of disapprobation would set Cassandra packing up her rich and varied wardrobe. So after breakfast she put on her monkey jacket, her thick boots, and her most trustworthy sailor hat, took a basket on her arm, and started for the "Co-op." But before she had got ten yards from the house the hat began to lift, and when she reached Grey's Bridge she took it off and carried it in her hand.

Across the road, where it ran close to the western shore, dazzling white spray was dashing, carrying with it small tufts of golden-brown gulf-weed, and more than one highly salted slap in the face did Marcia get from the excited Atlantic as she hurried past the bad bits. Under the lee-shore of Ireland Island she stopped by the cedar-fringed roadside and deliberately "refitted," amused more than annoyed by the buffeting she had received. The wind had got into her head, and seemed to intoxicate her. The mental reaction after the lonely night, combined with the delight of a bright cold day coming after a spell of enervating south wind produced in her a feeling of buoyancy and physical well-being that set her laughing as she fought her way northward. She even sang aloud as she went along, knowing that the blustering wind would beat the music back towards Boaz in little shreds of sound, conveying nothing articulate to the chance wayfarer behind her. Presently she met a lieutenant of Marines whom she scarcely knew; but she nodded and smiled to him for all that, as if he were an old friend, and he laughed outright as he ran before the wind, with his two dogs at his heels, and his hand clutching his cap

She had bought her meat, and was herself scudding home before the wind by the time five bells went at the naval hospital. Outside the gate of the bungalow she met Captain Barnard, who commanded the Boaz detachment of the 250th Regiment.

"Why weren't you at the ball last night?" he shouted, against the wind.

"How on earth did *you* get back to this side?" she retorted.

"Sailed over this morning at seven o'clock."

"What fun it must have been!" cried Marcia regretfully. "I would give anything for a sail this minute." Her hazel eyes shone as she spoke; the little curls of her bright hair frisked about her forehead and ears, and the soft pink of her cheeks glowed again.

Barnard was fairly dazzled.

"Why not?" he said. "The *Surprise* is here in the Camber, and you are as good a hand in a boat as Sebright. He has got to go up to the casemates on duty at eleven, or he would come too."

"Who's afraid?" cried Marcia gaily, handing over her basket to Melorina, lurking on the other side of the gate, and the two young people turned about and made for the camber, where the little yacht lay.

"It's a case of coming up to breathe every two or three minutes, you know," explained Barnard. "You're sure you don't mind?"

Joyfully Marcia spurned the idea of minding any hardship. In her condition of intense physical exaltation she did not see that she was going to do something rather reckless — something not quite "expedient," as her old governess used to say — in going out sailing alone with Captain Barnard, of whose capacity as a navigator in these reef-strewn waters she knew very little. He was a very nice fellow—Tom, who was usually prejudiced against soldiers, had said so—and he had been untiringly kind and helpful to Rosy and herself since the fleet's going had left them without male support of any kind. Moreover, he was a great ally of Mr. Warren's, and they had sometimes talked together confidentially about the muscular mattingman, for whom Barnard—not a very robust man—had a profound feeling of admiration, quite unlike the sentiment of remorseful protection which actuated Marcia in her dealings with him. If Marcia gave her sister-in-law a thought at this moment, it was only that if Rosy had not been unreasonable she would not have been exposed to this particular temptation. Now she was going to enjoy herself, cost what it might. Boat-sailing was her passion, and she had not been out once since the *Miranda* sailed.

CHAPTER V.

When Rosy got back from Hamilton at about two o'clock, a little sleepy and a little cross, she was surprised that Marcia

did not meet her at the Ireland Pier. The walk out to Boaz seemed longer than usual, and yet it irritated her to be swept along by the wind quicker than she was prepared to go.

"Where is Miss Stracey?" she asked of Cassandra, chatting at the back door with half a dozen of her dusky friends.

"Land sakes, Mis' Stracey, I dunno. I hear her talking to the Captain what's down to the mess-house something about sailing, but that's nigh on three hours ago. She warn't in to lunch. *I* dunno what's got her."

Then Mrs. Stracey perceived that Captain Barnard's smooth-faced subaltern was hurrying towards her across what Marcia called the "common," as though he had something to say. But when he reached her he found it hard to begin.

"Miss Stracey went out in the *Surprise* at about eleven," he said at length, "and I've just had a message from the Captain in Charge to say there's been an accident."

Rosy paled. "What made her do such a mad thing?" she asked querulously; "and why didn't the Captain in Charge tell *me*? I have only just come down from the Cut. What has happened?"

"They seem to have got foul of the Stags," explained young Sebright hurriedly. "They were both saved by the bread-boat, but Captain Barnard is in a very bad way I'm afraid. If you will let me, I will call for you in a few minutes, and take you up to the Terrace in my dog-cart. They are both at Dr. Farrell's. They say Miss Stracey is not hurt." And before Rosy could turn out a fresh batch of questions Sebright was off at a run to the mess-house.

"I wish Marcia were here," Rosy found herself thinking illogically as she sat silently beside Mr. Sebright in the dog-cart, "I do so hate accidents and illnesses."

Young Sebright was ten minutes too late to see his captain alive. The waves and the sharp coral rocks between them had ground the life out of him before he was picked up. His desperate efforts to help Marcia had prevented him from helping himself, when a slight reserve of wind or muscular strength might have saved him.

And Marcia? Marcia, bruised and exhausted, was lying in the next room trying to hope that there was no specially sinister meaning in the deep silence which had taken the place of the whispering and bustle on the other side of the door. "Rosy," she whispered, when her sister-in-law entered the room. "Rosy, he's not—not——"

"I'm afraid so," faltered Rosy, frightened by Marcia's look of anxious misery, and holding on to the door-handle as though she dared not remain in the room with so much wretchedness.

"Don't go away, Rosy," pleaded poor Marcia, "I'm so miserable. It was all my fault; I almost asked him to take me out. He kept on saying 'Keep her away,' and I did, though I knew the Stags were not far off on our lee-bow at the time. That stupid right wrist of mine was aching so that I could hardly bear it, and when there was a sudden squall and he called out 'Luff!' something seemed to give in my arm, and I couldn't put the helm hard down to save my life. Then we were taken right on the rocks." She shuddered, and stopped for a few moments. "He tried to help me, poor fellow, when I was washed away from the boat, but I got back again somehow by myself, and hung on till the bread-boat people saved us. Rosy, you know he was engaged to be married?"

Rosy nodded.

"I am a murderess," said Marcia heavily, "a murderess and a thief too, for I have stolen his life from the girl to whom it should have belonged, and just for fun," she added bitterly; "just because I wanted to go out sailing for an hour or two on a windy day."

CHAPTER VI.

When nearly a fortnight had gone by and Marcia still shrank from seeing people, Rosy, who for once in her life had been practising patience and forbearance, began to lose her somewhat uncertain hold on these very desirable virtues. Boaz was a dull little place at the best of times, but with Marcia moping, and every casual acquaintance she met on the high road asking stupid questions about that unfortunate escapade of her sister-in-law's, it had become pretty nearly unendurable. One day, when both Cassandra and Melorina were absent without leave, old Mrs. Higgs, whose husband was something in the Dockyard, came blundering in upon the Straceys through the drawing-room window unannounced, and said several very disagreeable things about "the young ladies of the present day." In her time they had never dreamt of going out unchaperoned with young men—let alone engaged ones. And was it true that Miss Stracey had been the one to suggest going

out for a sail? She (Mrs. Higgs) could 'ardly believe it.

Rosy, as red as a poppy, was beginning to reprove the old lady for listening to foolish gossip, but Marcia stopped her.

"It is *quite* true," she said sadly. "I suppose Melorina told you. But I don't think it is very kind of you to repeat it. Don't you think I am punished enough already?" she asked, looking anxiously into the old lady's unsympathetic face.

"You should think of that pore young lady in England," was Mrs. Higgs' uncompromising rejoinder—as if Marcia didn't think of her night and day—as she rose to depart.

Dr. Farrell, on his way back from Somerset, where he had been visiting one of his "amateur" patients (as his wife called that numerous class of persons whom he attended for love), looked in that same afternoon at Mrs. Stracey's, and he was not pleased with what he saw. Marcia's eyes were dim with weeping, and Rosy's still blazed with indignation.

"The moment has arrived when a few days at St. George's will do you both a world of good," said the cheerful doctor, as he sipped his second cup of tea. "Mrs. Stracey, nursing evidently doesn't agree with you, and Miss Stracey wants bracing, I can see. You may fancy the air is much the same at one end or the other of this coral reef, but you will find the difference when you get to the east end. Let me see now. The duty-boat goes on there from here at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. I'll come myself, and see you safe on board. Eh, what?" As nobody raised the smallest objection to a change which might be for the better, to St. George's in the next day's duty-boat the Straceys went.

As the little white steamer made her leisurely way along the rockbound coast, Marcia, gazing with unseeing eyes into the liquid emeralds and sapphires of a waveless sea, found herself reviewing for the hundredth time the incidents of her winter in Bermuda, and coming for the hundredth time to the same disheartening conclusion: that she had done a terrible deal of harm and not one bit of good. Even her quixotic project of befriending Mr. Warren had failed. It was no thanks to her that he had made friends of all the nicest "accidentals" now at Bermuda—the residents were, of course, his friends by inheritance. Indeed it was she who was in his debt now, for every two or three days during the dreary fortnight following the accident big bunches of violets and quantities of beautiful roses had been finding their way over to the little house at Boaz, "For Miss Stracey with Mrs. Warren's compliments." And Marcia had never so much as seen the invalid Mrs. Warren. She thought, with a pang, that very likely some would be sent that very day, and be either left to die on the hall-table or appropriated by Cassandra for her own decoration at some festivity or other "over to Somerset."

The Straceys were not the only arrivals at Mount Erie that afternoon in early April. An elderly lady, whose face had that peculiar parchment whiteness so often seen among Bermudian residents, was being lifted out of a carriage by a tall strong man as the two young women approached the house. Rosy was the first to realise that these were Mr. Warren and his mother.

"You knew they were coming!" she said, turning sharply upon poor Marcia, as innocent of any such knowledge as the Pope of Rome himself.

"Well, we can't go back now," she returned, to Marcia's indignant disclaimer. "But, unless you will make that promise that you refused before, we must leave to-morrow."

"I am to promise not to 'encourage' Mr. Warren, isn't that it?" asked Marcia wearily. "Very well—I daresay he will get over it, and I don't want to go back to Boaz to-morrow."

CHAPTER VII.

The morrow came, but with it no temptation to Marcia to break her promise. Mrs. Warren was seriously ill, and her son was constantly with her. Secure and easy in her mind, Rosy had gone for a walk after tea on her second day at St. George's, leaving Marcia in the hammock on the verandah. It was growing dusk and chilly, and Marcia was thinking of exchanging her hammock for the light and shelter of the sitting-room when the appearance of a tall figure at the other end of the verandah decided her to remain *perdu* for a few moments longer. In this laudable design she failed, for Warren, who caught sight of her at once, and who had made no promises, came straight to her side, and Marcia could do no less than inquire for his mother and add some words of thanks for the last instalment of flowers.

He answered briefly that his mother was now not absolutely suffering; then, lowering his voice, he asked that she would give him her attention for a few

moments. He had something to say to her.

Marcia hesitated for a few moments, not because she was a young woman and scented a "declaration" in such a preamble, but because she remembered her promise; and although she had a very nice sense of honour she decided to give Mr. Warren the opportunity he sought. The fact was that she could not get out of her hammock—a rather high one—and leave him, without such a display of gymnastics as she was totally adverse to giving.

"I cannot stay long," she answered coldly. "It is getting chilly out here."

"And I will not keep you," returned Warren. "The idea that I can be of use to you almost suggests the fable of the lion and the mouse, does it not?" he went on, leaning against the verandah railings, and looking straight before him at Marcia's delicate profile outlined now against the lamplight streaming from the room within; "and if I were not morally certain that I could help you I should not think of touching upon what must be a painful subject."

"*Must* you do that?" asked poor Marcia, wincing, for she knew perfectly well to what he referred. Had it not become the most painful subject of her life?

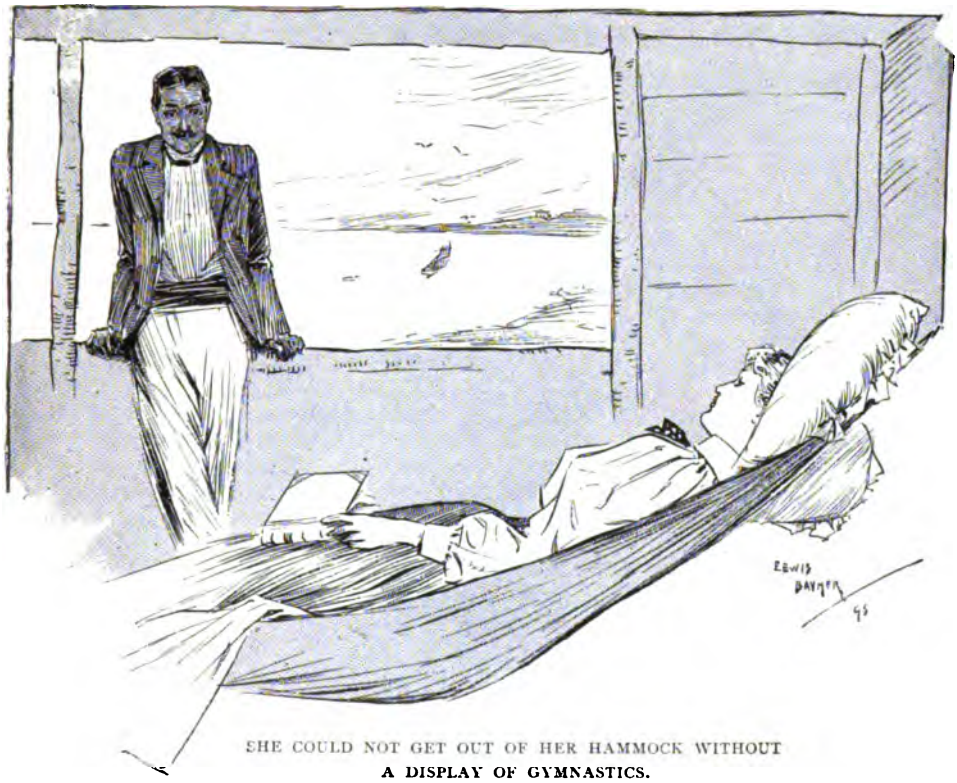
"I think you will forgive me," Warren answered gently. "I know people have not been very kind in their criticisms. They say——"

"I know what they say," interrupted Marcia hastily.

"I hope you don't," thought Warren. Aloud he added, "They say a great deal that isn't true, and in one of the English papers that came by yesterday's mail I have found a weapon for their confounding."

"How?" asked Marcia, looking up quickly.

"Barnard told me a couple of months ago something about that engagement of his. He didn't care for the girl. More than that, he offered to set her free, and now I am going to betray poor Barnard's confidence, and tell you something that no one here besides myself knew. Just before he left England to join his regiment out here, he had got his death-warrant—signed.



SHE COULD NOT GET OUT OF HER HAMMOCK WITHOUT A DISPLAY OF GYMNASTICS.

but not dated—from Sir Simon Hooper, the great lung-doctor. It was when he had got home again, after receipting the warrant with the customary two-guinea stamp, that he offered his *fiancée* her liberty. But she wouldn't take it. He was rich, and she preferred the idea of being his widow to that of breaking an engagement which was misery to him and not by any means a restraint to her. He must have been quite right about her, poor chap, for the account of her marriage with a far more desirable *parti* is in the *Daily Graphic* of March 17! The wedding took place on the very day of Barnard's death."

It was some minutes before Marcia spoke.

"Thank God," she said at length, "I have neither taken nor yet ruined anyone's life after all. But I might have done both. Did *you* think I was so very wicked?"

"Never," answered Warren firmly. "Much as I regretted poor Barnard, it never occurred to me to blame anybody but him. It was madness to take you out on such a day and with his slight knowledge of the coast; and to anyone discussing the matter in my hearing I have always said so."

"You have been a good friend to me," said Marcia humbly, and with an appealing thrill in her voice that went straight to the big heart of the matting-man, touching it far more than all the signs of friendly patronage and protestations of equality which Marcia had been pleased to accord him in happier days.

"I would do a great deal more than that for you," he answered simply.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rosy was quite equal to the task of publishing, single-mouthed, the facts just recorded. She could not rest quiet at St. George's, but flitted hither and thither through the length and breadth of the islands till she had left no gossip uninformed. Marcia, of course, did not accompany Mrs. Stracey on these expeditions, but remained behind at Mount Erie, and if she saw Philip Warren and talked to him every day, she was doing no harm, since the embargo laid upon him was once and for all removed. She liked the sturdy independence of his character, and the patient tenderness he showed to his poor querulous mother. She more than tolerated his half-tyrannical protectiveness where she herself was concerned, and realised with easy resignation that from being his champion she had become his liege lady, and from his apologist his constant ally.

When Mrs. Warren died a few weeks later, Marcia's regret and sympathy were sincere. On the other hand, Rosy, who had been much and fruitlessly distressed by the inevitable result of her own tactics, talked cheerfully of the event as a providential severance of the one tie which had been binding Warren to Bermuda.

When he had sold his business, and returned—with Marcia—to England and the English Bar, Rosy withdrew the last half-pound of her unavailing opposition. Before long she will be proud of him.

SOME FAMOUS GIANTS.

By W. GORDON SMYTHIES.

A CURIOUS treatise appeared in the year 1718, written by Henrion, the celebrated French savant, in which he gravely informs us that Adam was 123 feet 9 inches in height, and that Eve measured 118 feet 9 inches. He goes on to inform us that since the period when Adam delved and Eve span the stature of man has steadily decreased. Abraham, he tells us, was only 20 feet high, and Moses but 13 feet; while the mighty Goliath, if we take the cubit at 21 inches, stood exactly 11 feet 11 inches, according to the Biblical measurements.

The finding of gigantic skeletons, supposed to be human remains, buried deep in the earth, gave rise to the belief that there were at some period of the world's history giants and giantesses 100 feet high; but Sir Hans Sloane and Georges Cuvier effectually dispelled the notion, and demonstrated beyond all doubt that these bones were the mortal remains of mammoths and mastodons, and that the so-called "giants' teeth" had originally ornamented the mouths of colossal whales.

DANIEL, OLIVER CROMWELL'S PORTER.

The earnest seeker after truth must therefore considerably modify his notions as to the true height of the men who were giants in those days, and regretfully accept the latest opinion that there is no well-authenticated case of any human being attaining to a greater height than 10 feet.

The celebrated giants of the last three hundred years have in no case reached the 10-feet limit, the majority being only something over 7 feet.

Together with illusions as to the great height attained by giants, other fond ideas have also to go by the board. Giants are not, as a rule, remarkable for great strength, nor for abnormal appetites; they have anything but bloodthirsty dispositions, but are, on the contrary, gentle, mild, and given to melancholy. The burthen of their greatness seems an intolerable weight, not to be cheerfully borne, which they shuffle off at an early age, most of them dying while still in the prime of life.

Our Illustrations cover a period of more than two hundred years, and give the counterfeit presentment of most of the famous giants who have appeared since the early days of the seventeenth century.

Daniel, Oliver Cromwell's porter, comes first in point of time. He is described as a man "of gigantic proportions," though his exact measurements are not given. The same authority informs us that he

was "eminent for his sanctity, and for prophesying many memorable events, particularly the Fire of London." Another giant who flourished in the early part of

MAXIMILIAN CHRISTOPHER MULLER.

the seventeenth century was Walter Parsons, who was gate-porter to two Kings, James I. and Charles II. Parsons stood 7 feet 6 inches in his stockings, possessed remarkable muscular power, and was of a merry disposition. He loved practical jokes as a medium for the display of his great strength, a favourite pastime being the sudden snatching up of two of the most stalwart of the soldiers on guard at the Palace. Carrying one under each arm he would run round the courtyard with his indignant burthens, who were perfectly powerless in that iron grip.

Maximilian Christopher Muller, whose portrait we give, was a native of Leipsic, and was exhibited at the Blue Posts, Charing Cross, in the year 1732. He was 8 feet in height, well proportioned, and, unlike most modern giants, possessed of remarkable strength. Before his arrival in England he had made a tour of Europe, and had been presented to most of the leading potentates. He was a great favourite at the Court of Louis XIV. of France, who presented him with a silver mace and a richly jewelled scimitar. Our Illustration presents him as he appeared at his receptions in London, which were always crowded by the *élite* of fashion. Muller's characteristic figure, with its abnormally large head, was immortalised by the pencil of Hogarth. Muller lived to a comparatively old age, dying in 1734, at the age of sixty.

It has always been a favourite method with showmen to exhibit a giant and a dwarf on the same platform. From an old print, published in 1771, we give the portraits of those "two remarkable persons," Mr. Bamfield, the "Staffordshire giant," and Mr. Coan, the "Norfolk dwarf." Bamfield measured just an inch over 7 feet, while Coan was 3 feet high. Both the giant and the dwarf took up their abode in London, Bamfield residing close to Temple Bar and Coan in Chelsea, and, curiously enough, both died at the same age—namely, thirty-six.

Cornelius Magrath, the celebrated Irish giant, was born in 1737, and at the age of sixteen measured 6 feet. He was an orphan, brought up by the philosopher Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, who was suspected of dabbling in the black art, and a ridiculous story obtained credence that the great height of Magrath was the result of a course of experimental feeding and the imbibing of magic potions. This strange tale had, doubtless, no better foundation in fact than that the good Bishop opined that good living and tonics are the best means of building up the constitutions of

MR. BAMFIELD, THE STAFFORDSHIRE GIANT, AND MR. COAN, THE NORFOLK DWARF.

overgrown youths. Be that as it may, Magrath steadily increased in length and strength, and at the age of nineteen measured 7 feet 8 inches. Our Illustration,

from a print of the period, represents him side by side with a German drum-major. The skeleton of "the great Irish Giant" is

CORNELIUS MAGRATH.

preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

Two other celebrated Irish giants, Charles and Patrick O'Brien, flourished in the eighteenth century.

Charles, whose surname was really Byrne, measured 8 feet 2 inches, and died

WILLIAM BRADLEY.

in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, in 1783, aged twenty-two. His death was precipitated by excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted, but more particularly after the loss of all his property, saved from the profits of exhibiting himself, which he had simply vested in a bank-note for £700. On going to bed one night O'Brien hid the precious note in the fireplace. A servant-girl, unaware of the fact, lit the fire, and the note was destroyed.

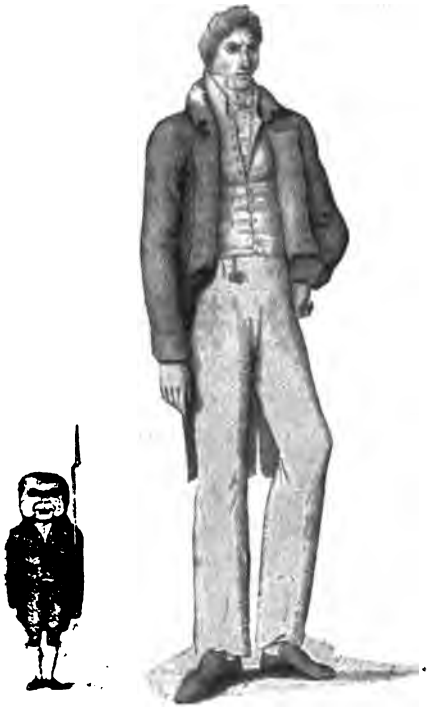
O'Brien had a morbid dread lest after his death his body should be seized on by the chirurgical fraternity and dissected, so in his will he directs that his remains shall

PATRICK O'BRIEN.

be thrown into the sea. A paper of the period gives a detailed account of his burial at sea, off the coast of Margate, but it was afterwards asserted in *The Public Ledger* that Dr. William Hunter had purchased the body of the celebrated giant, whose skeleton was subsequently added to the other wonders of the Hunterian Collection to be seen in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The other Irish giant, Patrick O'Brien, whose portrait we give, was born about 1760, at Kinsale. His real name was Cotter, and he measured 8 feet 7 inches, though the advertisements of the time give

his height as 9 feet, and claim for him a descent from King Brian Boru. Though much taller than Charles O'Brien (to



JAMES TOLLER, THE HUNTINGDON GIANT, AND SIMON PAAP, THE DWARF

whom he was in no way related), Patrick lacked the latter's strength and physique, though he lived to be more than twice as old as the smaller giant, dying at the age of forty-seven.

It is said that from Yorkshire and Lancashire come the tallest men and women as far as England is concerned.

William Bradley was a native of the former county, and was born in the East Riding in the year 1792, according to a description of him published with an old print, which we reproduce. Bradley was a teetotaler, having never tasted wine, beer, or spirits. At the age of nineteen he measured 7 feet 8 inches, and was remarkable for the great size of his hands and feet. At the age of eleven he weighed 11 stones, while at nineteen he turned the scale at 27 stones. His shoe was 15 inches long and 5½ inches wide, and his stockings 3 feet 9 inches in length. Like so many other giants, Bradley died young, and was buried in his native town, Market Weighton, but the skeleton of his gigantic right hand may be seen at the College of Surgeons.

James Toller, the Huntingdon giant whose portrait, together with that of Simon Paap, the dwarf, we present to our readers, was born in 1795 at St. Neots, Huntingdonshire. At the age of seventeen he measured 8 feet; and at his death, which took place in 1819, he had reached the great height of 8 feet 6 inches. His father and mother were of the ordinary altitude, but he had a sister who at the age of sixteen stood fully 6 feet. Simon Paap, the dwarf, measured only 28 inches, and at the age of twenty-six weighed only 27 lb. His head was out of all proportion to his diminutive body, but he was very intelligent, speaking several languages fluently. Both he and Toller drew all London when they were exhibited early in the present century.

Two foreign giants, Louis Franz, a Frenchman, and Joachim Eleicegui, a Spaniard, became for a period the lions of the day. Louis Franz, better known as "Monsieur Louis," was exhibited in New Bond Street, and stood 7 feet 6 inches in his stockings; while the Spaniard, who called himself "the Spanish Goliath," measured 7 feet 10 inches. He was appointed drum-major to one of the French regiments, and made a grand show with his bâton of office, a heavily headed long cane, profusely ornamented and gilded, which he twirled and twisted in time to the martial music as the regiment marched through the streets of the gay city. He came to London in 1846 and was exhibited in the Cosmorama Rooms,

LOUIS FRANZ, A FRENCH GIANT.

Regent Street, with great éclat and prestige, "having been honoured with munificent tokens of approbation from his Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French, her Majesty the Queen of Portugal, and her Majesty the Queen of Spain." The great Spaniard was, however, eclipsed by the celebrated Norfolk giant, Robert Hales, a native of the little village of West Somerton, near Great Yarmouth. He was one of a family of giants, his father measuring 6 feet 6 inches and his mother 6 feet. He had five sisters considerably over 6 feet and four brothers nearly as tall as their father,

JOSEPH DRASAL, TYROLESE GIANT, AND "COLONEL" ULPTS, TYROLESE DWARF.

but Robert overtopped them all, measuring nearly 8 feet, and possessing a strongly knit frame in perfect proportion. He measured 62 inches round the chest, and 21 inches round the calf of the leg. It took 7 yards of broad cloth to make him a suit of clothes. At the age of thirteen he entered the Royal Navy, and served on board H.M.S. *Ranger* under Captain Wells during a period of three years.

Mr. Hales and his sister were for a time exhibited together, and a handbill, lapsing, like Silas Wegg, into poetry, thus describes them—

Miss Hales and her brother are here to be seen;
Oh, come, let us visit the sweet, lovely queen!
Behold she is handsome—in manners polite
Both she and her brother near eight feet in height.

JOACHIM ELEICEGUI, A SPANISH GIANT.

MR. ROBERT HALES, THE NORFOLK GIANT.

The enterprising Barnum took Hales to America in 1848, whence he returned and set up as mine host of the Craven Head Tavern, Drury Lane. Here he dispensed

COLONEL CHANG, OF PEKIN.

stout and bitter to an admiring crowd, who gaped in wonder at his gigantic proportions, and examined with awe the massive gold watch and chain which the royal hands of Queen Victoria had bestowed upon him.

Hales failed, however, to make the Craven Head Tavern pay, and returned once more to the show business. While making a tour in a caravan he caught a severe cold which, settling on the lungs, carried him off at the early age of forty-three.

Some few years back, when George Leybourne, styled "The Lion Comique," was singing "Up in a Balloon, Boys," and "The Great" Macdermott was causing rapturous enthusiasm by his rendering of a song whose refrain asserted that "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do," a very remarkable giant, Joseph Drasal, was also on view at the leading music-halls. He was a native of Holleschau, in the Tyrol, and was accompanied by a dwarf who described himself as Colonel Ulpts, the Tyrolese Midget, aged twenty-two years, and thirty-four inches high."

Herr Joseph Drasal, the giant, measured 8 feet 4 inches, and was, it was said, a landed proprietor and town councillor of his native place. He spoke several languages fluently, while his hands were so enormous that a two-shilling piece could easily be passed through his signet-ring.

Another foreign giant, who held receptions in London, accompanied by a wonderful dwarf, General Tiny-Mite, was Colonel Chang, of Pekin, who at the age of thirty-five measured 8 feet 6 inches, and weighed 500 pounds, or over thirty-five stone, while his little partner measured only 19 inches, and weighed four pounds and three quarters. Chang was remarkably handsome, and presented an imposing appearance in his richly-embroidered white satin garments. He was a man of culture and considerable refinement, speaking, besides his native tongue, Japanese, English, Spanish, German, and French. In spite of his gigantic proportions, there was considerable grace about his movements, while a certain air of distinction added greatly to his almost regal presence. Like most giants of modern times, he died comparatively young, passing away at Bournemouth in 1893 at the age of forty-eight.

A celebrated Scotch giant named Randall was exhibited with his wife, a lady of lofty stature, and their appearance created a sensation in America and Europe. Randall and his wife wore

MR. AND MRS. RANDALL.

Highland costume, as represented in a print which we reproduce. Randall measured 7 feet 6 inches, and was well

proportioned; while his wife, who claimed descent from Sir William Wallace, is described in a French biographical sketch as "la plus grande géante du monde."

MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN BATES, THE KENTUCKY GIANT, AND MISS ANNA SWAN, THE NOVA SCOTIA GIANTESS, AT ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, 1871.

A remarkable marriage took place in the summer of the year 1871, when Captain Bates, "the Kentucky giant," espoused Miss Anna H. Swan, "the Nova Scotia giantess." Captain Bates measured 8 feet, while his fair bride stood nearly 7 feet 11 inches in her satin shoes.

The gallant bridegroom had won his spurs in the American Civil War, in which he had greatly distinguished himself, being wounded several times in various engagements. Both he and his bride had been exhibited in London in the years 1869 and 1870, and it was during this period that an affection sprang up between the two which culminated in the marriage at St. Martin's Church of which we give an Illustration.

Captain Bates was one of a family of giants, but Miss Swan's parents were, if anything, below the usual stature.

It was not likely that Barnum, the prince of showmen, would miss the chance of

CATHERINE BOEBNER, A SWISS GIANTESS.

exhibiting a young lady who at eleven years of age measured 6 feet, and like another giantess of later times, was "still growing." Hence we find her astonishing all New York till the burning down of Barnum's establishment, and the narrow escape of the fair Nova Scotian, put an end for a time to Miss Swan's receptions.

Possessed of considerable attractions and some histrionic ability, we find Miss Swan, soon after the disastrous fire, drawing large audiences to a New York theatre to witness her impersonation of Lady Macbeth, but she soon returned to the show business, and made a grand tour in America, subsequently visiting the principal cities of the Old World.

Amanab, a Greek giant, whose portrait we give, though much shorter than Captain

AMANAB, A GREEK GIANT.

"THE ASTONISHING FRENCH GIANTESS."

Bates, measuring only 7 feet 9 inches, was a splendid specimen of humanity, possessing a well-knit frame in perfect proportion and a chest measurement of 53 inches.

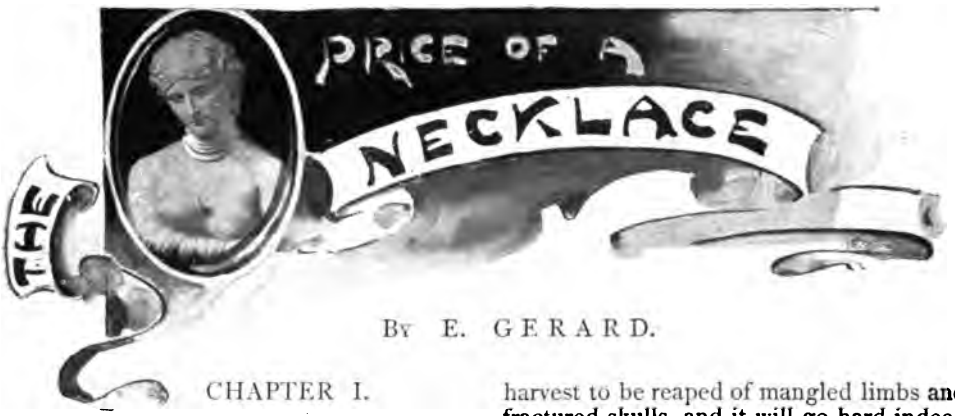
Place aux dames! We have hitherto, with two exceptions, made mention only of famous male giants, reserving to the last a little portrait gallery of three celebrated giantesses, whose biographical notices, having regard to the amount of space at disposal, must necessarily be brief.

Some years ago there was exhibited in Piccadilly a young Swiss lady named Catherine Boebner. At the age of twenty-three she measured 6 feet 5 inches, and came to this country after a tour in Europe, during which she was presented at the Courts of Russia and Germany, creating quite a sensation by her beauty, which was greatly enhanced by the picturesque costume in which she appeared. Another lady, described as "The Astonishing French Giantess," was exhibited in St. James's Street about the year 1825. We give the portrait of "The Beautiful Frenchwoman," who was 6 feet 4 inches in height, depicted in the evening dress of the period, while gazing at her in mute amazement stand two somewhat diminutive specimens of the buck and the belle of the day. About fourteen years ago a very remarkable spectacular performance, called "Babil and Bijou," drew enormous audiences to the old Alhambra, in Leicester Square, then under the management of "the People's Caterer," the late William Holland. Maas, the celebrated singer, made his reputation in the piece, but the chief attraction was the Amazon Queen, impersonated by a young German girl called Marian, whose gigantic proportions put all former tall ladies completely in the shade. She measured 8 feet 2 inches, and presented a gorgeous appearance as she strode on to the stage with the limelight shining upon her comely face and well-proportioned limbs.

We reproduce her portrait, taken with "The People's Caterer" standing by her side.

After "Babil and Bijou" had run its course, Marian returned to Germany, where she died at the early age of seventeen.

FRÄULEIN MARIAN AS THE AMAZON QUEEN, IN "BABIL AND BIJOU," WITH HER MANAGER, MR. WILLIAM HOLLAND.



By E. GERARD.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. BOLLINGTON burst into her husband's study one frosty December afternoon with a particularly bright smile on her winsome face, and in her hand a newspaper, which she brandished aloft like a victorious pennon.

"Dearest Bolly," she cried, almost before she had had time to close the door behind her, "only think, there has been such a lovely railway accident on the North-Western line—the evening papers are full of it."

Professor Bollington, the celebrated surgeon, looked up from the perusal of a bundle of accounts on which he had been engaged, and there was an amused twinkle in his eye as he said—

"Well, you bloodthirsty little woman, what is all this indecent excitement about? And why should you so particularly rejoice because, perhaps, half-a-dozen poor fellows have contrived to get smashed up in the train?"

"Half a dozen!" retorted Mrs. Bollington, with a world of scorn in her clear ringing voice. "Why, didn't I tell you that it was a real good first-class accident—A 1, and no mistake about it. There are fifteen people killed, and the latest telegram says that they are still searching for corpses under the wreck of the train."

"Well, as I don't happen to be an undertaker, I shall reap no advantage from that circumstance, however many bodies may be brought to light."

"Nonsense, Bolly; you are only pretending not to understand on purpose to tease me. Of course there are wounded people also. There will be a whole harvest to be reaped of mangled limbs and fractured skulls, and it will go hard indeed if some of these do not come into our pocket. Why, there will be heaps and heaps of people clamouring to have their legs and arms taken off. Just listen to what the paper says."

And perching herself on the arm of her husband's chair in an attitude suggestive of a graceful kitten, Selina Bollington launched forth into an eloquent description of the wholesale catastrophe, which, as narrated in the words of an eye-witness, must indeed have furnished a ghastly spectacle. The accident in question was the collision of a luggage with an express train, which, going at full speed, bore down upon the former with such violence as to reduce to splinters four or five wagons before encountering any perceptible resistance, when, glancing sharply off the rails, it had shot over the parapet of a low stone dyke, and, like a fiery monster taking a header into space, had crashed down into the shadows below and been swallowed up in darkness. A pitch-dark night had, of course, increased the horror of the situation tenfold, and at first the precise locality of the catastrophe could only be guessed at by the groans and shrieks of the wounded, which, waking ghastly echoes among the surrounding hills, could scarcely be recognised as human voices; yet was the horror scarcely diminished when the first faint streaks of a tardy winter dawn illumined a scene more resembling the grim poetry of a battlefield than anything as prosaic as a mere railway accident. The train had fallen down an incline of some forty feet, and the broken and shattered carriages lay piled up upon each other in the weird disarray of a box of

children's bricks emptied pell-mell on the floor. Large crimson patches flecked the surface of the snow-covered field, and already the black, ghostly forms of some large birds of prey might be descried circling overhead, as though meditating a sudden descent on this welcome scene of carnage. The bodies withdrawn from the wreck were occasionally found to have assumed the strangest and most fantastic positions. Here a mother was clasping an infant upside down in her rigidly locked arms, while close alongside the corpse of an old gentleman had got curiously mixed up with the contents of a box of millinery.

About fifty wounded persons had already been rescued from the carriages, but there was reason to believe that many more were still buried under that part of the wrack which the workmen had not yet succeeded in reaching.

"Is it not glorious!" said Selina, when she had finished reading down to the very last line of description. "Quite equal to anything we read of in America. Just in time for my birthday, too."

Professor Bollington was regarding his wife with a curious expression of wondering amusement, perhaps also tinged with something else of which he himself was scarcely aware. Some people are wont to experience the same sort of epicurean enjoyment when they hear the most ribald oaths and curses lisped out by the rosy lips of infants to whom obviously the import of these words must be as obscure as Greek or Hebrew, or when they behold a guileless white dove staggering drunkenly

"DEAREST BOLLY, ONLY THINK, THERE HAS BEEN SUCH A LOVELY RAILWAY ACCIDENT!"

beneath the influence of corn soaked in brandy. Grim and unapproachable towards the outside world, and well known for his cold-blooded composure in the dissecting-room, Richard Bollington adored his childlike wax-doll little wife, although, or perhaps because, they were about as congruously mated as would be an eagle setting up house with a canary-bird. Selina was the darling of his heart, his toy, his treasure, on whom he delighted to shower the richest and most valuable gifts, always accepted by her with the sweet simplicity of a child who takes it for granted that all good and beautiful things have been expressly created for its enjoyment.

Time has been, indeed—ah, well, that was an old story, and all but forgotten now—when Richard Bollington had had other ideals and aspirations, and had dreamt of another sort of happiness by the side of another woman. He had pictured to himself a life spent together with a kindred spirit, a robust intellect capable of appreciating his thoughts and sharing his labours; a woman who would be at once his guiding beacon across the troubled waters of life, and the haven of security wherein to find rest from the rubs and anxieties of his profession. He had thought to meet with his ideal in the person of Helen Crawford, and for one short blissful year he had worshipped her with all the strength of a man's best and most unselfish passion. He remembered even now at passing moments—like the memory of an old, old dream—how her brown eyes had been wont to catch fire from his own, when with glowing enthusiasm he had explained to her the vast possibilities opened out by some new scientific discovery, or how they had melted with softest pity on listening to the account of some terrible operation at the hospital. They had been engaged, and were only waiting to be married until Richard should have obtained the situation of assistant-surgeon to one of the great London professors. Then had come the quarrel which had resulted in a rupture for life, because each of them had been too proud to speak the one word that alone was needed in order to bring them together again. No matter now what the quarrel had been about. It was one of those senseless misunderstandings which sometimes spring up between the most devoted lovers, with the spontaneity and apparent harmlessness of an April shower, but destined to assume the dimensions of a life-blasting hurricane. They had differed upon a mere question of opinion regarding the conduct of some third person, who, in fact, happened to be profoundly indifferent to both. Neither would make the first step towards reconciliation, and they parted that day for the first time since their betrothal without any mutual kiss having been exchanged.

"She is cold as marble," said Richard to himself, as he walked away from his sweetheart's door in a state of considerable irritation; "no girl of feeling would have let me go without kissing to make it up. Why did she not tell me that I was a blundering blockhead? I would have understood it all right, and there would have been an end of the matter."

"He cannot really love me," confided Helen to her soaked pillow that night; "if he did he would have taken me in his arms and told me not to be a little goose. That is all I was waiting for."

It is just these vague intangible quarrels which are the most difficult to be repaired. A real distinct grievance can be fought with real weapons, and must necessarily result in some sort of understanding; but where nothing is defined, imagination has margin to run riot, giving jealousy or hurt love free scope to draw the most insidious conclusions. When Richard and Helen met again by chance after an interval of several days, each realised with a sudden sinking of the heart how far they had drifted apart in that short space of time. Both seemed to have tacitly accepted the situation as inevitable and irreparable, and when subsequently Helen sent back her lover's letters along with a few cold parting words, Richard made no attempt to recall her decision. He had by that time completely succeeded in persuading himself that Helen had never really loved him, and that she had therefore gladly seized on the first flimsy pretext for shaking him off.

This had all taken place some fifteen years ago, and for long unable to forget the faithless woman who, as he told himself, had thrown him over so callously, Richard remained unmarried, until at the age of forty-five he had succumbed to the rosy-dimpled charms of Selina Whitethorn, who, though more than twenty years his junior, had been willing enough to unite her undowered beauty to the great professor's fame and fortune.

The marriage, contrary to the prediction of kind friends, had turned out to be an undoubted success. Selina had got what she wanted—a comfortable home and plenty of pretty things to set off her

personal beauty. No more cheap print frocks henceforth, no more home-trimmed hats or imitation furs. She had now a carriage at her own disposal, and unlimited credit at her milliner's. And Professor Bollington, too, was satisfied with his choice. To the hardened bachelor, verging on middle age, it was an experience as new as it was exhilarating to have this so young, so bright, so restless, and so noisy being in his quiet rooms. It tickled his fancy to hear his dignified surname curtailed into "Bolly" by this audacious little creature, who produced much the same impression as a frisky white kitten, which, with graceful and impudent disregard for things which are mostly accounted sacred and venerable, selects the fresh grave mounds in a solemn churchyard as scene of its wildest antics and gambols. Her foolish prattle delighted the stern man of science, and there was something particularly piquant and suggestive about the innocently cold-blooded fashion in which she chattered about amputated arms and legs as composedly as though she were referring to the roses and camellias she intended to snip off in order to adorn the drawing-room vases.

Nevertheless, although he himself had long ceased to invest his profession with any pretence of poetry or idealism, there were still occasional moments when Selina's fondly indulgent husband deemed it necessary to put a slight, a very slight check, upon her flighty mode of talking.

"Pussy!" he said, stroking the fair fluffy head that lay just within reach of his hand, "you know that it is not right to talk like that. You surely do not mean to say that you are glad this dreadful thing has occurred?"

Selina opened her porcelain blue eyes rather wide.

"Of course I am glad, Bolly. Only think how dreadful it would be for us if people did not manage to get smashed up sometimes!"

"But do you never think at all of what those poor people are suffering, and how terrible must be the grief of all the parents, children, husbands, and wives who have perhaps lost all they love in this train?"

"No," replied Selina candidly, "I never think of such things; for what would be the good of it all? I shall never see them, nor would they be any the better for my pity; so why should I make myself uncomfortable for nothing?"

"Who would have guessed you to be such a hard-hearted little creature?" retorted the Professor as he laid hold of one of her soft little hands, which he proceeded to examine as curiously as though he had expected to find it garnished with a set of orthodox ivory claws.

"Hard-hearted, Bolly! What on earth can you mean? Why, you know quite well, on the contrary, how it upsets me to see anything painful. Don't you remember how pale I got last year at that large dinner-party when that stupid footman of ours cut his wrist in opening the champagne bottle and covered the tablecloth with blood? It quite spoilt my appetite for the rest of the evening. Now, what I call hard-hearted are those sort of women who go about in hospitals and are able to bind up horrid gaping wounds and nasty running sores without feeling it at all. I never could be like that."

"No, indeed! But such women are very useful all the same, Pussy."

Selina shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"I never set up to be useful—only ornamental," she said, with an exquisite pout; "and surely you cannot deny that I am that—can you, Bolly?"

"She had now unceremoniously laid hold of the Professor's two ears, one in each hand, much as though they had been the handles of some unwieldy jar which she was trying to lift, and forcing his head round into the exact position required in order to make his eyes meet her own, she repeated her query—

"Am I not ornamental?"

It was clearly impossible to remain serious in face of such bewitching childish simplicity, and as in all such previous encounters between husband and wife, Professor Bollington once more fell an easy and willing victim to those feminine charms which can acquire such paradoxical and mysterious influence over the most robust masculine intellect. How was it possible to detect flaws in logic which proceeded from such exquisitely curved rosy lips? And what man could be cool enough critically to speculate upon the possible hardness of a little heart that was framed in such fair white flesh?

So Professor Bollington answered the question in the fashion most in accordance with the instincts of his sex; and when Selina, following up her advantage, presently remarked, "And pray how should ornamental things be treated, Bolly, tell me that?" there was still the same smile of rapturous admiration on his hard lined face as he replied jestingly—

"Locked up carefully in a glass case to be sure, Pussy, and dusted with a feather-brush once a week."

But Selina, despite her flighty manner, was singularly tenacious whenever she had a particular object in view, so she guided back the conversation into the proper channel by saying—

"No, Bolly, that is not it at all. Ornamental things should be ornamented."

"Sounds rather like painting the lily, doesn't it?"

"Precisely. It is the painted lilies nowadays that beat the others flat. Beauty unadorned has quite gone out of fashion."

"Possibly; but all the same I fail to perceive how this worldly wise axiom applies to the point in question."

Selina frowned a little impatiently.

"Dear me, Bolly, how slow you are to-day! Don't you remember the pearl necklace we saw in Regent Street last week?"

"Yes, I remember. But I was in hopes that you might have forgotten it, Pussy."

"I never forget such things as—as pearl necklaces," said Selina truthfully. Then she went on to say rapidly, and perhaps just a trifle nervously—

"And you—you know, Bolly, you said that day that perhaps some time or other, when you made a particularly good stroke of business—and my birthday is coming in just three weeks—and now this railway accident. It seemed to have been sent by Providence just in the very nick of time."

The Professor's face grew longer than it had been since the beginning of the conversation.

"It would certainly require to be an extraordinarily good stroke of business in order to warrant the expense of that necklace. You see, Pussy," he went on, pointing to the account-books on the table, "this last year has been a very heavy one indeed, and it is about all I can do to make the ends meet. Our trip to Italy, for instance, made a terrible hole in the rent-roll."

SHATTERED CARRIAGES LAY PILED UP UPON EACH OTHER.

"But surely that was more than covered by the fee you got for trepanning the Duke of Toppledown's eldest son?"

"Then there was the new conservatory, and all that expensive load of tropical flowers."

"They came out of old Lady Carroway's cancer of the liver."

"The opera-box cost us two hundred pounds."

"Well, even if it did, that rich Mr.

Blackball's windpipe and What's-his-Name's ribs must quite have made up the bill."

"And your velvet mantle with the blue fox trimming, do you remember what that cost?"

"Oh, nothing very dreadful, I am sure; perhaps two or three amputated legs at the very outside."

"Four legs and two arms," answered the Professor gravely.

Selina looked a little taken aback.

"But the fur was very fine," she said, rather deprecatingly.

"So it was, my dear, and do not for a moment imagine that I grudge it. But the pearl necklace is a much more expensive article. Do you know, Pussy, that it would take quite a dozen arms and legs to cover its price."

Selina gave a pathetic little sigh, and there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes as she said after a pause—

"Dear, dear! then I suppose I shall have to give it up after all! What a pity it is that one never can be perfectly happy in this world! The one only thing that I had set my heart upon happens to be out of my reach."

Professor Bollington could never bear to see his darling Selina cry, and it required all the restraining influence of logic and common-sense to prevent him from then and there committing what he knew to be an act of wanton folly by promising to buy the bauble upon which she had set her heart. So he finally compromised matters by saying—

"I will tell you what, Pussy. I am going to make you a sporting offer. I give you as a present the very best operation I perform before your birthday. That is to say, that my largest fee shall be yours to spend on your birthday present. Now, will that do, little woman?"

"I suppose it will have to do," said Selina soberly, as she dried her lovely eyes with an exquisitely embroidered little cambric handkerchief.

CHAPTER II.

For the next fortnight Selina's pearl necklace hung in the balance, and it almost seemed as though a cruel fate had resolved to deny to that lovely throat the ornaments that so well befitted it. Professor Bollington's services had, it is true, been repeatedly engaged for operations in connection with the great railway accident, which had been a nine days' wonder all over England; but, as Selina remarked contemptuously, these were mere two-penny-halfpenny cases—hospital patients mostly, from whom there was little more to be reaped save barren honour. No Cabinet Minister or foreign Prince had had the tact to submit his valuable cranium for the process of trepanning; neither had any famous prima donna betrayed an inclination to have her windpipe taken out by Professor Bollington's dissecting knife. All the legs he had taken off were of hopelessly plebeian caste; and although gallons of blood had been shed by his hand, it had been but common red gore, wholly lacking in that peculiar blue tint which is mostly worth its weight in gold.

"The railway accident has been a swindle after all," muttered Selina discontentedly more than once during that time when she was feverishly counting the days that were still remaining; but, as things turned out, her lamentations were premature, and it was after all to that great wholesale catastrophe that she owed the realisation of her heart's dearest wish.

In the middle of the night, just three days before Selina's birthday, there was a violent ring at the door-bell, and the Professor was rudely aroused from his slumbers by having a telegram thrust into his hand. It ran as follows—

Urgent case of breast amputation—danger of mortification setting in. Expense no object; name your terms. Come by first train.

Then followed name and address. The name given was Montgomery, and the telegram was dated from a small country town over the Welsh border.

Professor Bollington looked at his watch and consulted the time-table. There was not a minute to be lost. If he rose at once he might still catch the early morning train from Euston Station. He got out of bed and began to dress hastily and noiselessly. But Selina had now stirred in her sleep, and with heavy lids half upraised was looking at him with drowsy, questioning eyes. The topmost button of her lace-trimmed night-gown had got unfastened during sleep, and as her husband bent down to press a parting kiss on her forehead he caught a glimpse of graceful contours, softly curved as the bust of the Melos Aphrodite, and gently glowing as the petals of a pale blush rose.

"What is it?" she murmured indistinctly.

"Go to sleep, Pussy," he replied, as with light, deft fingers he repaired the disorder of her toilet. "Go to sleep again

and dream of your pearl necklace, for that is what I am going to fetch."

Her lips relaxed into an entrancing smile, and with just one long-drawn, blissful sigh, like that of a contented child who feels its little heart all too small to contain the overflowing measure of its happiness, she relapsed into deep, soft, luxurious slumber.

It was midday before Professor Bollington reached the small country station whence a drive of two hours was to take him to his final destination. On the platform he was accosted by a tall, distinguished gentleman of about forty-five, who introduced himself as Mr. Montgomery, and appeared to be struggling against some violent emotion. A correct-looking carriage, drawn by two remarkably fine horses, was waiting outside, and they had scarcely taken their places in the vehicle when Mr. Montgomery began his account of the case in a short, jerky, somewhat incoherent fashion, pausing at intervals whenever, as it seemed, he felt in danger of his self-control breaking down.

It was in the great railway accident on the North-Western line—surely Professor Bollington must have heard of it!—that the lady had met with the injury that had led up to the present painful circumstances. Along with two of his children she had been returning home from a visit in the neighbourhood of London, where they had spent the Christmas holidays, when the accident had occurred. It had been in the middle of the night-time, and she had lain down to sleep with the youngest child—little Mabel, aged six—in her arms, when the violent shock of the collision had flung her unexpectedly to the ground. She had probably lost consciousness, for she remembered nothing more until she found herself lying in the open air surrounded by people with lanterns. By a lucky chance the carriage they had occupied happened to be one of the last in the train, and so, as at first sight appeared, the three inmates had escaped comparatively cheaply, for beyond the elder girl's dislocated elbow and a few bruises to the younger one, there were no other injuries to be traced. Perhaps she may have felt the pain from the first, but, at all events, she said nothing about it. It never was her way to talk much about herself, and she was wholly taken up in attending to the children, so that it was only ten days later that she had for the first time mentioned a stabbing sensation under the left breast. The family doctor was sent for, and then it was discovered that she must have been wounded by a blow or knock, and that in all probability a little locket which she was in the habit of constantly wearing round her neck had been violently pressed into the flesh at the moment of the accident. By this time inflammation had already set in to a considerable extent, and despite the best medical advice and copious application of leeches, it had proved impossible to subdue the mischief and keep it from spreading. Up to yesterday they had still entertained hopes that an operation might be avoided; but in the last consultation, that had taken place on the previous evening, the doctors had decided that amputation was the only chance of saving her life.

"How old is the patient?" asked Professor Bollington when Mr. Montgomery had finished his story.

"A little over thirty, I think," replied the gentleman with slight hesitation.

This sounded peculiar, for how was any one to suppose a man to be unaware of his own wife's precise age? To be sure, Mr. Montgomery had not directly said in so many plain words that the lady to be operated upon was his own wife, but surely this conclusion was sufficiently obvious from all that had gone before? Surprise is, however, an element foreign from the constitutional habits of eminent physicians, and so it was in the most correctly neutral tone of voice that Professor Bollington answered—

"Not much over thirty, you say? Very satisfactory, indeed. At that age there is still plenty of resisting force in nature. You can make your mind quite easy, my dear Sir, that Mrs. Montgomery will support the operation without the slightest risk to her constitution."

Mr. Montgomery now flushed perceptibly.

"Excuse me," he said, in a hurried undertone, "but you are labouring under a misapprehension. I am a widower. The—the lady I alluded to is not my wife, but the governess of my children."

"Ah, your governess!" said the Professor, with cold courtesy. "How stupid of me to make the mistake. I am sure I beg your pardon."

Something in the Professor's tone may possibly have irritated his companion, for he suddenly burst out vehemently, in a manner quite at variance with his previous nervous timidity.

"Hang it all! you are on the wrong scent again, and I may as well make a clean breast of it, since there is nothing to be ashamed of. If I said just now that

the lady is not my wife, that is only because she herself has willed it so. She has been like a mother to my children for the last six years, but although I have asked her repeatedly to give them a right to call her mother, I have always been met with a quiet but firm refusal. The last time of my asking she told me the reason why she never could become my wife. She had a love disappointment in early girlhood, and has never been able to get over it—d——n the fellow, and worse luck to him! But some women are like that, it seems."

"Yes, some women are like that," repeated the Professor, a little absently, and then he fell to wondering precisely how many months, weeks, or days his adorable Selina would require in order to be perfectly consoled should anything happen to himself?

The rest of the drive was passed in silence, each of the two men being absorbed in reflections of his own, so that it was only at the very last moment, when the carriage had drawn up beneath a massive stone porch that Professor Bollington remembered to ask of his companion—

"What did you say was the lady's name? I fancy you did not mention it."

"Her name is Miss Crawford," returned Mr. Montgomery, and then there was no time for further questions, for in the next moment Professor Bollington found himself inside the entrance-lobby and surrounded by half-a-dozen people.

CHAPTER III.

"Crawford — Crawford — Crawford." Professor Bollington repeated the name to himself as he walked upstairs, respectfully attended by the two other doctors who had been treating the case. He was trying hard to feel convinced that Crawford, after all, was a very common name, and that the sudden dread which had clutched at his heart in such a perfectly preposterous and unprofessional fashion had no real foundation at all. Why, had he not himself, in the course of his practice, come across at least half-a-dozen patients who, though bearing the same name, were not even distantly related to the woman who had once been all in all to him? It could be no more than a mere coincidence, and there was really no reason for supposing Helen Crawford to be in England at this moment. When Richard Bollington had last heard of her, about eight years ago, she had been living in Italy with a widowed aunt, who intended to adopt her. Why, therefore, should she have returned to England in order to take service with strangers?

So plausible did these arguments appear, that by the time he had reached the top of the staircase and walked down the long gallery which ran along the house from end to end, the Professor had succeeded in perfectly regaining his mental equilibrium, and he was again the calm, cool-headed surgeon, ready to give his undivided attention to the case in point.

"We have prepared everything for the operation in here," said the elder of the two doctors, pausing before the last door but one at the end of the gallery. "The patient is in the next room, but perhaps you would just step in here a moment first, Professor, in order to make sure that everything has been arranged according to your wishes."

In compliance with this request, Professor Bollington turned in at the door. There, after having run his eye over the row of surgical implements, tested the quality of the needles, and having given directions as to the exact proportions in which the carbolic acid was to be diluted, he pronounced himself satisfied with the arrangements, and was about to pass on into the patient's room beyond, when the second doctor, who had not yet spoken, now put in his voice—

"Perhaps the Professor would like to examine the little ornament with which, as we have reason to believe, the injury was produced. There seems no doubt that it was the action of the sharp-pointed centre stone which, being forcibly pressed down upon the bosom, has damaged the tissues below the nipple and produced gangrene."

Mechanically Professor Bollington held out his hand, and for some minutes stared down in silence at a little silver-gilt locket of small intrinsic value, adorned on one side with the semblance of a pansy flower composed of five flat amethyst stones, with a pointed speck of cairngorm in the centre to represent the pistil. His brows were drawn together in a heavy frown as he appeared to be wholly absorbed in scientifically analysing the injurious capabilities of the centre stone. In reality, he was living over in memory the details of an exquisite May evening some fifteen years ago, when with his own hands he had fastened just such another locket as this one round the fair white neck of a girl whose soft brown eyes gazed up into his with infinite love and tenderness. He

could see the long row of flowering horse-chestnut trees standing black against the starlit sky, with just a flash of silver beyond, where the moonlight struck against the river's bend. He could even recall the precise sound of the sweeping current against the reeds and rushes, mingling with the voice of a thrush singing somewhere among the bushes. It all came back to him now with the sudden intensity of a landscape beheld in a flash of summer lightning. The air had been heavy with the scent of mignonette, and she had worn a little bunch of those flowers stuck in the waistband of her pink muslin gown. He remembered distinctly that, when he had passed the thin black cord, to which the locket was attached, round her neck, it had got caught in one of her heavy brown plaits, and that, while disentangling it, he had made capital out of the little accident by indulging in a bolder caress than had hitherto been vouchsafed to him by her maidenly coyness.

Fifteen years had now passed since that bright May evening by the river's bank. And now it was winter, and he had been summoned hither to amputate the breast of the woman he had loved with all the strength of his best manhood's years, and

THE OPERATION.

with the money that he was to get for doing this horrible thing he had promised to buy a necklace for his wife! He could have laughed aloud — the wild, frenzied laugh of a maniac—as he realised the subtle and exquisite irony of the situation. Truly, fate does not do things by halves, and the fiendish imagination of a Nero or Diocletian could scarcely have devised for

his worst enemy a mode of torture equal to what had here been brought about by apparently the merest chain of accident.

Richard Bollington cast a wild, haggard glance round the room like a condemned criminal, who, even in sight of the gallows, hopes against hope to discover an outlet for escape. Vague thoughts of flight, of feigning momentary indisposition, darted through his mind. Then suddenly he became aware that the two other physicians were regarding him with some curiosity, so pulling himself together by a supreme effort, he hastened to break the silence by saying in a voice which, to his own ears, sounded curiously hollow and artificial—

"I always make a point of keeping myself out of the patient's sight before the operation, so as to avoid all unnecessary emotion. The chloroform will act much more swiftly and surely if administered, so to say, unawares."

Just then the sound of a stifled groan was heard through the closed doors of the adjoining room. The Professor paused to listen, while a curious expression flitted over his face, but it was gone in the next moment, and he proceeded steadily—

"It will, therefore, be better in every way if the patient be chloroformed at once before I enter the room. She need not be informed of my arrival, and even if she ask any questions there is no necessity to mention my name. I always insist on a certain amount of secrecy being kept up with regard to final details. Especially in the case of female patients everything should be avoided which can possibly excite the imagination."

When Professor Bollington found himself alone he walked to the window and touched the little spring concealed in the locket handle. It opened with some difficulty, for the spring had got damaged in the accident, and then was disclosed the faded photograph of a young man wearing a shape of necktie which had certainly been out of fashion for at least a dozen years, along with a reddish brown lock of precisely the same colour as that now somewhat insignificant portion of his own hair, which as yet was untainted with grey. He was not conscious of feeling any surprise at the discovery, for within the last five minutes he seemed to have lived through an eternity, and to have known all along that Helen Crawford was one of those women who never forget; and that he, Richard Bollington, had been the one only love of her life. He looked at his own picture for a little while vacantly, then suddenly closed the locket with a snap and laid it hastily aside, for just then the door behind him was opened, and a motionless form, white as some marble effigy carved out upon a tombstone, was noiselessly carried into the room upon a truckle-bed.

* * * *

When, half an hour later, Professor Bollington left the scene of the operation and stepped into the dressing-room, where towels and fresh water had been placed in readiness, he looked ten years older than he had previously done. He shuddered as he glanced down at his hands, which, as well as the large linen apron worn over his travelling-suit, were profusely covered with large crimson stains. His face had blanched to an ashy pallor, and his eye bore the startled hunted expression as of someone who has seen a ghost.

Mr. Montgomery had followed Professor Bollington into the dressing-room, uttering profuse and ardent thanks for the remarkable skill and celerity with which the intricate and dangerous operation had been performed, while pressing him warmly to dine and pass the night at his house. Surely the Professor was not thinking of returning to town to-night! It would be dark in another hour, and a night journey at this time of the year was cheerless and fatiguing.

But Professor Bollington merely shook his head feebly as he begged that the carriage might be brought round directly. He could not have endured to touch food or drink under the same roof where Helen Crawford lay mutilated and bleeding. What if she were suddenly to wake up from her narcotic slumber and ask to see him? He was conscious of nothing but a frenzied desire to escape from the scene of this sacrilegious butchery, and to put miles of space between himself and the woman who still carried his image in her heart.

When at the last moment Mr. Montgomery pressed into his hand a thick blue envelope containing the fee, Professor Bollington stared at it vacantly for a moment. His thoughts were still so far away that it required a strong mental effort to bring himself back to the practical aspects of the situation. Then as he suddenly remembered that this was the money with which Selina's necklace was to be purchased, with a half-muttered oath he roughly crammed down the envelope into the depths of his greatcoat pocket.

Professor Bollington dined and slept at the little country town through whose

principal street, as it now seemed to him, he had driven about a hundred years ago side by side with Mr. Montgomery. Next morning he took an early train up to town, reaching Euston Station about two o'clock in the afternoon. He directed the cabman to drive round by Regent Street and stop at the jeweller's shop, and on arriving home he merely handed the morocco case containing the ornament to Selina without a word of comment or an accompanying caress. She, however, was far too much absorbed in the delight of her new acquisition to be conscious of anything abnormal in the donor's manner.

* * * *

It was not until about a fortnight later that Mrs. Bollington had an opportunity of displaying the beautiful pearl necklace which, as she fondly trusted, was to arouse the envious admiration of all her best friends and the unbridled venom of her pet enemies. It was on the occasion of a large ball given by a foreign magnate whose hip-joint had been recently reset by the eminent surgeon, and the invitation was one of those acts of courtesy which are sometimes accounted of more value than the actual pecuniary remuneration.

Selina took a long time in dressing that night, but Richard Bollington had already learnt that long-suffering endurance with which the husband of every pretty woman must perforce invest himself; so he sat down in the big lighted drawing-room, and waited patiently until it should please his better or, at least, his fairer half to signify her readiness to start. Perhaps he had fallen into an aimless reverie, for he had never heard the door open nor a light step behind him, and was only aroused by a playful voice saying close to his ear—

"Well, Bolly, now look at me and say if I am a success."

He rose to his feet with a start, and for over a minute stood staring at his wife in silence. Certainly the arch question might have been deemed superfluous, for, undoubtedly, Selina had never looked as supremely lovely as she did just then, her beauty thus set off by all the most cunning artifices of taste and money combined. Just as she stood there, and almost without any alteration to her costume, any painter would gladly have taken her for the model of an Aphrodite, or the foam-bound Venus rising from the waves. She appeared to be robed and swathed in pale-tinted clouds, which blushed and scintillated in bewildering fashion with every movement of the wearer, accentuating the feline grace of her youthful limbs. The porcelain-blue eyes looked bewitchingly childlike beneath the fair halo of her golden curls, and the rosebud lips were poutingly advanced, as though half to invite, half to defy, the kisses that seemed to be their legitimate tribute. Her sleeveless bodice, according to the fashion of the day, was cut very low, almost lower, perhaps, than fashion prescribed, and was merely retained at the shoulders by two narrow strips of ribbon, which looked sadly inadequate for the

"WELL, BOLLY, NOW LOOK AT ME, AND SAY IF I AM A SUCCESS."

office they were intended to perform. The firm white throat was encircled by a triple row of flawless pearls, and yet, beautiful as they undoubtedly were, one could almost be tempted to regret their presence, such a pity did it seem to conceal the smallest portion of what was so exquisitely beautiful. There certainly would not be a woman in the room that night who would not openly or secretly condemn Mrs. Richard Bollington's dress as being outrageously *décolleté*; nor yet a man who would not have been found to entertain vague although covert regrets that the bodice had not been cut just half an inch lower.

It would, however, have been difficult to make out from Professor Bollington's face which view of the question he took just now. He was gazing at his wife with a curious concentrated expression, from which admiration or disapproval seemed equally foreign; and his eyes were obstinately riveted on the left side of the bodice, just where the pink gauze folds drew a shadowy line across the dazzling white bosom.

"What is the matter, Bolly?" asked Selina with a little pout, struck at last by something unusual in her husband's manner. "Do you not like my dress? and have you not a single word to say about the necklace? Why do you look at me so strangely? What can have come over you to-night? Just look at my pearls!"—and she playfully raised herself on tiptoe in order to challenge admiration at close quarters. "Are they not beautiful, and do they not suit the dress to perfection?"

"Yes, the pearls are very pretty, Pussy, and your dress is all right," returned the husband hoarsely, as he turned away to conceal the shudder that ran through his frame. "I was merely thinking that perhaps, after all, the price I paid for your necklace was rather an exorbitant one."

Selina stared a little, and then shrugged her pretty shoulders, which was her usual mode of settling knotty questions. She did not in the least understand her husband's abnormal behaviour that night; but, after all, what did it signify? She had got her necklace, and that was the chief point; the exact price he had paid for it was in her eyes a very insignificant detail indeed.

A ROSEBUD.

Like to a rosebud is my fair—
I cannot reach her heart—
'Tis folded up in petals
Of pride, that will not part.

In vain the patient sun of love
Shines on it day by day
Wrapped close in shy reserve, she keeps
Her sweetness shut away.

Ah me! could I but gather her,
And wear her as mine own,
My passion's warmth might thrill her
Into a rose full-blown!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GARDEN.

By FRANCES H. LOW.

A GARDEN, as one of the wisest of philosophers wrote many years ago, "is one of the purest of human pleasures," and happily one of the commonest, for its felicitous attainment is no less within the reach of the humblest cottager, who tends his larkspur and sweet-williams and mignonette with loving hands, than that of the millionaire, with his army of gardeners, and his hot-houses filled with priceless exotic blooms.

A garden, moreover, has something of a mellowing and genial influence upon its possessor: between him and all other gardeners there is forthwith established freemasonship of the pleasantest sort · and he is eager—and in that differs from the owners of all other collections—to share his experiences and discoveries, and to dispense seeds and slips and shoots from his own floral treasures, with a generosity that he has unconsciously caught from the lavish prodigality that characterises Nature's splendid rule. Here, too, so they be ardent garden-lovers, all artificial distinctions, and even the more deep and natural ones, for the moment vanish ; the prince and the poet and the peasant, the ignorant and the enlightened, are on a level, if they will but surrender themselves to the enchantment of a garden whose spell is found in the fair face of flowers.

Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

HIGHBURY, MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RESIDENCE NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

Not a few of the most memorable of English gardens are inseparably associated with the names of illustrious men who have played an active part in the political pageant; for sylvan gardens with flower-beds and well-swept walks seem to have had a potent attraction for wearied statesmen, seeking amidst their innocent pleasures repose and refuge from the noisy tumult of the world. Lord Bacon, who shows a practical familiarity with the science of gardening, has a foremost place upon the scroll of names of sober and grave men who have found sweetness and solace in their gardens; and that, stretching down to our own day, includes one of the most prominent of contemporary politicians, proving that modern pleasures are not wholly gross and vulgar and material.

Mr. Chamberlain has, in addition, certain garden preferences that are in agreement with those of this great man, who insists that "one part of the garden must be set aside as a wilderness." A considerable portion of the garden at Highbury is wild and uncultivated, and consisting of dell and copse and stream; and it is this mixture of natural scenery and cultivated formal flower-garden that is the principal beauty of the place, and more alluring than the magnificent orchid collection of which its owner is justly proud. For wondrous as are these flowers, with their countless varieties of form and colour, ranging from an Oriental gorgeous brightness to the most aërial delicacy of hue, there is about them something which in the midst of one's amazement and admiration leaves a spectator cold and unemotional. It may perhaps be a mere personal impression, or it may be that for the due recognition and appreciation of this order of beauty some training and special kind of æsthetic cultivation are essential; but I confess, as I stood before these gorgeous flowers, I caught myself longing for the sight and perfume of a violet bank in spring, or even for a cool hillside with a cluster of bending trees and one or two fleecy flocks dotting its grassy slopes. But what a dazzling wealth of colour is presented by this collection of orchid blooms, and what astonishing and almost intoxicating varieties of hue and tint! Here is a blossom, the *Ada Aurantiaca*—so rich and glowing and vivid that only the miraculous hand of Rubens could transfer it to canvas; here is another, comparable to nothing but the dying rays of the setting sun; and yet another, more lovely than either, the *Cymbidium*, whose delicate white flowers call up a vision of some air-bubble played upon by the most ethereal of moonbeams. The orchid-houses, of which there are fourteen, open out of a long corridor, adorned on one side with a show collection of orchids, azaleas, cyclamen, cinerarias, and pelargoniums; each variety of which is kept separate and exquisitely arranged with rare ferns, or the foliage most in harmony with its character. Facing this magnificent pageant of blue, pink, mauve, and amber, there stretches the corridor wall and ceiling, clothed with flowering climbing plants of every kind—jasmines and honeysuckle, heliotropes and fuchsias, mingling their trailing foliage with the elegant blue flower of the plumbago plant and the regal scarlet clusters of the tropæolum. This charming floral promenade can be lighted with electricity, and on the occasion of balls and receptions, with its flowering roof and walls and many-coloured rainbow-like glass-houses, presents the appearance of a veritable fairyland.

The mansion of Highbury is a large red brick building, not remarkable for æsthetic beauty, but giving promise of more attractiveness when Time has clothed its walls with the ivy and clematis which have already made a good beginning. It has the advantage of standing upon raised ground, and its position and the undulating slopes that characterise the whole territory, give it a fine open outlook across garden, meadow, and low hill range to the town of King's Heath, which, thriving as it is, looks nothing more than a nestling village in the distance. As one stands upon the terrace and looks over the upland meadows which stretch beyond the gardens, and which are dotted with fine Turkey oaks and tall ashes, it is difficult to believe that Birmingham, with its ceaselessly thronged streets, its noise and its smoke-belching factories and trains, is within walking distance. A tram which starts from the huge central station, runs through the unbeauteous suburb of Moseley and brings you within a stone's throw of the rural lane leading to Highbury. Once the gates of the domain have been passed through, the atmosphere of the city vanishes altogether, to give place to the enticing scents and sounds of the country. Upon one side of the long carriage-drive leading up to the house there are hay-fields, and from the terrace one catches a glimpse of the little farm lying in the valley below, and of a drove of Jersey cows, beautiful creatures, looking from

afar off like deer, with their glossy, lustrous fawn coats. Although the gardens are kept with exquisite care, some thirty men being employed all the year round, under the superintendence of Mr. Deacon, the head gardener, there is everywhere to be seen that felicitous combination of precision and carelessness, of cultivation and wildness, of tree and flower, which go to make a garden lovable as well as perfect. Little dells carpeted with bluebells and primroses, and tiny pools encircled with reeds and rushes and shining with waterlilies, are to be found close to trimly kept lawns; and there is one spot, known as the Oak Pool, which may well transport one in fancy to a bit of Surrey landscape—

Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flow'rs as many
As the young Spring gives, and as choice as any!

Here is to be found one of Mr. Chamberlain's favourite seats, and one can scarcely picture more sweet and lovely surroundings. There is a lake overhung with willows and laburnums, and brightly gemmed with many-coloured irises; and the waters of which are beloved of a pair of snowy swans, whose faultless grace is heightened by a couple of shy storks which rest upon the bank, and dart off with swift flying slender scarlet legs and outstretched grey wings at our approach. There are foamy waterfalls and little rustic bridges which break the silvery surface of the water; and stretching along the whole course of the winding lake are woodlands thick with wild flowers and musical with the ripple of a streamlet that flows through the heart of them. The well-timbered woods, with their profusion of violets and primroses and anemones, are charming, and full of dells and "nooks for whispering lovers."

Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

THE APPROACH TO THE ORCHID HOUSE AT HIGHBURY.

Another favourite spot is the velvety tennis lawn, upon which stands a little dairy, seductive enough to tempt the ladies of the family to play at the butter-making that a Queen has for all time invested with grace and poetry. It is

made of wood, with a thatched roof, and has the prettiest little porch and verandah, which are kept cool and shady in summer by the spreading branches of many dark and light sycamore trees growing in clumps around. Here, as elsewhere, there are flower beds, and an effective use of the bright little prunes against a background of maples and birches is to be seen. If an unreserved admiration and affection for orchids must be to a great extent acquired, affection for the queen of flowers is universally intuitive and inborn; and the dullest of eyes can espy the graces of "roses sweet and fair." So in these gardens, with their "rare blossoms from every clime," the bower of my choice would be the Rosery, which is laid out in little prim beds, edged with low box borders, divided by miniature walks, and inclosed in a frame of golden yews, the square precision of which is broken by four arbours, one of palest mauve clematis, another of foam-white roses, another of honeysuckle, and the fourth of mingling honeysuckle and pink roses. The roses are disposed in groups of colour, and through all the leafy months of June and July and August they shine in their too brief loveliness and make the earth crimson and golden with their perfumed petals. One gets I know not what emotion of pleasure in strolling about this exquisite, orderly little pleasaunce with its paving of rose petals that the light winds scatter hither and thither, permeating the air around with their soft sweet scent.

I know not how many varieties of roses—Allen Richardson, Gloire de Dijon, tea-roses, Maréchal Niel, Banksia, Bouquet d'Or, and the rest—are blooming in the little space, nor even the names of many strange and rare specimens that, transplanted from sunnier climes, are content to shed their radiance for the delight and rapture of English eyes; and that perhaps only the more heighten one's tender love for our no less lovely, if more familiar, English roses. A visit to the kitchen garden and to the fruit-houses, where vines and apricots and peaches decorate the walls with their ornamental fruits and leaves, reminds us of the wide and many-sided tastes of their owner, to whom all things growing appear to be dear. Londoners have so persistently associated the personality of Mr. Chamberlain with the orchid—unmistakably a prime favourite—that they will smile incredulously at the idea of his possessing more catholic and universal flower preferences than those implied in the exclusive devotion to one plant tribe; yet this fact, well known to the people of Birmingham, who spend many days of enjoyment in the gardens of Highbury, is to be recollected, and is not without its significant and instructive aspect.

AN APOLOGY.

Lady, I do deny it not,
I *did* exceedingly transgress.
Forgive me, for I was distraught
With thine exceeding loveliness.

How *can* I be discreet and wise
When I thy loveliness behold?
Who looketh in thy lustrous eyes
From very love becometh bold.

I know I stole a kiss—and yet
I think a *saint* had done the same.
Prithee forgive me, nor forget
How much thy beauty was to blame.

RONALD MACFIE.

A LOVE STORY.

THE MEETING.

A youth whom birds on wing beguile;
A woodland rivulet;
A maiden waiting by a stile,
And that was how they met.

THE PROPOSAL.

The service done, they did not part
Till nestwards flew the wren.
The youth proposed with throbbing heart
They ne'er should part again.

THE REFUSAL.

Then she: "It's late; I must get back.
Good-night"—without a sigh.
She brought the spring, but left, alack!
A dreary winter sky.

STORIES OF BRITISH BATTLES.

ANDREW'S ANNETTE: A TALE OF MALPLAQUET.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A STAFF-OFFICER.

By J. D. SYMON.

I.—BLAISE.

IT was three o'clock of a September morning, raw and misty, when the Allied forces, following the devout custom of Marlborough's camp, assembled to hear divine service. The observance, always impressive, was on that morning of particular solemnity, for there was not a man but felt that he might be listening to the pious office for the last time. Before us, strongly entrenched at Malplaquet, lay the enemy, and we awaited only the clearing of the early mists to begin a work which even the rawest recruit knew must prove grim and bloody.

Yet, even at that solemn moment, chance had well-nigh upset, among certain of my own men, the decorum proper to the ceremony; on so fine a razor edge is poised the soldier's temperament. Just as the Chaplain was pronouncing the Benediction I was scandalised to hear a smothered laugh on my left hand, where some drummer-boys were kneeling.

"Hold your peace, Sir!" I whispered angrily to the nearest rascal.

The youngster bit hard upon his drumsticks, and gave no further audible offence, although his shaking sides bespoke his untimely merriment. By this time Dr. Hare had reached his final "Amen," and as we arose from our knees I turned to reprove the irreverent youths, when suddenly their levity was explained and excused.

A few yards to our left front I espied the gawky figure of a Flemish peasant lad, whose country garb was curiously supplemented by the laced uniform hat of my own regiment and some rags of what had once been the red coat of a British trooper. Staring bewildered at this remarkable apparition, I was presently as sore put to it as the drummer-boys to restrain my laughter; for the poor fellow, evidently one of those harmless creatures whose intellect Heaven has clouded, had strutted close up behind the Duke of Marlborough, then exchanging civilities with his colleagues, and was mimicking, with foolish gravity and self-sufficiency, his Grace's every action. The officers in conversation with the Duke could scarcely maintain a straight countenance, and the rank and file, from smothered coughing, must soon have burst forth in a general roar, which had greatly displeased our leader, when all at once I heard a voice behind me exclaim—

"Be here, it's Blaise, peer stock!"

With the words, Sergeant-Major Macainsh strode into the hollow square, and approached the intruder, whom the Duke had now discovered and was regarding with considerable perplexity, while the natural stood before him bowing and making play with his shabby hat in the oddest parody of Marlborough's courtly bearing.

"What have we here?" the Duke inquired, as the Sergeant-Major came up and laid his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"A poor doited haverel, your Grace; there's nae ill in him. Na, na, he's no a spy. I ken wha he is. So please your Grace, I'll take chairge o' him. Come, Blaise," he added in Flemish, as the Duke nodded his assent.

The lad turned round, and seeing who was beside him, dropped upon one knee, at the same time seizing the Sergeant-Major's hand and covering it with kisses. Greatly embarrassed, Andrew raised him up, and would have hurried his charge out of the square, but the boy was obstinate, and stood fumbling in an old cartridge-pouch which completed his military equipment.

At length he found what he sought, and handed Andrew some small object which I fancied must be a ring. The Sergeant took it with ill-feigned unconcern, and thereafter lost no time in marching Blaise to a less conspicuous position.

The manifold duties of the moment had almost driven the incident from my memory, when, half an hour later, I was informed that Macainsh wished to speak with me. A glance at Andrew's face as he approached told me that he was in trouble.

"It 's no a time, Colonel Bingham," he began diffidently, "for private concerns, when ony minute we may be engaged; but the Duke is aye for humanity, so I thocht--maybe——"

"Go on, Andrew; is it the poor foolish fellow?"

"Ay, Sir, him, and ithers. Ye see, last year when we were in Lille, after the siege, I got acqua'nt wi' a bit lass that was maid in the house whaur I was billeted. She was dother til the forester of Taisnière, ower by on our richt front there. At the end o' the campaign, she wantit hame again, so, as my New-Year furlough was due, and I had, forbye, ma ain reasons for wantin' tae see her father, I gied the lassie an escort."

"So this message is from her?"

"Ay, Sir. That's her peer silly brither; no that he wants sense a'thegither, but the craetur's weak. He's a gryte sodger wi' his wye—ye saw my auld uniform, Sir; he be'et to hae't at the New Year. Weel, sae far as I can mak' oot frae Blaise's mumblin' an' antics, Annette's sair pitten aboot, for the wood of Taisnière is no a safe place the day. The lassie 's practically defenceless, for the auld forester's bedridden, it seems, having lately had a mishanter at the fellin' o' some timber. Onywye, this ring is token that the lass needs a protector. But duty's afore inclination."

"True enough, Andrew, and to-day we can spare few so ill as the non-commissioned man; otherwise—— Still, if duty can be made to jump with inclination, there may be a way."

"It's no often the way," I heard Andrew mutter doubtfully as I turned aside and went in search of Marlborough, whom I found close by the churchyard of Blarengies. His Grace, seated on a low stone wall, was intently studying a map, which lay before him on the ground.

It seemed trivial to interrupt him at such a moment with a matter of sentiment; but to my surprise he heard me with more than ordinary patience. Long afterwards, I learned the reason of his sympathy. When I approached him, his thoughts were far away from Malplaquet and its strategic problems. I have since been privileged to peruse a letter which he had written a few minutes earlier to the Duchess, whose petulance at that supreme moment was augmenting the burdens of the best and most considerate of men. To the cares of a general were added the agonies of a lover whose mistress is unkind. At an hour when the sympathy of his wife would have been priceless, Marlborough had received a letter of shrewish upbraiding for a fancied slight--his wise refusal to rebuke the Queen in Sarah's interest. He replied with admirable forbearance, remarking, in conclusion, "Though the fate of Europe, if these armies engage, may depend upon their good or bad success, yet your uneasiness gives me greater trouble. Nothing in this world can make me happy if you are not kind."

Thus it was that I found the Duke inclined to listen to my tale of an anxious lover.

"Hum!" he said, tapping his boot with his compasses and speaking low, for his guard stood close at hand; "we must contrive, Mr. Bingham, we must contrive. This must not get abroad, or every drummer-boy will have a sylvan sweetheart to assist. But Macainsh deserves well of us. I have not forgotten Oudenarde. Pray send for the honest fellow."

In a couple of minutes Andrew reported himself.

"See here, Macainsh," the Duke began, loud enough for all the bystanders to hear; "I understand you have some knowledge of this district. Be good enough to look at this map. Here is the forest of Taisnière, coloured green. There is, I believe, a forester's house not marked on the map. Can you show me its whereabouts?"

Andrew went down on one knee and regarded the map earnestly, moving his hand over the paper while he strove to fix his bearings. At last his finger came to rest near the village of La Folie on the side of the wood farthest from our position. "It should be there," he said.

"Very good," replied the Duke, pricking off the spot with the point of his compasses. "Send Lieutenant Hay to me."

Andrew turned to obey the order, and as he passed me I heard him heave a sigh of disappointment.

"If this fog keeps close," the Duke said, in concluding his orders to Hay, "you should pass the enemy's extreme left without difficulty at this point"—he tapped the map with his finger. "You, on reaching the forester's house, will send Macainsh back to Sart, and yourself push

on with my message to General Withers at La Folie."

Andrew's expression was very agreeably amusing to contemplate when, five minutes later, Lieutenant Hay bade him be in readiness at once with four horses, and his bewilderment was not diminished when he realised that two of the horses were to be led. I stood by to see the little cavalcade set out.

Gradually some inkling of the truth dawned upon the Sergeant-Major; but, like the wise Scot he was, he gave no sign, merely turning, as he put his foot in the stirrup, to remark: "But whaur's Blaise?"

stock! he's mair like beast nor body that wye."

Hay, Andrew, and I thereupon exchanged salutations and parted as men who might never meet again in this world.

* * * *

Of the sequel to the adventure I saw very little, but I will here set down what I learned of it from the lips of some who took part therein. It was a quarter to four of the clock when Hay and Macainsh set out. They struck across country to Sart, where Schulemberg was posted, and thence bore south-westward by the road between the woods of Blangies and Taisnière, then

FOLLOWING THE DEVOUT CUSTOM OF MARLBOROUGH'S CAMP.

A roar from the ranks answered him. There, in the centre of a little group, the guileless youth, who had suddenly achieved a great popularity, was strutting up and down, glorying in a broken musket presented to him by the armourer.

"It's weel he's no conversible to streengers," Andrew muttered, ordering the boy to his side. Then, putting his horse between them and the men, he pressed half of a broken sixpence into Blaise's hand, saying softly but very firmly in Flemish, "Annette—home."

The poor lad, obedient as a dog, darted away and vanished in the mist.

"I hope no harm will come to him, Andrew," I remarked.

"Nae fear, Sir," Andrew replied, swinging himself to the saddle; "I want Annette to ken there's help at han', and he'll be here lang afore us by roads o's nain. Peer

due south until they reached a point about half a mile from Trieu-Jean Sart and the same distance from La Folie, where they turned sharply to the left along a path which led into the heart of the forest. They had now fetched almost a complete circuit, and were moving directly on the rear of the French advanced position. As yet there was no sound of commencing hostilities, and the riders hoped to accomplish their mission in safety, for they reckoned that the proximity of Gauvain and Withers would keep the western portion of the forest free of Frenchmen. Should the enemy be driven back from their entrenchments, however, it was more than likely that the forester's house would be the scene of a severe struggle. It was now about six o'clock, the fog had lifted, and every moment they might expect the opening cannonade.

"Ay," said Andrew at length, as they reached the top of a gentle eminence, "there's the place, Sir, and yon's the house in the hollow."

"So!" Hay returned, drawing rein; "and, egad, Andrew, we're a post late, my man."

"There's a footpath through the wood," Andrew replied. "By your leave, Sir, I'll awa doon be masel' and reconnoitre."

II.—GALLANTRY.

A quarter of an hour before Hay and Macainsh came in sight of the forester's dwelling Blaise had rushed in, mumbling and gesticulating, to place the broken sixpence in Annette's hands. The girl received the token with thankful tears, and contrived to make out from her brother's imperfect speech that help was at hand. Setting him to watch by the garden gate for Andrew's coming, she returned to her father's sick-bed.

A minute later she heard Blaise re-enter the house, and, peering through the lattice, Annette saw a party of horsemen approaching from the direction of the Mons and Bevay road. Her heart throbbed gladly for an instant, then sank, for the riders wore the French uniform.

At the gate the party halted and held a brief parley.

"I swear," said one, "I saw a red-coat."

"Impossible!" cried a second.

"Perhaps we have ridden into an ambush," laughed a third. "What say you, Chevalier?"

The Chevalier, an irresolute-looking young man of twenty-one, replied with deep concern, "If you think we are in an ambush, Messieurs, I should say let us get out of it as fast as we can. Come!"

He put spurs to his horse, but a burst of laughter detained him.

"Not so fast," said the first speaker, "I must have something to drink."

There was a chorus of assent.

"Who will assail the door of the ambuscade?" queried another, winking to his comrades.

The Chevalier jumped off his horse, walked, with considerable bravado, up the garden path, and with the pommel of his sword stoutly assaulted the door, at which Annette appeared, white and trembling, but so dainty and sweet withal that the officer fell back a pace or two and stood staring at her in undisguised admiration.

"Heyday, pretty mistress," he said at length, "hast any refreshment for poor soldiers?"

"Perchance," said the girl, taking courage, "if they be not rude and noisy. I pray you, Messieurs, consider my father, who, I fear, is dying."

"Then you will require a protector. What say you to me, now? Pray, sweet one, what is the price of the red wine—of your lips—to-day?" He came nearer and tried to raise her chin.

"That!" Annette cried, fetching the Chevalier a resounding box on the ear.

"A hit, a hit!" the other gallants roared, flinging themselves from their saddles and crowding around. "Courage, Chevalier; return it, return it—we'll see fair play; a kiss for a blow! Fair play; a kiss for a blow!"

The Chevalier, thus encouraged, did his best in the interests of equity, with perfect success; for whereas only one ear tingled before, both were now smarting alike.

"Treason!" cried a voice; and the word seemed to strike the party as a superb joke. The Chevalier bit his lip and desisted.

"Bah!" said one whom they called D'Orsay, "it is my turn now: kisses are not to be thrown away to-day. We may soon have our last salute from lips less sweet," and thrusting himself forward, he caught Annette around the waist.

A figure darted from the doorway, there was a sudden movement, a dull thud, and D'Orsay went down with a broken skull, while Blaise stood gibbering over him, menacing the company with a clubbed musket. Annette, thus violently delivered from her tormentor, ran shrieking indoors.

"Dead," remarked a young surgeon of the party, after a brief examination. "You next," he continued, levelling a pistol at Blaise.

But the lad, whirling the musket about his head, struck the doctor's pistol from his hand, and made such furious play that for a time no one dared approach him. At length, however, he was tripped up, overpowered, and bound to a tree.

Several pistols were drawn. "Stop!" the Chevalier cried; "we don't want a visit from the enemy. String him up. We have already wasted more time than is to Maréchal Villars' taste. I must report at once upon this position, which ought to be occupied. Up with the wretch and let us be off!"

But no one seemed to like the business.

The Chevalier glanced around the group. "I suppose," he remarked, "being, unfortunately, gentlemen, we none of us care

to soil our fingers on the job. But I should have thought, Doctor, all kinds of death were within your province."

The surgeon frowned. "Chevalier, we are all, as you remark, gentlemen, although we may not all be——" He checked the last word with tight-bitten lip.

"Set the prisoner on D'Orsay's mount," the Chevalier exclaimed impatiently, "and forward!"

The party was moving away when Annette rushed from the house in an agony of tears. "Take me!" she cried; "kill me, but spare—spare—he did it for my sake—take me instead!"

"Take you!" the Chevalier laughed back. "With all my heart, pretty one; only, you see, just now it is impossible. But you shall not be forgotten. *Au revoir!*"

He raised his hat and cantered away. The Chevalier, as became a young man so highly connected, had certainly very pretty manners.

III.—MARS, VENUS, AND MORS.

Distracted, Annette watched her brother's captors disappear among the trees. She looked despairingly up and down the road; then recollecting her father, she tottered back to the house. Reaching the threshold she recoiled at the sight of what lay there, and turning about, made for the back entrance, where a redcoat was just lifting the latch. With a little sob, she ran forward, and swooned in Andrew's arms.

"Dod!" the Sergeant-Major soliloquised awkwardly, "what div ye dee wi' them whan they're like this? I'll try a kiss, onywye. Noo than, my bonnie dawtie, noo than——"

Andrew's nostrum evidently had the blessing of Heaven. It worked: and the patient, even when cured, found no fault with a renewal of the prescription. Then she gave the physician his fee, the broken sixpence Blaise had brought her. Time, danger, the near presence of death, all floated away from remembrance, and for the first time in a long career of soldiering Andrew Macainsh suffered indolence to usurp action.

"But, my certie!" he exclaimed, when precious minutes had been wasted, "this'll no do. Is that curn French nowt aye round by there? I couldna see the high road as I cam' in aboot."

Annette shook her head. "Not Scots," she protested, in the pretty French accent she had caught from her mistresses at Lille.

"Hoot toot!" Andrew corrected, repeating his question in the amazing jargon which he held to represent the Gallic language.

"Then there's a chance yet!" he cried on hearing Annette's answer. "Quick, lassie; I've horses at han'."

"But my father, Andrew; he is too ill to move."

"Then your brother will bide with him till more help comes. My lieutenant is awa' gallopin' to La Folie for a detachment to haud this place. Whaur's Blaise?"

Annette answered with a burst of tears.

"They have taken him," she sobbed, "to hang him."

"Hang him!" Andrew shouted, "what for?"

Annette drew her lover into the house and led him to the front door.

"Look there!" she said with a shudder. "It was in my defence."

"Weel deen, Blaise!" the soldier roared, "he's drawn first blood at Malplaquet, but no' the last. Hark yonder!"

Annette hid her face on Andrew's shoulder as a thunder of artillery came rolling through the wood, followed by the close rending crash of musketry. The day's business had begun.

"Take heart, lassie," Andrew pleaded; "they'll be ower busy noo to hang onybody. But we'll need to get you oot o' this, and your father as weel. Take me to him."

But when Macainsh saw the forester he knew that his difficulties were increased tenfold. It would be impossible to move the old man without assistance. Andrew attempted to lift him, but the patient was unable to bear any movement. He shook his head, murmuring, "Go, Annette, go. I am useless. I will die at my own fireside."

"Courage, father," said the soldier; "some of our fellows will be here presently, and we shall make you a litter."

But Fourget was obstinate. "Take her away, my son," he entreated, "if there is to be fighting here. She is too fair, too young—life is all before her. As for me, my time is almost out—an hour or two matters not. Go, Annette, go. You are safe with Ma'brook's men. The gallants of the other side are less to trust to. Go, my child—before it is too late—listen!" As Fourget spoke another fierce discharge echoed through the forest.

But Annette clung to her father and refused to leave him. "I cannot desert you," she cried.

HIS GRACE WAS INTENTLY STUDYING A MAP.

"But Blaise, poor lad, can stay by me until help arrives. Why does he not come?"

Andrew and Annette exchanged glances. Each hesitated to answer, when a diversion occurred. There was a trampling outside and a ring of accoutrements.

"Our friends!" Andrew cried. "So soon! Mr. Hay has ridden well."

The forester's room was at the back of the house, so Annette ran to a front window. She returned paler than before.

"He whom they call the Chevalier has returned," she gasped, "with a troop. They are preparing to defend the place."

"Into the wood, Annette, quick, by the back door!" Andrew cried. "At the top of the hill you'll find three horses; take one, and make for La Folie. I'll bide with your father."

"Where you stay, I stay," Annette answered quietly. "If Heaven so wills it, we die together."

"Carry her, my son!" *père* Fourget began, but his entreaty was checked by the entrance of the Chevalier.

"Your pardon, father," said that gentleman, "for any inconvenience I may—against my will, believe me—have to cause you. It has become necessary to occupy and probably defend this house. I have Maréchal Villars' order to remove the women and children of your household to a place of safety southward at Louvière, within our own lines. Ha! who is this?"

The Chevalier had caught sight of Andrew. "*Garde!*" he cried, turning towards the door.

Two troopers rushed in. "Arrest this fellow!" said the Chevalier, pointing to the Scotsman.

There was a flash and a deafening report. When the smoke cleared, one Frenchman was seen grovelling in the death agony, while Andrew was levelling his second pistol at the other, who had covered him. The man, disturbed by his comrade's fall, fired carelessly, and the bullet, missing Macainsh, ended *père* Fourget's sufferings. Andrew avenged him on the instant.

The room was immediately crowded with soldiery, and Macainsh would have been shot down without quarter had not Annette rushed forward and clung to his neck. Prohibiting further firing, the Chevalier contented himself with securing the Sergeant-Major.

"Run, Annette, run!" Andrew exclaimed as he was led away. But the girl did not move, and the Chevalier, not ungently, forced her from her father's corpse and conducted her to the open air.

"Now, sweet one," the Frenchman said gallantly, "this is no place for pretty maids. You must come with me, and no harm will befall you—if you are kind." His eye gleamed passionately as he spoke.

Annette struggled in his grasp. "Let me go!" she screamed. "I will die first with my lover!"

"We shall see," the Chevalier sneered. "Attend there!" he cried. "Corporal and four file! Set the prisoner by the garden-wall yonder——" He waved his hand significantly.

Andrew took post as he was told and looked calmly on while the four troopers examined the priming of their carbines.

"Adieu, dear Annette," he murmured as the platoon presented their pieces. "What maun be maun be——"

The Corporal looked to his chief for the signal. "Stay!" said the Chevalier, still holding Annette, who would have thrown herself before the executioners; "if you love him, girl, you will come with me. On that condition he shall be spared."

"The price is too high," Andrew exclaimed. "Annette, you know not what he asks."

"No sacrifice," replied the girl, "is too great for your sake. I do not fear the immediate present—I fear the future less if you are to live. Sir, I will go with you and trust to your honour, for this day at least."

"My faith, girl, this is gratitude!" the Chevalier replied. "What have you to fear? I do but offer you a safe conduct to Louvière. Come, there is no time to lose. I must return here with all speed."

The sound of the fight was drawing nearer. The Chevalier, without more ado, placed Annette before him on his horse and galloped away, leaving a brother officer in command of the position.

Andrew, chafing in his bonds, was thrust into an outhouse, where he lay listening to the sullen tides of combat and striving to guess whither they might be tending. As yet there was no attack upon the house of Fourget. But Hay must now be at hand, so he counted on a speedy release. Chiefly, however, he revolved schemes for the recovery of his sweetheart.

IV.—TACTICS.

The Chevalier was not an ornament of the French army. Indeed, he was only a privileged foreign supernumerary, whose

ANDREW GOT HOME ON HIS OPPONENT'S ARM.

THE DUKE, RIDING DOWN ALL WHO BARRED HIS WAY, DASHED FORWARD.